













# The Musical World

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# The Musical World

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

SHRILL singing gnats, audacious intruders, greedily drinking  
Draughts of the blood of mankind, two-winged monsters of night,  
Zenophiles, I beseech you allow for a moment to slumber,  
Swiftly reposing,—behold here are my limbs for your feast.  
Why do I thus accost them in vain? These monsters, unheeding,  
Cleave to that delicate skin, taking delight in its warmth.  
Nay, then, I solemnly warn you, desist a once from your boldness,  
Or you will know what force jealousy gives to my hand.

J. O.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE digression for which we have asked indulgence will shortly come to an end. We have now arrived at the epoch immediately preceding our own, an epoch impossible to designate by the name of any individual composer for the pianoforte, unless it be that of Beethoven, who, as he followed no one, has had no follower.

That the pianoforte works of Beethoven form a complete school, an entire class, of themselves, has often been urged, but cannot be too often repeated. We have said that he brought to the sonata a boundless invention, a peculiar manner, an original genius, which, while multiplying its capabilities, endowed it with renewed youth and freshness. In number, excellence, and variety, the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven alone excel the entire contributions to the instrument of any other composer. In this assumption we do not take into consideration his three most important concertos, which for grandeur of outline, beauty and fertility of thought, elaboration of detail, and masterly orchestral treatment, have every right to be ranked with the nine immortal symphonies; nor the smaller concertos; nor the trios for piano, violin, and violoncellos, another gorgeous family (although these are strictly in the sonata-form); nor the rest of his compositions for piano in concert with other instruments: nor, to conclude, the many charming *bagatelles*, the off-spring of less thoughtful and less serious moments. The solo sonatas, and those for pianoforte and violin, are quite enough for our present purpose. These, as we have hinted, place Beethoven at the head of all composers for the pianoforte, as his symphonies raise him to the highest rank of orchestral writers, while his quartets, trios, &c. show him to be without a superior, if indeed he can be said to have an equal, in the chamber-style. No composer has more triumphantly shown than Beethoven how much more interesting and complete, in the hands of a true genius and a master, is the sonata-form, invented by Haydn (to the glory of the "Father of Instrumental Music" be it reiterated), than any other that has been devised since music became an art. We have already said that to follow in the footsteps of Beethoven, whose sun, just set, still bathed the world in its light, was impossible for any one less gifted than himself; and it is thus we may satisfactorily account for the otherwise singular fact, that

Mendelssohn, his legitimate successor, upon whose shoulders his mantle fell, his equal in genius, perhaps his superior in musical acquirement,\* refrained, with the modesty which always and so eminently characterised him, from that in which he alone could have engaged with the certainty of success. While in his symphonies and chamber-compositions Mendelssohn showed his perfect knowledge of, and his entire allegiance to, the Haydn form, in his works for pianoforte he only once, and that in early youth, attempted a sonata strictly so called.† To all who feel an interest in the history of Mendelssohn's remarkable talent (we trust to every musician and to every lover of music) we recommend this curious example of precocious genius. It contains the four movements, largely sketched, overflows with beautiful thoughts, and but for an occasional exuberance, only observable in the last movement, might pass for the work of a thoroughly accomplished master. The slow movement, with its recitative *parlante*, shows how the boy-musician was deeply immersed at the time, in the study of the works of John Sebastian Bach and his family, whose fantasias present so many instances of that peculiar style. Few works of Mendelssohn possess a more absorbing interest than this sonata for those who love to examine and comment upon the progressive manifestations of genius, from its early demonstration to its complete development.

(To be continued.)

## HALEVY'S VAL D'ANDORRE.

SOME notice of the *Val d'Andorre* and its composer, in answer to the article of our reporter, J. DE C., may not be unacceptable at the present moment.

Both the music and the composer of the *Val d'Andorre* are new to this country. When Mr. Dunn brought out *La Juive* (the *Jewess*), at Drury Lane Theatre, he satisfied himself with the drama and spectacle, dispensing with the music. At the Strand Theatre, not long ago, *Le Val d'Andorre* met with the same fate; a translation of the drama was submitted without one note of the music. Why M. Halévy should have been disdained, while the librettos to which his music is attached, have been found attractive, we are unable to say. The consideration he has long enjoyed in France and Germany warranted other treatment from a country whose musical theatres, for the last twenty years, have chiefly depended on adaptations of foreign operas. But, for some unfathomable reason, M. Halévy's music has never been favourably regarded by the managers of our national operas, who avoid him with studious

\* The most learned of all musicians were Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, as is fully shown in their works, where contrapuntal facility is exemplified with more invariable clearness, and more happily made subservient to passion and imagination than in those of any other masters.

† The sonata, in E major, in which Mendelssohn's peculiarly original manner may be seen as, it were, growing into maturity.

pertinacity, although composers of less repute are essayed without hesitation. Even Flotow has had a couple of trials, and the only wonder is that Verdi has hitherto been spared our patient and enduring ears. Such disparagement of the author of *La Juive* is unaccountable. Happily Mr. Mitchell has at length stepped forward as his champion, and the fashionable *habitués* of the French plays are now able to tell their friends what they think of Halévy, whose many admirers abroad will doubtless read with pleasure that the *Val d'Andorre* was quite successful.

It is known to those who interest themselves in music and its progress, that Halévy was the favourite pupil of Cherubini. That Cherubini's preference, however, was rather the offspring of personal attachment than of admiration for the talent of his pupil, may be possibly surmised from an anecdote, *à propos* of the first representation of *La Juive*, at the *Académie Royale*, when Cherubini was present. The opera was proceeding triumphantly, and the young composer, intoxicated with success, the public plaudits ringing in his ears, only wanted one thing to make his happiness complete—a word of approval from his testy and not-easily-satisfied master. At the end of the third act, Halévy proceeded to the box where Cherubini sat,—moody and taciturn, as usual. Impatient at this unpropitious silence, Halévy suddenly exclaimed, “The public seem much pleased with my opera, *maître*—but you say nothing?” —“*Que veux tu que je dise,*” quickly responded Cherubini—“*tu que je n'ai rien entendu?*” (“What would you have me say?—I have heard nothing.”) We give the anecdote as we have heard it, not vouching for its authenticity. Cherubini's subsequent choice of Halévy to write the musical examples for the well-known Treatise on Counterpoint would seem to augur against the likelihood of its truth; but, on the other hand, the satisfactory way in which Halévy has accomplished the task bequeathed him by the deceased composer—the examples in many instances breaking the rules the inviolability of which they are intended to illustrate, tends to the opposite conviction. But Halévy's skill, (or the want of it,) in counterpoint has had very little influence on his success as an operatic composer. At one time a knowledge of that abstruse and difficult science was deemed indispensable, and a musician who could not write a correct fugue would then as little have thought of attempting an opera as a sane man, to day, of asking a political opinion from D'Israeli or Cobden.

The most noted works of Halévy are *La Juive*, *Guido et Ginevra*, *La Reine de Chypre*, and *Charles VI.*, grand serious four act operas, produced at the *Académie Royale*; *L'Eclair*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, and *La Fée aux Roses*, semi-serious operas, in three acts, composed for the *Opéra Comique*. Of the larger establishment, since Rossini writes no more, Meyerbeer brings out his works at such long intervals, and Auber\* restricts himself to the *Opéra Comique*, Halévy may be said, with truth, to have been the chief support for some years past. His grand opera have been all more or less successful. The interesting dramas, the gorgeous and interminable spectacles, to which his music has been allied, are precisely what Meyerbeer taught the Parisians to love, and what, since *Robert le Diable*, the directors of the *Académie* have found indispensable to attract the public. Moreover, Halévy has been lucky in his singers. He had Duprez in his strength, Levasseur when he knew no rival, Cinti-Damoreau, and Dorus Gras, in their vigour, and poor

Falcon before she had lost her voice; without counting others whose names will readily suggest themselves to any one to whom the history of modern French opera is familiar. Halévy's success at the *Opéra Comique*, however, has been still more decided than at the *Académie Royale*, where *La Juive* alone can be said to have really triumphed. This is remarkable, inasmuch as that his music is altogether destitute of that sparkling lightness, the great charm of composers who have previously won laurels at the delightful theatre of the *Place Feydeau*. *L'Eclair*, his first and best comic opera, though produced many years ago, is still performed, while *Les Mousquetaires*, and *Le Val d'Andorre*, have reached their hundredth representation, each occasion having been celebrated by a grand banquet, given conjointly by the composer and the author (M. St. Georges). Halévy's last opera, *La Fée aux Roses*, for which Scribe supplied the libretto, appears to have a chance of attaining similar distinction; it has already passed its fiftieth representation, and continues to draw full audiences to the *Opéra Comique*. Halévy has every right to consider himself favoured by fortune, and it cannot be said of him, as it has been too often and too truly said of others, more gifted than he, that “No man is a prophet in his own country.”

*Le Val d'Andorre* enjoys the advantage of one of the most interesting and well conducted plots of M. St. Georges, and to this must be attributed, in a great degree, its success with the French public, who can much easier put up with feeble music than a bad book. None can be uninterested in the adventures of Rose de Mai, and few but must feel pleasantly moved by the humour of the *Capitaine Lejoyeux*. The scene of the story is the valley of Andorre, a small republic, which from its inconvenient position in the Pyrenees, is compelled to pay subsidies both to Spain and France—to the former a sum of money, to the latter a military force of fifteen young men, who are drawn by lot from among the bachelors of the district. The female dramatis personæ are Theresa (Madlle. Guichard), a *fermière*, wealthy, blooming and thirty (not forty); Georgette, a rich heiress (Madlle. Cotti); and Rose de Mai (Madlle. Char-ton), Theresa's servant, very pretty, very intelligent, very melancholy, and otherwise interesting. The male personages are Stephan (M. Lac), Georgette's cousin, a handsome young gentleman, whose sole occupation is hunting; Saturnin (M. Killy Leroy), a simpleton, and *garde-pêche* of the district; Jacques Simère (M. Nathan), an old goatherd; Lejoyeux (M. Chollet), a recruiting captain; his attendant Serjeant L'Endorthe, who to keep his name in countenance is always asleep; and the Grand Syndic, or justice of the peace of Andorre (M. Buguet). At the commencement of the opera, Georgette, Queen of the Harvest, presides over the accustomed festivities. She, Theresa, and Rose de Mai, are all secretly in love with Stephan the Hunter, whose heart is nevertheless solely devoted to Rose de Mai, without her being aware of it. Jacques, the goatherd, who has a particular affection for Rose, weans from her a confession of her love, promises to aid her, and raises her hopes by communicating the important fact that she is the rightful heiress to a fortune of 3,000 *écus*, which he declares she will have in her possession on his return from a neighbouring town, where he is on the point of starting to release it from the hands of his agent. Meanwhile Capitaine Lejoyeux arrives for the purpose of raising an extraordinary levee of fifteen men from the public, and Stephan draws one of the fatal *billets noirs* which destines him to be torn from his home the next morning. Rose, in despair, entreats the indulgence of Lejoyeux in favor of her lover, but without avail. Stephan, however, vexed at his ill

\* Auber's last production at the *Académie* was the *Lac des Fées*, a ballet opera. The forthcoming *Enfant Prodigue*, however, will add another to the list.

luck, and filled with his passion for Rose, conceals himself in the mountains; and, when the little force is drawn up before Lejoyeux, in martial order, to be drilled previous to departure, the young huntsman is missing. He is declared a deserter, and condemned to be shot. Rose, who overhears this with mingled terror and grief, learns from Lejoyeux that the liberation of a recruit can be procured for the consideration of 1500 francs. A thought suddenly strikes the unhappy girl. Her mistress, Theresa, has left the valley on some pressing affair, and has entrusted Rose with the keys of her *coffre*. Rose, aware that a large sum of money is deposited there, and calculating upon Jacques' return for her legacy of 3000 *écus*, determines to abstract the necessary sum, and replace it before the return of her mistress. She effects her purpose after some natural hesitation. Lejoyeux is satisfied, Stephan free, and Rose, for the moment, happy. The conscience of her guilty act, however, weighs upon the mind of Rose, who waits the return of Jacques in an agony of suspense. The crime she has committed so preys upon her spirits, that she is afraid to look her lover in the face. Stephan, learning that some unknown friend has purchased his liberation, endeavours to obtain from Lejoyeux the name of his well-wisher, but the Capitaine, under a promise of secrecy to Rose, steadily refuses, until intoxicated by the *vin de clairnet* with which Stephan liberally supplies him, he lets half the secret escape by informing the latter that Rose is acquainted with all the particulars. Perplexed what to say, Rose points to Georgette as Stephan's mysterious deliverer, and, touched with this act of devoted affection, Stephan, repenting of his former coldness, expresses an unusual warmth of affection towards his cousin, who, not more astonished than pleased at his change of manner, begins to indulge the hope that she has at length won his heart. The truth, however, soon comes out. Theresa returns, misses her money, and charges Rose de Mai with the robbery. Rose overpowered, and unable to deny her guilt, is brought before the tribunal of justice and about to be condemned, when Theresa, her accuser, to the surprise of everybody, declares her guiltless, and owns herself to have maliciously slandered the poor girl's reputation. The cause of this is a secret, only known to Jacques, the goatherd—that Theresa is Rose's mother,—which Theresa overhears Jacques telling Rose. This is accounted for by an ingenious story, too long to relate, but perfectly satisfactory and consistent. To conclude, Theresa supports the contumely heaped upon her, for the sake of saving her daughter. The sequel needs not be

The only weak point, in a story worked up with more than ordinary effect, is the equivocal position in which Theresa stands before the tribunal at the fall of the curtain, a fault that might easily have been avoided by making her declare that she had found the money, and that her accusation of Rose had proceeded from a mistake, rather than from wanton and unprecedented malice.

Halévy's merits and defects are so amply developed in the *Val d'Andorre*, that it may be safely taken as an example of his style and capabilities. He is neither more nor less than an imitator of Auber, like all the modern dramatic composers of France, and many, in a lesser degree, of Germany and Italy. He lacks, however, the melodic fertility, the power of development, and the harmonic ingenuity of the gifted composer of *Masaniello*; the first from inferior genius, the second and third from inferior knowledge. Halévy often begins a melody well, but seldom finishes it effectively. Many of his ideas are spoiled by an affectation of originality, which being the result of calculation instead of instinct, is seldom or never happy. In his harmony and instrumentation he occasionally attempts to

follow Meyerbeer, but knowing less of the art of handling the orchestra, he is proportionately less successful. His combinations have seldom the brilliancy or the piquant colouring that enables Auber to render even his trifles interesting, nor do they present any of those broad dispositions of the various instruments by means of which Meyerbeer obtains some of his grandest effects. Halévy's orchestral peculiarities are for the most part heavy elaborations, which the broken rhythm and small character of his melodies is unable to bear, and the frequent consequence is a confusion of sounds that might with advantage be avoided. Yet, without genuine originality or extensive learning, without racy melody or that fluency which sometimes usurps its place, Halévy is not a common writer. The continual resolve to be original, the evident purpose to avoid the vulgar track, have a charm in themselves, and lend an interest to his music which that of many other composers, though more ably written, does not always possess. "We do not yawn over Halévy, as over many of the modern Germans,—nor laugh at him, as at Flotow—nor hold our hands to our ears, as at Verdi. We feel the influence of one who, if not gifted, thinks seriously, means to do well, and therefore merits respect.

The *Val d'Andorre*, amidst much that is indifferent, much that is feeble, and much that a severe critic would unreservedly reprehend, contains so many undeniable indications of dramatic feeling, so many points that are absolutely expressive, and so many examples of serious contemplation, that, tedious as it is in some parts, we listen to it with a certain interest from first to last.

(To be continued.)

#### MR. LUMLEY.

WE were much grieved to read the following paragraph in the *Times* of Wednesday:—

ACCIDENT TO MR. LUMLEY.—We find the following account of an accident to Mr. Lumley, the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, in a Brussels paper:—"On Saturday last Mr Lumley, just arrived from Paris, whilst descending one of the precipitous streets of this city, slipped on the frozen pavement and broke his left arm. Carried to his hotel, the fracture was immediately set by the chief surgeon of the garrison, and Mr. Lumley is already rapidly recovering; but the accident created much sensation here; the Burgomaster, the English Minister, the personages of the Court, Prince and Princess Metternich, and the principal foreign residents, have sent daily to make enquiries. This accident does not appear to be a bar to the habitual activity of the *impresario*, who, we hear, in spite of his accident, will leave Brussels for Paris at the end of the present week or commencement of the next."

We were much pleased, however, to read a more favorable account of the accident in the *Times* of Friday:—

MR. LUMLEY.—The paragraph inserted in our Tuesday's impression, stating that Mr. Lumley had broken his arm, has caused much anxiety amongst his friends, and many urgent enquiries have been made. We are happy to add Mr. Lumley has only slightly injured his left wrist, and is now almost well.

Mr. Lumley has our best wishes for his speedy and entire recovery.

#### JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

JULLIEN has arrived. This will account for my breaking my long silence. His coming was, as usual, hailed by the warmest expectation. We knew he would bring us some striking novelties, both in the instrumental and vocal way. We knew he would bring his band with its fine army of soloists. And we knew that, as a vocal "tit-bit," we were to be regaled with the sweet warbling of Jetty Treffz. You may therefore



imagine that his advent was looked forward to with eagerness, by all who are fond of music. How many lovers of that most beautiful and innocent art there exist in Dublin I need not remind you.

The long expected evening at length arrived. With visions of the coming pleasure I entered the Rotundo. I had luckily secured a reserved seat some days before. Judge of my surprise, on casting my eyes round the room, to see the whole of the vast area crowded to such an excess that not a vacant corner was perceptible. My own seat was the only one unoccupied in the reserved places. The promenade was so densely thronged that the people could neither move hand or foot. The Rotundo is one of the largest and handsomest rooms in Europe. The Ancient Concerts used to be held there, when poor Pigott was among us, directing them with his deep lore and extensive knowledge. The sight of it thus filled to the walls was really exciting. But I cannot describe it.

Jullien appeared, and was uproariously welcomed. The overture was played excellently well. It was Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. A new set of quadrilles followed; Macfarren's *King Charles II.* supplied the themes, the arrangement was Jullien's. He has done nothing more effective. I was pleased with the choice of tunes, and with the cleverness of the instrumentation. The quadrilles were well played, and well applauded. Then came Koenig. He also was cheered. He played "The Exile's Lament." The composer was Roch Albert. Roch-Albert means Jullien, at least I have been told so. Koenig is still the cornet-à-pistons. He was in fine play. He was applauded and encored. A new polka by Jullien followed. It was lively. I forget the name. The *allegretto* in B flat, from Beethoven's No. 8, was next. The F is one of my great favourites. It was also one of Beethoven's. What more tuneful symphony exists? It should be called the *ballet* symphony. It would be the best *ballet* ever written. It would require no scene. It would require no story. It would require no dancers, except, perhaps, Carlotta Grisi. The eighth symphony might be called Carlotta. I think you have said this somewhere, a long time since. Never mind, it will bear repeating. The *allegretto* was played prettily. The *basques* should give the demisemiquavers more evenly. They were brisk enough, but not equal.

Jetty Treffz now appeared. I shall not attempt to write about her. I will tell you why. A writer in *Freeman* has apostrophized her. To say more than he would bother me. Yet I would not willingly say less, for I think as much. I therefore give you his article. Print it if you please.

#### "JETTY TREFFZ"

(From *Freeman's Journal*.)

"Expectation and interest have been rife for some time past amongst our musical friends, all feeling anxious to hear the rare and oft-eulogised melody that has been associated with the name of the young and gifted Viennoise, Madlle. Jetty Treffz. This gratification was enjoyed last evening, by an audience comprising many of the very *élite* of our city's fashionables who are lovers of music, not exceeded in numbers by the enormous crowd that filled the spacious Round Room on the occasion of Persiani's visit with Mons. Jullien, last summer, to our city. Long before the hour at which the concert was announced to commence the reserved seats were filled, and scarcely standing room could be obtained in the promenade."

"Passing over a new Polka, by Jullien, and less willingly the *allegretto* from Beethoven's glorious symphony in F, we come to the great attraction of the evening. Every eye was turned towards the orchestra, to watch the *entrée* of the gifted *cantatrice*, whose *avant-courier* has been the fame of her magnificent voice, and whose appearance has been hailed as a new star amid the *nocturnes* of the London concerts. Madlle. Jetty Treffz was hailed on her appearance with loud and repeated plaudits and vivid and protracted demonstrations of welcome, which she acknowledged very gracefully. She is somewhat above the middle size, and her features,

by most people would be called beautiful. The profile is well marked, and the general expression eminently pleasing. Her figure is in the highest degree graceful and elegant. These accessories, however little they may have to do with the voice, are yet of no small account in giving that voice expression; and, certainly, apart from the beautifully-clear and pure-toned vocalism of this accomplished *artiste*, her action, *manière*, and eloquent attitude, added not a little to the charm which enraptured the entire audience, during the singing of her matchless melodies. The Mademoiselle is best known to us here as the first and most delightful interpreter of Mozart's music at the present day. We all know, of course, what she has done to popularize the operas of our countryman, Balfe, in Germany. We know that to her Balfe owes the brilliant success that now beams upon him throughout the German courts; and we are much mistaken if genius like Balfe's, thus fostered and encouraged, will not produce immortalities worthy of the land of his birth. But it is as a vocalist, who admires to enthusiasm the music of Mozart, and shines beyond compare in its interpretation, that our musical public have learned to admire Jetty Treffz. Her first performance on last evening was an aria from the deathless *Don Giovanni*—the "Vedrai Carino." Nothing could be more beautiful than her rendering of this sweet air. She sang it simply from the music without *flouriture* or adornment of any kind, pouring forth the gushing flood of her rich rotund and exquisitely fresh voice, heard above the powerful orchestral accompaniment, and anon sinking into tones of dulcet and exquisite softness—in all producing an effect on the audience unequalled since they heard in wonder-stricken silence the wild native melodies of the Northern Nightingale. Then, in the glorious outburst of joyous harmony, contained in the famous German pastoral, "Trab, trab," of Kucken, how exquisite were her inflexions, and how pure and fresh her tones. We feel that anything we can say can by no means come up to the sensation felt by every one who heard this beautiful melody on last evening. It is also needless to add that the fair vocalist was encored to the echo, and we only mention the fact for the purpose of recording the new delight which she conferred on the audience by her giving, instead of the encore, the exquisite Scotch ballad, "Coming through the rye." They who would form any idea of the archness of manner and purity and raciness of tone in which this song was rendered, should hear it sung. It would be vain to describe its effect. The enthusiasm of the audience was boundless. In the second part of the concert, she sang a new and beautiful aria, "My bright Savoy," and subsequently, a canzonett, "Io te voglio," from *La Lyra d'Italia*. She was again rapturously encored, but instead of repeating the canzonett, she gave the old and yet delightful air of "Home, sweet Home." This song, long familiarized to all ears, ground on barrel organs, and rasped on street fiddles, and certainly rather *passée* in point of novelty, would seem scarcely the kind of song to create much sensation, yet it was the crowning gem of the wreath, the most brilliant triumph of the night. The fair vocalist threw into it so much pure pathos and true sentiment that, vocal truism as it was, it seemed to be listened to for the first time, so absorbed was the delighted attention of all, so enthusiastic was the applause that followed."

You see nothing is left for me to say. When *Freeman* does take to it, he "goes the whole hog." You recollect his articles on Jenny Lind. Now Jetty has usurped the place of Jenny. Never mind his fickleness. Is it because Jenny is fair, that Jetty should not be fair as she? I was mysteriously enchanted with her. I am an old, rusty chap, but her voice went to my heart, and her eyes too. Her singing warmed my old blood, and I dreamt I was young. "Magnificent" is not the word for Jetty's voice. *Delicious* it should be, and delicious it is. So soft, so sweet, so round, so mellow, so ringing, so clear, so lymph, so pure. It is not magnificent. *Freeman* is beside himself when he says it. It is nicer than that. Magnificent suits a queen. Grisi is magnificent. Alboni is magnificent. Lind is magnificent. Jetty is not magnificent. Jetty is a bit of nature from the mountains. She sings like a bird, because she can't help it. Her voice is stolen from a blackbird, who flies from wood to wood, dumb. It is beautiful, pretty, soothing, exhilarating. It is what you please, but not magnificent. A sun-flower, a tulip, a lily, are magnificent. But Jetty is a violet that peeps, a primrose that hides, a daisy that twinkles in the sun. These are not magnificent. Magnificent is a thing of art. Jetty is not art, but nature. Therefore, old *Freeman*—old boy with a young heart—let her alone with your mag-

nificent. She shall not be called it. \* \* \* \*  
I said I had *nothing* to say about Jetty, and I have said as much as *Freeman*. A little more to the purpose, by the way.

Young Collins—Viotti, not Paganini—played the *Carnaval of Venice* more like Viotti than Paganini, but not much like either. It was not Collins' fault. He has a style of his own. He is a clever fellow, and fiddles eagerly. He was encored. The *Hungarian Quadrille* is up to Jullien's highest mark. It pleased every body. The "Row Polka" sent the people away, their feet a-dancing, and their lips moving to the measure of "Trab, trab, trab."

To-night is Mendelssohn's night. Jullien is to give four concerts in all. I may write again, and I may not. If the latter, I will send you *Freeman*. JACQUES.

### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

Nor having been able to attend the last concert, we have availed ourselves of an article transmitted to us by an old contributor, which, we trust, may supply the place of our proper notice.

"The amount of talent combining the names of Ernst, Sims Reeves, Thalberg, and Formes, has greatly increased the attendance of the London Wednesday Concerts. The two last have been most inconveniently crowded, and hundreds have been turned away from the doors. Mr. Sims Reeves' great popularity, no doubt, has had a great share in the attraction; but the popularity of the eminent English tenor, great as it undeniably is, would not of itself have brought the immense concourses which have filled Exeter Hall at the last two concerts. Ernst and Thalberg are high names, and Formes has worked for himself an enviable position with the public. With such an array of talent a crowded hall was the inevitable consequence. Mr. Stammers has avoided the Star-system. His is the Constellation-system. He brings many stars together and combines them to constitute one nucleus of attraction. If he continue to pursue this course he must infallibly succeed, and we strongly counsel the enterprising director of the London Wednesday Concerts to go on in the path he has thus marked out for himself.

The twelfth of the series took place on the 9th inst. The programme was well selected, but was much too long. It is fatiguing both to mind and body to sit in a confined space for more than four hours, as is generally the case at these concerts, owing to the great numbers pressing to obtain even standing room. In the whole repertoire of operas there are not more than three or four that exceed three hours, or three hours and a half, at the utmost, and when an opera exceeds this length, the pruning knife is generally liberally applied. It must not be forgotten that an opera has the advantage of scenery, chorus, and what is of still more importance, the interest in the working of the play. If excessive length be found so unendurable in an opera, how much more so must it be in a concert, where every *morceau* is totally unconnected with what precedes or what follows it. Another excuse, which in some measure may atone for prolonging an opera to a later hour than a concert, is, that it is divided into acts, thus giving the public an opportunity to recover from any inconvenience they may have suffered during the performance. There are several other reasons why these kind of entertainments should be somewhat more reasonable in the quantity given. It is not fair towards an artist to be obliged to sing either to empty benches, or, still worse to an audience fagged out and over-surfeited.

In the programme of the 12th Wednesday Concert the last

four pieces might have been omitted with advantage. It is but an ill-compliment to one of our cleverest English composers to place one of his most charming productions in a position where it cannot have justice rendered to it. As artists are not made of materials different from the other part of mankind, it cannot be expected that sufficient interest can be taken in a performance which may unluckily fall into their hands under such circumstances. The *morceau* we allude to is Edward Loder's beautiful trio; "Soft is the murmur of the summer breeze." Whilst this was being sung there was a race going on between the public and the performers. It was whether the public should get out of the Hall, or the performers should finish their labours first; we are happy to say the performers won the race by twenty-eight seconds. In all earnestness, we would advise Mr. Stammers to correct this for the future. He may be sure that he is doing a great injury to his concerts, as no one will remember with satisfaction having been nearly exhausted from fatigue on an occasion which he meant should be devoted to a rational and intellectual entertainment. It is, however, at present, our pleasing duty to point out how many excellent pieces were given, and how excellently they were performed. The band, stimulated no doubt by the strictures passed upon them in your last number, when you had occasion to speak of their evident carelessness, and imperfect execution during the evening, retrieved themselves last Wednesday in such a manner as to demand unqualified praise for the correctness and energy which they displayed in Mendelssohn's overture and music from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the overture to the *Siege of Corinth*, and the *Domino Noir*, and the accompaniments to the solos.

The selection was from Bellini's time-worn and hackneyed, but sweet and charming opera, *Sonnambula*. Mr. Sims Reeves sang "All is lost now;" Miss Lucombe, "Come par me sereno" (English version), and the rondo finale; and Mr. Laeffler, the barytone song, "As I view these scenes." Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in his song, which he gave with fine pathos and expression.

Thalberg played his fantasia on airs from Rossini's *Donna del Lago*.—Thalberg is particularly attached to Rossini's airs as ground works for his fantasias, and Thalberg is not particularly in error in so doing. The present fantasia includes the romance, and the chorus of bards. Rossini's tunes were most skilfully garnished with Thalberg's *broderies*, and the whole constituted a dainty dish, fit to set before any audience. The great pianist played magnificently, and elicited a boisterous call for a repeat, to which he instantly responded.

Miss Dolby's "First violet"—a perfect gem of Mendelssohn's—won all hearts by its grace and suavity. Mrs. A. Newton was not particularly happy in the "Una voce." It was the first time that we were not entirely satisfied with the fair vocalist's efforts since she joined the London Wednesday Concert Company. We shall be too delighted to hear her once more in Rossini's brilliant cavatina, and to withdraw our expression of disappointment.

Herre-Formes sang the "Largo al Factotum," in a manner which forcibly reminded us of Lablache, who used to sing it better than any one, except Rossini himself.\* He gave it with singular *grace* and energy, his splendid voice filling every crevice in the house with its volume. We had no idea the great German basso could master Rossini's impetuous vivacities with such skill and effect. The "Largo al factotum" was really an immense performance, and was greeted as such by the whole audience, who encored it with vociferation.

\* And Ronconi, who sings it better than Rossini.—Ed.

After the "Largo al factotum," came what we—(allow me to borrow your plurals for this one article)—must consider the "crowning rose of the entire wreath," as D. R. would write, though he, most probably would have struck out the word "entire" from the sentence. This was Ernst's new fantasia on the *Prophète*, played by Ernst himself.

I cannot discourse technically of instrumental effects, nor the salient points of orchestration, nor the piquancy of bits of harmony, nor of string, brass, and wood, and their beneficences, but I have good ears—of the longest, perhaps—and am not devoid of musical appreciation, so shall record my simple, unsophisticated, impressions of Ernst's new fantasia, and Ernst's performance.

The fantasia is founded on the most popular airs in the *Prophète*, commencing with the beautiful prayer of Fides, "O mio Figlio," in F sharp minor, including, among other *morceaux*, the pastorale (Mario's) "Un impero piu soave," in B flat. I think, and the bacchanalian (Mario's) in the last scene. Ernst has arranged his fantasia for the orchestra with masterly skill and magical effect. It were a venturesome thing to declare, but I am really of opinion he has improved on Meyerbeer in some instances. He played the first air so touchingly and so faultlessly that the hearers were rapt with listening and held their breaths, fearing to lose the faintest note. The passionate burst, where the air changes to the major key, was given with startling energy and power. The finest and most perfect singing ear ever drank in could not surpass Ernst's playing this prayer. Not less perfect nor less beautiful was the great violinist's performance of the pastoral air, "Un impero piu soave," which he gave without altering a note of the original preserving it in its naked simplicity and beauty. The wonders of his mechanism he, in a great measure, reserved for the bacchanalian song, for which he wrote some variations, introducing many of those dexterities of the finger, which transcend all descriptive powers: suffice it to say, that every variety of manual feats, to the verge of impossibility, was accomplished, and accomplished with an ease and a freedom that proved not only the greatest mastery, but the greatest genius. Of Ernst's solo performances, I am inclined to rate that of the fantasia on the *Prophète* among the highest; and of his fantasias, I cannot hesitate to set his new one among the most striking and musician-like.

While talking of Ernst, I have lost sight entirely of the editorial plural. I must resolve myself once more into the prescriptive "we."

In the second part, Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in "The Old Chair;" Miss Eyles ditto in a song of Linley's; and Mr. Sims Reeves again in "The Last Rose of Summer."

Thalberg and Ernst played the duet on *Semiramide* airs—a double treat, but not of the highest order; inasmuch as the two great artists might have performed a more sterling composition of one of the masters, and gained greater honour thereby. We confess this is not our own opinion; but one who sat near us in the reserved seats, who looked musical, and had a critical cut of face, having so expressed himself, we thought ourselves bound to borrow so good-looking and profound a remark, and retail it for the readers of the *Musical World*.

Mr. Richardson played on the flute; Herr Formes sang "The Wolf" like a hyena; and so ends our first notice of the London Wednesday Concerts.

F. M.

MR. SIMS REEVES.—We are given to understand, from likely authority, that the popular English tenor has declined entering into an engagement at Covent Garden for the ensuing season.

## SONNET.

NO. CXIV.

Oh, let not any mortal man forget  
He is, *in part*, subjected to those laws,  
Which map the vast world of effect and cause,  
Where each in his appointed place is set.  
Forgotten let this be by none; but yet,  
Let none in his aspiring efforts pause,  
But each essay to rub out innate flaws—  
Using the world his energies to whet.  
'Tis false that we are merely slaves to fate,  
That all our thoughts and wishes, hate, and love,  
Are but the cogs of one immense machine.  
'Tis also false that we originate,  
The special sphere wherein we live and move;—  
Such are the fallacies—truth stands between.

N. D.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

OLYMPIC.

On Wednesday night a work was produced which is likely to excite considerable interest among our play-going public—a "genuine" American five-act comedy, written by an American lady, originally brought out at the principal theatre in the United States, and purporting to exhibit the manners of the principal city. The title of the work is *Fashion; or, Life in New York*, and the authoress is the accomplished actress Mrs. Mowatt.

The play, which is written on the model of the comedies that prevailed here at the beginning of the present century, has for its moral object the exposure of the evils of fashion-worship in an infant country, where a wide field is opened for foreign imposture. Mrs. Tiffany, an upstart lady, who has ruined her husband by her extravagance, till he tries to repair his fortunes by forgery—Count Jolimaitre, an impostor, who passes himself off for a French nobleman—and Seraphina Tiffany, a frivolous girl, are the representatives of fashionable vice and folly; while the cause of unsophisticated virtue is maintained by Adam Trueman, an honest old farmer, and Gertrude, a governess in the Tiffany family, who at last turns out to be his granddaughter, but whom he allowed to gain a sub-  
vice by her own exertions, having been warned by the example of his daughter of the disadvantages arising from a reputation for wealth.

To appreciate this work properly it must be taken with all its circumstances. It was originally produced at the Park Theatre, in 1845, when the authoress was extremely ~~not~~ and she worked in a country where the traditions of dramatic writing are wholly unknown. Her story, namely, that of a fashion-worshipping family being duped by a dressed-up rogue, and of a slighted governess proving a most virtuous and worthy person, would have little that was new in it if the scene were laid on English soil; but the American tone given to all the characters endows the work with a freshness which distinguishes it from the many comedies produced on our stage. The upstart lady, always anxious to imitate foreign manners, talking execrable French, and venerating titles because they are excluded from her own country, is a personage that belongs completely to the New World. Her worldly-wise sister, with a Yankee twang, a puritanical costume, and an assurance that allows her to make love without scruple to any gentleman who seems eligible, is a character completely new to our stage, and probably produced in America only. The old farmer, though his functions in the drama are precisely those belonging to an "Emery-part," still stands out with distinctness, through the circumstance that his sentiments have all the impress of his Republic. In

the construction of the drama several faults, arising from inexperience, might easily be pointed out; but these are compensated over and over again by the tact with which Mrs. Mowatt has seized on various peculiarities of her nation, and the geniality with which she has embodied them. That the portraiture is considered accurate by persons far more competent to judge than ourselves, may be concluded from the fact that *Fashion* has been acted with success at every chief city in the Union.

The actors engaged in this play exerted themselves to the utmost. Mr. Wigan, as the fashionable impostor, and Mrs. Wigan, as a French lady's maid, whom he had heartlessly abandoned, were both completely in their element, the broken English of the lady being particularly good. Mrs. Marston gave a spirited version of the pompous woman of mode, and Miss Fanny Vining played the interesting governess in the best taste. Prudence, the crafty sister, was acted by Mrs. Parker in that marked style which shows the determination of the actress to make the most of a part. At first her peculiarities made her one of the most amusing personages in the piece, but towards the end she became somewhat too exaggerated. This is a part that might be compressed with advantage. Mr. Johnstone's ruined merchant was a careful representation of anxiety and mental distress; and Mr. Scharfe gave a very clever, though somewhat over-grotesque impersonation of a villainous clerk. Mr. Herbert looked capital as a black servant, but his speaking was not up to the mark. However, the great responsibility of the piece lay on the shoulders of Mr. Davenport, who played the old farmer—a part quite out of his usual line—and introduced his hearty out-pourings with a vigour that never failed to excite the audience. A story which he told of his daughter's misfortunes towards the end of the play was one of the grand points of the piece.

The *mise-en-scène* is superb. A ball-room and a conservatory, with transparent sides, are represented with an elaborate magnificence, which proves that Mr. Watts is determined to restore its old character to the Olympic Theatre.

At the fall of the curtain the applause of the audience was tumultuous, and cries for Mrs. Mowatt, who had not acted in the piece, were raised on every side. She was led on by Mr. Davenport, and seemed much overcome by the enthusiastic reception of her work. The house was crowded in every part, and from the novelty of its character, and the evident satisfaction it gave, there is little doubt that *Fashion* will for some time prove attractive.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

**OPERA COMIQUE.**—Mr. Mitchell opened this elegant theatre on Monday last, with a comic opera, *Le Val d'Andorre*, written by M. de St. Georges, and composed by M. Halévy. In spite of the reputation which the composer has acquired in the French capital, where he has achieved several successes, both on the stage of the *Opera Comique* and on that of the Grand Opera, this is the first opera of his ever produced in England with the music; for, however absurd the thing may appear, the *Juive* was given at Drury Lane, some twelve years ago, under Mr. Bunn's management, but without a bar of music, the management depending entirely on the libretto and spectacle of the piece. Under these circumstances M. Halévy appears before the English public as a *débutant*, and we think that the success achieved on Monday last is likely to establish his reputation, if not as a composer of genius, at least as a careful and intelligent writer. We are inclined to the opinion that

M. Halévy's powers are more in the serious than in the comic line, his instrumentation frequently overpowering the vocalist in those light passages which constitute the charm of comic opera, and in this respect he is much inferior to Auber, whom he has, however, attempted to imitate. In serious opera his orchestral effects tell better, and the loudness of the accompaniments meet with a corresponding energy on the part of the vocalist, which is not to be expected when graceful and not striking effects are desirable. The same orchestration which would suit the violent despair of the Jewess and the anguish and agony of Eleazar, in the opera of *La Juive*, are out of place in the *Val d'Andorre*, although the latter be not wanting in strong situations.

The story of the *Val d'Andorre* is highly interesting, and would of itself form an attractive entertainment, more especially in the hands of artistes, who are both intelligent actors and clever musicians. It is of the *Gazza Ladra* school, and its interest is entirely of a domestic character. Rose de Mai is an orphan, living in the capacity of a servant to Theresa, a *fermière* of the Valley of Andorre, in the Pyrenees. She is in love with Stephan, a young hunter of the mountains, who is also held in high favour by Theresa and Georgette, one of the richest heiresses of the country. During this state of things the tranquil valley is astounded by the sudden appearance of a recruiting serjeant, Le Joyeux. And well it might be; for, and this is a bit of advice to M. de St. Georges, the Valley of Andorre had always enjoyed entire immunity from military service ever since it had recognised the sovereignty of the French King, and the allegiance and servage of its inhabitants had never been other than nominal. Le Joyeux is authorised to select fifteen of the unmarried men of the canton, and the young hunter falls under the clutches of the recruiting officer. To save her lover, Rose de Mai, abstracts from her mistress's coffers the sum of 1500 francs, which she hands over to the officer as the price of Stephan's liberty. To restore this sum, Rose de Mai now anxiously awaits the coming of the goat-herd, Jacques Sincère, who had promised her the sum of 3000 francs, which he has saved, for her marriage portion; but the old man has been defrauded of his money, and poor Rose de Mai is accused of the theft in the presence of the inhabitants of the village. The affair is brought before the Syndic of the Valley; but, in the meanwhile, Theresa has discovered that Rose de Mai is her own daughter, and saves her from infamy by declaring that her accusations were slanderous and false, and that she has acted from feelings of jealousy. Everybody is as usual made happy, and the curtain falls.

In the course of the action there are several incidents and positions which M. Halévy has worked out in a very effective manner; among which we may mention the two songs of Rose de Mai, both quaint and pleasing; that in the first act, "*Dit-moi si je dois t'aimer toujours*," was sung with exquisite grace by Madlle. Charton. The *buffo* song by M. Chollet, "*Voilà, voilà, le joli recruteur*;" the quatuor and chorus in the scene where the peasants draw lots (well given by Madlles. Charton and Cotti, and MM. Lac and Leroy); the pastoral melody of the goat-herd, sung by M. Nathan, and accompanied by M. Barret; the trio in the second act where Stephan attempts to obtain from the serjeant the name of his secret deliverer; and the trio of the last act where Rose confesses her crime. We must not omit the song of the last act (given with much humour and energy by M. Chollet,) with the intermingled chorus, "*Vive, vive la mitraille*," which was unanimously encored.

Madlle. Charton (Rose de Mai) is an established favourite, and was warmly applauded on her appearance. She has per-

haps gained both in vocalisation and acting since last year. Her voice is as fresh and as pure as ever. Monsieur Chollet (Capitaine Lejoyeux), an old stager, displayed those talents, both as an actor and singer, for which he is justly renowned. His acting reminded us strongly of Lafont, from its easy, unassuming, gentlemanly character; his voice is not strong, but with the tact of a consummate musician, he never forces it; it flows naturally of itself, and, being of soft and flexible quality, falls most agreeably on the ear. M. Chollet was well received and loudly applauded on several occasions. Madlle. Guichard has not very much to do as Theresa, but that was very judiciously and effectively done, as is always the case with this useful artiste. Madlle. Cotti (Georgette), whom, by-the-bye, we recognised as having heard last season in several concerts, displayed great archness and *verve* in the part of Georgette. She has a fresh and telling voice, and displays a great deal of talent as a vocalist. M. Huguet (the Syndic) had but a few bars of recitative at the end of the opera. We were pleased to see him again, however. Of M. Lac (Stephan) we shall defer giving a decided opinion until we have heard him in another part. He seems to have a very good voice, and manages his *falsetto* cleverly. M. Nathan must avoid straining his voice; he is otherwise commendable, and acts some of the scenes of Jacques very well.

The orchestra, under the able direction of M. Hanssens, was highly efficient, and the chorus vined decided proofs of good training. The decorations and scenery (by Mr. Muir) were effective, as usual.

Between the second and third acts "God save the Queen" was sung by the company. Madlles. Charton and Guichard (the former especially) acquitted themselves most creditably in the verses allotted to them, and pronounced the words with remarkable distinctness and good emphasis.

M. Killy Leroy made a good lively Saturnin. He has evidently studied M. Jourdan, at the *Opera Comique*, to whom, however, he cannot for one instant be compared.

We have no doubt that the success of the *Val d'Andorre* on Montlay last, before a crowded house, will induce Mr. Mitchell to produce other operas by the same author. We invite the public to profit by the present opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of one of the most popular composers of the modern French school. The opera of *Zampa*, by Hérold, is underlined for next week; after which we are promised *Le Caid*, by Ambroise Thomas.

J. DE C.

#### AN ENTHUSIAST FOR MR. COOPER.

A WRITER in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, in the notice of a recent performance of sacred music, including Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, thus concludes his observations:—

"Some disappointment was expressed that Mr. Cooper, who has scarcely his equal as a violinist, did not favour the audience with a concerto. Though it was a sacred concert, and an avowedly secular piece might have been deemed out of place, he could have selected some appropriate theme (as has been often done on such occasions) on which to exercise his brilliant talents in the way of amplification and interpretation, such as he has always at command at his fingers' ends. Our opinion of his ability is so favourable, that we verily believe he would 'discourse most eloquent music' from even THE DRUM PART in the dead march in *Saul*."

"We are great admirers of Mr. Cooper, and we have heard him perform many surprising feats of mechanism. *Felix Farley*, however, has set him a task which we think would puzzle him to execute. The "drum part" of a dead march would have a droll effect upon the violin, even with all the

"amplification" and "interpretation" that Mr. Cooper has "at his fingers' ends."

*Propos* of the chief cause of *Felix Farley's* disappointment. We are glad to offer our tribute of approval to Mr. Cooper's good sense and feeling, in abstaining from introducing a concerto at a performance of sacred music, where any solo, on any instrument—the organ excepted—would have been out of place. This is not the first occasion, however, which has given us the means of recognising in Mr. Cooper intelligence as well as talent.

#### ANDREW PARK.

OUR old contributor, Mr. Andrew Park, has sent us some proof sheets of a new book of songs, which is about being published. We have selected a ballad, which will afford a fair specimen of the work.

#### COME WANDER WITH ME.

BY ANDREW PARK.

Come wander with me, where the sweet-scented rose  
In the valley of sunshine with jessamine grows;  
I'll twine thee a garland of balm-breathing flow'rs,  
And dance with thee lightly 'mong fairy green bow'rs!  
While sparkling streamlets are leaping along,  
'Mid banks flow'r embroider'd and joyous with song;  
And the Hart and the Roe in their gambols are free,—  
Then say thou wilt come, love! and wander with me.

Or, come when fair Luna is shining above,  
While Philomel chaunts her sweet cadence of love:  
And watch the bright stars in their palace of blue,  
As night is distilling her pearls of dew!  
And zephyrs are sighing among the green boughs,  
Like tender affection when breathing her vows;—  
No maiden on earth need be joyful as thee,—  
Then say thou wilt come, love! and wander with me.

We wish Mr. Andrew Park's new book all the success it merits, and perhaps may take the opportunity, when it is published, of presenting our readers with another extract.

#### SINGERS BEHIND THE SCENES.

(From a City Correspondent.)

THE concert given last week by the Beaumont Institution (Commercial Road) presented some amusing episodes, *behind the scenes*, where your correspondent was, by a mere chance (for which he has nobody to thank), enabled to penetrate—much against his will, be it understood. It may, perhaps, be considered overstepping the line of my duties as reporter, to relate what has happened in the "*coulisses*," but the circumstances are so curious in the present case, that I could not refrain from sending you an account; in addition to which, the statement of the facts may not be without its use.

The Committee of the Institution had engaged Miss Catherine Hayes as their grand attraction (with novelty to boot), and Miss Birch, Miss Poole, and Mr. Allen, as old favourites. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, who had recently created so favourable a sensation at the London Wednesday Concerts, was also engaged for the occasion. When the bills came out, the names of Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Bridge Frodsham were displayed in such staring capitals as threw those of Miss Birch, Miss Poole, and Mr. Allen into insignificance. Miss Birch, Miss Poole, and Mr. Allen, however, considered this typical pre-eminence in respect of Mr. Bridge Frodsham as a sheer absurdity in favour of a young and raw singer, and in the highest degree derogatory to the position they have long held in the musical profession. (About the same distinction, in reference to Miss Hayes, no remarks were offered.)

Mr. Bridge Frodsham himself was set down as the head and front of the offence to their dignity, and treated accordingly. I dare say you know, however, that Mr. Bridge Frodsham is a quiet, unassuming young gentleman, incapable of the questionable *coup de concert* laid to his charge. On his entrance into the retiring room of the hall, Mr. Allen seized him by the arm, and leading him towards one of the large posters lying against the wall, asked him, in very significant terms, who was the instigator of the unpardonable affront of placing his (Mr. Allen's) name in small type, while his (Mr. Bridge Frodsham's) was blazoned in characters that would have done honour to the announcement of the giant of the French *estaminet*. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, much annoyed, and not a little frightened, denied positively all participation in the sins committed by the man of types who had "set up" the programme. On the contrary, it grieved him (Mr. Bridge Frodsham) as much as it incensed Mr. Allen. He never could have entertained the idea of ranking his poor abilities by the side of those of so old a favourite as Mr. Allen, much less of elevating himself into undue importance by such a "capital" subterfuge. Whereby Mr. Allen's wrath was somewhat appeased. But the storm was raging in another quarter. Poor Mr. Bridge was still among the breakers, and the waves of indignation tossed him here and there with blind fury. From Scylla he had escaped but to be engulfed in Charybdis. Mr. Allen had let him go safe but to tumble into the ill graces of Miss Birch, who paraded the room with an appearance of injured dignity that made the offending tenor shake in his shoes. This fresh opponent, more terrible from her sex, expressed herself in even stronger terms than Mr. Allen about the offence to her professional position implied in the unwarranted varieties of type, and declared, that were it not for the respect she owed the public, in return for the respect the public had for many years shown to her, she would go forward and decline to sing, stating her reasons for so doing in an appropriate address. I cannot help thinking, however, that the "big display" of Miss Catherine Hayes's name had more to do with Miss Birch's irritation than the preference accorded by the printer to Mr. Bridge Frodsham; although, it is true that Miss Catherine Hayes's name did not once transpire in the discussion.

The affair terminated at length by the blame being unanimously laid on the unfortunate printer, who, according to the probabilities of the case, had about as much to do with the regulation of the types as your correspondent. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, however, must be altogether exonerated from any share in the transaction. Miss Birch and Mr. Allen had certainly good cause for complaint; and I can hardly wonder at their losing their temper. The practice of displaying the names of particular artists in monstrous type is one of the silliest that can be perpetrated, and the scene I have attempted to describe, if it serve to open the eyes of the public to the emptiness of such a system of puffing, will hardly be regretted even by the principal actors in the affair.

Of the concert itself you must be satisfied with a word. I did not hear any thing of sufficient importance to call for especial notice. Miss Catherine Hayes was received with great enthusiasm, and sang remarkably well. Mr. Allen sang with his usual taste, and both Miss Birch and Miss Poole were in excellent voice. Mr. Bridge Frodsham was encored twice. He did not sing so well as I have heard him at the London Wednesday Concerts, being naturally nervous, but his sweet voice and unaffected style could not be concealed, even under circumstances so hostile to their effective display. His best effort was "The Lass of Gowry."

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

## JULLIEN'S MENDELSSOHN-NIGHT.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

THE admirers and personal friends of Mendelssohn in this town, and they are numerous, owe a debt of gratitude to M. Jullien for the glimpse he has afforded them of the genius of that great composer and amiable man, in presenting some of his greatest orchestral works to their notice, in a style of completeness which far exceeds anything which we have had presented to us before in Manchester. To most who were present on Saturday evening, the bulk of the Mendelssohn selection was entirely new; some of us had heard all, or nearly all, before; but the brilliancy of the performance, its almost faultless excellence, and the wonderful finish and elegance with which the more subtle beauties of the compositions selected for performance were given, imparted all the charm of novelty to the entertainment.

And here let us express our great admiration of M. Jullien as a conductor of classical music. We have long felt that the exuberance of action which the passionate in music have ascribed to *charlatanerie*, was really ascribable to a vivacious temperament; because we have observed that when he has been engaged upon music of a higher order, that vivacity has been put aside by the exercise of higher mental qualities. Upon the present occasion, the conductor's manner was perfect, both in his marking of the time and his indication of the expression to the orchestra; and also in his mute exposition to the audience of the sentiment of the various movements and pieces submitted to them. His Beethoven nights had impressed us with this idea; but the Mendelssohn music seemed to require a more acute and varied study.

Of the Mendelssohn selections we are unable to speak in fitting terms of approval. The symphony in A minor is indeed a great work. A national character—the symphony was "suggested by a visit to the romantic scenery of Scotland"—is admirably maintained throughout; and yet the utmost freedom of musical treatment is developed. The *Adagio Cantabile* was an exquisite display of poetic feeling and artistic execution. Jetty Treffz charmed by her unsophisticated manner of singing the songs of Mendelssohn; but though they are cleverly instrumented, and were charmingly accompanied, they struck us, from their construction, as being originally written for pianoforte *scherzo* accompaniment. Mr. V. Collins played the "andante" and "rondo finale," from the concerto in E minor, with great purity of tone and neat artistic finish; a little swaying of the body imparts somewhat of mannerism to this clever violinist's style. Hallé's "Songs without words" were exquisitely played, — in a manner worthy of composer and executant. Can we accord higher praise? We think not. Of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, its graceful overture, its gorgeous march, we convey no idea. The manner of its performance really developed beauties that we had never even thought of before.

## MUSIC AT SHREWSBURY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

You will perhaps be surprised to hear from me. My position as correspondent to the *Musical World* is pretty nearly a *sinecure*, but I can assure you it is not my fault. I cannot command—I can only "assist," at musical performances; and really anything worthy the name of a concert in this town happens so seldom, that it is as good as though we were outside the barrier of musical civilization altogether. But affairs begin to look up; it is M. Jullien we have to thank. This celebrated personage paid us a second visit on Friday, the first having occurred in 1849. It is a treat for those who have any enthusiasm for the "divine art," to see even the "posters" of M. Jullien. First, we have at least three weeks of anticipation; second, we have the concert itself; and last, not least, the pleasure of criticising. I assure you, sir, that we do the latter with an earnestness that would be amusing to the Londoners, and to all those whom M. Jullien favours with his presence more frequently. For earnestness in criticising it, may be more proper if I say disputing on the merits of the particular kind of music, for



which we have respectively the greatest affection. Some prefer the waltz, others the quadrille—*et ainsi de suite*. But M. Jullien gives us such a variety that every one may be satisfied. In his collection we find overtures, polkas, quadrilles, waltzes, solos, symphonies, and songs. An excellent orchestra, the most renowned soloists, the charming Jetty Treffz. With her songs of every nation, and lastly the Mows (as *Punch* styles him), as president—in his way quite as great a potentate as General Taylor or Louis Buonaparte. Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the *andante* from Beethoven's symphony in F, and a selection from Mozart's *Don Juan*, were all admirably played to perfection. I mention these pieces first, as having a peculiar interest for me. At the same time I admire the musician-like manner in which M. Jullien "dresses up" many of the popular airs, &c., endowing them with an interest which, if it depended solely on their intrinsic merits, would have but a very ephemeral existence. A new set of quadrilles, on Hungarian air, struck me as one of the most attractive things of the kind I have heard. The subjects are well chosen, and, like all national melodies, have a certain quaint charm of their own. They are put together in the composer's best manner; and some very effective variations, performed by the several talented artists in M. Jullien's band, were received with immense applause. I have yet to speak of Mdlle. Jetty Treffz. The *Musical World* has many subscribers in this neighbourhood, which may account for the lady being already well known to us by reputation. We expected much, and were in no respect disappointed. In pronouncing Mdlle. Treffz one of the most perfect singers, in her style, whom I have heard, I do nothing more than pay just homage to her merits. She does not exercise her talents in the *bravura* style, although I doubt not she is well capable, but confines herself to that kind of music which every one can understand—the songs of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and of authors who wrote essentially for singers. Her reception was as hearty as it was unanimous. She sang the "Vedrai carino" of Mozart, and a song by Kücken, "Trab, trab." The latter is pretty in itself, but there is an archness in Madlle. Treffz' interpretation that adds a new charm and renders it irresistible; it was re-demanded and another song substituted in its place. In the second part, a plaintive and clever romance by Angelina, sung, of course, by Madlle. Treffz (as she is M. Jullien's only vocalist), was very warmly applauded. Her last effort, a national Venetian melody, "Io vioglio," was also encored, and "Home, sweet Home" was substituted. I have seldom seen an audience in this town more enthusiastic. The applause was tremendous, and the success of Mdlle. Treffz complete. We are generally so orderly and quiet at Shrewsbury, that one may reside here for years without feeling quite sure that one has lived at all; but on this occasion an exception was made to the rule; excess of pleasure made us boisterous. It is necessary to reside in the country to fully understand the effect produced by so simple a ballad as "Home, sweet Home." In London and all great cities the songs become somewhat blunted by repeated enjoyment; but in the country, where our appetites are not so continually satisfied with such high seasoned viands, a national ballad, sung by one so naturally gifted as Jetty Treffz, produces a melancholy which cannot be described in words. I have said we were boisterous, but it was not while the ballad was being warbled; the deepest attention was given by every one, and only when the lady retired did we exceed the bounds of our usual decorum, in order to demonstrate our gratitude for the treat she had afforded us. There remains nothing more to say, except that I hope M. Jullien will not fail to visit us as frequently as his arrangements will permit. He has had substantial proofs that he is welcome, and that he must always be so while he caters so liberally for the public amusement.

H.

Jan. 7, 1850.

#### MUSIC AT GLOUCESTER.

It was a bold sight on the part of the Gloucester Choral Society to attempt the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, inasmuch as although this magnificent oratorio promises to stand in popular estimation second only to that masterpiece of oratorio compositions—the "Messiah," the music is as yet less understood by provincial choral societies than that of other oratorios of more mature age. Nevertheless, although the attempt was a venturesome and a bold one, we are inclined to think that it was not taken without due

premeditation and preparation: we form this opinion from the result, which we are free to confess has no less surprised than pleased us. In our last notice of the public performances of this society, we had the unpleasant task of finding fault: we freely expressed our opinions, and offered our humble advice; the former brought down upon us the ungraceful censure—to use a mild term—of certain sensitive individuals; the latter, however, we are flattered to think was not thrown away upon those for whose benefit it was given. Certain it is—whether from this or whatever other cause—our dispraise (if a term so superlative may be employed in reference to our former remarks) of the Choral body has suffered some considerable qualification. Be it understood we withdraw no opinion then expressed of the qualifications of the singers, the merits of the organ, or on any other point on which opinion was expressed. It is not our opinion that has changed; the premises are not the same. To adopt a little pedantry, we may exclaim "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur ab illis*."

It was feared by some that the extreme severity of the weather would have the effect of deterring many persons from attending the concert on Wednesday evening; but, judging from the appearance of the room, no such consideration had any influence. The whole of the seats, with the exception of the reserved places, were filled, and the vicinities in the "high places" were not very numerous. The company was an exceedingly fashionable one, and included many of the belles of the county and city, who, we need scarcely add, appeared to the best advantage. What can we say more of the ladies, without being guilty of offensive flattery? The temperature of the room was maintained to a most comfortable pitch, so as to render the sederunt anything but a tedious one. The cast of the oratorio, as originally arranged, would have been as near that of the last Hereford Musical Festival as circumstances permitted. Henry Phillips was to have taken the part of Elijah, but having another engagement elsewhere, his place was supplied by Mr. Machin; and the everywhere-popular Misses Williams took the principal soprano and contralto parts, including that of the Widow, which at Hereford was assumed by Madame Castellan. Mr. Lockey retained his original part of Obadiah. The chorus appeared to be as numerous as at Hereford; and although, of course, it had not the bright polish of that body, there was some sterling merit in it.

Our columns are already too full of important reports to permit us to enter into an elaborate critique of Wednesday evening's performances, and we must therefore content ourselves by indicating the chief features in this little festival. Miss M. Williams's rich contralto, though, we think, we have heard her in better voice, told most effectively in the airs, "Woe unto them," and "O! rest in the Lord." The latter especially afforded the greatest gratification to the audience, expressive, as it always is in the hands of this lady, of the most devout confidence and faith. The accompaniment, too, was very tastefully rendered by Mr. Morgan, whose task during the evening was a most arduous one, unsupported as he was by any other instrument. The great feature in the part allotted to Miss A. Williams was in the interlocutory passages between her and Mr. Machin (as Obadiah and the Youth), descriptive of the drought preceding the rain. Miss A. Williams is always happy in this scene; and, perhaps, never executed her delicate task with better finish than on Wednesday evening. In truth, this was the gem of the meeting, in its way. The choral interjections, "Open the heavens," "Then hear from heaven," and "Thanks be to God for all his mercies," were also admirably in keeping with the solo parts. This had evidently been well practised by the chorus: there was the proper subdued and devotional feeling and effect thrown into each of these delicate passages, which the composer had intended. We freely forgive all the hard words which we have poured out upon us, for the real enjoyment which we experienced in listening to the interpretation by the choral body of that one short passage, "Thanks be to God for all his mercies." The effect given to these few words was precisely what the lamented composer intended, and left nothing to be desired—except the band accompaniment. It is impossible that this requirement could be supplied by an organ: and this was the great—we may say almost the only drawback to the whole affair. The oratorio abounds with descriptive passages, which cannot be rendered in their integrity and truthfulness by any organ,

and can only be supplied by stringed instruments. The part just referred to is one of these, and again that wonderful chorus, "Behold! God the Lord passed by," and so with other passages. Mr. Lockey gave the beautiful *moreau*, "If with all your hearts," in his usual clear and expressive style; this air suits the compass of Mr. Lockey's voice admirably; nor was he less effective in other parts of the oratorio. Mr. Machin ably discharged his arduous share in the oratorio. His recitatives were carefully delivered, and the several airs in the part of the Prophet were nicely managed. Of the choruses we have already spoken. The effective invocation by the Priests of Baal, "Baal, we cry to thee," was perhaps one of their best achievements. It was a most creditable performance, as also was the chorus, "Be not afraid," the different fugal passages being correctly taken up. The answering choruses which follow, "We heard it," "He shall perish," &c., were nicely interpreted, and the grand chorus, "Behold! God the Lord passed by," with its varied movements, was excellently managed. The delicious trio, "Lift thine eyes," the third voice being furnished from the choral body, of course pleased every body, and of course, too, it was repeated. Mr. Amott conducted the oratorio with his customary skill and ability, contributing greatly to the success of the performance; the choral body appeared perfectly under his control—a fact which speaks well on both sides.

Prior to the commencement of the musical performance, T. Turner, Esq., as President of the Choral Society, addressed a few words to the assembled audience. We did not arrive until the oratorio had commenced, but we have been furnished with a report of the address:—

"Mr. Turner said—that on opening the organ a few months since he had announced two concerts, the first comprising Haydn's *Creation*, the second Handel's *Messiah*, oratorios which, as classical compositions, could hardly be excelled, and in sublimity of subject could not be approached. The precision with which the Gloucester Choral Society then rendered the whole of the magnificent choruses attached to those works, produced unqualified admiration. They had this evening a more difficult task to encounter, inasmuch as the splendid choruses of Mendelssohn were not so palpable, nor could they be so familiar, as those of Handel and Haydn. They were, however, prepared to maintain their former credit, and thus to exhibit their perseverance in that system of training, which, in the present age, afforded instruction and innocent recreation to thousands, not only in this country, but on the Continent, and which engaged the close attention of the Committee of Council on Education. Connected with this subject Mr. Turner, begged briefly to allude to the ancient triennial festival of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. During the year which we have so newly commenced, it would occur at this place, and as gentlemen were present who would shortly be requested to take the office of stewards on that occasion, he would suggest that one considerable item in the expenditure would be much reduced by having so large a portion of the chorus at their own door; indeed, he felt assured that with other judicious retrenchment, the stewards need not to suffer any loss at all. He would now only request that on this occasion, as was usual in the performance of the sacred oratorios, no resort might be made to encores or other audible demonstration of applause."

This suggestion was adopted, except in one instance, when the enthusiasm of the audience carried them away.

The *Messiah* was given on Friday by the same exponents, and went off with much spirit. The charge for admission being "one shilling to any part of the room!" verily, this is "music for the million."

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE season has begun here in great force. Last week *Hamlet* was produced, and played in a style, not by any means common on the boards of a provincial theatre. The part of Hamlet by Mr. Wilmouth Waller (in which character that gentleman has elsewhere earned "golden opinions"), was ably interpreted. The famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," the closet scene, and the burst of passion over Ophelia's grave, were admirably rendered. The expressive face and the manly figure added not a little to the effect of his acting. Mr. Dyas, as Polonius, was very good. The old courtier, "wise in his own conceit," was capitally hit off. Nor must the dry quaint humour with which Mr. Tannett invested the grave-digger be passed over without a favourable word. Miss

Emily Eardley was Ophelia. The grace and touching pathos evinced by the young lady in her impersonation of that sweetest creation of our great dramatist were just what was required. Mr. Robins, an actor of merit, in the unthankful part of the King, acted with force and dignity. The other characters were represented in a very creditable manner, and Mr. Newcombe is to be congratulated on the possession of the effective company, which, by his exertions and liberality, he has gathered around him. On Tuesday, a piece, played with much success at the Olympic, entitled the *Lost Diamonds*, was produced. This brought Mr. Dyas again before the audience, and confirmed the favourable impression he had already made on a previous occasion. Mr. Young, as a hero of melo-drama, is forcible, and free from the exaggerations so often remarked in gentlemen engaged for that exciting line of business.

Miss Dolby sings here, at a concert, next week. No English singer is more justly popular than this young lady, who is, moreover, a special favourite at Plymouth; but the high prices, with no one to back her up, will, I fear, preclude the chance of a numerous assemblage on the occasion. Let us hope the contrary, however. The week after, Mr. Sims Reeves, with Mr. Whitworth, Miss Lanza, and a complete chorus, will make their appearance at the theatre, in *Puritani*, *Sonsambula*, *Ernani*, and *Lucia*. They bring with them that able musician, Mr. Lavenue, as conductor. On Monday the 21st, the Amateurs, so well received before, make their re-appearance in the *Honeymoon*; and although my letter will perhaps be subject to the criticism of my old friend, the original Juliana, I shall attempt to give you some account of their performance. T. E. B.

#### MUSIC AND THE PRESS.

[As a sign of the increasing interest now taken by the most important organs of the press in music, and its progress at home, we reproduce the following article, from the pen of a talented writer in the *Morning Chronicle*. Let us, however, premise, that we do not pledge ourselves to all or any of the opinions it advances. Our sole object is to exhibit to our readers a growing tendency in the "great press" of this country, which must surely be a matter for congratulation to all who wish well to the art they profess and admire.—Ed. M. W.]

"We are not yet able to announce any practical advance towards the supply of that great want of the metropolis, a first-class general musical entertainment at moderate charges. It is something gained, however, to know that such a demand exists, and to have its existence admitted.

"In previous advocacy of this cause, we have carefully avoided mixing up two modes in which this craving for music manifests itself. We do not wish to see the cry of "Cheap music for the million" confounded with the growing desire of the large and increasing public of musical amateurs for a periodical performance, by the most practised artists and under the guidance of some competent conductor of the best instrumental and vocal music, at fair, moderate, but remunerative prices. Of "music for the million" we may have too much; of the other we have none. If it be an honour to M. Julien that he has successfully devoted a portion of two or three of his limited number of nights to great instrumental works by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, surely it is a disgrace to London that the less wealthy worshippers of the one and the admirers of the other (if they would snatch even this partial enjoyment), must submit to a distracting companionship with the cheap-music multitude, impatient for a coarser musical food, or with that larger class who crowd the promenade because they there seize a more exciting stimulant and a more sensuous enjoyment than the play-house can give, at half or a fourth its price. Or, sinking the money question, is it not strange that there should be only six or eight performances of first-class instrumental music in a year, for a community numbering its thousands, perhaps its tens of thousands, of musical



amateurs? Again, the *entrepreneur* of the concerts periodically given at Exeter Hall has undoubtedly shewn enterprise in engaging such men as Ernst and Thalberg. But it is annoying to the educated amateur that he cannot assist at the performances of those 'stars,' without the penalty of being bored with mediocrities, who form, here as on the stage, the inevitable concomitants of the starring system. To hear a solo of Ernst's at this place, you must first submit to the torture of sitting through a skeletonised opera, well enough in its way, but not given in the style or with the finish, vocally or instrumentally, which the London musical public have a right to demand; or you must bear the infliction of listening to songs which are a libel on English ballad music, or to bravura singing executed in a veritable *brummagem* style of vocalization. Nor is it seemly that a man of *genius*, like Ernst, should be made the medium of the most coarse and common arts of puffing. Such an artist stands apart, attracts by the magic and lustre of talent, and would never be found descending to a nether sphere, if there were a purer atmosphere for him to shine in.

"There seems to be some misapprehension as to the kind of person who ought to initiate a Philharmonic Society for the musical masses. It is a common error to suppose that a lover, restorer, or elevator of art must necessarily be wanting in worldly tact; and that the true speculator is the mere man of business, without a knowledge of art, or even a desire for its advancement. A natural doubt of active public support deprives the former of the needful courage; but speculators of the showman order will always be found, with the audacity to rush in where more modest persons fear to tread. Is it supposed that tact and taste can never be allied in the same person? Have we not had some striking instances to the contrary in our theatrical managers? Such men either create an auditory by their superior combinations, or they have foresight enough to provide for a developed public want. It is some person of this order who is required to give the guarantee of respectability to such an undertaking as that which we desire to see established. If he could be himself a man of high musical reputation and authority, or if, as capitalist, he could associate himself with one, and have the sense to be guided by his superior knowledge and taste, so much the better. Let such a man step forward, with enough capital to render him independent of the jealousies or the timidities of professional persons, and he will not only achieve a brilliant success, but earn for himself a high and honourable name. An example of what may be done on a small scale has been triumphantly afforded by the recent 'speculation' of Mr. Willy. Wisely confining himself to a small area, playing, in a chamber, chamber music, he has rallied around him a regular attendance of instrumental amateurs, to whom his performances yield not pleasure merely, but also instruction. But then he knows thoroughly what he is doing, is not a presumptuous ignoramus, meddling rudely with what can only be so touched to deface and dislocate; and his selections alike of pieces and performers are dictated by a correct taste. What Mr. Willy has done for chamber music, we hope soon to see effected on a grand scale for the great orchestral works. If vocal solos and choral singing can be combined in the plan, why, then, the broader it is the better. The public—not the cheap-music million, but the thousands of musical amateurs who pervade society (in town and country)—are ready to support such an undertaking; and the man who comes forward to carry it on, and to do it well, will—nay, he must—be, not a 'Speculator,' but a Calculator. If a certain portion of each programme (not long enough to be wearisome) could be

set apart to giving, in chronological succession, specimens of the less known works of the earlier composers, a practical good might be done, by presenting, in an attractive garb, History teaching Music by examples. All such things are, however, matters of detail, to be thought of by competent persons hereafter.

"We cannot suppose that an enterprising man will long be wanting. Of the speculative managers now before the public, we could not point to one who is in every respect fitted. M. Jullien, if he has often descended to a lower level, deserves the credit of having striven to draw his public up with him; but we conceive it to be a mistake to confound the regular frequenters of the Promenade Concerts, taken as a whole, with the class of musical amateurs who would attend the grand orchestral performances. Nor is it correct to suppose that such performances would be dull or distasteful to the general public: it is precisely from the greatest composers' works that the skilful manager would extract the charm that alone can drive away the contemptible claptrap music with which persons, merely intent upon filling their area, crowd their programmes. But the public must have the guarantee of some respectable name against the puffing system which disgraces too many of our providers in the world of art. *Apropos* of the return of Mr. Sims Reeves, a glaring instance of this may be referred to. We have noticed, in our advertising columns, a repeated advertisement, emanating from Exeter Hall, thus headed:—'Bridge Frodsham, Ernst, Thalberg, and Formes.' Masses of the pleasure-seeking public, who have not the opportunity of watching the *débuts* of new singers, seeing a new name thus paraded in advance of such honoured names as those of Ernst and Thalberg, and put in advantageous juxtaposition with an artist so deservedly popular as the German *basso*, would be deluded into the belief that some new genius had emerged from obscurity. The tenor who has been thus invidiously distinguished, has a high and not very powerful voice, and a moderate amount of skill as a singer; but in a critical point of view, is not deserving of more than a place among the rest of the *corps* of vocalists. To parade him thus absurdly, is not merely a deception practised on the public, but it was an unkindness to a deserving young artist, of whom we hope to hear more in his proper place. It was remarked by some contemporary at the time, that the gentleman in question bears so exact a resemblance to Mr. Sims Reeves, that until he began to sing, it was difficult to avoid believing that the petted and spoiled English tenor stood before you. But with the return of Mr. Reeves, his name is substituted for that of this *eidolon*, who straightway vanishes from his giddy height. Now, if there was any motive for these co-incidental movements, it could only have been one so silly as to be unworthy of notice: but it is quite clear that whoever is to be the great caterer for the musical amateurs (not for the cheap music million) must be a person who is altogether above such absurdities as the fore-mentioned, even supposing that there had been no deliberate intention to mislead the newly-born enthusiasm for shilling concerts. There are points of taste on which the musical public cannot avoid being at issue with the promoters of this undertaking; but taste is a debateable ground. Common fairness, or straightforward dealing, however, is no debateable ground; and hence the above illustration may be found salutary."

[We have other articles, from a fresh and vigorous pen in the *Morning Post*, which we intend to cite with similar reservation. Meanwhile we invite the attention of our correspondents to the views developed in these articles. Here will be a fertile and legitimate field for controversy.—ED.]

## M. BILLET'S SEANCES.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET, the talented pianist, who has frequently obtained honorable mention in the pages of the *Musical World*, has announced the finest of his then classical *Séances Musicales* for Tuesday next. We subjoin the programme of the first concert, from which the reader may infer the taste and judgment which has guided M. Billet in his capacity of a caterer of classic music.

## PART I.

Grand Trio in B, Op. 97. Piano, Violin, and Violoncello,  
MM. Billet, Sainton, & Rousselot . . . . . *Beethoven.*  
Grand Air, "*Der Freischütz*," Madlle. Wagner . . . . . *Weber.*  
Sonata (in C major) Op. 38, Piano, M. A. Billet . . . . . *Clementi.*

## PART II.

Grand Quatuor in B minor, Op. 3, Piano, Violin, Tenor,  
& Violoncello, MM. Billet, Sainton, and Rousselot . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
Ave Maria, Madlle. Wagner . . . . . *Maurice Levy*  
Romances sans Paroles, Venetian Larcaccio, 5me. livre,  
No. 5, du 2me. livre, and Spring Song, 5me. livre,  
Piano, M. A. Billet . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
Marches Pour Piano, à Quatre mains, MM. Levy and  
A. Billet . . . . . *Beethoven.*  
Conductor . . . . . M. Levy.

The programme is unusually attractive, and includes two *morceaux*, which will be hailed by the musician as a boon in the performance. Clementi's sonata has never been publicly heard in this country, and has not been played anywhere since the composer's death. The "*Marches pour Piano*" is involved in the same fate; it has never been interpreted in public. Mendelssohn's Quatuor is exceedingly difficult, and will put M. Billet on his best metal.

This concert is entitled to the notice of the amateur, no less than the connoisseur, and M. Billet is entitled to the thanks of all musicians for his restoration of two unknown works of two great masters.

## MUSICAL ALMANAC.

Dec. 17, 1770. Born, at Bonn, L. Van Beethoven. He died the 26th of March, 1827.  
Dec. 18, 1786. Born in Holstein, O. M. Von Weber. He died, in London, the 5th of July, 1826.  
Dec. 19, 1836. Died, at Paris, F. D. Ch. Stoezel. He was born in Prussia, the 14th Nov., 1794.  
Dec. 20, 1647. Died, at Taunton, Dr. William Crotch. He was born at Norwich, the 5th July, 1775.  
Dec. 20, 1816. Born, at Vienna, Leopold Von Meyer.  
Dec. 20, 1722. Died, in China, the Emperor Canghie. He established a musical Academy, and promoted the Divine art in his dominions.  
Dec. 21, 1847. Died, at Leipsic, F. Kistner, the well-known music publisher.  
Dec. 22, 1714. Died, at Rome, Tommaso Bay, the celebrated Italian composer. He was born, near Bologna, 1650.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIGNOR PAGLIERI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World).

"SIR,—My attention has been called to an article which appeared in your paper of the 10th of last month, headed '*Miss Catherine Hayes and the Two Egardos*.'

"With the hope of appearing immediately before the public I was, in the month of March, 1848, induced to give up an engagement for three years as first tenor at her Majesty's Theatre, for a similar engagement at the Royal Italian Opera for twelve months only; Mr. Costa and the directors having first satisfied themselves as to my competency by hearing me sing. I was suffering from severe cold and hoarseness at the time of the rehearsal of the *Lucia*, and at my earnest request, Mr. Webster consented to postpone the performance from Tuesday to Saturday. No explanation whatever was given to me for the substitution of M. Roger in my place, but I was bound by my contract not to refuse to give up a

part to another tenor. Mr. Costa afterwards spoke of my coming out in another opera; and I never received the slightest intimation that I was considered incompetent to discharge the duties which I had undertaken. On the contrary, when the directors had an opportunity of terminating my engagement six months earlier than the time agreed on, by allowing me to accept the offer of an engagement at Madrid, they did not avail themselves of it. When they would neither pay my salary nor allow me to make use of my talents elsewhere, what could I do but proceed against them in a court of law? They did all in their power to delay the trial, and, when they found further delay impossible, their attorney proposed a compromise. I was most reluctant to agree to this, but my advisers told me that a verdict in my favour would not enable me to recover the amount immediately, and that when the time came for enforcing payment, Mr. Delafield would probably be without funds. I, therefore, accepted what was justly due to me, and subsequent events have proved that I was well advised.

"Since my engagement terminated I have had very few opportunities of appearing before the public, but I have sung at the Hanover-square Rooms and in Drury-lane Theatre, and the reception I met with was most flattering, and several of your contemporaries praised my voice. On these occasions I sang gratuitously, and, Mr. Beale having kindly acceded to my offer of appearing in an opera on the same terms, it was arranged that I should sing with Miss Catherine Hayes in the *Sonnambula*. There is not a word of truth in your statement that I was specially engaged for the *Lucia*, *Puritani*, and *Norma*, though I have sung successfully in all these operas, and hope to do so again, in spite of the intrigues of my enemies. I rehearsed the *Sonnambula* with Miss Hayes in London, and I had every reason to expect a favourable dénouement. Unfortunately, an attack of influenza came on just before I left London, but I hoped to have four or five days' rest before being called on to sing. The day after my arrival in Dublin I was informed that circumstances might occur which would place my fellow-artists in a most unpleasant position unless I consented to sing in the *Lucia* on the following evening. I was induced to promise to do so if the state of my health would allow, and if my services should be considered indispensable. Next day I was called on to fulfil my promise. I went through the rehearsal on the stage in the morning. My pleas of indisposition were overruled by the kind encouragement of Miss Hayes, Mr. Benedict, and the rest of the company; and I had sung the part so often at the principal theatres in Italy, and also in France, that I, perhaps too readily, consented to appear in the evening. The indifference of the public was asked for in the usual manner; and I believe that I should have obtained it, but for the presence of the popular tenor whose name appeared in your article. Your report would seem to imply that the call for that gentleman arose after I had been 'extinguished.' On the contrary, it was the cause of my not proceeding with the part. The cry began before I had sung more than a few bars, and I felt myself unable in such a state of health to bear up against it. I therefore informed Miss Hayes that I was too unwell to continue the duet; and she, having addressed a few words to the audience to that effect, withdrew from the stage; and, as a matter of course, the drop-scene was lowered. I met with the kindest sympathy from those who were able to appreciate my self-sacrifice and its motives, but I naturally declined remaining in Dublin. I may here mention that I never had the pleasure of singing with Miss Hayes until the present year. So much for the truth of the assertion that I 'broke down' singing with that lady at Venice. My career on the Continent was of no inconsiderable duration, and from first to last was successful. The state of affairs there, and the desire not to be condemned in England unheard, have kept me in London; and if I succeed in re-establishing my health, which my medical attendants now give me some hope of doing, I trust that the public will have an opportunity of deciding whether I am 'a feeble and incapable singer,' and whether I or my anonymous assailants best deserve the title of 'impostors.'

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Dec. 20.

"ONORATO PAGLIERI."

## MANCHESTER MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

In the year 1741, a decayed attorney named Tymmins, established a society in London for the practice of part music, especially of Madrigals, a species of composition he ardently loved, and to which his attention had been turned by Dr. Pepusch, a learned musician of that day. His first associates were of the humblest class of artisans and mechanics, men who had imbibed a taste for music, by practising psalmody in their parish churches, and to whom the light pieces brought under their notice presented considerable attractions. The society prospered, it gained the favour of the wealthy, and

continued for many years to receive the support of those whose acknowledged the beauty of a majority of the compositions which came within the range of its scheme. In 1840, about one hundred years after the establishment of the London Society, a similar society was set on foot in Manchester, and the annual concert given on Monday night, in the Town Hall, proves its vitality, the proficiency of those who form its choir, and the excellent quality of the entertainment they can present before their friends. We have been present at the private meetings, and we can say it is a sight of no ordinary interest to see some fifty or sixty ladies and gentlemen, mostly amateurs, engaging in the practical study of pieces which have stood the test of time and of severe criticism. Of the recent performance a short notice will be found below.

The practice of madrigal singing appears to have come into England in the sixteenth century, and to have remained in vogue up to the seventeenth century, when it was somewhat suddenly superseded by concerts of music for instruments alone, voices being excluded from any share in the entertainment. Writers on musical history seem to agree in the view that the madrigal originated in Italy; but respecting the derivation of the name there has been considerable discussion, some holding to the opinion that it was given because the inhabitants of a place in Spain bearing the name, invented these part songs. Dante calls them *Madriale*, and it is thought by some writers that the composition was originally a short poem addressed to the Virgin, *alla Madre*, hence *Madriale*, and madrigal, and the term being afterwards applied to short poems upon love and gallantry, by the Italians and French, the original import was lost. Others, again, suppose it to flow from a Spanish word signifying "to rise in the morning," as they were said to be sung in the morning to the mistresses of the singers. But though the madrigal in its more perfected form was not known in England until the sixteenth century, there are evidences that part singing of a similar kind was in vogue here at an earlier date; for in the British Museum there is an ancient canon in manuscript, with the date 1463, a rota or round in unison, in four parts. Dr. Burney, arguing upon evidence he adduces, supposes that it had been in use in Northumbria, and this leads to the belief that Ravenscroft, one of the composers to be found in the list of madrigal writers, only acted upon what was then a well-known custom, when he wrote one for the ungainly dialect of Somerset. The Northumbrian canon is a kind of natural symphonious harmony, with a drone of bass at the end. In 1588, William Byrd, "one of the gent. of the queen's majesties honourable chappell," published certain songs in parts, which are generally put at the head of our catalogues, but the madrigals first brought to England, and published under the name, appear to have been introduced by Nicholas Yonge, a gentleman who is styled by some a merchant, and by others a teacher of music, who had them performed in chambers, before audiences of his friends. They were so well received, that composers in this country were induced to publish Italian compositions, adapting English synonyms to the notes. They were secular songs in parts, possessing a certain degree of elegance in the original language, but, though Italian was well understood here at that period among the upper classes, the translations are often trashy and uncouth attempts. By degrees the madrigal came into general use, a circumstance partly attributable to the universal diffusion of musical knowledge among the noble and wealthy. Henry VIII. was a composer of church music, and Elizabeth was a proficient upon the virginals. At social meetings and in private families persons of rank, every well

educated person in fact, of both sexes, was expected to be able to sing in a part song at table. Singing was the usual entertainment of the well-bred of both sexes, and they were furnished at an early period, after the introduction of the art of printing, with books and notes, generally of an oblong quarto size, with both notes and words printed in good characters, in letter-press, but without bars. With this encouragement, no wonder therefore that our native composers soon commenced to write the music, and were not content with introducing foreign productions, and we find one Watson, about 1590, advertising a set in which are included two by Byrd, "composed after the Italian vain" (vein). In many instances, where the composers take their own poetic effusions as the medium for their music, we meet with unintelligible collections of words arranged in lines, intended for sonnets; others more intelligible are ungrammatical and uncouth; but where the composer has gone to the works of a poet, as Weelkes did when he selected from Shakspeare's "Passionate Pilgrim," well written musical ideas and real poetry are found in graceful alliance. They appear, however, very often to have been quite careless about the words selected, adapting traits of elegant and pleasing melody to words evidently selected without a thought. While much of beauty marked many of the lines, there was that eccentric sentimentality of tone about them which distinguishes the poetry of the age. Nymphs and shepherds, ye left Phœbe, Chloe, Daphne, Amyntas, &c., are to be found in each, and the exploits of Cupid form the burden. Very many of them were made the vehicle for inordinate praise of patrons and mistresses; the Virgin Queen fell in for her full share in a set by different hands, entitled *Oriana's Triumphs*; and the last new madrigals, and the fair object to whom they were addressed, formed the subject of discussion among the gossips who frequented "Paul's Walk." A composition of a similar character used in the court masques, may have tended to make this more common, for the most fulsome flattery was the main ingredient of the gorgeous spectacles which were then in vogue. This jolly god Bacchus appears to have been celebrated but seldom in them, for only one composition in his praise, strictly a madrigal, is known. In the days when the largest amount of genius was employed upon them, they were short, humorous, or satirical poems, free and unequal in their versification, not confined to the regularity of the sonnet, not possessing the point of the epigram, but containing often some tender and delicate thought expressed in simple and pathetic terms; the joys of spring appear to have touched the hearts of most, the verdant beauty of May has been sung by all, and very many have thrown a pastoral character into the words selected which give them an admirable freshness. Christmas was of course a regular time for the performance of these social melodies, and at that period the ancestral halls and court mansions were vocal with them.

In the decadence of the madrigals it seems certain that the words for which they were written fell off; and in the reign of James I. vocal music for the chamber and for social (and private) purposes, distinct from that of the church or the theatre, consisted chiefly of madrigals written in the preceding reign; but the composers seemed to have lost all solicitude about the words, and not unfrequently they preferred those of solmisation, commencing with them, or with "fal la" as they were termed, and from which some of the compositions were named. The rough "Hey derry, down," was a burden occasionally, though we incline to think it belonged to the music of a lower grade of people. The commonality at the time had their rounds, or roundels, and catches, in which they celebrated the powers of good liquor, rustic loves, and rural

life, in music of a homelier and generally less artistic character. The catches were local songs, for several voices, in which the parts were caught or taken up in succession, and of which there are many instances familiar at the present day; in the rounds the voices succeed each other at regular intervals of time. In 1639, the last madrigals appear to have been published in England (the set bears the name of Walter Porter); but for years after that the music continued in vogue, and the cavaliers in the wars of the Commonwealth used to cheer their solitude, and make their hiding places less irksome, by trolling some catch, satirising old Noll and his victorious companions in arms. From the accession of James, however, madrigal writing and madrigal singing rapidly declined; English musicians found no favour or patronage from the Stuarts, and they were soon silent, and continued so until after the Restoration.

The practice of the best compositions which this prolific era in the history of the music produced is the business of the Manchester Madrigal Society. It also includes short anthems put out during the period, canons, motets, a grave kind of song, and occasionally, by way of variety, a catch or round. The sources from whence the conductors draw their programmes are varied and ample, while the selections are judicious.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

BALFE continues to be fêted at Berlin, where his *Mulatto* (*Bondman*) will be forthwith produced.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new and original three act comedy, by Mr. Buckstone, entitled *Leap-Year; or, the Ladies' Privilege*, will be produced on Tuesday, with a strong cast, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, &c.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A chamber trial of new works by the Members and Associates of this Society, took place on the 7th at 23, Berners Street, when the following productions were heard for the first time:—A sonata for piano and violoncello, and a quintett by J. B. Calkin; trios for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, by J. Benthin, and C. E. Horsley, played by Messrs. C. E. Horsley, Zerbini, and Guest, and a pianoforte sonata for four hands; by Walter Macfarren, interpreted by Kate Loder and the author.

EXETER HALL.—A performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, took place last night, under Mr. Costa's direction. The principal singers were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. A. Novello, and Herr Formes. The hall was crowded, and the Oratorio excited the greatest enthusiasm, despite of the proscribed decorum. The performance was generally considered the most complete and perfect which has been given in England. Miss Catherine Hayes created a most favourable impression, and Herr Formes sang with immense power and unprecedented effect. The lateness of the hour hinders us from entering into details.

EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY, 1851.—The first meeting of the Royal Commissioners for promoting this object was held yesterday at the New Palace, Westminster. His Royal Highness the Prince Albert presided, and the attendance was very numerous. We understand that the main business transacted related to the preliminary contract which had been entered into between the Society of Arts and the Messrs. Munday. The Commissioners were of opinion, that the contract which had enabled the proposal to be brought to its present state, and had guaranteed the carrying into effect the proposed Exhibition, was of a strictly reasonable and indeed of a very liberal character; but, in accordance with what appeared to be the wishes of the public, they decided to give notice of its termination, and to place the whole undertaking upon the basis of a general subscription, public feeling having been so strongly expressed in support of the Exhibition as to render any such contract now quite unnecessary.

THOMAS MOORE.—The poet is in the enjoyment of good health, physical and intellectual, at his cottage at Sloperston, takes his daily walks along the terrace which borders his pretty garden, and drives as usual each day in a small pony carriage; he is not living in more

than the ordinary retirement in which he has passed the last seven or eight years of his life.

LOLA MONTES AND HER HUSBAND.—EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM CADIZ, Dec. 27.—Lola Montes and Mr. Heald have been here for the last ten days. They came from Barcelona. She is much altered and aged, not so good looking as when here in 1842. Her temper is not at all improved, and her delight seems to be to keep Heald in the greatest terror and dread of her. Heald made his escape with his English servant from the hotel Ismenex (where they were staying on Christmas morning), and is supposed to have gone to Gibraltar. Lola was furious. She went in a French steamer that evening with her two friends, foreigners, who are in her party, to Algiers, and sent Ismenex and other men by land, so that if Heald does not succeed in getting on board the Pacha, she hopes to catch him. It is reported on good authority to-day that Heald has embarked this morning on board the Pacha, and he will now be enabled to reach England in safety, and no doubt feel grateful to his aunt for all she has done for him. The *Observer* states that Mr. Heald has arrived in London, and put up at an hotel in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens.

JENNY LIND.—Since the nightingale left England she has enjoyed the repose she has so much needed amid the beautiful scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol—her health having been previously re-established by the baths at Ems—her voice, it is said, is more powerful and flexible than ever. Russia, America, and England, are wooing her return to the exercise of her profession, and the King of Sweden has sent a special messenger to entreat her presence in her native city, when she was able to undertake the journey. The death of the lamented Bishop of Norwich was almost as great a trial to the fair songstress as the death of her friend Mendelssohn had been: in one of her latest letters she entreated the friend, to whom she wrote, to place a chaplet of ivy, which she enclosed, upon the grave of Dr. Stanley "*as her tears*;" this simple offering is in accordance with one of the customs of her country. Jenny Lind is now at Lubeck, but will soon proceed thence to Berlin.

CHARLOTTENBURG, Dec. 26.—Amongst the festivities on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte and the hereditary prince of Saxe-Meiningen was a concert in the Royal Palace. The programme contained:—Duo for two pianos, Messrs. Taubert and Kullak, *Harz*; Air from *Elijah*, Herr F. Küster, *Mendelssohn*; Romance from *Bohemian Girl*, Herr Mantiß, *Balfe*; Quartet from *Bohemian Girl*, *Balfe*; Aria, "*Lascia*," Madlle. Tuczak, *Handel*; Air, *Der Mulatto*, Herr Köster, *Balfe*; Terzetto, "*Adio*," *Curschmann*. His Majesty expressed to the popular composer of *Der Mulatto* (who accompanied on the piano) his satisfaction in the most gracious words.

CHELLENHAM.—The Distin Family gave their first concert at the Assembly Rooms on Wednesday evening—and an excellent concert it was, though the performances were confined chiefly to themselves, assisted, however, in the vocal department by Miss L. Paton, and a Miss O'Connor, who we heard for the first time on this occasion. Several harmonised compositions were sung in a very effective style, including Ford's beautiful madrigal, "*When first I saw your face*;" but the principal attractions consisted in the instrumental performances of Messrs. Distin, who, whether playing alone or in company, delighted those who heard them; and in all their pieces were loudly eulogised. The Sax-horn solo, by Mr. H. Distin, on Bellini's well-known air of "*All is lost*," was one of the most masterly efforts on that instrument we ever listened to; and the finish and delicacy of execution in the Echo Duet, on the French horn, was all that the most critical ear could have desired. A second concert is to be given this afternoon, affording to those whose evening engagements at this season of the year may have prevented their attendance last night, an opportunity of enjoying the really musical treat proffered to their acceptance.—*Cheltenham Looker-on*.

MR. JOHN PARRY'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A very full audience attended at the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday evening, attracted by Mr. John Parry's new entertainment, entitled *Lights and Shadows of Social Life*. Of the design and merits of this musical extravaganza, the literary portion of which is from the versatile and ready pen of Albert Smith, we have spoken on a former occasion at length. Nor is it necessary for us to add any

thing to the favourable opinion we have already given of Mr. Parry's share, as musical composer or compiler. Since it was first made known to the public, *Lights and Shadows of Social Life* has gone the round of the provinces, where its metropolitan success has been more than confirmed. Mr. John Parry, who was warmly received, was in excellent voice, and went through his arduous task (the whole labour of representation devolving on himself) with untiring spirit, exciting the hilarity and applause of his hearers without intermission. The most salient points were "the speech" of Mr. Percy Vavasour, the purport of which is left by the speaker to the imagination of his hearers; the caricature of Mr. Littleborough, the plethoric chairman; the rehearsal of an operetta, in which, with his well-known facility, Mr. Parry simultaneously assumes the personages of soprano, tenor, and bass; the picnic; and the troublesome uneasy gentleman in a diligence. The imitation of the ophicleide, by means of a simple roll of paper, must also be cited as one of Mr. Parry's most genuine bits of mimicry. These humorous parodies were relished as heartily as ever, while the musical part of the audience fully appreciated that easy command of the pianoforte which enables Mr. Parry to endow the jokes and droll incidents of Albert Smith with a peculiar and characteristic colouring. The entertainment being of agreeably short duration, very few persons left before the conclusion.

**TESTIMONIAL TO MR. W. H. ANGEL.**—On Saturday evening, the 15th ult., a number of gentlemen met at Mr. G. Morgan's, the Albion Tavern, Prince's Street, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Angel a testimonial which had been subscribed for by a few of his friends, as a mark of their esteem for his general conduct, as an actor and a gentleman, during the thirteen years he had been a member of the Bristol company. The room was densely crowded, upwards of 130 persons being present. The chairman having addressed Mr. Angel in a eulogistic and eloquent speech, concluded by presenting him with a handsomely chased silver box, containing twenty guineas, and bearing the following inscription on the lid:—"This box (filled with gold) was presented to Mr. W. H. Angel by a few of his friends, as a mark of respect on his leaving Bristol, Dec. 15th, 1849." Mr. Angel having expressed his acknowledgments in a speech, several toasts were given, and the evening terminated jollily.—*Felix Farley*. [This is the Mr. Angel who has appeared in Mr. Audemon's company at Drury Lane Theatre.—*Ed. M. W.*]

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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#### ZAMPA,

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## EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Love, I implore thee, lull this passion for Heliadora,  
This most restless desire—dreading my guardian muse;  
Lo, I swear by thy merciless bow, which ne'er for another  
Bent—by thy swift-wing'd darts, ever directed at me,  
Should'st thou slay me, behind me I'll leave this speaking inscription:  
"Stranger, here you behold one of the murders of Love." J. O.

## ALBONI.

(From a Correspondent.)

Strasbourg, Jan. 14.

BEING for a few days in this old city, I was nothing less than enchanted to read in the *café* an announcement of a concert by Alboni. I arrived on the 2nd instant, had concluded the affair which brought me here by the evening of the 4th, and intended to start for Paris the next morning. But the spell of Alboni's name was too attractive. Deferring my departure for a day, I was enabled to hear the concert. How well I was repaid for my pains I need not tell you.

The concert was given in the theatre, which was filled to the roof. Alboni, who was accompanied on a sorry pianoforte, was in fine voice, and looked younger and more handsome than ever. She sang a cavatina of De Beriot (composed for Malibran), "Una voce" from the *Barbiere*, the "Brindisi" from *Lucresia*, and the rondo finale from *Cenerentola*. I never in my life heard more perfect singing, and for one who, like myself, so seldom has the opportunity of listening to the great Italian artists, I can assure you it was a treat for the loss of which nothing could have compensated.

The last and only time I had heard Alboni before was at her first concert in Paris, given at the *Académie Royale de Musique*, in 1847, before the Revolution had transformed it into the *Théâtre de la Nation*, as the wizard changes the Prince into Harlequin. Wonderful as I thought her then (you recollect the enthusiasm she created) I was still more delighted on this occasion. Her voice seems even more beautiful, and has, I think, acquired additional power. No bird, not even the thrush, much less the melancholy nightingale—could have warbled more divinely, with a fuller gush of melody, than Alboni at Strasbourg. She was received with acclamations by the public, who were never tired of applauding her, selfishly forcing her to repeat the "Brindisi," with that most wonderful of trills, during which every breath was suspended, lest any of its tiny notes, which came upon the ear like a soft shower of silver dust, should be lost.

At the conclusion of the concert the fair Marietta, with her comely form, and her smile that plays upon your eyes like sunshine and penetrates right through the windows of your heart, was unanimously recalled, showers of bouquets, less blooming and fragrant than herself, falling at her feet. Alboni took up the bouquets, with a saucy look and a winning laugh for each, which I doubt not sent the throwers home "a-dreaming."

The rest of the concert was supplied by the band, and certain artists of the theatre. The band (your Antwerp correspondent will bear me out) is much better, although Strasbourg is a city of no musical importance, than those at the London national operas, which was amply proved by the spirited execution of Auber's overture to *Masaniello* and Weber's to *Freischütz*. The artists of the theatre (if they were the best) were mediocre enough, nor did I find much to admire in the violoncello piece of M. Boehm, which was nevertheless highly praised. But you know I am not a musician and have little taste for those long rambling solos, which I am always inclined to interrogate as Charles Lamb did the concerto: "What dost signify, thou interminable strain, ever moving onwards, never coming to an end?"—or something of the sort. I have lost my *Elia*, and have not seen a copy for twenty years; but I recollect the famous "chapter upon cars."

I had no time to write before I started for Paris; but on my return, finding no one else had sent you a notice of Alboni's concert, I said "better late than never," and drew out this scrawl immediately. I hope you can read it, and won't be angry at my *laical* manner of expressing myself.

L. O. U.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE age in which Beethoven flourished was also that in which what may be called a new school of pianoforte-writing was originated. It was even more remarkable for the many eminent composers to whom it gave birth than that of Dussek. But Beethoven shone apart from his contemporaries, like the North Star in the heavenly galaxy. He neither influenced nor was influenced by any of them.

Before attempting the very brief analysis of the claims of these writers which it is in the scope of our essay to afford, let us, as far as memory will serve, enumerate the names of the most remarkable. We shall place them (to the very best of our ability) in the order they must respectively occupy according to the influence their works have exercised on the art which they followed and adorned. Moscheles—Hummel—John Field—Cipriani Potter—Kalkbrenner—Henri Herz—Czerny—Charles Mayer—Pixis—&c., &c. Here is already a sufficiently long list; the &c., &c., must stand for many well-known names, which, but for those we have specially signalled, would perhaps have never been heard of.

Ignace Moscheles was unquestionably the originator of the brilliant school of writing which has produced such striking modifications of the style and taste of the last thirty years. Moscheles, indeed, may be denominated the real inventor to whom the pianoforte is indebted for certain new effects, to which could Mozart or Dussek now listen, they would surely fail to recognise as legitimately belonging to the instrument. A pianist of extraordinary capabilities in early youth, Moscheles,

already acquainted with the compositions of every contemporary and predecessor, was gifted enough to imagine and bold enough to realise something altogether different from all that he knew. The well-known piece, called *The Fall of Paris*, may be "symbolised" as the acorn which afterwards expanded into the wide spreading oak of modern *fantasia*. Its appearance was hailed with much the same astonishment that Clementi's celebrated *Octave-Sonata* had created, so many years before, on a very different and a much more serious race of men. Moscheles developed the school thus, no doubt, unwittingly originated; but his taste having a higher tendency, he did not, like others, wholly abandon himself to its fascination. His studies, concertos, and many works of minor importance, conceived in a spirit almost precisely opposite to that which had actuated him in the composition of *The Fall of Paris*, are among the glories of the instrument, and have materially assisted those of Beethoven and his great predecessors in preserving a taste that has resisted all the charms of that "romantic" and inferior school which has so widely obtained since, and to which nine out of ten pianists of the present day are uncompromising adherents. It is the more to the honour of Moscheles that this school, though his own creation, the accidental birth of a leisure hour, the *bagatelle* of a moment's wantonness, has never so wholly influenced him as to make him overlook the fact, that the art of which he is one of the most brilliant ornaments was destined for a nobler end than that of mere amusement—was capable of loftier appeals than those exclusively addressed to common and vulgar understandings. Moscheles influenced his contemporaries by the novelty of his invention, it is true; but what injury he may have inflicted (if injury he have inflicted) was far more than counterbalanced by those graver studies to which we owe his most beautiful and thoughtful works. These cannot be overrated, and will live for ever, while the others even now have not been surpassed for brilliancy of effect and for that peculiar kind of display which demands at the utmost a combination of manual dexterity with a graceful variety of style. Though all his best works show how thoroughly well Moscheles had mastered the sonata form he has produced but few specimens of the *sonata for piano solo*, having been doubtless as much influenced by the singular fertility of Dussek as his young friend and almost pupil, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, was later influenced by the universal genius of Beethoven. As familiar as we are with most of the works of Moscheles we only know two sonatas for the pianoforte alone which have proceeded from his pen—that in E major, dedicated to his friend and master, Beethoven, and that in F sharp minor, called the *Sonata Melancolique*. Both of these are thoroughly classical works, and though the former (an early effort) exhibits a redundancy proceeding from a flow of ideas which mature experience had not yet taught to check (how difficult is it for a young writer to know what to retain and what to reject!), there is so strong a feeling for regularity of form—one of the principal charms of Haydn's glorious invention—that little doubt is left, after its perusal, of the purely classical taste of its author. We have been more diffuse than we intended in speaking of Moscheles, but those who know him well enough to estimate his real value, will pardon and sympathise with the attraction that has engendered our prolixity.

Next to Moscheles (by many placed before him—we cannot but think unreasonably,) comes Jean Nepomuk Hummel, one of the most talented, classical, and voluminous of all the pianoforte composers. Hummel—be not startled, reader—was an original genius, although a long habit of composing

endowed him with an unmistakeable peculiarity of manner. But Hummel was a musician, heart and soul—one of the right sort, unbending, contemplative, and enthusiastic. Educated under excellent masters, he soon acquired the art of writing with ease, while the strict school in which he had been nourished regulated his taste in the true direction. Hummel was a more learned musician than Moscheles, although he did not possess Moscheles' originality. His contributions to the art were not less numerous and valuable. Both have been of inestimable worth in directing the studies of pianists, and both were endowed with a facility which promptly seconded their intentions. Hummel's concertos owe much more than is generally admitted to those of Mozart, Dussek, and Stribelt; but they abound in a variety of graceful passages that exclusively belong to their author. It should be noted here that Mozart anticipated Beethoven, and that Beethoven did not surpass Mozart, in the symmetrical form which, although Haydn had imparted to the symphony, was, before Mozart's time, wholly strange to the concerto. Mozart, therefore, did as much for the concerto as Haydn had done for the symphony and sonata—for, be it remarked, while in the lucid arrangement of ideas which appear and return in reasonable and proper places, the consistent balance of relative keys being duly preserved, the concerto is but a branch of the parent sonata,\* yet it still presents, even in the examples left us by Mozart and Beethoven, a marked difference of plan.† But of this we shall have to treat hereafter. While in the *tutti*, or orchestral preludes‡, Hummel (like Moscheles), followed Mozart's symmetrical arrangement, he also (like Moscheles) overlooked that peculiarity which endows Mozart's concertos with such unity and completeness. Let us explain. In Mozart's concertos the three solos, of which, like the majority of concertos, they are composed, are continually accompanied in the orchestra by one or both the principal themes, separate or in conjunction, elaborated and worked out to the end. We find little of this in Hummel, although occasional glimpses are not wanting; but a complete development of the themes is never attempted except in his *tutti*. For this reason, without alluding to his higher genius, Mozart not only wrote his concertos as though he had improved upon the models of Hummel, who lived after him (instead of, as the fact was, Hummel half rising to the models left by Mozart), but wrote them, as it were, side by side with Beethoven, the great developer himself—he who even gave Mendelssohn the first hint || of dispensing altogether with the *tutti*, an evident superfluity.¶ Nevertheless, devoid of pure invention as was Hummel, his concertos are fine productions, indispensable to the completion of a musical education, beautiful and interesting as music, independent of their influence, and of all abstract considerations. No pianoforte writer ever produced a greater variety of new and elegant passages than Hummel, who, we need hardly remind our readers, was one of the greatest pianists of his day; and as an impromptu player, or improvisator, had few equals and fewer superiors. (This re-

\* We cannot too frequently insist that the sonata is the model for the symphony, quartet, and all the larger forms of instrumental music.

† The three specimens of the concerto left us by Mendelssohn, in which the sonata form is perfectly developed, will be spoken of in their proper place.

‡ The *tutti*, according to Mozart, is a kind of synopsis of the whole first movement, laid out like the first movement of a sonata.

§ In the concerto in G major.

|| Beethoven, in the G concerto, begins at once, with the pianoforte (like Mendelssohn in all his concertos), but after a few arpeggios, he introduces a long *tutti*. This leads to the conviction that the idea of abandoning the *tutti* had entered into the ever inventing brain of the composer, but that he almost immediately gave it up as untenable.

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minds us that we have neglected to speak of the wonderful powers of improvisation possessed by Moscheles.) The miscellaneous works of Hummel—studies, fantasias, &c.,—would of themselves form an interesting library. But to come to an end with him, his sonatas for pianoforte solus are almost as rare (master as he needs must have been of the sonata-form) as those of Moscheles. We have never seen more than five:—that in F minor (the best—a *chef d'œuvre*); that in D, which, containing a *schëras* and *trio*, assumes the distinction of the real *grand sonata*; that in E flat, dedicated to Haydn; that in C; and that in F sharp minor, which, though styled a sonata, is, more strictly speaking, a *fantasia*. But these alone are enough to immortalise Hummel, had he not produced so many and such variety of works in another form as to place him among the most fecund and admirable of musicians.

John Field, who resided for many years at St. Petersburg, as idle as Dussek and as eccentric as Steibelt or Woelfl,\* wrote some concertos, a few sonatas, and a vast number of less important works. These, though distinguished by smoothness of character and a graceful peculiarity of *trait*, or passage, admirably suited to the finished manner of playing which distinguished their author (a disciple—we cannot think otherwise, although Field, being an Englishman,† we should rejoice to proclaim him original—of John Cramer) are not remarkable either for depth or variety of invention. Field deserves mention, nevertheless, if only for the extensive influence produced both by his playing (his many accomplished pupils—among whom, like Dussek, he boasted his Prince Ferdinand—to wit) and his music, sufficiently meritorious in its way, on a vast number of contemporaries.

Cipriani Potter,‡ another Englishman, and one far more illustrious than Field, has distinguished himself in every branch of composition, and to his influence as a master must be chiefly, if not wholly, attributed the remarkable progress which this country has recently made in musical intelligence. But though Mr. Potter has left nothing untouched, and nothing, we may surely say, *unadorned*, especially in the department of instrumental music, it is of his pianoforte music only that we have at present to speak. Mr. Potter is as thorough a master of the sonata form as Mozart himself, with a power of development no doubt derived from the great Beethoven, who, struck with his quickness and feeling, did not disdain to afford him his invaluable counsels. The specimens Mr. Potter has given us of the sonata for pianoforte solus (at least the printed ones) are not numerous, and are only published in Germany. Yet they are of such a solid kind, that although sometimes wanting in fancy, they may be safely consulted as models. His studies (two books) are justly esteemed among the very best of elementary works. Of his concertos, although, we believe, he has composed many, not being printed, we are unable to speak advisedly; but some rare occasions of hearing them performed by the composer have unfolded their merits so plainly as to make us the more regret the impossibility of possessing them.

From men so gifted and so thoughtful we must take a great leap to descend upon such a level flat of commonplace as that occupied by Frederic Kalkbrenner, whom we notice simply because, as a pianist and a professor of the pianoforte, he has exercised considerable influence. His studies, possessing little musical merit, are decidedly useful, besides which they facili-

itate certain mechanical peculiarities that, in the present age of executive wonders, are almost indispensable. As a composer Kalkbrenner had neither *originality* nor learning. His style, if style it may be termed, was a *mélée* of the exuberance of Dussek and his contemporaries, the unmeaning extravagance of some of the modern fantasia-mongers, and the brilliant scale passages of Henri Herz. We can find no vestige, in the entire catalogue of Kalkbrenner's works, either of individual thought or musical ingenuity. True, some of his pieces attained an ephemeral popularity; but of these, the variations on "Rule Britannia," which are not so ingenious and scarcely more brilliant than those of Dussek,\* constitute a prominent example. We need hardly say that such compositions as these cannot possibly have any influence on the progress of the art. Kalkbrenner essayed his talents in concertos and sonatas. Of the former we need not speak (they are not worth the pains); of the latter we have a better opinion. We are acquainted with three of them:—that in A flat (generally known as the "Left-handed Sonata"); that in A minor, dedicated to Cherubini (!); and that in F minor. The first and second are the best by many degrees, and have some really beautiful passages, besides being, for Kalkbrenner, wonderfully symmetrical. The last, except a slow movement in C major, fantastically styled *The Song of the Quail*, contains nothing above mediocrity. Yet, as Kalkbrenner is unanimously admitted among the most notable persons who have of recent years devoted themselves to the progress of the pianoforte, we have necessarily included him in our *catalogue raisonné*.

Of Henri Herz, who still lives and belongs to our own times, we need say little. Singular as it may appear, he adopted the *Fall of Paris* of Moscheles, not only as a model for a single piece but as the foundation of a new school, which he developed as far as it could go. But Herz brought with him a lively fancy, an inexhaustible facility in the invention of graceful natural and elegant passages, and a knowledge of music by no means contemptible. How popular this writer has been (and is)—what a fortune he has proved to the music publishers—what a boon to young ladies in the drawing-rooms (and what a torture to their visitors)—what an invaluable stock of display for pianoforte teachers incapable of executing better music—and what a universal favourite with all, musicians as well as amateurs—everybody knows. To say more of Herz would be superfluous; to say less would have been unjust. Nor should we quit him so soon, but that, as far as our knowledge goes, he has not written one sonata for piano solus, nor do his concertos evidence any extensive acquaintance with or profound attachment to the sonata form—the principal object of our present digression. Before leaving him, however, we must say one thing in favour of Henri Herz, which is wholly apart from the influence, good or bad, his music has exercised or continues to exercise on pianists and composers for the piano. Out of the large number of works he has written, we do not remember a single instance of *enau* produced by the execution of one of them, large or small. As much cannot be said of many composers. However, compelled to deny him a place among the really great men who have benefited and advanced the art, we cannot, with any show of justice, number Herz among those whose ignorance renders them pitiable while their assumption makes them intolerable.

\* Not Woelfl, as we were made to write in our second notice.

† John Field—"Russian Field"—as he was nick-named—was, we believe, an Irishman.

‡ The present chief of the Royal Academy of Music—master of Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, and other eminent musicians.

\* It may be noted here that Kalkbrenner, in his *Pianoforte Tutor*, while attempting to undervalue, betrays the most extraordinary ignorance of the works of this great composer—speaking of his "Conciliation" (a short theme with variations, in B flat) as his most remarkable work!



Czerny, the most voluminous writer for the pianoforte of whom the whole history of the art makes record,\* must be content with this distinction as the only one that has induced us to introduce his name here. He is a musician of some acquirement and a professor of acknowledged merit. He lived (and lives) a contemporary of Henri Herz, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which might by some be accepted without difficulty as the compositions of Herz himself. He was a resident at Vienna while Beethoven flourished, with whom he was on terms of acquaintance, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which nobody would, under the most difficult circumstances, accept as the compositions of Beethoven himself. He has imitated almost every contemporary, almost every predecessor, and had he the gift of foresight he would in all probability imitate some composer as yet unborn; luckily for posterity he has not that gift. The sonatas of Czerny—which are frequently wound up with interminable fugues, based on interminable *chromatic* themes—are not sonatas, and but for the title-page no one would suspect the classical intentions of the composer. We are pleased to be able to say that we neither know nor care whether Czerny has written any concertos, but we have heard more than three hundred of his miscellaneous pieces and have no design at present of seeking to hear any more.

Charles Mayer and Pixis may be classed together, the first as a very good, the last as a very bad composer of pianoforte music. Mayer, we believe, lives in Russia; Pixis is deceased. The influence of Mayer, who cannot boast of as much originality as of musical knowledge, has been to improve the taste of his hearers and the music of his contemporaries; that of Pixis, who can boast of quite as little originality as of musical knowledge, has been to spoil one and the other. We know of no sonatas by either; but we know of some very excellent studies (good music to boot) by the first, and we know of some exceedingly poor fantasias (bad music to boot) by the latter. Both are cited by competent authorities as men of note in what chiefly regards the art of composing and playing on the pianoforte. The former we accept without hesitation; the latter we have named only to question his right to the distinction.

As many of our readers may begin to doubt whether we ever intend to arrive at the avowed subject of this essay, we may at once say, that without further preliminary, we shall approach the pianoforte composers of the present day, among whom Stephen Heller holds an eminent rank. If, in the course of our rapid and cursory view of those who have preceded him, we have omitted any name of merited distinction, we shall, in recognising the oversight, take an early opportunity of rectifying it.

(To be continued.)

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE great event of the week has been the revival of Mendelssohn's first oratorio, *St. Paul*, by the members of the above society. This interesting event occurred on Friday, the 11th instant, too late for an account to appear in our last impression. The hall was quite full, and among the audience were observed not a few eminent professors and amateurs of music, whom the attraction of Mendelssohn's name had brought together.

As on more than one occasion a very lengthened analysis of *St. Paul* has appeared in these pages, it is quite unnecessary

for us to do more than reiterate our opinion, that it is one of Mendelssohn's undoubted *chef-d'œuvres*, and one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of music. Our business is to speak of the performance, which, notwithstanding some drawbacks, was the most satisfactory, on the whole, that we have heard in this country.

The list of vocalists was very strong, including Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. A. Novello, Mr. Smythson, and Herr Formes. What accomplished and admirable interpreters of Mendelssohn's sacred music (and indeed we may say of his and all other classical compositions) are Miss Dolby, with her glowing and lovely *contralto*, and Mr. Lockey, with his fine-toned and even tenor, needs not be recounted here. Suffice it, they were both in excellent voice, and sang all the music that belongs to their very important parts with irreproachable taste and artistic finish. Miss Dolby's "The Lord is mindful" was the very perfection of purity, and Mr. Lockey's final air, "Be thou faithful," with the admirable *violoncello obbligato* of Lindley, everything that could be desired.

Miss Catherine Hayes, less experienced in this particular school, made, nevertheless, a highly favourable impression. The recitatives allotted to the first *soprano* are numerous and difficult. Good declamation, no less than good singing, are imperatively necessary. Both were supplied by our esteemed *prima donna*, who acquitted herself with the nicest judgment, and an evident appreciation of the music. Miss Hayes, like all vocalists of the present day—Italian, German, French and English—has the mania of singing the recitatives too slow, which needlessly protracts the length of the oratorio; but for this apparently deep-rooted habit of modern vocalists she was unexceptionable. In giving a new reading to the beautiful air, "Jerusalem," which a contemporary has rightly designated as one of "admonition rather than complaint," she was in some degree justified by the effect produced. The air is of such angelic tenderness that we can scarcely feel it as a rebuke to the infidel Jews. Miss Hayes seemed to entertain this opinion, if we may argue from the manner in which she interpreted it.

Herr Formes made a decided hit—not the first he has made in this country, although, perhaps, one of the most enduring and important. In the air in B minor, "Consume them"—a furious denunciation—the power of his voice and its magnificent quality told with immense effect. In the second, in the same key, "O God of mercy," one of a plaintive and imploring character, Herr Formes exhibited the utmost expression, wanting nothing except variety of tone to make his performance irreproachable. In the recitatives, especially the concluding one, the emphasis and force of the German *basso* were in fine keeping with the solemnity of the text he had to deliver.

Mr. A. Novello and Mr. Smythson were careful and efficient in the parts allotted to them.

In the choruses there was only one prominent defect—nearly all of them were taken too slow, by which the oratorio was prolonged half an hour beyond its usual duration. As far as accuracy went we had only to complain of the chorus in E minor, "This is Jehovah's temple (an *allegro vivace* in quavers), in which the choristers, mistaking the conductor's beat, began the first two bars—in obedience to an old tradition—twice as fast as the time indicated by the *baton*. Few conductors could have rectified this with the coolness and presence of mind of Mr. Costa, who, by a sudden stroke of generalship, brought his whole army into order with masterly precision. In respect of effect it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Costa, who had carefully studied the score, did not

\* We believe (thank Heavens! we have no practical experience of it) that the works of Czerny have passed Op. 1100!!

overlook a single point of importance suggested by the composer. As an instance of what effect may be obtained by a double *piano* gradually increasing to a *fortissimo*, the dramatic chorus in D minor, "Is this he?" may be cited. It would be impossible for a great mass to be more cleverly held in abeyance, under stricter command, than in this exciting and effective *morceau*. In the charming barcarole in G, "How lovely are the messengers!", the organ pedal was somewhat too overpowering; but this was the fault of the organ, not of the organist, who played his part, if we be not in error, exactly as Mendelssohn wrote it.

The band executed the overture very finely, although the fugue was taken too slow—more like an *andante* than a *moderato*. Among the *obligati* we must again specialise Mr. Lindley's violoncello, in the devotional air for the tenor, in C major, "Be thou faithful unto death," which Mr. Loeckey sang so well. Nor must we forget Barret's oboe and Lazarus's clarinet in the air, "O God, have mercy," both of which were irreproachable.

The oratorio created the most profound interest among the audience, who were too seriously occupied to interrupt the performance with boisterous manifestations. There were no encores, and there was very little applause. So much the better. The audiences of Exeter Hall are beginning to look upon these things in a proper light. It was only just to applaud Mr. Costa, in anticipation of the treat to come, as he entered the orchestra—and again, as a token of satisfaction at the fulfilment of anticipation, when he quitted it. To this we had no objection. It is not unworthy of mention that among the audience was the only brother of the great and lamented composer, Herr Joseph Mendelssohn, who is in England on a short visit.

On Friday evening next, *St. Paul* will be repeated, with the same vocalists.

#### THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 803.)

CXVIII. WHEN I asked the priests whether the account which the Greeks give about the affairs of Ilium were true or not, they made the following statement, saying that they had learned it from Menelaus himself:—After the abduction of Helen, a large army of Greeks went into the Trojan country, assisting Menelaus. This army having entered the country and pitched its camp, sent messengers to Ilium, with whom Menelaus went himself. When these came to the wall, they demanded Helen, and the treasure, which Alexander (Paris) had taken away, as well as satisfaction for the wrong committed. The Trojans then and afterwards assured them, both with and without oath, that they had not Helen nor the treasure that was claimed, but that these were in Egypt. They added that it would be unjust for them to suffer for that which was held by Proteus, the Egyptian king. The Greeks, thinking they were mocked, besieged the city. When, on their taking the walls, Helen did not appear, but they heard the same story as before, they sent Menelaus himself to Proteus.

CXIX. When Menelaus went to Egypt, and sailed up to Memphis, he made a true statement of what had happened, and received large presents, as well as Helen totally unharmed, and the whole of his own treasure. Notwithstanding he had received these benefits, Menelaus acted unjustly towards the Egyptians. Being about to set sail, and being detained by unfavourable winds for a long time, he devised an impious expedient. Taking two children belonging to the natives, he

cut them in pieces. Afterwards, when it was generally known that he had done this, being generally hated and pursued, he fled in his ships to Libya. Whether he went from thence, the Egyptians were unable to say. They said that they had learned these things, partly from the narratives of others, partly of themselves, and knew that their account was accurate.

CXX. Thus said the priests of the Egyptians; and I myself agree with this story which is told of Helen, for the following reasons: If Helen had been in Ilium, she would have been given up to the Greeks, whether Alexander (Paris) liked it or not; for Priam, and those who were with him, were not so senseless as to risk their own persons, their children, and the city, merely that Alexander might live with Helen. Even if they had been thus disposed at the beginning of the war, still afterwards, when many of the Trojans had perished on coming into contact with the Greeks, and Priam himself always lost two, three, or more sons, in the event of a conflict (if we may place any confidence in the epic poems), I am of opinion, that if Priam himself had lived with Helen, he would have given her up to the Greeks, to be freed from impending calamities. Alexander was not even heir to the kingdom, so as to have the charge of affairs when Priam was an old man; but Hector, his elder brother, and a better man, was entitled to the kingdom on the death of Priam. Now the latter would scarcely have given way to his brother, when such great evils were on his account befalling both himself privately and all the other Trojans. But, in fact, it was not in their power to restore Helen; nor did the Greeks believe them when they told the truth. In my own opinion, this was by a divine arrangement, that, by utterly destroying Troy, they (the Greeks) might show to mankind that great wrongs bring great punishments from the gods. This is the manner, in my opinion, in which these things happened.

#### SONNET.

NO. CXV.

THOU golden Hope, soar not, I pray, so high,  
That I forget this cold and rugged earth,  
Iull'd in the realm where Fantasy gives birth  
To fair, grand forms, peopling a cloudless sky,—  
And ever luring on the raptur'd eye,  
So that it peers about, and finds no dearth  
Of pleasant aliment, while sounds of mirth  
Float, telling of a bliss that ne'er can die.  
This placid dream pampers too much the sense;  
The heart grows soft, neglecting to prepare,  
For that stern moment when it must awake:  
Train'd to Hope's fairy land, when pluck'd from thence,  
It starts to find the earth again—and there,  
Cursed with the truth, confesses it—and breaks.

N. D.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE present series is drawing to a close. The thirteenth concert was given on Wednesday. The chief attraction still centres in Ernst, Thalberg, Sims Reeves, and Formes, who are secured for the remaining two concerts.

In consequence of the general enthusiasm created by the selection from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the Wednesday previous, the director felt it incumbent on him to gratify his audience by repeating it, which he accordingly did, with the exception of the *Nocturno*. Mendelssohn's exquisite music created the same *furore* as on the first night. The overture and *scherzo*, both admirably played by the band, were listened to with breathless attention by the vast audience, and received with loud acclamations at the end. The *Wedding March* ob-

tained a persistent and tumultuous encore. As the *Notturmo*, without the beautiful tone and finished phrasing of Jarrett on the horn, might have suffered, we could not blame, however much we regretted, its omission.

The operatic selection was from *Don Pasquale*, one of the most sparkling and hearty of the comic works of the modern Italian school. Rossini, the apathetic and indifferent Rossini, may be numbered with the dead, and since the swan of Pesaro has sung his last song, the strains of poor Donizetti are not to be despised. Miss Lucombe sang the scena "E tanto era in quel quando" (This heart was all thine own), and mastered its difficulties in artistic style. Sims Reeves gained and deserved a loud encore in the serenade "Com'è gentil," and was capably accompanied on the harp by Mr. Trust. Herr Formes, who appears to sing all sorts and styles of music with equal assurance and ease, was most favourably heard in the cavatina "Bella siccome" (Lovely as some bright angel). The quartet "E rejnasto?" (Am I sleeping), by Miss Lucombe, Mr. Land, Mr. Smythson, and Herr Formes; and the duet "Tornami a dir" (Tell me once more), by Miss Lucombe and Sims Reeves, call for no particular remarks except that they lose half their effect when separated from the action which invests them with vitality and animation on the stage.

Ernst repeated his new fantasia on Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and the *Carnaval de Venise* (by desire). The first wins upon acquaintance, and is decidedly one of the most effective solos which the great violinist has composed. The last variation, founded upon the Prophet's bacchanalian song, "Beviamo!" is quite original, besides being a wonderful exhibition of double-stopping developed in the arpeggio-form, with the melody going on in the midst of it. Ernst's playing was masterly as usual, and the applause bestowed upon his fantasia confirmed its success. It is superfluous to say anything of the *Carnaval*. In the hands of Ernst it is always new, and produces on every occasion of performance a new enthusiasm. The encore was of the inevitable uproarious character. It may be as well to remind the Wednesdayites that Ernst only plays twice more this season to their mobships.

Thalberg in the *Masaniello* fantasia and the *Tarantella*, played with his accustomed perfection, and met with the accustomed welcome. The great pianist was in admirable finger.

Being much embarrassed for space this week, we must finish by saying that the rest of the miscellaneous vocal pieces were of the usual kind, the great features being "Adelaida," by Mr. Reeves, and "The Wanderer," by Herr Formes—both finely sung and deservedly encored. The demands of the crowd upon the lungs of the singers are, since the return of Mr. Reeves, becoming as strenuous and indiscriminate as ever. The "encores" become a downright nuisance.

#### STEPHEN HELLER.

"[We last week reprinted an article from the *Morning Chronicle*, as an earnest of the importance which music is gradually assuming in the consideration of the great press of this empire. We cannot do better than follow this up by another which has since appeared in the *Sunday Times*, on the subject of Stephen Heller, one of the most thoughtful and gifted of the present race of musical composers.—Ed. M. W.]

"Interpreters of art may be divided into two classes—those who, by their productions, have instantly gained the popularity so desired; and those who, by the more solid workings of a sounder mind, have first obtained the admiration of their *confères*, after which fame has trumped forth their praises to

the world. There can be little doubt which of these two positions is the more desirable—to receive the laurel wreath from a multitude hasty in its conclusions, and uncured, because hasty; or to be crowned by those who are not led away by any such conclusions, but who, after mature reflection, form their opinion. We must all agree that the latter is the 'consummation devoutly to be wished;' and it is more apparent in the musical art than any other, because this art is more general, and has done great things, not only in assisting the formation of other arts, but even for the welfare of mankind. Music aided in originating the drama, since the Greek tragedy was introduced into the song, not the song into the tragedy. We may thus regard it as the fountain-head of art, and, such being the case, we must look up to and welcome its professors, whenever and wherever they appear. Many, very many, are those who have arrived at the shores of our little island, with their knapsacks on their backs; little worldly goods had they, but there was that within 'which passeth show.' They were kindly greeted;—some have established themselves amongst us, and live in comfort; others have gained means of subsistence, and have sought another land. It must be pleasant for us to reflect, that we have done our duty in assisting those who, endowed with a God's message, have been sent to enlighten us. Let us continue in this path; let us still welcome and uphold genius whenever it shines; let us patronise those in need of our assistance, and in doing this let us remember that we are not only fulfilling that to which our inclination should prompt us, but that it is our duty to regard great men as those sent on earth for a special purpose. They are favoured by the Deity above ourselves, and for that reason we must venerate them. This universal patronage of art must give birth to *charlatans*; it has done so, and many have arisen; yet it is no more difficult to distinguish the true man from the false than the piece of glass from the real diamond—truth shines forth from the great man's work—falsehood from the puny efforts of the *charlatan*. A German poet (Novalis) has said, '*Der wahn lebt von der wahrheit die wahrheit lebt ihr leben in sich*' ('Falsehood lives upon truth; truth lives a life of herself'), and we see this exemplified every day; therefore it is as much our duty to repel the false as to welcome the true. '*Mais revenons à nos moutons*;' thinking that a slight sketch of one of those whose cause we have been upholding might not be uninteresting to our readers, we have undertaken to detail some of the facts of Stephen Heller's life, and humbly present to them the fruits of our labours:—

"This great pianist and composer, known as yet more to the profession than to the public, and that principally by his compositions, was born in 1815, at Pesth, in Hungary; he was destined by his father for the bar, but he showed, even at the age of seven, so great a talent for music, that his parents allowed him to cultivate it as an accessory to his other studies, and his father, yielding to the advice of some distinguished amateurs, resolved not to oppose the desire of the aspiring musician; therefore he went with him to Vienna, where he studied the piano under Carl Czerny, Anthon Caim, and Bocklet. Two years afterwards Stephen Heller gave a concert at Vienna, at the termination of which he improvised some fantasias on the piano, before a numerous audience, which testified great delight at the talent that he displayed; soon after his father undertook a tour with him for the purpose of giving concerts in the various towns of Germany, Hungary, and Poland, at which his son performed that species of composition then in fashion and a few essays of his own; in this manner, some years passed. At last having arrived,

after a long and fatiguing journey, at Augsburg, in Bavaria, Stephen Heller's father was persuaded to take care of the delicate health of his son, which was much impaired by this wandering life; but it was not only the health of the young artist that was in danger, his future fame might be injured by this purely material existence, particularly dangerous for one who had not yet received an education which might enable him to pass a severe critical ordeal. With the exception of a few concertos of Hummel, Moscheles, and Ries, his whole musical stock consisted of half-a-dozen *morceaux* of Henri Herz and a few other compositions of that kind, the individual merits of which we do not mean to contest, still they cannot be considered as works of high art, but merely as the requirements of the moment. Stephen Heller, therefore, remained some time at Augsburg, where he made the acquaintance of the Comte de Fugger, former tutor to the Prince of Bavaria—a man of vast acquirements, a graceful author, and one of the best musical amateurs; this worthy man revealed a new world to Stephen Heller, by initiating him into the sublime beauties of the compositions of Beethoven and of the other great masters; and, at the same time, by directing his course of reading, and making him understand that all arts depend upon one another, and that a true artist ought to know as much as possible of whatever there be remarkable in the literature of any country. A rich musical and literary library was at the disposal of the young artist, who plunged into it with rapidity. The artistic life of Stephen Heller may be dated from this time; he had already published in Germany some few works, the greater part of them variations on favourite airs, and had just given to the world a fantasia on a theme from *Zampa*, when his serious studies began to reward him. He then composed a scherzo (op. 7), and three impromptus (op. 8), which contrasted their slightly *bizarre* originality with his preceding works so much, that some *connoisseurs* would not believe that they emanated from the same author. These two works were sent in manuscript to Robert Schumann, of Leipzig, who had then begun his career, which has now become so brilliant; this composer was so much struck that he himself searched for a publisher, to accept the works of an author then so little known; at length Mr. Kistner, of Leipzig, published them in 1836, and the critics pronounced those works as promising better things in future. A little later his first sonata appeared (op. 9) at the same publisher's. Of this work Robert Schumann, in an article in *The Musical Gazette* of Leipzig, says (in his half-serious half-sarcastic manner), 'This work will not be much to the taste of certain organists and professors, but artists will be able to find something fresh and original in it.'

"The friendship of Comte de Fugger kept Stephen Heller at Augsburg until 1838, when this noble friend died, and plunged his young pupil into grief; he then quitted the town and went to Paris, where he has remained for twelve years.

"It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of the renowned violinist, Ernst, who interested himself immediately for an artist, in whose talent he discovered so much richness and originality.

"Discouraged as Heller was to find himself continually engaged in material wants, without means, without publishers, he began to lose all confidence in his talent. Ernst did his best to encourage him, and they became still more intimate. They united their efforts, and produced some compositions under the title of 'Pensées Fugitives,' for the piano and violin, and at length, as true merit always ends in overcoming its obstacles, Stephen Heller became most popular in France and Germany, by means of a series of compositions, such as

'La Trinite,' 'La Tarantelle,' and his books of studies. The number of his works up to the present time amounts to seventy, of which the greater part is published at Wessel's.

"We will now say a few words upon the principal traits of Stephen Heller's talent, and upon the position that he holds amongst composers for the piano. The *bizarrie*, occasionally disagreeable, which sometimes accompanies original talent, injured the success of Stephen Heller's early works; but, dating from his first studies (op. 16) to his scherzo (op. 24), and then to his 'Caprice Symphonique' (op. 28), the idea, without ceasing to be original, becomes clearer, the formation of character more and more finished, and the style more simple.

"The German critics, at first harsh, while recognising in his works a true genius, grew warmer in his praise as his talent increased, and at last placed him at the head of modern *pianistes compositeurs*. They, nevertheless, reproached him, and not unjustly, for the great difficulty of his execution; but it is not of that species of difficulty which consists in an infinity of passages—single, double, or octaves, or of *lours de force*; the real difficulty of Heller's works is acquiring a knowledge of their character, a mixture of melancholy feeling and *naïveté*, and a species of humorous thought, such as may be found in some German and English poets, as Jean Paul or Henri Heine, Sterne or Swift. We know that it is not easy to avoid falling into exaggeration, to be able to distinguish how delicate the touch should be, how true and simple the sentiment—free from all affectation, to render such thoughts as the author has conceived. In fine, the *morceaux* must be played by the author himself before we can appreciate all the details, the idea of which it is impossible to convey by the ordinary signs used in musical notation. If there be added to this a habit of writing fully and boldly, which continually occupies both hands, unexpected modulations, new traits, and a novelty of idea and rhythm, which at first sight seem quaint, but which become simple and clear after having heard them several times, then can we understand that Stephen Heller's music cannot be easy at first sight. We think that the English genius, which has so much connection with the German, is calculated to appreciate at its just value a talent of this kind, and we hope we are not mistaken in our expectation."

[We shall continue, from time to time, to present our readers with extracts from the columns of our contemporaries, reserving for ourselves the right of difference on any and all the points they may discuss.—Ed. M. W.]

#### M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S SOIREEES.

THE first of these came off on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:—

##### PREMIERE PARTIE.

Grand Trio in B flat, Op. 97, Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, MM. Billet, Deloffre, and Rousselot	-	Beethoven.
Grand Air, <i>Der Freischütz</i> , Madlle. Wagner	-	Wagner.
Sonata (in C major) Op. 38, Piano, M. A. Billet	-	Clementi.

##### 2ME. PARTIE.

Grand Quatuor in B minor, Op. 3, Piano, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, MM. Billet, Deloffre, W. Blagrove, and Rousselot	-	Mendelssohn.
Ave Maria, Madlle. Wagner	-	Maurice Levy.
Romanças sans Paroles, Venetian Barcarolle, 3me. livre, No. 5, du 3me. livre, and Spring Song, 2me. livre, Piano, M. A. Billet	-	Mendelssohn.
Marches pour Piano, à Quatre mains, MM. Levy and A. Billet	-	Beethoven.
Conducteur	-	M. Levy.

M. Billet is a pianist of the true school, and with excellent

taste combines a great command of the instrument. The quartet of Mendelssohn is enormously difficult, especially the scherzo and finale, in which both hands are incessantly exercised upon rapid and intricate passages. M. Billet, however, found both the power and the stamina to accomplish his task with the utmost effect. The quartet was altogether a fine performance, and MM. Deloffre, W. Blagrove, and Rousselot, seconded the efforts of M. Billet in the most efficient manner.

We have to thank M. Billet for the sonata of Clementi and for the two marches of Beethoven, which were quite novelties to the greater part of his audience. The sonata of Muzio Clementi, though one of his least elaborate works, is a fine specimen of the master, and by his manner of playing it, M. Billet showed himself thoroughly conversant with the style of the learned old Italian. The marches are among the most elegant of the *bagatelles* of Beethoven. M. Maurice Levy, a very good pianist, took the first part, and the *ensemble* was perfect. We arrived too late for the trio, but we have heard it performed by M. Billet on a former occasion, and can speak confidently of the able and vigorous manner in which he executes it. That MM. Deloffre and Rousselot are masters of this high class of music, the Musical Union of Mr. Ella and the Beethoven Quartet Society can testify. Altogether the impression produced upon his audience (among whom were several eminent professors and critics) must have been highly gratifying to M. Billet.

Mdlle. Wagner has a beautiful and powerful *mezzo soprano* voice, and sings with energy and classical taste. She produced a great effect in the fine *scena* of Weber, and was equally at home in the "Ave Maria," of M. Levi, a composition of merit and gravity.

M. Billet's second *soirée*, at which he will play Mendelssohn's first trio, a sonata in A, by Pinto (Bravo! M. Billet), and other interesting works, is fixed for Monday week.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

### HAYMARKET.

A new three act comedy, entitled *Leap Year; or, the Ladies' Privilege*, was brought out on Tuesday evening, and achieved a complete success. The author is Mr. Buckstone, who has given so many popular pieces to the stage. This last production is certainly not the least meritorious of the numerous progeny of the writer. Mr. Buckstone, in his new drama, has shown his talent at higher quarry than is his wont. Heretofore he has restricted his pen to amusing caricatures of men and manners; to farcical displays of idiosyncratic character; or, at best, to the partial development of some domestic feeling, more as a contrast to the prevailing humour, than as of paramount importance in the piece; but in *Leap Year; or, the Ladies' Privilege*, he has made a grave and serious incident the groundwork of his plot—the pivot on which all the circumstances of the action turn. Mr. Buckstone wrote for the Haymarket company. He cut his coat according to his cloth; but his cloth being ample, he has not circumscribed his cutting in any part of the garment. The pick and choice of the Haymarket company are included in the cast of the new comedy. Mr. and Mrs. Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Clark, Mrs. W. Clifford, &c. &c.

The argument of the story is simple, and is clearly detailed in the drama. Mrs. Flora Flowerdew (Mrs. Charles Kean), is a young widow who has been bequeathed by her husband a large fortune, on the express condition that she shall marry within a certain day. The scene opens three days before the appointed period, and the widow is placed in the

awkward dilemma of choosing some one she does not like, or yielding up her entire fortune. In this situation of affairs, Mrs. Flowerdew is assisted and advised by Miss Sally O'Leary (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), a raw importation from the Emerald Isle, who induces her to make trial between two connubial candidates, the one a cousin of her own, Mr. Dimple (Mr. Buckstone), a fast man of the time current; the other, a timid and superstitious valetudinarian and woman-hater, Sir Solomon Solus (Mr. Keeley), who would marry the widow only to escape from the persecutions of one Miss Desperate (Mrs. W. Clifford), who determines to carry him to the altar in spite of his teeth. Mrs. Flowerdew, more to please her Irish friend, and dally with the time, than from any anticipation of making a choice, plays and trifles with her two suitors, but in her heart she vows to resign her fortune sooner than marry with heart disengaged. But Love was nearer than she imagined. William Walker (Mr. Charles Kean), is her butler or head-servant; she has taken him without a character, and entertains a liking for him from the first moment. His attention and respectfulness amount to something approaching devotion. Every wish of the lady is anticipated, even to the minutest trifles. He watches and flies, foresees and performs. Never was butler so prophetic and so provident. But William Walker possesses more attractive qualities in the lady's eyes. He is clever, ready-witted, and an adorer of poetry, of which a well-stored memory supplies him with scraps to quote for every occasion. The lady's wonder is excited; and were it not for his too frequent instances of vulgarity of thought and manners, or at least solecisms of expression, she would be inclined to consider William Walker as having been reared in a very different sphere from what his position would indicate. Walker's attention, devotion, assiduity, and poetical quotations at length throw Mrs. Flora Flowerdew's heart in a ferment, and she owns to herself, with terror and despair, that she loves her own servant. A scene in which Mrs. Flowerdew combats with her feelings, and argues against her passion, is remarkably well written, and highly dramatic.

Finding that she cannot oppose the barriers of reason and pride with any hope of stemming the tide of love, she determines to confide all to her Irish friend, Miss Sally O'Leary, and consult with her as to the issue. A capital scene takes place between the two ladies, in which Mrs. Flora Flowerdew is on the point of acquainting Miss Sally O'Leary with her secret, when pride comes to her heart and stops her tongue. The nature and power displayed in this scene is a slight beyond Mr. Buckstone's known abilities, and would do no discredit to a writer of far higher pretensions. In the two scenes just named Mrs. Charles Kean acted with singular truthfulness and intensity. But to our story: Mrs. Flowerdew, after some hesitation, dismisses Walker from her service, and he leaves the house. She is subsequently induced to betray her secret to Miss O'Leary, who is rejoiced to find her friend has got a heart at all, and straightway counsels her to marry William Walker, both to please herself and save her fortune. After some consideration, and struggles with her pride, Mrs. Flowerdew at last consents. But then the question naturally arises, how can it be effected; for, as Mrs. Flowerdew says, "Walker will never ask me." "Then," says Miss O'Leary, "I will show you a precedent, and give you one into the bargain in my own person." Whereupon she takes up an old book, and reads the following extract from "An Act to amend the Laws of Courtship and Matrimony":

"Albeit it is now become part of the common law, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every sixteenth year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege of making love unto the men, which

they doe either by wordes or lookes as unto them seemeth proper, and no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offer of a lady, or who doth in any wise treat her proposal with neglect or contumely."

The power of the act not appearing to show itself forcibly in the apprehension of her friend, Miss O'Leary determines to try the effect of example. Accordingly, taking advantage of the privileges of the Leap Year, as by law enacted, she proffers her hand and heart to Mr. Dimple, who, something loath, at last consents. Having thus broken the ice, she contrives to bring Mrs. Flowerdew and William together, when a very exciting scene occurs, in which the lady, after ascertaining that William loves her, and has long adored her in silence, asks him to marry her, and, overcome by her emotions, rushes out of the room without waiting for his answer. The play draws to an end, but the *denouement* is not yet disclosed. The hour has arrived in which Mrs. Flora Flowerdew must accept a husband, or resign her fortune. The relation, Mr. William Willoughby, on whom the fortune devolves in case of the non-fulfilment of the conditions of the will, suddenly arrives at the door, and demands entrance into the house to take an inventory of the things previous to entering into possession. A scuffle is heard without; and Mrs. Flowerdew desires William to go out and appease the tumult, by explaining the true circumstances of the case. William departs, and in a brief space of time a commotion is again heard, and a servant announces Mr. William Willoughby. The eyes of all present are turned on the new comer; and great is the surprise to find that William Walker is William Willoughby, and that he only assumed the garb and condition of a servant in the hope of gaining a heart under such circumstances as could leave him no doubt of the owner's affection. The play terminates with every gentleman asked by every lady to marry her, with the exception of Sir Solomon Solus, who, having received no female application, contents himself with providing the marriage certificates.

The comic portions of the drama, though long and amusing, are nothing more than fringes hung round the plot—the parsley concomitants round a dish of spiced tongue or ham. Mr. Buckstone had too many good people to write for; had too many good things to put in the good people's mouths; and had too many good scenes to bring in the good things that were to be put into the good people's mouths. It was a work of no small difficulty to write a part for Mr. Keeley, and a part for Mrs. Keeley, and a part for Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and a part for himself (Mr. Buckstone), to say nothing of a part for Mr. Selby; and give each of them several things to say which would conduce to risibility. Mr. Buckstone is not a Congreve, nor yet a Sir John Vanburgh, nor even a Sheridan in wit; but he has a humour and shrewdness of his own, and withal a dramatic skill which few writers for the stage have surpassed. Although thrown into comparative obscurity by the leading incidents, the comic portions of *Leap Year* rarely fail to excite a laugh, and sometime displays ingenuity and felicity. The dialogue is for the most part smart and telling, and is always easy and applicable to the scene.

The characters by themselves are not entitled to high praise. Mr. Buckstone plays a fast man of the present day—as we are led to suppose from the fashion of his garments and his speech—who talks of casinos, latch-keys, and late hours, and who has little to recommend him excepting his impudence and coolness—two qualifications which Mr. Buckstone's talents as an actor cannot fail to render highly amusing.

Mr. Keeley, as Sir Solomon Solus, is still less happily fitted in his part. To see Keeley, however, play an old dotard, who

rejoices in doubtful nankeens and loose gaiters, who wears no wig but the scanty one God has left him, who is rolled on in a Bath chair, and is frightened at everything, is enough to excite laughter in the most imperturbable of audiences. Sir Solomon has little to do in the plot, and might be omitted without detriment.

Mrs. Keeley plays Mrs. Crisp, the ancilla, or waiting maid to Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. This character is smart enough, but Mr. Buckstone has committed a great mistake in allowing Mrs. Crisp to talk at one time in the language of a Mrs. Malaprop, and at another in that of an accomplished linguist.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam has a good part to play in Sally O'Leary; but, unfortunately, in endeavouring to render it Irish, she has made it vulgar. We know something of Irish life, and we never yet heard a lady in any sphere of life—for ladies are brought up very differently in different spheres—give vent to such exclamations as "Och!"—"towld"—"cowld"—"spake"—"darlint," and such like. Besides, Mrs. Fitzwilliam's brogue was much too coarse for any female beyond the pale of the cotter or the bog-trotter. It fell neither racy nor natural from her lips, and smacked more of candle than buttermilk. The character, nevertheless, was played with much archness and point, and is the best written in the piece.

There is a Captain Mouser, an upstart military man, played by Mr. Selby, with spasmodic gestures and gentish animation. This gentleman figures to small advantage in the plot. Mr. Clark personates a lisping page with some effect, and Mrs. W. Clifford elevates Miss Desperate to an importance refused her by the author.

These are the comic and minor personages of the piece; and of how little value they are to the development of the story may be gathered from the fact, that in our argument they have scarcely been alluded to.

The hero—William Walker—is drawn with much skill and some felicity. We make this distinction, because we consider the character more a tool in the hands of the dramatist than a happy exemplification of any sterling quality. In order to bring his heroine's trials to the utmost proof, the author seems to have found it necessary to render his hero cold-blooded and impenetrable, and merciless even when he could save. In truth, the character of William Walker is sufficiently repulsive throughout, and he excites not the least interest until the end, when he comes in, throwing his former self aside, and having doffed his livery, appears in a white waistcoat and clean clothes. There is a good deal, however, in William Walker to bring out the actor, and Mr. Charles Kean made the most of every available point.

Whatever fault we may find in William Walker, we have none whatever to discover in Mrs. Flora Flowerdew, the heroine. A more interesting character has rarely appeared in a three-act comedy. The entire attention of the author seems to have been bestowed upon her. She is at once clever and amiable, trustful and fond, generous and proud, high-minded and lowly, heedless of herself, and mindful of all others. That she is full of innocence as well as feeling, must be gathered from her falling in love with a person of such seeming questionable qualities as William Walker. But her very credulity is her praise—she trusts to the impressions of her heart, and would follow its dictates. The struggle between her pride and love is depicted with truthfulness and power; and, although the scenes in which these struggles are manifested remind us of similar passages in the *Hunchback*, they have a force and truth of their own not to be disputed. In the performance of Mrs. Flora Flowerdew, Mrs. Charles Kean greatly distinguished herself. In the lighter portions of the



play, she was lady-like and elegant. One comic scene—the pretended courtship between Mrs. Flowerdew and Mr. Dimple—was acted to perfection. Nothing could be more true to the situation. The scenes between Mrs. Flowerdew and Sir Solomon Solus, were also given with infinite comic spirit. We have already alluded to the principal serious scenes of the drama. In these, Mrs. Charles Kean exhibited all her energy and passion, and gained immense applause. We can hardly call to mind any new part in which Mrs. Charles Kean produced a more evident impression. The character is admirably suited to her; and nothing proves Mr. Buckstone's talents as a dramatist more than his skill in investing his heroine with those traits of pathos and gentleness, in the embodiment of which the fair actress has obtained so high a reputation.

The drama was put upon the stage with the utmost completeness. The scenes consisted of two drawing rooms at Mrs. Flowerdew's. The furniture was beautiful and costly, and the arrangements admirable at all points. The dresses were all new. Mr. Webster has spared no expense in getting up Mr. Buckstone's new comedy. He anticipated a great success, and has not been disappointed.

Everybody was called for at the end, and *Leap Year* was announced for repetition every evening amid loud and prolonged acclamations.

#### PRINCESS'S.

THE present Pantomime Season promises to be as successful as that of last year. The theatre has been filled every night; and whether the performance was Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, or Mr. Schira's *Mina*, the receipts amounted to much the same. The pantomime is, no doubt, the great attraction, and a capital pantomime it is, full of good singing and good hits, containing some of the best worst puns ever made, admirably worked in the machinery, excellently painted, with a first rate Clown—a very first rate, yeapt Flexmore—a fast Harlequin; and a tough Pantaloon. Now, what more were wanting,

In the season when pants the heart for fun,  
to attract others besides

The heartless, the thoughtless, the free—

and to swell the coffers of the treasury? of a verity, nothing; or at least not much more. But somehow we find that however full a vessel may be, a quota may be added. The Princess's Theatre has been crowded every night during the run of the pantomime, but by far the greatest house of the season, not excepting Boxing-night, was on Thursday, when Macfarren's new opera, *King Charles the Second*, was re-performed, after it had been laid aside for more than a month.

The music of *King Charles the Second* was never listened to with graver attention, and never afforded more general delight than it did on Thursday evening. Even the pantomime-seekers were pleased, and joined lustily in the applauses and encores. The artists acquitted themselves better than ever, the chorus was more steady, the band more correct, and the conductor more painstaking. We have no hesitation in saying, that the performance was superior to any which had gone before.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang most deliciously throughout. She appears to have gained more force latterly in her upper voice, as was especially shewn in the quartet, "Oh, father, prove not so unkind," and in the finale in the first act. We have no doubt that her singing three or four times a-week only, in place of six, has tended to strengthen and improve her organ.

Madame Macfarren, who had not appeared since the last representation of *King Charles the Second*, was received with

general and genial warmth, and obtained a loud encore in the first song, the exquisite ballad, "She shines before me like a star," to which her graceful and unaffected singing, and her admirable style, well entitled her. She was also encored in the captivating duet, "O, blest are young hearts," with Miss Pyne, a most charming specimen of ensemble singing on the part of the two fair artists. Madame Macfarren has made great advances as an actress. She gains more ease and more self-possession with every successive performance.

Mr. Harrison sang exceedingly well, and acted with unusual animation and volatility of spirits. He makes a capital Jack Tar. Mr. Weiss was in splendid voice, and was encored in "Nan of Battersea." This gentleman appears thoroughly to feel and thoroughly to appreciate Mr. Macfarren's music. This is one cause of his success in Captain Copp. He does the comic business soundly and right merrily.

Mrs. Weiss also merits a word for her more than usually careful rendering of the difficult music of the Queen.

The madrigal, very finely sung, was encored with great applause. The encores amounted to six in all—a very fair amount for a pantomime night, when so many of the auditors are impatient and irksome for the commencement of the Christmas fun.

*King Charles the Second* is announced for to-night and Monday, and, most probably, will be played three times a-week.

The *Val d'Andorre*, we hear, is in rehearsal, and a new opera by Mr. Schira is talked of.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

OPERA COMIQUE.—On Wednesday last, Herold's popular opera of *Zampa*, the libretto by M. de Mélesville, was produced at this theatre with the most decided success. The opera was got up with the utmost attention both as to the cast and the scenic effects, with perhaps the sole exception of the part of Alphonse, which was too much for M. Killy Leroy, and should have rather been entrusted to M. Lac. *Zampa* is decidedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master; we find in it unmistakable proofs of originality of conception and design, an evident desire to shake off some of the trammels of the old school of the Opera Comique, and enlarge its capabilities, and at the same time a rich fund of melody, with a profound knowledge of musical combinations and orchestral effects. In his desire to be original, Herold has, perhaps, at times, outstepped the limits of contrapuntal rules, and risked certain modulations not quite in keeping with the laws of harmony, leaving the ear painfully uncertain as to the key;\* but such slight blemishes are redeemed by beauties of a very high order, and a certain degree of novelty not always unpleasing even in its irregularity. This opera was first produced in Paris, in 1831, and the part of the hero was written expressly for M. Chollet, then in the zenith of his fame, that of the heroine being played by Madame Casimir, who shortly after retired from the stage.

The libretto is of the Don Giovanni school, and cannot lay claim to much originality either in the incidents or construction of the plot; but the dialogue is neatly put together, and the individuality of the personages well contrasted and maintained throughout. The moral of the story is evident, being the triumph of Divine justice over a hardened and impenitent profligate. A short analysis of the canvass on which M. de Mélesville has worked out this moral may perhaps amuse our readers, and serve as a justification to our opinion of its merits. The nuptial ceremony between Camille, the daughter

\* We beg leave respectfully to differ from our worthy and esteemed contributor. We heard no such defiance of the rules of modulation.—Ep.

of Lngano, a rich merchant of Sicily, and Alphonse de Monza, a young officer ruined by the vices of an elder brother, are about to be solemnised, but the arrival of Zampa, under an assumed name, forces the young lady to alter her resolution, and retract her promise. Zampa has carried off Lngano, and he arrives at the villa in the hope of extorting an enormous ransom as the price of his liberty; but, on seeing Camille, he becomes enamoured of her, and insists on her marrying him. She obeys, after a long resistance. But the statue, who is no other than a victim of the pirate's early profligacy, and who is esteemed and venerated as a saint in the country, interferes at the proper moment, and, like the Commander in *Don Giovanni*, carries off the seducer, we know not where; but all we care to know is, that he disappears, led off the back of the stage by a person in white, and the lovers are united, as if nothing particular had happened. Such is a slight outline of the plot: but on this canvass, which is of very doubtful quality, although there are several good situations, the composer has written some of the most sparkling and delightful music we ever heard.

The overture is a brilliant compound of lively dashing airs, some of which re-appear at intervals throughout the opera, and is too well known in England to require any comment. The first act abounds in beauties, and opens with a chorus—"Dances présens que de magnificence," of a lively character, which was rendered with much spirit, and evinced most careful training in the executants. The air sung by Camille (Mdlle. Charton), "A ce bonheur suprême," is a graceful and pretty melody, and the *complainte* in which Camille explains to Alphonse the legend attached to the statue of Alice, the burden of which is found in the overture, is exquisitely plaintive and melodious. The trio which follows "Qu'as-tu donc?" in which Dandolo (M. Chateaufort) attempts to explain his interview with the stranger, and the quatuor which ensues on the appearance of Zampa (M. Chollet) in person, are excessively well put together and admirably descriptive of the poor bell-ringer's terror, the audacity of Zampa, and the awe inspired by his presence to the two women. The acting of Mdlles. Charton and Guichard, and that of Messrs. Chollet and Chateaufort, contributed in no small measure to the effect produced, and made one of the best scenes we remember on any stage. The first act terminates with a chorus of pirates, in which Zampa sings a most spirited song, accompanied by the chorus, "Que la vague démonte," and terminates by the terror of the pirates, awe-struck at the sacrilege of their captain, who plights his faith to the statue. This finale contains some striking effects, and evinces considerable dramatic feeling in the composer.

In the second act, we have also several melodies and concerted pieces of undoubted merit, among which we may mention the opening chorus, "Aux pieds de la Madone;" Zampa's air, "Il faut souscrire à mes lois;" and the duet between Ritta and Dandolo, "Juste ciel—ah! grand Dieu!" which latter is one of Herold's happiest inspirations; and perhaps the most piquant piece of the whole opera. Mdlle. Guichard and M. Soyer deserve great praise both for their singing and acting, and elicited much applause, which they well deserved. The finale of the second act is also well put together, and contains a beautiful melody in D major, 6-8 time, sung by Zampa, "Donce Jouvecelle." The third act has been injudiciously curtailed; it now contains little beyond the *complainte* of the first act, and a cavatina in the finale, "Pourquoi trembler," sung by Zampa.

Mdlle. Charton was in good voice and sang her best; she also acted the part of Camille with much tenderness and

passion. Mdlle. Guichard proved herself a most intelligent and clever artiste; the part of Ritta could not have found a more lively and intelligent interpreter. M. Chollet proved how much can be done by a good artist, who knows how to turn his means to the best advantage, and who is moreover a finished actor. The part of Zampa was a very trying one for him, even twenty years ago, and, in undertaking it now, M. Chollet risked comparisons which might have injured his present popularity, but we are happy to say that he got over the ordeal with great credit to himself and earned the sympathy of the whole house. M. Chateaufort was greeted as an old acquaintance; we were pleased to see him; he acted the part of Dandolo with infinite humour, his by-play was excellent, and he kept the house in continual laughter whenever he appeared. M. Killy Leroy, as we have said before, was but indifferent, both as an actor and singer. The house was crowded. J. DE C—.

### THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NO. I.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

THE projected establishment of a national opera, upon what it is hoped will prove a permanent basis, is a fact of so much public importance, that we feel bound to say a few words upon that subject specially—as also upon the progress and influence of music generally. An art to which only last season no less than five of our principal theatres were devoted, besides the usual Exeter Hall, Hanover-square, and other concerts—which is taught in all our schools, received into all families, has its professorships at the great universities, and is honoured by the marked patronage of Her Gracious Majesty—must be admitted to exercise a powerful influence upon the public mind, if not to form a necessary element of education. As bad music vitigates the mind in the same degree with bad poetry and painting, and must be equally prejudicial to our national taste and degrading to our character, it is of paramount importance that such clear and accurate ideas of the art be given to the public as shall enable them to judge betwixt the true and false, in order that, detecting and rejecting the latter with uncompromising consistency, they may receive and reward *only* the former, under whatever circumstances it may be brought before them, and without reference to name or country. The importance of anything which occupies so large an amount of public attention as does the art of music at this moment, from the peer to the peasant, cannot be doubted, or its influence denied. Let it not then be imagined that it is of no consequence what kind of music be given to the people, for there all the consequence lies. A nation's taste in literature and the fine arts must ever be taken as an indication of the actual state of its intelligence and refinement; and we feel convinced that a love for the vile and mean in art will always be found associated with a very low intellectual and moral status. Music, like every other art, has two sides: the one, corrupt and enervating in its influence—the other, elevating and ennobling; the one breathing a namby-pamby spirit of sickly sentimentality and incomprehensible transcendentalism—the other uttering truth to the heart in tones at once of simple grandeur and angelic sweetness.

The radical cause of the defective state of public taste is to be found in the ignorant and unconscientious system of musical instruction practised by most of our professors. If pupils were taught from the *commencement* to understand and appreciate the great masters, the judgment of the informed and honest critic would no longer appear prejudiced and pedantic, the man of true genius no longer be allowed to pine in indigence, or the charlatan to fatten on the bounty of the great. The odium of bad taste, then, should fall most properly on those who inculcate it. The amount of trash with which the pianos of our young ladies are covered is inconceivable. "Butterfly Polkas," "Elephant Polkas," "Row Polkas," with incoherent fantasies upon so-called popular opera or ballet tunes, and impossible variations upon insignificant themes, form their instrumental *répertoire*; whilst their vocal is made up of modern Italian opera airs, and heart-rending native ballads, which



speak of "Days that are faded," "Meeting people in crowds," and "Daring to love" somebody. In this deplorable state of affairs, created by unconscientious and ignorant artists, encouraged by music publishers, and sanctioned by the press, how are the pure and intellectual beauties of the great masters to be understood and loved? It is only by listening attentively to the opinions of those who have devoted their lives to the serious study of their art, weighing well their arguments, and taking every opportunity of hearing and practising those great works which they must eventually learn to understand and reverence. It is possible for the ear to have been so educated to good music as to enable it easily to distinguish between good and bad; but as knowledge (if, indeed, it can be so called) acquired in this way must necessarily be very vague and inaccurate, it is desirable that persons interested in the art should devote a little time to the examination and analysis of the comparative merits of eminent writers, in order that they may know why and in what respect one differs from or is superior to another, and be able to give a satisfactory reason for their judgment and preference. There is a reason for everything; and the beauties of art are as susceptible of proof as any other, if we but seek with diligence and discernment. It must, therefore, be our business to discover the *principles* upon which the great masters worked; and, as truth is immutable, we shall find one grand principle of "variety in unity" running through all great works, whether in poetry, painting, sculpture, or music. Any one possessing the requisite knowledge of one of these arts, may, reasoning by analogy, arrive at the truth with regard to the others. If fine works were the result of chance or mere inspiration, there would be no such thing as improvement; which theory would be utterly opposed to the evidence of facts, which proves the gradual and progressive development of all the arts from infancy to maturity. The music of the early composers sounds vague and formal to a modern ear, yet theirs was the solid foundation upon which their successors wrought; and without a Guido d'Arezzo, Palestrina, Caldara, Prencestino, and Fux, we should have had no Handels, Haydns, Mozarts, or Beethovens. The rigid system of counterpoint invented, and enforced by the former forms the basis of the style of the latter, which they have carried to the last degree of perfection, with such developments and modifications as a fuller comprehension of the subject suggested to them. The influence of deep contrapuntal study is to be found in the works of all the greatest masters; and although they have broken through the strictness of some early rules, which prohibited the use of this or that interval, and destroyed the arbitrary distinctions between the strict and free styles, yet, as an indispensable discipline of the mind, they have all admitted its power, and submitted (at least for a time) to its restrictions; and to this course of study is to be ascribed the almost perfect vocal quality of their part writing. The practice of simple counterpoint has undergone some changes, consequent upon the introduction of novel combinations (no less than nine chords at present in use having been unknown or unpractised before the eighteenth century), and the extended cultivation of singers, who can now take most of the intervals, particularly after hearing them upon an instrument, with faultless intonation. But the doctrine of invertible harmony (double counterpoint), the ground-work of fine writing, and the very key-stone of the much-desired "variety in unity," remains to us in all its original force. To make our meaning clear, we will borrow some illustrations of the "variety in unity" principle from the sister arts. We find, for instance, in the *Othello* of Shakspeare the principle of *jealousy*, which is the subject of the play, in a gradual state of development, and surrounded by accessory ideas growing out of the subject, yet never interfering with, but always increasing, its interest. In a picture by Michael Angelo, we see a subject surrounded by objects various in their forms, but still conceived with perfect unity of design, and which increase, but by no means divide, the interest which the subject creates; they are rendered subservient to the general effect. Precisely the same principle is to be found in all truly great musical works; and this principle, which we shall term *classical*, must exist, however forms may differ. Without it we have "a thing of shreds and patches"—a mass of incongruous ideas, which would gain their *habens corpus* from any musical court in Christendom. Judging from the present state of music, both at home and abroad, it is indeed truly hard to say what the art will ultimately come to.

That everything resembling purity of style and grandeur of form and conception is rapidly disappearing, and that a school founded in truth and beauty is giving way before one of "effects" and incomprehensible extravagances, we fear is too evident. That the art reached its highest point with Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and has since been declining, there can be no doubt, unless we are prepared to assert that the music of Mendelssohn or Spohr is greater than that of the mighty "Ton Dichter." Modern mechanical science, however, has invented and perfected several orchestral instruments unknown in the time of the greatest master, and the use or misuse of these (especially the brass), and their increased facilities of execution, must have a powerful influence one way or the other upon modern composition and taste. Unfortunately, they have as yet been employed only by ignorant pretenders, who think through their boisterous agency to conceal the poverty of their invention, and the absence of all the highest attributes of musicianship. These persons, who take quaintness for beauty, and noise for grandeur, are among the most dangerous corruptors of public taste. At the same time it must be admitted that a wide field has been opened to the aspiring composer for the display of his genius, where he may traverse untrodden paths with glory to himself and benefit to the art, if he but make a *right* use of the extended means within his reach. Novel combinations of instruments, and a due appreciation of the "*ton-farbe*," or colour the tone derives from the nature of the instrument employed, may be made to impart freshness even to a stale idea; and although "we are not so nice to change true rules for odd inventions," still we cannot reasonably object to experiments being tried in the new world of sound. If the result be satisfactory to the musician, the point is settled: a discovery has been made, and something is gained for the art. It may be useful, however, to the student to reflect that a simple phrase by any of the great masters, scored for the ordinary instruments, conveys more breadth and grandeur to the mind than could an army of ten thousand trombones, cornets, and ophicleides, bellowing forth some modern puerility. Mozart and Beethoven, in their grandest works, made a very *sparing* use of the brass instruments at their command. In the heroic symphony, for instance, Beethoven has used but *three horns* and two trumpets; and Mozart, in his *Idomeneo* (one of his loftiest inspirations), only four horns, two trumpets, and three trombones; the latter being used for a special effect, to accompany the divine sentence upon Idomeneo. The student must also reflect that the dexterous use of the brass instrument is frequently, though not necessarily, found associated with a very low degree of invention and very paltry musicianship. He will find by investigation that these instruments can only be judiciously employed in producing contrasts, which must not be too frequent or too violent, or a great principle of truth and beauty is violated; that they are very unmanageable, and still very imperfect; and he will recognise as a truth, that it is more glorious to produce a great effect with *small* means than to reverse the process. The spirit in which the projected national opera is to be conducted will be of the utmost importance to the progress of music amongst us; and every man who loves the art looks with anxiety to the proceedings of the committee. In that opera-house, we shall expect to hear the greatest works the country can produce. By the reception which those works meet with from the public and press we shall be enabled to judge pretty accurately how far we have advanced in error or are reverting back to a pure taste. We would, however, implore our young composers to eschew the servile imitations to which they are addicted; to study *constantly* and *deeply* the principles of the art; to strive to attain a complete mastery of the *means*; and to make the great masters their model in the true sense of the word. All the weakness we at present remark in them, and the tendency to lean on somebody, is more the result of a want of knowledge than of talent. To convey our ideas to others exactly as we conceived them, in all their originality, is one of the greatest difficulties in music (as in all other arts), and demands a much higher amount of knowledge than is generally to be found in young writers. A musical work conceived without the requisite knowledge of means must either turn out an abortion, or the bewildered composer, finding himself at a loss, flies to other writers for examples; and not, perhaps, discovering at the moment anything which immediately applies to his case, is forced to alter his conception to suit the taste of his knowledge; and thus

is obliged, not from want of ideas, but the power of *expressing* them, to give a work to the public which is truly not his own. The fact is that a really great work must be conceived with a *full knowledge of means*. The grandest conceptions are only engendered by great knowledge; and, with a true artist, conception and execution should be included in one act of the mind. Let our composers, then, study deeply the theory and principles of their art, making the great masters their model, with regard to whom we could say to them, "Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna." They will there see the application of the principles, and learn to think and feel for themselves. The importance of the *libretti* to which our composers are to write cannot be over-estimated, and that the vile doggerel which has hitherto been allowed to pollute opera books may be at once and for ever condemned and discarded is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." The commercial views of music-publishers must no longer be permitted to influence the proceedings of managers, who must bear in mind that a work may be very attractive to the public without being made, like the barber's razors, "to sell." A national opera is a subject of public interest, and the dignity of art must not be invaded, or the taste of the nation libelled, to oblige any firm, however influential. We shall continue to watch the proceedings of the National Opera Committee, and—

"Still pleased to praise, though not afraid to blame,"

shall unhesitatingly expose any abuse which may come under our notice.

In conclusion, we call upon our artists to be true to themselves; to follow resolutely what they *know* to be right; to allow no intrigue or indolence to turn them from the difficult but direct path which leads to fame and honour for themselves and their country. In the words of Dante, we will say to the aspiring student—

"Sequi il tuo corso, e lascia dir le genti,  
Sta come Torre ferma che non crolla,  
Giammai la lima per soffiar di venti."

If these injunctions be followed, we do not despair of seeing at last a national opera worthy of the British nation.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. AND MRS. DONALD KING AND MR. BORRANI have commenced an engagement at the theatre for a fortnight, and have already appeared in the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*. The operas have not been so well done as usual—inferior, in fact, to anything of the sort we have had at our Theatre Royal for some time past—but perhaps they will please better next week, when *Haydée* is to be given for the first time in this town. The Pantomime, one of the best that has ever been seen in Liverpool, draws immensely; its success is likely to remunerate our spirited manager, Mr. Copeland, for the expense he has incurred since he undertook the direction of one of the finest theatres in the provinces.

Miss Anne Romer took her farewell of her numerous admirers here last Friday, at the Concert Hall, where she appeared at a concert with some infant prodigies, yclept "The Fairy Minstrels." Though the concert was hurriedly got up, and little publicity had been given to it, yet the hall was attended by a highly respectable audience, who encored our favourite *prima donna* in almost all her songs. She sang "Black-eyed Susan," "Home, sweet Home," and other favourite *morceaux*, with her usual skill and taste, and was enthusiastically cheered at the conclusion of the concert. Miss Anne Romer is a living contradiction of the old saw, a "prophet has no honour in his own country." I believe that she will appear, with some members of her family, in a series of operas at one of our theatres next Easter. I hope this is true, for up to the present time her efforts on the stage have been greatly, almost completely, marred by the inefficiency of the other members of the operatic corps. The Philharmonic Society gave another concert in their new Hall last Monday. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Madame de Manara, and Miss Balfe; Mr. F. Robinson, Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. Yeakley, of Dublin, and Mr. J. Robinson, of Liverpool. The instrumentalists were, Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Dublin, pianoforte; and Mr. Percival, flute. Mr. E. F. Smith presided at the pianoforte. The attendance was not numerous.

Blewitt, Templeton, and John Parry, have all concerts announced for this next week. One of our local journals, *The Albion*, states positively in his last two numbers, that Jenny Lind will sing in Liverpool in the course of next month. Perhaps he is right, and perhaps he is not. It would not be polite to contradict him.

Mrs. H. Beale, the pianist, gave the second of a series of four concerts, at the Royal Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday, to a select, though not very numerous, audience. The programme consisted of selections from the classical authors of the day, embracing a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Beethoven, and a quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Mendelssohn. The instrumentalists were Messrs. J. Z. Hermann and Lawson (violins), Messrs. Haddock and Saunders (violoncellos), Mr. Adelberg (viola), and Mrs. Beale (pianoforte). The second part opened with Mendelssohn's duet in D (*Air Varié*) for pianoforte and violoncello, performed by Mrs. Beale and Mr. Haddock.

The Philharmonic Society have announced a grand ball, to take place in a few days, which will be so arranged as to permit the juveniles to participate in the pleasures of dancing. They have also stated their intention to issue season tickets for a series of concerts, which will be a great convenience both to the society and the public, since those who choose to avail themselves of the tickets may not only have the privilege of *entrée* but select particular seats for the entire series.

Four more performances have been given at the Collegiate Institution since I last wrote, leaving six to terminate the series. The *Creation* drew a large audience, and the miscellaneous concerts have been respectably attended. The pecuniary result of these *soirées*, it is understood, will enable the directors to accomplish their purpose of relieving their noble organ from debt. Miss H. Taylor, Miss Collins, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. W. H. Seguin have been the principal singers. This evening *Judas Maccabeus* will be given. The chorus, as in the *Messiah*, was as excellent as again to win the marked approval of the eminent conductor, Sir H. R. Bishop. The accompaniments on the organ and pianoforte have been played by Mr. C. F. Smith; and Spohr's overture to the *Last Judgment*, by Mr. W. Rogers and himself, was a great treat.

J. H. N.

##### JULLIEN IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WE have had the pleasure of a visit from M. Jullien, accompanied by his excellent orchestra and the renowned Madlle. Jetty Treffz. The programme presented the usual novelties, which were first produced at the popular concerts at Drury Lane Theatre, and have since gone the round of the provinces. The concert commenced with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which was dashing played. A new set of quadrilles, "The Hungarians," is very pretty, and abounds with those sparkling effects with which Jullien so well knows how to charm the ears and the understandings of the novelty-seeking public. The variations were played by Collins (violin), Jennings (oboe), Collinet (Bageolet), Sonnenberg (clarinet), and König (cornet), who exhibited the talent which has won for each his respective eminence. "The Cossack Polka," "Row Polka," "Chatelaine Polka," "Wild Flower Waltz," with a selection from *Don Juan*, were the other principal features of the instrumental part of the concert. There has been great curiosity amongst the musical and non-musical inhabitants of Glasgow to hear and see Madlle. Jetty Treffz. She was greeted on her appearance in the orchestra with several rounds of applause. But as all things must come to an end, so at last did the applause; and as one thing begins as soon as another ends, when the applause subsided, Madlle. Jetty Treffz began to sing. Mozart's aria "Vedrai carino" was selected for her first *morceau*, which *chef d'œuvre* of vocal melody she sung so delightfully that she at once enlisted all hands and all hearts in her favour. Kücken's characteristic *lied*, "Trab, trab, trab," next announced, was sung next accordingly, and enthusiastically encored, and one of our most popular national ditties, "Coming through the rye," substituted. If ever you have attended a concert in the "Land o' Cakes," you can easily picture to yourself the sensation produced on us when we were made aware (by the introductory symphony) that we were going to hear one of our most favourite "tunes" from the lips of such a pretty foreign warbler as Madlle Jetty Treffz. Wholly un-

prepared for such a compliment to our nationality, we were not a little flattered by the sympathy which had prompted Madlle. Treffz to study our Scottish melody and dialect—a task not to be accomplished by a stranger without considerable difficulty. In the second part, a new ballad, "My bright Savoy," by "Angelina," a clever and touching composition, which I hope to hear frequently, was most favourably received. After this came a Venetian air, "Io voglio"—another uncompromising encore. The audience were determined to have something more. They did not care what so that Madlle. Jetty Treffz was the singer. The gifted little German is certainly the most good-natured "prima donna" in the world. Although she had already sung no less than five times, she cheerfully came forward for the sixth, and gave Sir Henry Bishop's Anglo-Spanish ballad "Home, sweet home." The public fully appreciated her kindness, and evinced their appreciation in a manner that I think must have been thoroughly satisfactory to the artist. If it would not be drawing too largely on your time, would you be kind enough to give an old Scot, a hearty lover of national songs of every clime, some idea of the number of languages Madlle. Jetty Treffz is prepared to sing in? I observe that upon every occasion of an encore, a song in another language is substituted, of course in quite another style. During this concert she sang in English, Scotch, Italian, and German. Can she sing in Irish and Welsh? I hardly doubt it. She appears to be able to do everything. The songs of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Spohr, and other great masters, appear to be as much at her command as the natural ballads to which she gives a physiognomy at once sensational and simple; she has quite established her reputation in this town, as I have no doubt she will in every other that she may visit in Scotland, as one of the most unaffected and charming singers we have heard. The Concert Hall was crowded in every part, and was attended by the most respectable families in this part of the country. M. Jullien was immensely applauded on his entrance and at the conclusion of the concert. M. Jullien has announced another concert to take place on Saturday evening. Should anything occur worthy your notice I will inform you of it.

#### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 4.)

Cor. Where had you this black?

Jac. I bought him at the Porto Santo.

Cor. Methinks he is a better-favoured Moor than ordinary.

Jac. Aye, sir,—his nose is not so flat as most of theirs, and he has not altogether such a black mossy pate. *Old Play.*

Facile divinabam non fuisse Poetam.

ERASMUS. *Convivium Poeticum.*

La plupart des hommes sont riches d'une suffisance étrangère.

MONTAIGNE, iii. cap. 8.

ΜΕΛΙ. Επακας ο Απολλων το της Ηρας βρεφος το αρτι τεχθεν, ως καλον τε εστι και προσηλα πασι, και ελαος τι ηδη ως μεγα αγαθον απαθησομενον;

ΑΠ. Εκεινο γε φηι βρεφος, ο Ηρας τε, η μεγα αγαθον ο του Ιαπετου πρεσβυτερον εστιν οσον εν τη πανουργια; \* \* \* ουτως αχειρει εστι καθαρως εν τη γαστρι ικελευσας την αλευτιαν. *LUCIAN.*

If, to pull off the mask from an *Impostor*, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a service to mankind (as it certainly is), a better opportunity never can offer itself. *SMART. Preface to the Hiliad.*

Fur avare librorum.—*MARTIAL.*

Scriptores nostri quovis è genere librorum, etiam non optimorum, occupantur utilitatem aliquam, et omnes undique fœculos delibant quo ferè pacto princeps olim poetarum legere se gemmas ex Enalano stipore dicebat.—*VASSOR. De lud. dict.*

His vaine in verse was such,  
so stately eke his style,  
His feat in forging sugred songs  
with clean and curious file,  
As all the learned Greeks  
and Romans would repine  
If they did live againe to view  
his verse with careful eyne.

[G. TURBETVILLE. *Songs and Sonnets*, 1570.

What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

SHAKSPERE. *Henry IV.*

The *third* rule of plagiarism is short and simple. It consists in merely copying entire lines from your predecessor, without hesitation, acknowledgment, or thanks. Sam Rogers is potent in this line. *Ex. gra.*

ROGERS.

*In him the rays of virtue shine.*

Evidently copied from Pope's reflection on Wolsey:—

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.

ROGERS.

*The sage's and the poet's theme,  
In every clime, in every age.*

• POPE. *Universal Prayer.*

In every age,

In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage.

ROGERS.

*The swallow oft beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest.*

GRAY.—*Elegy.*

The swallow twittering from her clay-built nest.

The author of *Tam O'Shanter*, too, has a thought of rather doubtful origin, which may be almost classed under this rule:—

BURNS.

*Her 'prentice hun' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.*

BOCCACCIO.—*Nov. vi. 6th Day.*

I have only to show, in order to gain my question, that the Baronci family is the most ancient of all others. You must understand, therefore, that they were formed when Nature was in her infancy, and before she was perfect at her work; and that the rest of mankind were all created afterwards.

Let us see how Tommy deals with this rule of priggling.

MOORE. *Corruption.*

*And the duped people hourly doomed to pay,  
The sums that bribe their liberties away,  
Like a young eagle who has lent his plume,  
To pledge the shaft by which he meets his doom;  
See their own feathers plucked to wing the dart,  
That rank corruption destined for their heart.*

HOWELL. *On Master Fletcher.*

England, like Lucian's eagle with an arrow,  
Of her own plumes piercing her heart quite thorow.

GILES FLETCHER. *Christ's Victory.*

How many darts made furrows in his side,  
When she, that out of his own side was made,  
Gave feather to their flight.

K. PHILLIPS. *On Controversies in Religion.*

Religion, which true policy befriends,  
Designed by God to serve man's noblest ends,  
Is, by that old deceiver's subtle play,  
Made the chief party in its own decay;  
And meets that eagle's destiny, whose breast  
Felt the same shaft which his own feathers dress'd.

WALLER.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which on the shaft that made him die,  
Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he went to soar on high.

BYRON.—*English Bards.*

So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,  
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest  
Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.

This is cool robbing, no doubt. But here are two more instances.

MOORE.—*Little's Poems.*  
*The angels shall help me to wheedle*  
*I'll swear upon every one*  
*That e'er danced on the point of a needle.*

The little chap cannot even swear an oath without stealing it. This is from—

BUTLER.—*Satires.*  
 And hangs his soul upon as nice  
 And subtle curiosities,  
 As one of that vast multitude  
 That on a needle's point have stood.

MOORE.—*Of Fox.*  
*Thou on whose burning tongue*  
*Truth, peace, and freedom, hung.*

The authoress of *Pysche* wrote the original of these lines in a copy of that work which had once belonged to Fox.

MR. TIGHE.  
 And still delighted fancy loves to see  
 The flattering smile which prompt indulgence might  
 (Even when he read what lowliest muse could write)  
 Have hung upon that lip whose melody  
 Truth, sense, and liberty, have called their own.

The fourth rule of plagiarism is to give the converse of the stolen thought;—a safe enough way of pillaging an unfortunate man of genius. Thus Pope tells us,

*Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,*  
*As to be hated needs but to be seen.*

This is the thought inverted of

CICERO.—*De Officiis.*  
*Formam quidem ipsam et faciem honesti vides, quæ si oculis cerneretur*  
*mirabiles amores excitaret sapientiam.*

The fifth rule of plagiarism is to amplify an original thought into sonorous verses, as beaten gold may be spread into an acre of leaf. A very good example of this may be found in Tommy's verses in the *Veiled Prophet*, which commence,

*Oh, who could even in bondage tread the plains, &c., &c.*

The sixth rule of plagiarism is to contract the thought. Thus a stanza of Cowley is crushed into a hemistich, for the propounding of which Wordsworth has been extolled far above the sun and moon:

WORDSWORTH.  
*The child is father to the man.*

COWLEY.  
 Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show;  
 We may our ends by their beginnings know.

Thomas has added this sin also to the myriads of other "little sinnings," for which he shall never get absolution from open us, until he shall have made "open confession."

MOORE.—*Melodies.*  
*We're fallen on gloomy days,*  
*Star after star decays.*

Something like this was said by our Irish orator—

BURKE.

So many and such great revolutions had happened of late, that he was not much surprised to hear the Rt. Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Jenkinson) treat the loss of the supremacy of this country over Ireland as a matter of very little consequence. Thus one star, and that the brightest of our orrery, having been suffered to be lost, those who were accustomed to inspect and watch our political heaven might not wonder that it should be followed by the loss of another.

*So star would follow star, and light, light,*  
*Till all was darkness and eternal night.*

These are the Six Rules of Plagiarism!

And now let us see how scrupulously they have been

followed in *Lalla Rookh*. Of that swindling production I do not feel called on to give any lengthened criticism. Moore himself has done it ample justice in the criticisms of *Fadladeen*. To an impartial reader of this *Encomium* it will be clear that Moore wrote the work somewhat in the following fashion. Be it remembered, that according to his own confession, he devoted three years and upwards to its composition. I suppose that he gave up two entire years of that period to close and constant study of books of poetry, and authors who have treated of Oriental scenery, history, customs, and antiquities. The best thoughts and most shining passages in every volume which he read, he transcribed carefully, after the manner of Mr. Bayes, into an immense common-place book. He then tossed up, head or harp, for a subject arranged all the stolen thoughts into what may be called chronological order, sat down to his writing desk, and by the help of *Bysshe's Art of Poetry* and *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary* (which to such poets as flourish in this Age of Brass are as indispensable as a goose to tailors, slander to the excommunicated priest, and dirt and filth to his comrogue), rewrote those noble fancies of the Elders in his own style, paraphrased, plagiarised, translated, inverted, converted, retroverted, amplified, contracted, and emasculated. The palm of skill, in disguising his thefts, I cheerfully award him. He has done it so successfully that many an honest man will give him credit for originality and invention. Be it so. But let me whisper softly into the ears of those fair and easy gentlemen, that plagiarism ever has been, must be, and will be, disguised with dexterity; that the greatest talent is frequently displayed in the trickeries of authors; that the forgeries of Ireland for many a long year baffled the researches and examination of the most learned and philosophic; that the impositions of Psalmannazar deceived the world so completely, that had he not confessed himself to be the knave he was, the fraud would be, perhaps, undetected now; that the Ossianic fictions of Macpherson have even still their disciples; and that it is only the lapse of years, and frequently mere chance, which reveals to the astounded world the audacious villainies of many who have descended to the grave with a bright halo of fame encircling their brows, and the reputation, too, of unsullied honesty and virtue. Rogues are not generally men of dull intellect. Their adroitness has often won the wonder of the jury who condemned, and the judge who sentenced them. And why should we imagine literary rogues less cautious and cunning than their brethren of Newgate University? Lord Byron, who may be supposed to have known something of the art and mystery of thought-stealing, shows in a half-dozen words how dextrously Poets manage the thoughts of their predecessors in rhyme. "And here a word *en passant* to Mr. Campbell.

"As you summits soft and fair  
 Clad in colours of the air,  
 Which to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear,  
 Still we tread the same coarse way,  
 The present still a cloudy day.

DYER.

"Is not this the original," asks his lordship, "of the far-famed

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
 And clothes the mountain in its azure hue?"

Moore's plagiarisms have all been disguised with equal cunning. But I will keep the reader no longer from them. Let me begin therefore with *Lalla Rookh*—

A work that almost makes me puke.—TENNYSON.

(To be continued.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**STEPHEN HELLER AND ERNST.**—The musical inhabitants of Brighton will have the opportunity of hearing both these celebrated artists, at a morning concert, on Saturday, the 26th. The programme offers many attractions. We shall receive a letter on the subject from one of our correspondents.

**MADLLES. DANHAUSER.**—Among Mr. Mitchell's operatic engagements are two promising young artists, pupils of the celebrated Madame Cinti-Damoreau. The Madlles, Danhauser are very young, very good looking, and very intelligent. Their voices are agreeable, and their musical aptitude seems to indicate future excellence. They could not be in better hands than those of the clever and enterprising Mr. Mitchell.

**GOSWOLD,** the admirable performer on the harp, is at present at Boulogne, but will be in London at the beginning of the season.

**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Last night, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed by the members of this society, under the direction of Mr. Surman, when the hall was crammed to suffocation.

**MASSOL,** the popular barytone, has been singing at Havre, with great success, in *Charles VI.*, the *Favorite*, and other operas. The journals speak in high terms of his performance; we shall give some extracts in our next number. M. Massol is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera for the forthcoming season.

**MADAME PLEYEL,** the Queen of pianists, is "lying upon her oars" at Brussels; but a rumour is abroad that she has determined to outshine all the stars of the London musical season in the present year of our Lord 1860. Let us hope that Mr. Rumour lies not.

**SIVONI.**—This efficient violinist, having ransacked the Americans of their gold pieces, and thoroughly enchanted the ears of the Yankees, is about to revisit us. He is now at New York, and early in March will be in London.

**METRANZA.**—The celebrated composer of the *Prophète* has left Paris, but will return in a few weeks.

**LEICESTER MONTHLY CONCERTS.**—(From a Correspondent.)—We much rejoice at the resuscitation of the oldest of all schools of musical writing in Leicester, the *concerto*. It is more than twenty years since the public performance of any similar work in this town. Why, it is difficult to say, since the *Messiah*, on Monday evening, supported, with few exceptions, entirely by local musical talent, was altogether a most creditable performance. The vocal solo parts were well sustained by Mrs. Parkes of Sheffield, Miss Whitnall of Liverpool, and Messrs. Benson and Lawler of the Exeter Hall Concerts. The chorus was efficient with few exceptions. Mozart's accompaniments were also well sustained by this Grace the Duke land's private band. The band was led with great skill by Mr. Henry Gill, and if any deficiencies could be pointed out, it was in the want of brilliancy and effect of the strings. For the projectors it was a great triumph, the Wellington Rooms being literally crammed.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Dando's, Mr. Willy's, and Mr. Alcroft's Concerts, with other notices and articles of importance, are unavoidably postponed until next week. We must also defer our answers to various Correspondents till our next—begging pardon for the delay.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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M. CHOLLET & MADLLE. CHARTON.

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ON MONDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1860,

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LE VAL D'ANDORRE;

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AN ORATORIO,

By WILLIAM GLOVER,

(Author of "JERUSALEM,")

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EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR MR. COSTA.

FRIDAY NEXT, January 25th, MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL" will be repeated. Vocalists:—Miss CATHERINE HAYES, Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY, and Herr FORMES.

Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's sole Office, No. 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross.

Sims Reeves, Formes, Ernst, and Thalberg.  
EXETER HALL.

WEDNESDAY next, January 23rd, will be held the

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(and last but one of the Series of Fifteen.)

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Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. STAMFORD, at the Office of the Concerts, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians.

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No. 4.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.  
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)\*

We have omitted Tomaschek, Worsichek, Berger, and a host of other pianoforte writers from our catalogue *raisonnée* of the epoch immediately preceding the our own, for the same reason that we have not spoken of Louis Adam and some other composers of the time of Dussek. Though clever men, and the authors of a large variety of works, some of which have unquestionable merit, we cannot find that they have had much influence on their co-temporaries; nor have any of them left examples of the sonata, to shew their acquaintance with and attachment to that grand form of musical composition.

But there is one, who, though we name last, perhaps merits the very first place among all those who were his cotemporaries. We mean Carl Maria Von Weber, one of the greatest geniuses and one of the most original and distinguished musicians of all time. The gifted author of *Der Freischütz*, as our readers will know, ranked among the remarkable pianists of his age. He wrote a great number of works for the pianoforte, in many of which the peculiar characteristics of his genius are prominently displayed. Perhaps the most generally popular concert-piece ever written is the fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, in F, denominated *Concert-stück*. This *morceau* has been for many years the *cheval de bataille* of numberless players, from Madame Pleyel and Liszt to Litolf and Alexandre Billet. We have heard almost every pianist of fame execute the *Concert-stück*, Thalberg alone excepted. Weber also wrote a grand concerto in E flat, a brilliant effort, in which, besides a number of passages entirely new, there are orchestral effects of great originality and excellence. The variations and miscellaneous pieces† of Weber are well known, as are his quartet in B flat and other compositions for the chamber; the latter not by any means his best works, while the former are in their way incomparable. But after the *Concert-stück* the most highly esteemed of Weber's productions are the four grand sonatas for piano solus, in C major, D minor, A flat, and E minor. All of these contain movements as remarkable for their freshness as for their ingenuity—as, for example, the *rondo finale* ("Moto Continuo") of the first, the andante with variations of the second, and the *allegretto and finale* (*Tarantella*) of the fourth. But most perfect of all, in every respect, is the third, in A flat, a work of romantic loveliness—a masterpiece, which every pianist who loves his art should know and profit by. The fault of Weber's sonatas (we say it with deference) is a certain diffuseness which damages the regularity of their form, and an occasional monotony, arising from the

frequent employment of passages strongly resembling each other in character. But the movements we have specialised are almost free from these, while in the sonata in A flat, from the exquisite grace of the principal themes and the captivating luxuriance of the subordinate passages, they become an absolute beauty. Weber, as everybody knows, has had numberless imitators, but fewer copyists of his pianoforte works than of his dramatic compositions and orchestral overtures, to which, and above all to his *Der Freischütz*, he owes his universal popularity. He may therefore be placed apart from the rest of his cotemporaries, like Beethoven—a lesser star, but still of the first magnitude.

We are approaching the end of our digression. A few words about the modern pianoforte composers—a large number of whom are included in what has been very questionably designated the "Romantic School"—and we shall at once proceed to examine the works of M. Stephen Heller, by whom we have inadvertently been tempted to make this short and unsatisfactory sketch of the principal writers for the piano since the time of Haydn, which has occupied so unreasonable a quantity of columns. In considering those of the present day we shall be compelled to pass over altogether, or with a simple catalogue of their names, a vast number of composers, followers in the footsteps of the more celebrated men who have at once influenced the progress of the instrument and invented what is actually new.

Of Mendelssohn we may say, as of Beethoven, that he shines apart from the rest of his cotemporaries. He was, beyond comparison, the greatest genius and the most learned musician of the age in which he lived, and which he has undoubtedly influenced more than any other man, Spohr himself not excepted. The number of Mendelssohn's imitators are legion; the shelves of the music-publishers groan under the heavy weight of their productions; you cannot see a new catalogue without observing at least fifty compositions which you may safely swear, without once looking at them, are little better than parodies of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (the most popular type), or of something else equally his and equally not theirs. But these copyists of a great original, like the other copyists of another great original—Dussek—chiefly occupied themselves with his mannerisms; being, as we have already said, wholly incompetent to emulate his beauties or his scientific acquirements. The best of them are those who began to write before Mendelssohn and were afterwards carried away in the vortex of his fascinating style. The most eminent, and justly so, are Ferdinand Hiller and Taubert. Whether either of these wrote sonatas we are unable to say; we have seen many specimens of their works, but not a single sonata,—although some stringed quartets, a pianoforte quintet, and a few orchestral essays of Hiller, who is a very able musician, show that he had cultivated the form, however inclined to develop it with undue exuberance. Hiller chiefly owes his influence to his *Études*, which have been unanimously

\* We are happy to learn from a correspondent, who appears to be well-informed, that M. Pixis is not dead. A report in the French journals, some months ago, led us into this error, which we need not say it gives us much pleasure to correct.

† Need we mention the *Polaccas*, in E flat and E major, the latter of which was so great a favourite with Mendelssohn.



practised by pianists and have facilitated several peculiarities of mechanism. Most of Taubert's pieces that we have had the opportunity of perusing are caprices, fantasias, *et cetera*.

(To be continued.)

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From our own Reporter.)

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Sacred Harmonic Society was held at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday last, the President, Mr. Harrison, in the chair. The following Report from the Committee was read and unanimously adopted:—

The recurrence of an occasion like the present, when the Committee have to render to their fellow members an account of their proceedings for a period of twelve months; to bring under review the various operations which, through their instrumentality, the Society has been engaged in; and to exhibit, without concealment or reservation, the results of the labours of the whole year, must obviously awaken in their minds a sense of the important responsibilities which rest upon them, and an anxiety to be able to present such a statement as will commend itself to the approval of those to whom it is addressed. It is with feelings such as these that the Committee have prepared themselves for the discharge of the duty which now lies before them, of presenting "a Report of the state of the Society, and an Abstract of its Accounts," for the year which has just expired. And it is a source of much pleasure to them, that the occasion for performing that duty has at length arrived, because it affords to the members at large an opportunity of becoming conversant with the actual condition and prospects of the Society, and of sharing with the Committee the gratification of knowing that the labours of the year shew a result highly satisfactory and encouraging, and a degree of success which warrants much congratulation.

With regard to "the state of the Society," so far as relates to the number of persons connected with it as members and subscribers during the past year, the Committee have to report that the numbers in the respective quarters were as follow, viz.—Lady Day, 644; Midsummer, 648; Michaelmas, 638; Christmas, 689.

On comparing these numbers with those of the preceding year, it is gratifying to observe that in every quarter the numbers of last year very much exceeded those of 1848. It is also worthy of remark, that, taking an average of the four quarters, last year will appear to have been distinguished by a higher average than any one of the seven years which preceded it. Thus:—In 1842 the average was 616; 1843, 540; 1844, 561; 1845, 637; 1846, 652; 1847, 626; 1848, 590; 1849, 638.

The increase in the average of last year, as compared with 1848, is, therefore, as many as 88. If, again, the actual numbers at the close, or last quarter, of each year, are compared, it will appear that last year they not only much exceeded the numbers at the end of 1848, but that there are only two instances (and both of them are several years back) in which the number of 689 members and subscribers, existing at Christmas last, has been equalled at the close of any year since the Society was first established.

The number of new members and subscribers received during the past year has been as follows, viz.:—

In the first quarter	34
" second ditto	18
" third ditto	5
" fourth ditto	235
	<hr/> 292

The periods at which the subscriptions of the several persons belonging to the Society at Christmas expire, are given in the following statement, viz.:—

At Christmas, 1849	103
" Lady-day, 1850	105
" Midsummer, 1850	36
" Michaelmas, 1850	445
	<hr/> 689

The subscriptions during the past year have been kept up with

the regularity which has always been customary in this Society, and it has afforded the Committee much pleasure to observe the continued interest in these meetings which has been manifested on the part of the members and assistants; at the same time, their undoubted importance renders it allowable for the Committee to take this opportunity of urging upon all who expect to take part in the public performances a habit of a regular and punctual attendance at the rehearsals.

The music brought under the notice of the Society at the rehearsals, independently of that intended for immediate performance at the concerts, has included the following works:—

Handel's Oratorio, *Saul*; *Funeral Anthem*; and Chorus from *Susanna*, "Righteous Heaven;" Haydn's Oratorio, *The Seasons*; and *Mass No. 3*; Mozart's Motett, "Splendete Te Deus;" Mendelssohn's Oratorio, *Saint Paul*; and Cantata, "Praise Jehovah," being an adaptation to English words of the music composed by him for the Hymn "Lauda Sion;" Spohr's Oratorio, *The Last Judgment*; and Mr. Costa's Motett, "Date Sinitum."

The public performances of the Society, from Christmas, 1848 to Christmas, 1849, have been as follow, viz.:—

Monday, Jan. 8, and Friday, Jan. 19, Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*; Friday, Feb. 9, Beethoven's *Mass in C*, a selection from the works of Marcello, Mozart, Hummel, and Luther, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, or *Hymn of Praise*; Friday, Feb. 23, Thursday, March 1, and Friday, March 16, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; Friday, March 30, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and music to Racine's *Athalie*; Wednesday, April 4, Handel's *Messiah*; Monday, April 23, Friday, April 27, and Friday, May 18, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; Friday, May 5, and Friday, June 8, Haydn's *Creation*; Friday, June 22, Mendelssohn's music to Racine's *Athalie* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*; Monday, Nov. 12, Handel's *Solomon*; Friday, Nov. 30th, Friday, Dec. 7, Friday, Dec. 14, Friday, Dec. 21, Handel's *Messiah*.

From this list it appears that there have been nineteen concerts during the past year, a number which has never been exceeded in any one year, and has only once before been equalled. Of these nineteen concerts, ten were subscription and the remainder repetition performances. In the year preceding, the subscription concerts were but nine.

As a proof of the endeavours to introduce due variety and novelty into the preceding list, it may be observed, that Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* and *Solomon* had neither of them been performed since 1846—a period of three years; that Beethoven's *Mass in C* had been laid aside for nearly six years, having been last performed in March, 1843; and that Mendelssohn's *Athalie* had never before been performed by the Society, and only twice previously been publicly performed in England.

It is also worthy of being mentioned, as an interesting feature in the performances of last year, that none of the works produced at them (with the exception of the *Messiah* and the *Elijah*.) had been previously performed by the Society, since it has enjoyed the advantage of the orchestra being under the able direction of its highly talented, and much esteemed conductor, Mr. Costa: this circumstance gave a peculiar interest to the performance of nearly every one of the works brought forward at the concerts of the past year. His superior judgment and taste, combined with that remarkable ability and tact, which never fail to gain the entire confidence, and ensure the ready obedience of every individual in any orchestra over which he presides, effected such an improvement in the general style of the performance, that even works which had grown familiar by frequent repetition, presented beauties which had been before comparatively hidden and unobserved, and yielded new satisfaction and delight, both to performers and auditory. In corroboration of these remarks, the Committee would refer to the recollections of those who had the gratification of being present on these occasions, and also to the critical account of the performances which appeared in the public journals, many of which are particularly noticeable for the ability and care with which they are written, and are well worthy of an attentive and thoughtful perusal.

The Committee have the gratification of recording the honour done to the Society in receiving two Royal Visits in the course of the year; the first on the 1st of March, when His Royal Highness Prince Albert attended a performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (the seat next to him being occupied by the venerable and illustrious Duke of Wellington, who was present for the first time at one of the Society's Concerts); and the other occasion being on the 22nd of June, when Her Majesty The Queen and the Prince



Albert, attended by a distinguished suite, were pleased to witness the second performance of Mendelssohn's music to "*Athalie*."

The following is a list of the principal vocal performers who have appeared at the concerts during the past year, containing, as usual, the names of several who had not before been engaged at the Society's performances:

Miss Birch, Madlle. Jetty de Treffz,\* Miss A. Williams, Miss Louisa Pyne,\* Miss Stewart, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockett, Mr. T. Williams,\* Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Machin, Mr. Bodda, Mr. J. A. Novello, Mr. Lawler.\*

The committee also obtained the assistance of Mr. Vandenhoff, on the first, and Mr. Bartley on the second performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, in reciting the illustrative verses by which the several portions of the music are connected; and it is due to those gentlemen to acknowledge, that the effective manner in which they discharged the duties undertaken by them, contributed much to the general admiration excited by the performances. With respect, however, to Mr. Bartley, the Committee have felt themselves under peculiar obligations. Although long retired from his profession, and accustomed only to resume its duties on rare occasions, to meet the wishes of royalty, he most kindly and courteously acceded to the request of the Committee to afford his assistance at the performance which was attended by Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert; having generously declined receiving any remuneration for his valuable services, the Committee thought it right, in addition to returning him their best thanks, to mark their grateful sense of his kindness by electing him as an honorary member of the Society, a compliment which they have much pleasure in knowing has afforded him great gratification.

The Donations to the Library, which the Committee have had the pleasure to receive during the past year, are as follow; viz.:

William Bartholomew, Esq. A full score of Mendelssohn's Music to the Hymn, "Lauda Sion," as adapted by Mr. Bartholomew to a Cantata, entitled "Praise Jehovah," (MS.)

Henry Phillips, Esq. Marcello's Psalms, as adapted to English words by Garth. 8 vols. (A very fine copy, formerly in Mr. Bartleman's Library.)

Edward Buxton, Esq., a subscriber. Three Psalms, composed for the Cathedral at Berlin, by Mendelssohn.

Vincent Novello, Esq. (Second donation). Beethoven's Mass in D, full score. Haydn's Passions, full score. Cherubini's Mass in F, full score. Cherubini's Six Select Pieces of Sacred Music, full score. Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, and Salve Regina, full score. (MS.) A Selection from the Works of Palestrina.

Mr. Henry Leslie, a member. A Festival Psalm of his composition, "Let God arise," vocal score.

Pursuing the course adopted in 1848, the Committee have purchased all the music required for the use of the orchestra during the past year, instead of hiring the same as formerly. The expenditure for this purpose has amounted to the sum of £184 10s. 3d., being less by £76 1s. 3d. than the sum required for the like purpose in 1848; and the amount of the total outlay, for the two years, has been considerably less than the charge for the hire would have been under the old system. It is to be observed, also, that the charge for the past year includes the purchase of a considerable number of extra copies of the works performed in 1848, which were rendered necessary by the increase in the numbers of the band and chorus, consequent on the enlargement of the orchestra at the latter end of that year. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark, that as the stock of orchestral music accumulates, the annual charge for purchase of music for the orchestra, will, of course, diminish.

The accounts for the year ending at Christmas last have, at the request of the Committee, been carefully examined and audited, as usual, by three of the members, who were nominated at the last annual general meeting, viz., Mr. Thomas Dix, Mr. G. F. Bawtree, and Mr. William Reid. From the abstract which has been signed by these gentlemen, and which is appended to this Report, it appears that the aggregate receipts and payments of the year were as follow, viz. —

RECEIPTS.	
Balance in hand at Christmas, 1848	£159 14 11
Dividends on Stock	23 9 11
Subscriptions	957 9 0
Casual Receipts	9 9 0
Proceeds of Concerts	4065 7 3
	£5225 10 1

\* First time.

PAYMENTS.	
General Expenses	£813 13 2
Expenses of Concerts	4354 13 5
	£5168 6 7
Balance in hand	£257 3 6

It is worthy of remark upon this statement, that the amount of receipts for subscriptions, and for proceeds of concerts, are each of them larger than has occurred under these respective heads in any former year. By the last annual report it appears that the subscriptions received in 1848 amounted to £809 9s., an amount which was stated to have exceeded any previous year since the society had been in existence, and to have been nearly £100 beyond the amount in the year immediately preceding. It will be seen, however, that the subscriptions in the last year have further exceeded those of 1848 by a sum of £54.

With respect to payments, it is right to point out that one of the principal items, independent of the expenditure for Concerts, is the amount which has already been mentioned as having been expended in the purchase of music, required for the performances of the year, beyond what was previously in the possession of the Society; this amount and the sum disbursed for the library of reference will be found to be, together, about £210. As the Society possesses an equivalent for this amount in the purchases which were made with it, it is evident, that although the money balance in hand at the close of the year is less by about £100 than it was at the commencement, yet as property in another shape has been acquired to the extent of upwards of £200, there has been an actual profit realized of above £100 during the year.

The amount of property of which the Society is possessed at the present time may be stated to be as follows: —

Stock in the Public Funds (3 per cent. Consols)	£1000 0 0
Estimated value of Library, Stock of Music, Instruments, Fittings, &c.	1000 0 0
	£2000 0 0

In drawing their Report to a conclusion, the Committee indulge in a confident expectation that the details which they have been enabled to furnish, of the proceedings and actual condition of the Society, will be considered as highly satisfactory, and as furnishing occasion for well-grounded congratulation. It affords them sincere pleasure to be able to render so favourable an account; and they trust that with undiminished confidence in the principles which regulate its affairs, and unabated zeal and unanimity on the part of its members and supporters, it may be the happy destiny of the Sacred Harmonic Society to preserve for many years to come a course of well-merited prosperity and usefulness.

The election of Officers then took place, and on proposing the re-election of the four members of the Committee, who retired by rotation, Mr. Vaughan remarked, that the Committee during the past year had served the Society so faithfully and so well, that there could not be the least hesitation in continuing to confide its interests to their hands. They had brought the Society through a year of great difficulty with the utmost success, and deserved their warmest thanks. The usual votes of thanks were then passed, and the meeting broke up.

There was a very full attendance of Members.

## ERNST.

We reproduce the following notice of a recent performance of this celebrated player, from the columns of the *Morning Herald*: —

"Ernst fascinated his myriad of hearers by performing a new violin solo and his inimitable variations on the *Carnaval de Venise* — the last an achievement of measureless whim and humour, and, although so often repeated, of inexhaustible variety. His new solo, entitled "*Ludovic*," had not been heard before in this country, but promises to be in great future demand. The theme is not his own, but the adaptation is, and few violinists know so well as Ernst how to put a slight and unimportant



subject in an orchestral setting, and develop in the meanwhile the capacities and resources of the instrument of which he is such a consummate master. The opening movement, as well as a variation in the minor key, preceding the closing coda, were exquisite specimens of adagio playing, a branch of the art in which we sincerely believe Ernst never had an equal, so poetically coloured in his style, and so passionately intense in his expression. But the "Ludovic" fantasia displayed his skill in all its varied aspects; and among the best feats of dexterity which it brought forth were some passages of double-stopping, which were amazing instances of a species of skill which few can accomplish perfectly, partly owing to manual limitation and partly to constitutional inaptitude. Ernst's octaves and tenths are as truly, and as firmly delivered as if two players were present instead of one; and this, too, in passages of the greatest velocity and the most irregular sequence. The applause which followed the solo was of the usual vociferous kind, and had it not been so long as it was, it would unquestionably have been re-demanded."

Few critics have appreciated more delicately or more vividly described their impressions of the original and attractive talent of Ernst.

#### STEPHEN HELLER.

[We follow up our extracts from the cotemporary press by an article from the *Athenæum*, on Stephen Heller's *Seconde Grande Sonata* for the pianoforte, Op. 65. Some of the critic's objections are not very easy to be understood—and, indeed, the article is more to be admired for its feeling than for the technical knowledge it displays—but the good intention is evident, and fully justifies us in reproducing it.—*Ed. M. W.*]

"*Seconde Grande Sonata, pour la Pianoforte.* Par Stephen Heller. Op. 65.—This is a noticeable production: full of thought, full of energy—original in style, and excessively difficult: as highly-finished an example of the new manner of composition applied to the old forms as occurs to us. There are chords in it which would have made the timid hearts of our grandfathers ache;—extensions of hand (to be commanded at a moment's warning) such as the Mozarts, Clementis, and even Hummels never dreamed of;—passages of melody as richly laden with accompaniment as if every player possessed the composure, force, and tone of Thalberg; but also, throughout the entire composition there is that *je ne sais quoi* of picturesque and romantic taste which reminds us that we are living in a time when Music runs some danger of being pushed across the boundaries which separate it from Poetry and Picture. To specify more precisely:—the first movement is an *allegro con fuoco*, in B minor  $\frac{3}{4}$  tempo, demanding power, readiness, and precision, which shall never flag, and the effect of which is dependent on these conditions. The second movement is a *balade* in B major, tempo  $\frac{3}{4}$  *moderato*: in which there is as much melody as peculiarity of idea. It is full of new-fashioned touches. Throughout the first page, for instance, the obstinacy of the chord of B major in the accompaniment (producing an effect, though piquant, somewhat *bizarre*), belongs to our own sedulous days! As the *balade* flows on, the treatment becomes less mannered. The close is delightful, and the movement may be generally described as one of great beauty. We less like the following *intermezzo moderato* in E minor  $\frac{3}{4}$ . This appears to us to fall to the ground betwixt a *menuetto* and a *scheros*: it is further relieved only in seeming, not in reality, by what may be called the trio in E flat major. Lastly comes the *finale*, here miscalled an *epilogue*,—that is, a thing superfluous and appendical to the drama, a discourse after the curtain has fallen. Now, this *molto vivace* (in B minor common time) is the fiery energetic fourth act, exceeding in grandeur and interest all that has gone before it, which, according to old canonical rule, is demanded to bring the

sonata to its close. The difficulty of this *finale* is enormous, but its subject is large and bold, and it is excellent matter for practice to those whom no difficulty repels. As a whole, this sonata is too symphonic in style: and not merely so, but also, for a symphonic work, it is too little relieved by contrast and episode. This characteristic is generic to the new school of writers. When they arrange a score, they never seem weary of the fullest orchestra. When they produce a sonata, they never appear to lose the notion that they are about a *toccata*,—or a *study* in which time is lost and interest suspended,—should they fail for a single dozen bars to employ the eight fingers and two thumbs. Their works are apt to sound monotonous, owing to this false manner of loading every detail, of strangling every idea, of rendering climax impossible by beginning from the first with a full peal of thunder. To many of the new musical composers, or *dis-composers*, our speculations would be merely *caviare*,—but among these is not M. Heller. In this ambitious work (as also in the shorter essays by him recently noticed) so much genius and science are evidenced, such unmistakable traces of individuality present themselves, that he well merits strict truth and plain remonstrance conjointly with high praise."

#### MRS. GLOVER.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

We have heard with regret that this lady intends to quit the stage, whose glories she was born to augment. Her parents belonged to the profession, and the infant was taken from the cradle to appear upon the boards. The descendant of the great Betterton did not, like the majority of our present performers, "take to the stage" to please the vanity of riper years; but the child's mind was from the earliest period impressed with the magnificence and splendour of the scenic art. Before the child knew how to question, the playhouse became her reality, and she grew up amidst its excitements. The girl heard the plaudits of crowded audiences, and the woman had no power of escape from the fascinations which her early destiny seemed to have twined around her.

It was thus that formerly our stage was supplied. The parent gave the impetus to the ideas of the child, and within the sphere which the future life was meant to grace the youth was passed. When the actor could boast of his art, and the drama was not confounded with noise and show, our players were a race almost separate and distinct from every other class. Uneducated persons did occasionally enter the ranks of the isolated order, but recruits of this kind did not, as at present, constitute the principal supply of the profession. Traditions were, by the system we have alluded to, preserved. The pride was generated which no adversity could quench. There were treasured within the circle of the stage recollections which repaid the sufferings of poverty, and the glories of the imagination kept alive the wanderer's ambition amidst the cold and want which in his peregrinations the actor frequently endured.

Miss Julia Betterton, now better known as Mrs. Glover, was born before the stage had lost its brightness. She knew and played with the greatest and the best of the good old time. Her career has been a long-sustained and uniform success. No actress ever lived more thoroughly endowed with the genius of her art; no actress probably ever lived so peculiarly gifted with the power of impersonation. There is no line or cast of characters in which Mrs. Glover has not appeared; and it would be difficult to say in which she gained the greatest applause. So admirable is she in each that the

part we last behold her in she seems to be best fitted to sustain. Other performers have possessed a more absolute ability of disguise, for Mrs. Glover never aims at mere surprise; but with an ease that is natural to her, she slides into the character which she undertakes, and without an effort wins our admiration. There are upon the stage persons who can more startle the galleries by louder declamation and more violent action than Mrs. Glover has ever exhibited, but there is not one who, through a long five-act play, can half so well sustain a difficult personation, or with anything like equal delicacy and truth depict the subtleties and changes that give life to histrionic assumptions.

The public, we fear, have not sufficiently prized this admirable actress. She was, as far as popularity is concerned, unfortunate in not possessing that coarseness of feeling and of manner in which the bad taste of the present age delights. Her pathos is not agonising—her rage is not horror; but we have seen Mrs. Glover in the heroines and queens of tragedy, and the impression which her acting excited time has not yet effaced. To the living generation, however, she is better known as a comic actress. We can remember her as the leading lady of fashionable comedy, and as the lively chambermaid of farce; and she sustained such parts when the managers of our theatres were not narrowed to the competition of a single favourite to represent them.

Of late years, however, Mrs. Glover has confined herself to the representation of old women. Her rich sense of the humour, and her natural enjoyment of the fun of the scene, make her all to nothing the best supporter of this cast of characters the stage ever beheld. She has no living rival, neither does there live the actress worthy of being named as her successor. When she has retired, her place will be with difficulty supplied. She is the best, the most racy and tasteful actress of our time, and the most genuine artist of the day in which we live. She is the last representative of an ancient and worthy race. The spirit which the elder dramatists wrote to and for, in her survives; and before this excellent actress is lost to us for ever, we trust the public will testify that approbation which, throughout a long and arduous career, she has so deservedly won. It is not Mrs. Glover's least merit that her private life has been as amiable and excellent as her public course has been distinguished. "Take her for all in all, we shall not look upon her like again!"

#### JULLIEN IN EDINBURGH.

(From a Correspondent.)

MY DEAR —, As a subscriber to your worthy journal, and as an humble lover of the art to which you devote your energies and your talents, I take the liberty of notifying the late musical doings in this, our famed capital of Edinburgh,yclept in courtesy, the modern Athens, and dubbed in the vernacular, Auld Reekie. Our sometimes dull and spiritless city has received a new infusion of life and animation from the advent of Monsieur Jullien, and his famous band. The sombre cloud which covered our streets, even from Arthur's Seat to the Water of Leith, has disappeared before the waive of Monsieur Jullien's baton, as the morning vapours before the sun. Where late was sluggishness, all is motion—where darkness, light. Scotland has been termed the "land of song," but, of a verity, we are still but tyroes in music; at least in the knowledge thereof; and, furthermore, than in a reverence for tunes, ballads, and psalms, forbye the operas *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, and such like, recommended to our affections by our nationality and Sir Walter, we have

mickle love or respect for the art. Not, honoured sir, but that we are capable of being indoctrinated therein; but our prejudices are stumbling-blocks in the way, and must be removed by frequent and fair teaching. Now, Monsieur Jullien is just the man to lead us in the right path. He commingles the popular music, which we can all appreciate, with the lofty and profound, by the knowledge of which alone we can entertain a true feeling for the most delightful of all the Arts. He reaches our heads, by aiming at our hearts, and thus discovers an acquaintance with his kind, which is not always referable to the mere artist. He is, in a word, a metaphysician as well as a musician. Just such a man do we require in this metropolis of leeches and lawyers, to render us lovers of music and proficient therein.

I have myself an indifferent passion for music. I like, even to the sound of the oaten reed, or the shrill bagpipe.

"To flare it in the jaunty day  
With laddies daft and lassies gay;"

but I have a soul beyond jigs and reels and strathspeys, and can feel moved by a sonata or a symphony. I like a ballad, especially when warbled, mavis-like, from the sweet throat of Jetty Treffz, who has won all our hearts here—and let me whisper it in your ear, sir, has surpassed in pure Scottish singing all our pure Scottish lassies. But I can also receive delectation from Mozart's intenser strains when sung by the same sweet and captivating artist. Yes, honoured sir, I can feel music, albeit I do not much understand it. I know its powers of healing sorrow, of winning remembrance, of purifying the soul, of enlarging the mind, of cheering up the countenance, of expelling austerity, of reforming our manners, of mitigating anger, of preparing for a better world. For what says Giraldus Cambrensis:—"Animos tristes subito exhilarat, nubilos vultus serenat, austeritatem reponit, jucunditatem exponit, barbariemque facit deponere gentes, mores instituit, iracundiam mitigat." For the effects of which Scaliger thus accounts:—"Quod spiritus, qui in corde agitant, tremulum et subsaltantem recipiunt aerem in pectus, e-deinde excitantur, à spiritu musculi moventur," &c.

But I fear me, sir, I weary you, and do not appear "wise-like," as we Scotch say, in your estimation; so shall proceed direct forthright to the matter under immediate consideration—viz., the performances of Monsieur Jullien's company, praying you to overlook any blunder I may happen to fall into from my lack of erudition in music and the criticism thereof.

Monsieur Jullien announced four concerts at the Music Hall, for Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in last week. The first night was a great night for M. Jullien, and a great night for his visitors. M. Jullien was received with such thunders of applause that the reverberations might have awakened the echoes of the Carstorphie and Pentland Hills; and the Castle, shaken to its rocky foundation, might have bowed its head, in fear, to its old friend, St. Arthur's Seat. But happily nothing of the kind took place. Jullien merely acknowledged his reception as became him. The hall was crowded, and thus had M. Jullien double cause for rejoicing. The visitors, also, had their two-fold reasons for satisfaction: the thrice famous conductor had not only deigned to visit their city and preside in the orchestra, but had set before them a musical feast of excellent quality and variety. And now to describe the entertainment with what capacity I may.

The concert began with the favourite overture to *Guillaume Tell*, by Rossini—a very dashing and brilliant composition. It was a capital performance, and the bits of solo for the flute,

clarinet and hautboy (moderately spelt *oboe*), pleased the audience mightily.

A new quadrille, on Macfarren's opera, *King Charles the Second*, followed next. The tunes are very charming, and Jullien has arranged them in first-rate style. A solo on the cornet-a-piston was played by the celebrated Koenig, and excited great surprise and delight. Koenig is a very splendid performer; but somehow I never could give my heart to his instrument. It smacks of bastardy, as though it were an offshoot between a Kent bugle and a trumpet, and is unsuited to all legitimate purposes. By which I mean to say that it is out of place in the orchestra, and should only be used after the fashion of Herr Koenig, who plays on it to perfection.

After a polka of Jullien's—a sparkling composition by the way, called "The Cossack"—the band played the *Allegretto* movement in B-flat from Beethoven's symphony in F. It was so well executed as to make me regret not hearing the entire symphony. I must own I cannot very heartily sympathise with Monsieur Jullien in this sort of scrap-giving from the works of the great masters; but, no doubt, he has long ago tried the efficacy of playing whole symphonies, and has found his provincial audiences as yet unprepared to receive them.\*

Jetty Treffz is a most delightful person, even to look upon. Her countenance is at once arch and benignant, and her smile is like the dimple of an Italian lake, shut out from the winds by high hills. She captivates all hearts with a look, and then fascinates them with a note. Her voice is quite delicious. It has a natural expression, or, more properly, an expression of nature in its tone I have heard in few educated singers. But she is an educated singer, and one, too, who essays and can master the most intense and profound as well as the most simple and playful music. Jetty Treffz gave an example of these two styles in the first part. She sang Mozart's "Vedrai carino," and the German ballad, or *lied*, "Trab, trab, trab." Each was perfect in its way. The first was given with an expression of half sorrow and half entreaty, quite indescribable; and the latter was dashed off with the utmost spirit and a quaintness quite charming. I am inclined, nevertheless, to think that tender and expressive music is Jetty's Treffz peculiar forte. The crowd, however, seemed to differ from me, for the fair Jetty was rapturously encored in the "Trab, trab, trab;" and returning to the orchestra, sang our own ballad, "Gin a body meet a body," with winning simplicity.

A *valse à deux temps*, called "Wild Flowers," and a quadrille on Hungarian airs, concluded the first part.

Part II. opened with a fantasia on some of the most popular airs in *Don Giovanni*, which have been effectively arranged and combined by Monsieur Jullien. The instrumental obligato solos for various instruments were admirably played. This was followed by a merry sparkling polka, termed "La Châtelaine," the composition of Herr Koenig.

Jetty Treffz came next, and sang one of the most plaintive and original ballads I have heard for some time, "My bright Savoy," by Angelina, a composer quite new to me by name; after which, being encored, she introduced the ballad of "Home, sweet home," which she sang most delightfully and was applauded to the echo. Nothing could have been more unpretending—nothing more graceful, touching, and pretty.

In the course of the evening Jetty Treffz gave us a Neapolitan canzonet, called "Io te voglio bene," with a new

charm and a new effect. It was quite surprising to hear this delightful singer so much at home in so many different languages. Italian, German, English, and even Scotch! were mastered with the ease of a native, and a grace peculiarly her own. In conclusion, touching this celebrated songstress, I have merely to add that her success was unmistakable and universal, and that there was not an individual in the crowded assembly who did not depart deeply impressed with the attractions of Jetty Treffz and the genuine originality of her vocal talent.

Mr. Viotti Collins, who played Ernst's *Carnaval de Venise*, on the violin, is a young man and a brilliant player. The piece is one of the most difficult he could have chosen, but he was nevertheless highly successful.

The "Row Polka," a humorous burlesque, concluded the concert in the most animated manner possible. This polka is certain to become popular in Edinburgh, since it has a capital tune and is admirably varied. The entire audience remained to the end, and Jullien was one more hailed with loud and prolonged cheering.

On Wednesday Jullien gave his Mendelssohn night, and the Music-hall was again crowded in every part. The whole of the A minor symphony was given, and was listened to with the greatest attention by the audience.\* The band played splendidly, and the *scherzo* created a powerful sensation. Two of Mendelssohn's most beautiful songs were sung by Jetty Treffz with infinite depth of feeling, showing her a perfect mistress of the eloquent vocal style of the master. Mr. V. Collins played Mendelssohn's only concerto for the violin in a highly creditable manner, and was greatly applauded. The overture and a selection from the music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* concluded the first part, and was received with thunders of applause.

In the second part Mr. Pratten played a solo on the flute with complete success; Jetty Treffz was encored in "Trab, trab," and repeated the pleasing song by Angelina, "My bright Savoy;" and the performance wound up with Jullien's Drum Polka, which sent all the visitors away in excellent humour.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THERE was a veritable "crammer" at the fourteenth concert, on Wednesday night. On few occasions have we seen Exeter Hall so densely crowded. The programme, it must be admitted, was an attractive one.

The concert commenced with a very spirited performance of Beethoven's fine overture to *Leonora*, which was well directed by Herr Anschuetz. It appears that our hints have not been thrown away. The band played on Wednesday night in the same efficient manner which won almost unqualified approbation at the first concert. We were, therefore, correct in saying *Verbum sat, sap.*—"a word to Stammers is enough." The fact cannot be denied, that a good orchestral piece well rendered invariably puts an audience in the right sort of humour for what follows; which was indisputably the case on the present occasion.

The selection was the old one from the *Luoia*, the principal point in which was the "Fra poco" (in English, "Tombs of my fathers,") of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was enthusiastically welcomed. Our great tenor was in fine voice. Everyone knows how nobly he sings this popular composition of poor Dopizetti, and therefore no one will be surprised that he was compelled, by the unanimous wish of the audience, to repeat

\* Our correspondent should have been at Manchester, Liverpool or Birmingham, and he would have altered his opinion.—Ed. M. W.

\*It appears that a whole symphony is possible,—even in Edinburgh.—Ed.

the final movement. Of the next important feature of the selection, Miss Lucombe's "*Regnava nel silenzio*," (in Italian—Miss Lucombe prefers Italian) we have also frequently spoken in terms of praise, which were perhaps never better merited than on Wednesday night. Miss Lucombe, though an experienced singer, does not think it useless to improve, and we rarely have the pleasure of hearing her without having also the gratification of observing the progress she continually makes. The "*Regnava nel silenzio*" is one of the pieces which best suit her voice and style.

What is there new to say of Thalberg and his *Don Giovanni*—we mean of the *fantasia* in which he has so effectively treated the serenade and the *minuetto*? There is nothing new to say, and we shall not attempt impossibilities by seeking for a novel mode of apostrophising the wonderful perfection with which he plays it. He was greatly applauded, and made his bow on being recalled—a climax which might almost be stereotyped where Thalberg's playing is in question. In the second part Thalberg gave his *Don Pasquale* with a similar result. Mrs. Newton was very successful, and obtained a recall, in "*O Luce di quest' anima*;" but we like to hear this clever lady in better music. Herr Formes gained the usual encore in "*Qui s'adegna*," which he sang with even more than his usual gravity of voice and solemnity of manner.

Ernst introduced a new *fantasia*—that is to say, a *fantasia* new to the Wednesday Concerts—the subject from Herold's opera of *Ludovic*, which, judging from the effect it produced, is likely to rival all the others in popularity. One of the principal things that impart so great an interest to the *fantasias* of this admirable musician, and make them as acceptable to the cultivated as to the popular ear, is the extreme cleverness of the orchestral accompaniments. Ernst has evidently studied deeply the art of writing for instruments. His variations are enriched by accompaniments remarkable both for their marked character and the ingenuity of their management. He treats the wind instruments with continual variety of effect, and though he uses them with the utmost freedom never in such a manner as to impair the clearness of the passages. But this is not all. The *fantasias* of Ernst—which can rarely be said of *fantasias* in general—are well constructed; one passage succeeds another naturally, without the intervention of unmeaning *remplissage*, while the themes are happily contrasted and consistently used. In the *fantasia* on *Ludovic* these excellencies are always observable, in consequence of which the interest never flags from the commencement to the conclusion. Ernst was in glorious play. Everything succeeded with him and the most extraordinary difficulties were mastered—or rather played with—as easily as the simplest passages. The theme was delivered with exquisite playfulness and each variation obtained a hearty round of applause. The variations are all clever and effective, but that which struck us most was the arpeggio played with the *staccato* bow, while the theme is distributed among the instruments of the orchestra, the execution of which was the very perfection of neatness and brilliancy. The *Ludovic* was a complete hit and is to be repeated at the next concert. Among the most attentive hearers and loudest applauders of Ernst and his *fantasia* we were pleased to observe our countryman, Mr. Hayward (of Wolverhampton), himself one of the most gifted violinists of the day, and therefore the more capable of appreciating excellence in others. In the second part Ernst played the *Carnaval*, which created the accustomed *furor*, although it is worth noting that he introduced scarcely one of the more brilliant and showy variations—a strong proof of the audience's entire appreciation of the more refined

qualities of his playing. Although unanimously encored, Ernst was satisfied to return and bow to the audience and when again recalled did not again make his appearance, which was hardly to be wondered at, since it was much past eleven before he commenced his second piece. This reminds us of what we have already intended to hint to Mr. Stammers—that the original and judicious plan of bringing his concerts to a termination before eleven o'clock appears to have been abandoned. We hope this is inadvertent, and not intentional. We are aware that the encores must frequently overturn the calculations of the director in the construction of his programmes; but this does not palliate, in the eyes of the public, an undue prolongation of the time originally assigned to the performance. Either the programmes must be shortened, or the singers and players must resolutely decline encores. Much might be effected if a rule were enforced that no encore whatever accompanied by the slightest signs of opposition should be accepted by the artist. This, in fact, would do away with at least one-half of them. *Verbum sat, sap.*—"a word to Stammers is enough," which we have said before, and hope not to be compelled to say again on many future occasions.

The plaintive ballad of "*The last rose of summer*," finely sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was vociferously re-demanded, and Miss Poole obtained loud applause for her sweet singing of that sweetest of canzonets, "*My mother bids me bind me hair*." Another encore was awarded to Mr. T. Harper's exceedingly clever execution of "*The soldier tired*" upon the trumpet. The compliment was thoroughly deserved. Miss Eyles showed progress and feeling in Mercadante's aria, "*Se m'abbandoni*," but hardly showed judgment in selecting so long and difficult a piece. After a duet from *L'Elisir* ("Fairest maiden") by Mrs. A. Newton and Herr Formes—not well suited to a concert-room—the first part came brilliantly to a close with a really admirable performance of Auber's animated and splendid overture to *Masaniello*.

The second part must be briefly dismissed. The most interesting feature was an overture in E minor, called *Marie du Bois*, by Sterndale Bennett, so rarely given in public that it was quite a boon to hear it. This is the shortest and least ambitious of Bennett's overtures; but it is a little gem—a quiet bit of pastoral, symmetrical in form and perfectly original in style. The band played it well, but might have played it better. Herr Anschuetz should give this overture an extra rehearsal another time; it is well worth the pains.

The "*Largo al factotum*" of Herr Formes, a prodigiously animated piece of vocal execution, created, as it did on a previous occasion, a great sensation among the audience, and was uproariously encored. Those who have not heard Herr Formes in this glorious *buffo* air would scarcely credit the ease and rapidity of utterance with which he sings it. Few efforts of the popular German basso have been received with more decided favor. Wallace's charming ballad, "*Alas! those chimes*," in which Miss Poole produced so great an impression on the first production of *Maritana*, was sung by this lady as well as ever; and we must confess to be surprised, where encores are so plentiful, and so often indiscriminate, that one—and a hearty one, too—was not accorded to this. Mr. Sims Reeves had a third encore in "*The White Squall*," in obedience to which, he gave "*My pretty Jane*," judiciously substituting a lively song for a dull one. The rest of the vocal pieces we did not hear, but we know that Bishop's "*Cough and Crow*" wound up the concert.

If the audience could only be persuaded how they *embeter*—we cannot find a more expressive word—how they *embeter*

• themselves, unconsciously, by those eternal encores there might be some chance of a reform. Mr. Sims Reeves or Herr Formes should make a speech and tell them so.

#### DEATH OF MADAME GRASSINI.

MADAME GRASSINI, one of the most celebrated Italian singers, and the most beautiful woman, of her day, died lately at Milan, at the advanced age of seventy-five. Few of her profession ever boasted of a career so long and so brilliant as hers. In Italy, France, Germany, and England, she achieved for herself the highest reputation, and for many years ruled in undisputed possession on the throne of song. A reign so prolonged and so glorious, must needs present some features of interest; we shall accordingly render a brief account of her life, and offer some critical remarks on her talents and capabilities.

Madame Grassini was born at Varese, in Lombardy, in 1775. From her earliest age she displayed an extraordinary aptitude and predilection for music. Struck with these manifestations, and the singular beauty of her voice, General Belgiojoso undertook the charge of her education. The progress of the young cantatrice surpassed the most ardent expectations of her patron. Mademoiselle Grassini became an accomplished singer at an age when other candidates for the profession are in their noviciate. She made her *début* at La Scala, in Milan, in 1794. She sang with Marchesi, and the tenor Lazzurini, in the *Artaserse* of Zingarelli; and in the *Demon-fonte* of Portogallo. She was overwhelmed with applauses, and the beauty, power, and quality of her voice, produced an immense effect. Her lower notes were more especially admired. Madame Grassini's voice was in fact a contralto; but, like Malibran, she had worked it up into the soprano register. This was hardly to be wondered at. The contralto voice was not known at the time, at least no composer until Rossini wrote expressly for it. It was therefore absolutely necessary to master the soprano register to sing in opera at all. Madame Grassini, by all accounts, did not improve the quality and beauty of her voice by departing from its natural compass.

From the moment of her first appearance Madlle. Grassini created an unprecedented sensation, which soon spread throughout all Italy. The managers of all the principal theatres hastened to offer her the most magnificent engagements. Her journey to Venice, to Naples, to Rome, was marked by a series of triumphs. Recalled to Milan in 1796 she sang with Crescentini in Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*, and excited the utmost enthusiasm. The following year she appeared at Venice, at the La Fenice theatre, where she played Orazia in Cimarosa's opera, *Gli Orazi e i Curiazi*. Again she awakened the same *furor*, each performance confirming more and more the fiat of public opinion. Shortly afterwards she returned to Naples, and performed during the fêtes which were given on the occasion of the marriage of the hereditary prince.

In 1800 we again find Madlle. Grassini singing in Milan, at the Scala. After the battle of Marengo she was heard at a concert in presence of Napoleon, then First Consul. Napoleon was in raptures with her, and took her to Paris. On the 22nd of July, in the same year, she assisted at the grand national festival, celebrated at the Champ de Mars, at which eight hundred musicians performed. At this period her voice had attained all its power, and was in full possession of its freshness and beauty. The sensation she created, according to some critics of the day, was perfectly indescribable. Still, we must attribute the enthusiasm, amounting to idolatry, which Madlle. Grassini excited, in part to the peculiar occasion of

the *fête*, since we cannot fancy one in a thousand could have heard her, and those who did hear her, must have heard her to a great disadvantage, considering the place in which she sung.

In two concerts, which she gave soon after at the Opera, Madlle. Grassini achieved an unmistakeable and legitimate success. There was at that time no Italian Opera in Paris, and she was obliged to restrict her performance to concerts and private *soirées*. Madlle. Grassini, in consequence, did not remain long in the French capital. She proceeded to Germany, where the same brilliant success awaited her as in Italy and France.

In 1803 she came to London, and was engaged at the King's Theatre. At this time Mrs. Billington was the reigning favourite with the English public. She had debuted for the first time at the Italian Opera House but a short time previous to Grassini's appearance; and, from the favouritism bestowed on the one—and justly bestowed—and the immense reputation which preceded the other, expectation was wound up to the highest pitch. But expectation, as it always is, was somehow disappointed. Madame Grassini at first did not move Mrs. Billington from her popularity. It was owing entirely to a peculiar occasion that she established herself as a great favourite with the London public; and this occasion, and several matters connected therewith, we shall take leave to refer to in the words of another, as we cannot be supposed individually to know anything of the matter, not having been born for many years after.

In Lord Mount Edgumbe's "Reminiscences of Italian Opera in England," we find the following account of Madame Grassini in the first period of her engagement at the King's Theatre, and the cause of her sudden uprise into popular favour. We do not pledge our faith to the fidelity of his lordship's strictures, nor to the weight of his lordship's critical judgment; but we transcribe his remarks, as they savour of impartiality and appear conscientious.

"The event to which I allude was the arrival of Grassini, who was engaged for the next season as first woman alternately with Mrs. Billington. This very handsome woman was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form, and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*, and bores a little on the monotonous: for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vierge du Sole*, an opera of Meyer's, well suited to her peculiar talents: but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare encounter it alone, but called in Mrs. Billington to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by Winter was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sung several easy, simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favourite. Her deep tone was undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington; but though, from its great success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *filés*, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies. Of her private claims to that distinction it is best to be silent, but her manners and exterior behaviour were proper and genteel.

"As I before observed, it was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington, as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few



musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired: and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini, while the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington."

Madame Grassini remained in England for two years. By the way, the French and Italian accounts differ from Lord Mount Edgcumbe's as to the year of her coming to London. The former makes it the year of our Lord 1802—his lordship sets it down as 1803. His lordship, we believe, is right. This would scarcely be worth mentioning, were it not that it recalls the first year in which our own great tenor, the immortal Drabham—may he live a thousand years! and that is exactly nine hundred and ninety-nine years longer than the Spanish Cortez constitution—made his first appearance at the Italian Opera.

An order from Napoleon, then emperor, in 1804 or 1805, recalled Madame Grassini to Paris. Specially attached to the theatre and the concerts of the court, she sang for several years with Crescentini, Brizzi, Tacchinardi, and Madame Paer. Paer wrote the *Didone* expressly for her, in which her acting has been represented as equally fine with her singing. Madame Grassini, it is said, made a veritable creation of this character, which was pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*, as well for dramatic force and expression, as for the perfection of style and vocalisation.

The fall of Napoleon lost to Madame Grassini all the brilliant advantages she possessed at the court. But her voice no longer retained its freshness and purity, and she could not seek elsewhere to establish a new reign of power and absolutism. She left Paris for Italy, where she sang for some years, and then retired into private life.

#### BOIARDO.

*Io vidi quel bel viso impallidire  
Per la crudel partita, come suole  
Da sera o da mattino avanti il Sole  
La luce un nuvoletto ricoprire.  
Vidi il color di rose revesire  
Di bianchi gigli e pallide viole,  
E vidi (e quel veder m'è giova e duole)  
Cristallo e perle da quegli occhi uscire.  
Dolce parole, e dolce lacrimare  
Che dolcemente m'addolcise il core  
E di dolcezza il fate lamentare;  
Con voi piangendo sospirava Amore  
Tanto suave che nel rammentare  
Non mi par doglia ancor il mio dolore.*

I saw her shining face grow pale as snow,  
When we two parted, and a sorrowing cloud  
Grew o'er her cheeks, as when thick mists enshroud  
The saffron dawn, or Evening's golden glow.  
I saw the roseate beauties of her cheek  
Melt into lilies, and big tears start  
From her sweet violet eyes, whereat my heart  
Such transports felt, as never tongue could speak;  
Sweet words, sweet tears, that soothed my saddest woe,  
And gave a wild sweet charm to melancholy;  
'Twas Love stood by thee weeping—Love made flow  
Those tears of passionate fondness pure and holy.  
Though dark my fate, those tears can charm me still,  
And chase from memory's page each sombre trace of ill.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANNAH.—(*From a Correspondent.*)  
—The Théâtre Tacón, far from feeling that state of torpor that pervades so many institutions of the kind, even in the great cities of Europe, is made by its spirited and enterprising director (the *Cavaliere de Marti*) a vehicle of ever fresh attractions, and a theme of ever fresh applauses from the intellectual public of the capital of Cuba. The footing on which theatrical matters are carried by Signor de Marti is such as to entitle

the establishment he directs to the well-earned appellation of "Temple of Harmony,"—an appellation which throws much credit on its director, whose perseverance under difficulties of all kinds is the more laudable.

Let us peruse now the repertory of a theatre which shames the torpid apathy of so many others of greater magnitude and resources. The happy selection of operas speaks loudly for the taste and zeal of all those who are entrusted with their interpretation. The operas successively performed since October have been *Lucia*, *Foscari*, *Borgia*, *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Barbiere*, *Semiramide*, and *Attila*. Madlle. Steffanoni, the *prima donna*, earns fresh laurels every time she appears. Her interpretation of *Lucia* is excellent. Beauty combined with grace makes its charm. Madame Bosis has been much liked, and is of great use to the company. Signor Salvi, the well-known tenor, easily found the way to the hearts of his audience. He is an impassioned singer and a skilful actor. Signor Badiali and Signor Marini have repeatedly been encored in several *morceaux* in *Attila*. Signor Cesare Badiali (Ezio) has great command of voice, and is a good actor. The duet with Signor Marini is a trial of skill from which both singers come off victorious, and receive the loud applause of the audience. The *Attila* of Marini, for whom the part was written, is a fine performance. Indeed, it is curious to see a part like *Attila* interpreted with so much truth by Marini. No one can be more unlike that regal brigand of the Visigoths than the mild, warm-hearted artist. Signor Bottesini, who met with so great a success last summer in London, contributed greatly as a leader in the orchestra to the deserved success of the undertaking; and if to his being a first-rate double basso player and a clever pianiste, we add that the man is quite as admirable as the artist, we cannot be surprised at his being a general favourite amongst the Havannese. Signor Frederico Badiali, the stage-manager, is to be highly commended for his exertions. He is equally active and intelligent.

Several operas are now in rehearsal, namely, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Pietro l'Eremita*, and others. The company will leave for New York towards the end of February, where, no doubt, success awaits them. So that, promising ourselves to keep the public on this side of the Atlantic well informed of the progress of music on the other, we shall close our account of the performances for the present. Owing to the firm and liberal administration of *Cavaliere de Marti*, it has pleased her Spanish Majesty to appoint him one of her privy council, to the great satisfaction of all who are acquainted with the amiable and zealous director.

#### MR. THOMAS'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

We subjoin the programme of the second of the series of Mr. Thomas's Quartet and Solo Concerts held at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, which will be found to be of the same calibre from the first.

##### PART I.

Quartet in E flat, No. 4—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Mori and E. W. Thomas, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest.

"La Cracovienne"—Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder.

Quartet in D, No. 2—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Mori, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest.

##### PART II.

Trio, in B flat, No. 4—Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss Kate Loder, Mr. Mori, and Mr. Guest.

Danish Air with variations—Violin, Mr. E. W. Thomas.

Quartet, in F, No. 82—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Mori, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest.

Mozart.

Wallace.

C. E. Horsley.

Beethoven.

Mayseder.

Haydn.

The principal novelty was Horsley's quartet, of which we gave a lengthened notice when it was first performed at the Society of British Musicians. The performers all acquitted themselves admirably. Mr. Thomas played his violin solo with the most correct tone and fine execution. In the quartet and trio he was ably assisted by his coadjutors. The "Cracovienne" is one of Kate Loder's most brilliant achievements; but the fair pianist was heard to far more advantage in Beethoven's trio. The concert was well attended.

### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A CONCERT at the Assembly Rooms took place on Wednesday evening the 16th inst. The artists were Miss Dolby; another lady, whose name at first appeared in stars, but was afterwards disclosed as Miss Ballo; and the Robinson family. It is almost unnecessary to state the enthusiastic reception accorded to that popular vocalist Miss Dolby, who sang with her usual brilliancy and taste. She was rapturously encored in "Scenes of my childhood," and "Annie Lawrie." Miss Ballo is evidently a novice, but possesses a voice of some power, and will no doubt improve as she gains confidence. The room, I regret to say, was anything but full, there being scarcely more than sixty persons present. Although music is making great progress at Plymouth, a moderate scale of prices, as I stated on the occasion of the last concert given here, is absolutely necessary in these days, when we can hear such men as Ernst and Vivier at Exeter Hall for an almost nominal admission. The *Plymouth Journal* (by far the most widely circulated of the local press) adds to a notice of some length on the merits of the artists on this occasion.

"We shall be glad if the director of the concert will take care in future, that the card he sends us, will admit us to the first seats. On this occasion we had to pay the difference of price between the reserved seats and those in the body of the room. Had we been alone we should have declined doing this, and returned the tickets."

Mr. Newcombe, at the Theatre, continues to do excellent business. On Tuesday evening the 15th, *Macbeth* attracted a full and fashionable audience, the public no doubt being anxious to see Mr. Wilmarth Waller in a new character. *Macbeth* is equal to anything I have seen him play. It was full of energy and free from mannerism. His acting throughout was that of a scholar and a gentleman, and the warm reception he encountered must have been most gratifying to his feelings. The Lady *Macbeth* of Mrs. Dyas was an able performance. Mr. Newcombe is fortunate in having such an excellent juvenile tragedian as Mr. Bedford, who on this occasion was the *Macduff*. Mr. J. F. Young, as *Banquo*, gave new proofs of his ability. The piece was well put upon the stage, and praise is due to Mr. Dodsworth, musical director, for the satisfactory manner in which the choruses were sung.

Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Whitworth, and Miss Lanza make their appearance at a concert on Monday the 28th.

On Friday *Romeo and Juliet* was performed to a good house, the attraction being Mr. Wilmarth Waller in a new character. The expectations of the audience were in no way disappointed. Mr. Waller's impersonation of *Romeo* was quite equal to his *Hamlet*. His great scene with Friar Lawrence (well played by Mr. J. F. Young) was forcible and impassioned, and all the best "points" were given with felicity. The *Juliet* of Mrs. Dyas, full of natural feeling, was an intelligent piece of acting throughout, and Mr. Bedford's *Mercutio* was dashing and spirited.

On Monday evening the house was crowded by a fashionable audience to witness the amateur performance of Tobin's admirable comedy, *The Honeymoon*. Gallantry suggests that I should begin with the ladies; I have rarely seen the three parts better played in a provincial theatre. Mrs. Dyas, as *Juliana*, was graceful and animated. The scene with the Duke, when she arrives at the cottage after her marriage, was excellent; and again that with Lopez, where *Juliana* is gradually subdued by the firmness of her husband, was equally good. Miss Jane Tyrer's *Volante* was remarkable for lady-like ease, her personal attractions adding a

peculiar interest to her performance. Miss Clare, as *Zamora*, delivered the text with simplicity and earnestness. Captain Disney Roebuck was the Duke Aranza. Often as I have heard my old friend, the original *Juliana*, say, "Ah, you should have seen Elliston play the Duke," it is my humble conviction that the Captain's conception and execution of the part would have encountered her entire approval. It was sensible, gentlemanly, energetic, and effective. The *Mock Duke*, by Lieut. Phillis, a really artistic performance, convulsed the house with laughter. He invested the part with genuine humour, without the obtrusive "gagging" which so often degrades it into mere buffoonery. Captain Austen was excellent as *Rolando*; the pretended woman-hater seldom meets with so careful a representative. The Count Montalban of Mr. Macnamara was also a clever performance, although the best actor on the stage could hardly make the part a prominent one. The little part of Lopez was done to perfection by Mr. A. Stewart, R.N. The dance went off admirably, and elicited warm applause. At the end of the comedy, a pupil of Ballo's, Miss Emily Eardley, sang Linley's popular ballad, "Thou art gone from my gaze," with much feeling, and a *pas grotesque*, à la Flexmore, by Mr. Cave, was encored. After a sparkling set of waltzes, "The Portobello," by Lieut. Phillips, R.A., was played by the band, the farce of *Perfection* followed, which brought Miss Eardley, Captain Roebuck, and Mr. Phillis again before the audience. Miss Eardley's Kate O'Brien was in all respects good; and Captain Roebuck's Charles Paragon excellent. He mistook the author's intentions, however, in the sofa scene. Instead of playing with the stick intended for Kate's assumed lameness he should have been mute with admiration and astonishment at the discovery of her new accomplishment. Mr. Phillis's Sam deserves favourable mention, and the Sir Lawrence Paragon of Mr. Marston was the model of a testy old bachelor. The "Portobello Waltz" of Lieut. Phillips, R.A., would, I think, if published, become as popular in London as it is already in Dublin and Plymouth. The farce was succeeded by a nigger melody, sang in character by a gentleman amateur (native of Bermuda), and Miss Clare danced the "Cachuca" very prettily. The amateurs have lost one of their most talented auxiliaries in Mr. Martin, who was to have played in the farce of *Done on both Sides*, but professional business compelled his absence, which was a subject of general regret. Mr. Wheeler, under these circumstances, studied the part at a short notice, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. Mrs. Garthwaite, as Mrs. Whiffles, played with her usual spirit. Altogether, I have never seen an amateur performance go off so well. There was, indeed, little to particularise it from a company of professional artistes. T. E. R.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I will preface this letter by stating that I have read a musical article on the *Progress and Influence of Music*, from the columns of the *Morning Post*, which you inserted in your last week's impression, that has given me the greatest pleasure. Such an article could emanate only from the pen of a musician who has diligently studied the science of music, for the opinions therein entertained are not the mere babblings of a fanciful scribe, capable only of writing smoothly in the vulgar tongue. If the Editors of every paper would follow the example of the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and one or two others, the hour would soon arrive when the pretenders of music would lose their hold on the public. The babbling scribe may be placed in juxtaposition with the musical pretender; both are incompetent of deep reflection, and both are capable of vicious dealing in their respective callings. These results will ever be encouraged, so long as such persons receive the countenance of the world. There are four kinds of musicians:—1st. The cultivated genius; 2nd. The uncultivated genius; 3rd. The cultivated without genius; 4th. The pretender, or uncultivated, without genius. Unfortunately the fourth kind is most common, and most thrifty, and I will now show that the Royal Academy of Music sends before the public a greater number of pretenders than there would otherwise be if it had never been established, on account of the mismanagement of the Committee. The Royal Academy of Music was pro-



seemingly instituted to afford liberal education on moderate terms to such persons as in early life evinced uncommon musical abilities. Such a restriction is just, as it deters many from entering a profession which by nature they are not able honorably to preserve. The Committee, not being interested to abide by this restriction, have departed from it, and thus mere pretenders are admitted into the Academy. This is not the worst evil I shall name. It is customary to present certificates to the Academicians on leaving the institution, and they are often presented to mere pretenders. Thus, then, the Committee sanction and nominally patronise mere pretenders. This I can prove in more instances than one, and one instance I will give. The principal singing master of the Royal Academy of Music presented a certificate to a gentleman who did not so much as know the nature of his own voice; and he was sent to teach others the art of vocalization! This very master has been nearly thirty years in full practice, and has not brought out one great singer; but the Committee still patronise him at the expense of English vocalists. I have often heard our vocalists struggling to produce great and dramatic effects, which for want of proper schooling they have failed in accomplishing, and too often third-rate foreign singers with inferior voices to our vocalists have taken away public applause, and placed these injured vocalists in the back ground. The Academicians are led to believe, when life is in its spring, that the Committee will support them because they are kind, and give paternal smiles to them, so long as they remain in the Academy; but they learn, later in life, that Foreigners receive their money. He who has attended the exhibitions shown at the R. A. M. concerts, will see some affluent gentleman taking a most lively interest in the welfare of the *debutants*, and he would be surprised to be told that they were members of the committee, puffing off some students, so that they can leave the academy creditably, knowing, at the same time, that third-rate Foreign talent will surpass them. Why is this practised? To get rid of old pupils, to supply the academy with new ones, so that more money may come into the hands of the committee? I will not answer this question; but am satisfied by remarking that the committee are pecuniarily interested in obtaining pupils, and the less they have to learn the sooner this object is effected! The public may judge whether all I have advanced does not look like trading with musicians or pretenders. Of this I am certain, that the mismanagement of the R. A. M. reflects discredit to our noble land, and is especially hurtful to public vocalists.—I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—All personal attacks I shall not notice; but if any mis-statements occur in the above letter, I shall be glad to acknowledge them.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

### STRAND.

THE announcement that Mrs. Glover is about to take her farewell of the stage at the close of her present engagement has filled the theatre every night. This great actress is going through a series of her favourite performances, and lately has appeared in one of her greatest, the Widow Green in the *Love Chase*, which she played with consummate art and immense effect. To criticise a performance in detail so generally known is not requisite. We certainly never saw Mrs. Glover play it better. Now that we are about to lose our greatest living actress, we would not willingly part with her without beholding her in one of her most remarkable characters, viz., Lady Wishfort, in Congreve's comedy of *The Way of the World*, in which she created so great a sensation a few years ago at the Haymarket. Nor should Mrs. Glover quit the stage without permitting her admirers to witness her Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Mrs. Quickly in *Henry the Fourth*. We throw out these hints to the management, as we have heard frequent declarations of a desire to see the great artist in these, two of her very finest assumptions.

The *Love Chase* has been very well performed at the Strand.

Besides Mrs. Glover's inimitable Widow Green, and Mr. W. Farren's Sir William Fondlove, a most finished and artistic piece of comic acting, Mrs. Sterling's Neighbour Constance is entitled to much praise, as is also Mr. Henry Farren's Wil-drake, and Mrs. Leigh Murray's Lydia.

MARYLEBONE.

THIS theatre prospers under its new management. On Monday, a drama (we believe new) was produced, called the *Road of Life*, in three acts, or, as the bills express it, in three stages. The object of the writer has been to exhibit his *dramatis personæ* under the influence of different circumstances, and to shew the effect of the freaks of fortune on them. The grouping of the characters, and the contrast of the situations are managed with considerable skill and tact. We have a dandy and spendthrift transformed in the last act into a street hawker; a vulgar/moneyed cit is turned into a common labourer, and an ambitious *soubrette* becomes his wife. There is a wealthy and villainous banker, who has disinherited a nephew in order to purchase a title for his daughter, but who is detected by a returned convict, whom he has first made the tool of his iniquities, and then got sent to the Hulks. The dialogue is well written, and the comic portions filled with the usual quantity of fun and *double entendre*. Mr. G. Wild, as the cit, and Miss Fanny Williams, as the *soubrette*, two debutantes at this theatre, were very well received, and the piece was entirely successful.

Mr. Stirling's new farce, called *Wild Ducks* followed, and is one of the best that has come from the author's prolific pen. The idea is equally extravagant and happy. A village coquette punishes the husbands of three of her friends, each of whom is trying to establish a *liaison* with her—by inducing them to hide themselves, for fear of detection, under three hen-loops, and while they are in this dignified posture, exhibiting their wives to them, supping and flirting with three officers. The idea is as well wrought out as it is conceived, and the pretty face and graceful vivacity of Miss Jane Coveney, as the heroine, stamps her a decided acquisition to the theatre. The house was well filled.

## MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT BRISTOL

(From Felix Farley's Journal, January 19.)

THE pieces acted during the past week have enabled the Bristol citizens to take a last farewell of Macready in some of his best-fitted and most successful personations—Iago, *Virginius*, *Lear*, and *Lord Townly*. Of all the living and speaking pictures that this greatest of present actors has ever rendered, it may perhaps be said that his Iago comes the very nearest to that perfection, the complete attainment whereof, in palpable figure, speech and gesture—so as to *realise* to the mind, through eye and ear, the conceptions of the master—is, one may say, by the superhuman vastness of Shakspeare's genius made impossible to any—the most accomplished and gifted—of the human kind. It is recorded that William Shakspeare, as an actor, was but a poor exponent of his own mental creations; he had too much of thought and too little of time to learn the business of an interpreter. How seldom do they who spend their evening at a play reflect upon the midnight hours of lives that have necessarily been wasted and worn to minister to their brief instruction! If we could achieve the human impossibility of squeezing into one living being the inspired soul of Shakspeare, with the perceptive genius and the life's practical toil-won experience of Macready, we should have that *perfect embodiment*.

But to Iago:—The conception of this part as realised by

Macready bars effectually the critical objection made to almost all the actors of it. The great art of acting is to conceal the art—and so move an audience to lose all sense of the mimicry of the scene in a feeling of art-bred reality; and it is but to repeat a hacknied stricture to note that your Iago in most hands is but a clumsy villain, scowling and growling in the presence of the man around whom he is supposed to be weaving his subtle meshes—and thus destroying the fine conception of the author, and making the auditory wonder how Othello could be such an ass as to be taken in by such a palpable and transparent rogue. Macready does not treat it thus:—he follows the author's intent. Alone—soliloquising his own thoughts, you see the deep designing knave broadly painted; while with the victims of his malice you have just so much, and no more, of his real nature, as will lead you, but not them, to a perception of his motives. The actor shows you, in short, that he has discovered more of the "comedy" of Iago's character and the versatility of its villainous shrewdness than are conventionally worked out of it, accommodating his demeanour "excellent well" to each of his dupes according to their several qualities; the cozening of silly Roderigo, the jovial rollicking temptation of the open-hearted Cassio, the subtle instilment of poisoned thoughts into the brain of the noble Moor—are all portrayed with such consummate skill as to give the spectators but a mere shadowy direction to the foregone conclusion of his distinct and, to them, ascertained malignancy.

Yet, as we have said, no Shaksperian actor can be absolutely perfect; and even Macready has—(we may say—at this last stage of his professional career—"has had")—his faults, as what great artist has not? and the greater the artist the greater his pet errors. Least venial of all, in the actor we have now bidden adieu to, most firmly fixed, as the pertinacity that growing years will fix a habit in men's minds, is that strange fashion of pausing most unnaturally at some particular crisis, ere he proceeds with the business of the play. In the last scene of the fifth act this statuesque stillness of his was most painful. People began to wonder whether it was Macready wilfully, or one of the city tragedians by lack of memory, that kept back the poet's words so long. Actors cannot see themselves act, and lookers-on can perceive effects, good or bad, better than those engaged in the business of the piece; and we may, therefore, not in conceit, deprecate this mannerism, and wholesomely advise all young aspirants to high honours in the art, including some of our Bristol players, "to avoid it altogether," though Macready be the prototype.

The great actor was not well supported in the tragedy—not, on the other hand, had he any thing very good to support, seeing that Mr. Coleman's Othello, though coldly correct in stage business, perfect in words, and not ungraceful in action, wanted just the noble dignity and intense feeling that can only preserve the actor, in certain portions of the play, from unfavourable comparisons with the representative of his "ancient;" so Mr. Macready did not perhaps shine the less brilliantly in Iago because James Wallack, or Gustavus Brooke, was not the Othello of the night. Miss Edwards rendered Desdemona with a true feeling of the gentleness and abiding love of her who "loved him for the dangers he had passed;" and the Emilia of Mrs. Saville was well declaimed. Brabantio, too, was read with sound emphasis and good discretion by Mr. Maddocks. The Roderigo of Mr. J. Davis was somewhat overmuch tinged with the low-comedy colour, but in its predominant "greenness" a good accessory, by contrast, to an Iago in this particular style. For the rest of the *dramatis personæ* the less that might be said the better.

On Tuesday was played *Virginus*, and on Wednesday *Lear*, in both of which characters we have so often had occasion to notice Mr. Macready, that any criticism therein would be but the repetition of an oft-told tale.

Last night Mr. Macready played in the last act of *Henry the Fourth*, and afterwards Lord Townly, in the *Provoked Husband*.

As the curtain was falling Mr. Macready came forward, and, after the hearty approbation had subsided, spoke as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have not waited to night for the summons with which you have usually honoured me. As this is the last time I shall ever appear on this stage before you, I would beg leave to offer a few parting words, and would wish them to be beyond all question from the spontaneous tribute of my respect. I shall not—it is not my intention to trespass for any length of time on your attention. The little that I have to say may be briefly said; indeed, attempt at display or effect seems to me scarcely in accordance with the occasion,—to me, in truth, a melancholy one,—and certainly would very imperfectly interpret the feelings which prompt me to address you. For a long course of years, indeed, from the period of my early youth, I have been welcomed by you in my professional capacity with demonstrations of favour so fervent and so constant that they, in some measure, have seemed in their nature almost to partake of a personal interest. Under the influence of this impression, sentiments of deep and strong regard have taken firm root in my mind; and therefore it is really little other than a natural impulse for me to wish to leave with you the assurance that, as I have never been insensible to your kindness, so I never shall be forgetful of it. (Loud cheers.) I have, really, ladies and gentlemen, vainly tasked myself to find due expressions for those emotions which I shall ever cherish towards you; and therefore let me at once and for all proffer you, to-night, my warmest thanks with my regretful adieus, as in my profession as an actor, I most gratefully and respectfully bid you a last farewell." Mr. Macready then retired amidst bursts of applause, renewed again and again.

While speaking the address, Mr. Macready was evidently much affected, the appearance of the house, which presented one mass of human beings, evidently awaking feelings of pure emotion.

#### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 42.)

- Οὗτος ἐστὶ γαλλωτὴς γέρων.
- This is a gallow's old fox.

ΜΕΝΑΝΔΕΡ.

Nos qui sequimur probabilia, nec ultra quàm id quod verisimile occurrit progressum possumus, et refellere sine pertinaciâ, et refelli sine iracundiâ parati sumus.

Cic. *Tuscul. Quest.* li.

So little was Tasso ashamed of these casual imitations of other poets, which are so often branded as plagiarisms, that in his Commentary on his *Rime*, he takes pains to point out whatever coincidences of this kind occur in his own verse.

MOORE.

Thus when a good housewife sees a rat:  
In her trap in the morning taken,  
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,  
In revenge for her loss of bacon;  
Then she throws him to the dog or cat,  
To be worried, crushed, and shaken.

Beggar's Opera.

#### Plagiarism the First.

Groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses, till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it.

This is stolen either directly from

SIR W. JONES.—*Grammar of the Persian*, ii., 168.

I said, is the Zephyr breathing from the garden? or is a caravan of musk coming from Khoten?

Or from a poetical work of the same author, in which the same thought is more fully expressed:—

SIR W. JONES.—*The Seven Fountains*, iv., 430.

As when at eve an Eastern merchant roves,  
From Hadramut to Eden's spikenard groves,  
Where some rich caravan not long before  
Had passed, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,  
Charmed with the scents that hills and dalea diffuse,  
His grateful journey gaily he pursues.

### Plagiarism the Second.

He was youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, CHRISHNA, such as he appears to their young imaginations—heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes.

This is little better than a new version of

SIR W. JONES.—*On the God's of Greece*, i., 266.

The princesses of Hindostan, as well as the damsels of Nanda's farm, were passionately in love with CHRISHNA, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women.

So many of the poets have made drum-heads, tin trumpets, and other musical instruments, of their ladies' eyes and faces, that novelty on the theme is quite hopeless. With the moon-struck gentlemen of Parnassus, a Jew's-harp is not half so melodious as a fair countenance. Here we have Chrishna breathing music from his eyes, as systematically as if he were only breathing the common air of life through his nostrils. The only wonder is, that even this abominable rubbish is not original, but is copied by Tommy from that hackneyed line of

LOVELACE.

The melody and music of her face.

The same thought is in

LANDOWNE.—*British Enchanters*, act i., sc., 1.

When with adoring looks we gaze  
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,  
In every glance and every grace

What is it that we see,

But harmony—

Celestial harmony?

Our ravished hearts leap up to meet

The music of her eyes—

The music of her eyes—

And dance around her feet.

It was pilfered first by

BYRON.—*Bride of Abydos*.

The light of love, the purity of grace—

The mind, the music breathing from her face.

### Plagiarism the Third.

Where all the loveliest children of his beam,  
Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream.

SIR W. JONES.

Charesmon in Id] flores caros τέκνα jucundissimè vocat, cum dici  
Ανθρου τέκνα caros περιέ στροσαντες.

In Athenæus, (Deipnosoph. xiii, cap. xi,) ivy is called the daughter of the year.

Χρονος εραστης κισσος αναντου δε πατρ.

Anacreon likewise, in his fifth ode to the Rose, thus apostrophises it:—

Ροδον ω φαιστρον ανδρς,

Ροδον caros μελημα.

In the emblems of Quarles, we read:—

Oh, do not, children of the spring,

Hither your charming odours bring.

And in

COWLEY.—*Hymn to Light*.

The violet, spring's little infant stands,

Girt in thy purple swaddling bands.

It may seem scarcely worth while to quote such trifles, but in plagiarism, as well as in jealousy, trifles light as air

Are to the critics confirmation strong  
As proofs of Holy Writ.

### Plagiarism the Fourth.

O'er his features hung

The veil—the silver veil which he had flung,  
In mercy, there, to hide from mortal sight  
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light;  
For far less luminous, his votaries said,  
Were ev'n the gleams miraculously shed  
O'er Mousa's cheek, when down the mount he trod,  
All glowing from the presence of his God.

This is taken from

DR. HERBOLT.—*Bibliothèque Orientale*.

Les disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas  
eblouir ceux qui l'approchoit, par l'éclat de son visage comme  
Moïse.

The same image occurs in two English authors.

DAYDEN.

Such was the saint who shone with every grace,  
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.

BRACOME.—*Epistle to Fenton*.

Such joys as none but sons of virtue know,  
Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow;  
So when the holy Mount the prophet trod,  
And talked familiar as a friend with God,  
Celestial radiance every feature shed,  
And ambient glories dawned around his head.

### Plagiarism the Fifth.

And as they wave aloft in morning's beam,  
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem  
Like a chenar-tree grove when winter throws  
O'er all its tufted heads its feathering snows.

This is pilaged from Homer, who compares Hector, rushing to battle with his large white plumes floating in the breeze, to a lofty mountain pinnaled with snow, and itself in motion:

HOMER, *Iliad* xiii. 754.

Ηρα και ορηθησιν ορει νιφοεντι τοικως.

Pope's Translation.

This said, the towering chief prepares to go,  
Shakes his white plumes, that to the breezes flow,  
And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.

### Plagiarism the Sixth.

Aloft the Haram's curtained galleries rise,  
Where through the silken network glancing eyes,  
From time to time like sudden gleams that glow  
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below  
And blushes swift and wild

As are the momentary meteors sent

Across the uncalm, but beauteous firmament—

BECKFORD.—*Vathek*.

Soon reaching the interior of the harem, where, through blinds of Persian, they perceived large soft eyes, dark and blue, that went and came like lightning.

The second image is stolen from an entire cluster of originals.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Venus and Adonis*.

But now her cheek was pale, and by and by

It flashed forth fire as lightning from the sky.

T. MIDDLETON.—*More Dissemblers than Women*.—Act i., sc. 2.

Aur. You make me blush, sir.

Lact. 'Tis like a star shot from a beauteous cheek.

SHIRLEY.—*The Maid's Revenge*.—Act i., scene 2.

From whose fair eyes love threw a thousand flames

Into Antonio's heart, her cheek bewraying

As many amorous blushes, which break out

Like a forced lightning from a troubled cloud.

SMART.

As those roguish eyes advance,  
Let me catch their sidelong glance,  
Soon, or they'll elude my sight  
Quick as lightning, and as bright.

TIONZ.—*Psyche*.—Canto ii.

Oh! have you seen, when in the northern sky,  
The transient flame of lambent lightning plays  
In quick succession, lucid streamers fly,  
Now flashing roscate, and now milky rays;  
Thus o'er her cheek the fleeting signals move.

And thus it is that we moderns write poetry!

### Plagiarism the Seventh.

*Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes  
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise.*

When Lord Herbert, of Chertbury, beheld the beautiful Nun at Murano, he addressed her in the following complimentary strain, worthy of a fantastic genius such as his.

"Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia, ni voce per esser un Angelo."

A poet well known to Mr. Thomas Moore, thus translates it:—

Die when you will, you need not wear,  
At Heaven's court, a form more fair,  
Than Beauty here on earth has given;  
Keep but the lovely looks we see,  
The voice we hear—and you will be  
An angel ready-made for Heaven.

### Plagiarism the Eighth.

*From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray.*

GANESA PURANA.—*Asiatic Res.* xi, 48.

The whole world gazed on her with astonishment. Her eyes were more beautiful than of the antelope of the forest.

JAYADEVA.—*Songs of Gitagovinda.*

My heart is already pierced by arrows from Radha's eyes, black and keen as those of an antelope.

### Plagiarism the Ninth.

Yon warrior youth \* \* \*  
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,  
Like War's wild planet in a summer sky.

This simile is almost as old as Moore's own friend, Sam Rogers. Homer compares Astyanax to a star. Apollonius Rhodius assimilates Jason, the robber of the Golden Fleece (it is from the example of this antique thief that the word *fleece* has been recently introduced among us), to the Star of Evening, which love-sick maidens fondly love to contemplate. I am sure I could quote a thousand instances where romantic young gentlemen have been dubbed "stars;" and so common is the fashion that a fiddler on one string,—a clown that stands on his head,—a clown that stands on his head, or walks out of a quart bottle, or a juggler who pulls a score yards of ribbon out of his throat (query sleeve?),—is now designated a "star of the first order." The finest description that I just now remember is that by the old monks, who have imposed upon us their own verses for those of Virgil.

Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undis,  
Quom Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes  
Extulit os sacrum, cælo tenebrasque resolvit.

DRYDEN.

So from the skies exerts his radiant head,  
The star by whom the lights of heaven are led,  
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,  
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.

What a poor figure "War's Wild Planet" cuts after this!

### Plagiarism the Tenth.

Oh! who could even in bondage tread the plains  
Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise,  
Kindling within him.

\* Did Virgil know anatomy? Why did Lucifer present his os sacrum first to the world?

This is Dr. Samuel Johnson's prose twaddle, *redivivus* in poetry.

### Tour to the Hebrides.

Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which had been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

I remember these ruins well, but as warmers they are not to be compared to hot brandy and water.

(To be continued.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

AN APPEAL TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Grand Miscellaneous Concert, under distinguished public and private patronage, will be given at the Concert Room of the Princess's Theatre, on Tuesday, the 26th of February next, on behalf of Mrs. George and her children, whose cruel desertion by the composer, F. N. Crouch, is reported in the *Times* paper of the 19th September last, at which the following distinguished and popular artists have most promptly volunteered their services; namely, the Misses Williams, Bassano, Clarissa Enouy, Lucombe, Messent, O'Connor, Pyne, Poole, Roe, and Ransford. Messrs. Binge, F. Bodda, Genge, Lyon, Phillips, Ransford, F. Smith, Spörle, &c. Instrumentalists—Miss Kate Loder, Messrs. Distin, Nicholson, Cooper, Patey, &c. Messrs. W. S. Rockstro and John Roe will officiate as conductors.

MRS. MOWATT'S NEW COMEDY.—The morning papers differ in their opinions of this production. The *Times* encourages it by a kind and gentlemanly notice, the *Post* cruelly denies it all merit, the *Herald* takes a middle course, and the *Chronicle* apostrophises it in metaphor. From such variety of opinion, the *Examiner*, with its accustomed swagger, has failed to point out the truth.

"LE CAID."—*Opera Bouffe*, by Ambroise Thomas. This very popular opera, which obtained so great a success last year at the *Opera Comique*, Paris, will be produced on Monday evening next, at the St. James's Theatre; Madlle. Charton sustaining the part of Virginie. Paer's opera of *Le Maître de Chappelle* will also be revived on the same night; M. Chollet playing Barnabé.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET'S second *Soirée Musicale* takes place on Tuesday next at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. The great feature of the performance will be a sonata by Pinto, a novelty as well as a feature, none of the music of that gifted young composer having been heard in public for a long time.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS give their first concert for the season to-night at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre. Among the performances worthy of note will be a Quintet by G. A. Macfarren, and a Sonata by Kate Loder.

VIVIER AND BENEDICT.—It is understood in musical circles that Mr. Benedict and M. Vivier are engaged in the joint composition of an opera. "We do not remember an instance of like collaboration in music. For the opera houses at Paris a *libretto* has more than once been divided into acts, to be set by different masters, but rarely with happy results. M. Vivier's remarkable originality of melody, however, justifies us in expecting something interesting and beautiful.—*Athenæum*.

SIGNOR ROMAGNOLI, formerly a very popular writer of romances and ballads, died within the last few days at Paris. The funeral service was performed over his remains in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette. Two of his romances were sung to the words of a "Lachrymosa," and a "Pie Jesu," by a number of his pupils. Verily the French exhibit a strange mode of paying homage to their celebrities, as they display a strange judgment in their choice of what is great!!

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—The members of the Premier's family are all busy studying the various parts they will shortly have to act in Woburn Abbey. The performances will be got up in first-rate style, under the superintendence of Mr. W. J. Hurlstone, an amateur actor of considerable talent and experience.

MISS DURLACHER (one of Balfe's best and most favourite pupils) has, we are happy to say, recovered from her late indisposition; we hope to hear her often at the concerts of the ensuing season.

MADAME DULCKEN.—The concert given by this distinguished performer on Thursday evening passed off very successfully. During her stay in this city Madame Dulcken visited the Musical Academy of Mrs. E. C. Allen, Gardiner's Row, and expressed herself much pleased at the style in which a variety of overtures were played, in concert, by eighteen of Mrs. Allen's pupils. Madame Dulcken passed flattering encomiums on Mrs. Allen's system.—*Dublin Paper.*

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.—The annual *société* of this institution took place on Tuesday evening week, and attracted a vast concourse of the subscribers and their friends. The entertainments commenced with an address by C. Lushington, Esq., M.P., relating to the condition and attractions of the club. A concert succeeded the address, and shortly after dancing was commenced, and kept up with much animation to an advanced hour on Wednesday morning. The drawing and reading rooms of the establishment were appropriated for an exhibition of pictures and works of art.

DEATH OF MRS. BARTLEY.—This lady, who was for many years a brilliant ornament of the tragic stage, died on Monday week, at her residence, Woburn Square, after a severe and protracted illness, which lasted for seven years. Her disorder was a general paralysis, but her consciousness was perfect up to the moment of her dissolution. The deceased was formerly Miss Smith, who, in 1806, made her first curtsy to a London audience in old Covent Garden. During the very first season of her prosperous career, Mrs. Siddons returned to the stage, and on the same boards; and the best proof of Mrs. Bartley's genius that can be given is, that they played alternately Alicia and Jane Shore, without detriment to the fame of the younger actress. On the destruction by fire of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1808, Miss Smith accepted an engagement on London terms in Dublin. She remained in Ireland for three years, at the end of which period she made her second appearance at Covent Garden in 1811. Here she remained, first, foremost, and without a rival, until 1814, when she transferred her services to new Drury Lane. Soon after she became Mrs. Bartley, the wife of the excellent comedian. Mrs. Bartley died in the 65th year of her age. She who numbered Joanna Baillie and Sir Walter Scott among her warmest friends and most ardent admirers, and who was summoned to Windsor Castle and Buckingham House to charm the ear of royalty with her incomparable elocution, can have been no ordinary woman—no ordinary actress.

WARRINGTON.—On Friday the Musical Society gave an undress concert at the Music Hall. There was a numerous audience. The principal vocalists were Miss Milligan, of Liverpool; Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. W. Pigot, of Manchester. The programme contained a judicious selection of songs, duets, and choruses. This was the first appearance of Miss Milligan, and she was very well received. She is a pleasing singer, and is likely to become a favourite. Mr. Pigot was encored in some of Parry's favourite pieces.

GRANTHAM.—(From a Correspondent).—Miss Cobb gave her morning and evening concerts at the Guildhall, on Tuesday, January 15, assisted by Miss Wykes, Mr. Wykes, Mr. Handcomb, Mr. Adecock, and Mr. Nicholson (flautist). Miss Cobb's singing gave great satisfaction to the company. Her song "Lo, here the gentle Lark" (with flute *obligato* by Mr. Nicholson, who also performed a new solo with great success) was deservedly encored. The performance of Miss Wykes on the pianoforte displayed feeling as well as taste. The company in the morning was fashionable, though not numerous. In the evening the room was full.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

MR. HUDSON, THE COMEDIAN.—We perceive by the *New York Press* that an error has crept into the English papers, and among others the *Illustrated London News*, respecting this gentleman. It has been stated that on his impersonation of "O'Hanigan," he was hissed off the stage, at the Broadway, New York. We have authority for stating that this report is totally without foundation. Certain parties *did* hiss at a certain portion of the play, but it was at the words of the author, and not at the actor. Mr. Hudson has become a great favourite with the Yankees.

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Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that the performance of French Plays will be continued at this Theatre

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Commencing at Eight o'clock precisely, when will be presented PAER'S popular Opera, in One Act,

LE MAITRE DE CHAPELLE; OU, LE SOUPER IMPREVU,

The Character of Barnabé by Mons. CHOLLET.

After which, first time in this Country, a New Opera Bouffon, entitled

LE CAID,

Virginie (lingère et modiste) Madlle. CHARTON.

WEDNESDAY next, January 30, will be repeated, the new Opera of "Le Caid," and "Le Maître de Chapelle."

The following Operas are in preparation, and will be produced forthwith:—"Lully et Quinault," Petite Opera, en Un Acte, Musique de Nicolo; "Le Roi D'Yvetot," Opera, en Trois Actes, Musique de Adolphe Adam; and, in answer to numerous applications, Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that the popular Opera of "Le Postillon de Longjumeau," as originally performed by M. CHOLLET upon the production of the Opera in Paris, will be produced, (for the first time in this country,) previously to the termination of that eminent Artist's engagement.

Boxes and Stalls for these attractive performances may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 11 till 5.

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## MENDELSSOHN.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

It is at the request of the executors and surviving relatives of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, that we announce their desire to collect his letters, to serve, at a future period, as materials for an authentic memorial of the deceased. It is to be hoped that this announcement—being formal—will preclude the publication of such letters in any other way; and will induce the many friends of Dr. Mendelssohn in England to communicate copies of the letters which they may possess to any of the members of his family: such communications to be directed to the deceased's brother, Mr. Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

We have omitted to name a distinguished and voluminous composer for the piano, belonging to the Moscheles period—Ferdinand Ries. Ries was one of the few who enjoyed the honour and advantage of Beethoven's pupil. A man of great industry and talent, he wanted nothing but genius to conduct him to the highest results. But invention and imagination were denied, and Ries, like others before him, strove to make up in quantity for what was lacking in quality. He composed in every style. Oratorios, operas, symphonies, quartets, and chamber music of all forms and varieties came from his pen with equal readiness. It was a matter of indifference to Ries what he undertook. He would set about an oratorio, a symphony, or an air with variations with the greatest nonchalance. He possessed the facility which is mistaken for genius by those who have not the gift of analysis, to so great a degree that it led him into twaddle and prolixity almost as often as it enabled him to accomplish good things. His amazing ease of production militated against his fame. Nevertheless, being an undisciplined musician, whatever Ries gave to the world would stand the test of critical examination, and if accused of exuberance and insipidity, could not be condemned for clumsiness. Thoughtful and ambitious, much and fast as he wrote for the publishers, Ries had always time to devote to a class of compositions for which those gentlemen are known to entertain an instinctive aversion. In the midst of his teaching, his public playing, his occupations as *Kapellmeister* and conductor at some of the great musical meetings in Germany,\* symphonies, concertos, quartets, would issue from his portfolio as regularly, and in as quick succession, as though his whole time had been taken up in manufacturing them. Ries loved his art, and it was no fault of his that he did not influence it in a greater degree. He had all the will to do great things,

and entertained a full conviction that what he wrote was for all time and would entitle him to a place beside the greatest masters. But unhappily it was not for him to decide upon this matter; his contemporaries thought differently of the merits and influence of his works, and now that he is no more, posterity has put the seal upon their verdict.

The pianoforte compositions of Ferdinand Ries are very numerous, and may serve as well as anything else to help us to a general estimate of his talent. He wrote concertos, sonatas, trios, duets, and smaller pieces of almost every denomination. He was a first-rate pianist, and his music naturally presents much that is interesting and more that is eminently useful to the student of the pianoforte. He was thoroughly acquainted with the sonata form, and has left many excellent proofs of his knowledge. But there is a certain dryness about his works which prevented them from being popular while he lived, and has since consigned the greater part of them to oblivion, although Ries has not been dead many years. The most celebrated of his larger compositions for the pianoforte is the concerto in C sharp minor, which is even now frequently used as a piece for display. There are some very fine ideas in this concerto, which abounds in difficult bravura passages that require a great command of the instrument to play effectively. The opening is grand and passionate, and the whole of the first movement good—perhaps the best effort of the composer. The slow movement and *rondo* are much inferior, and the instrumentation, after the first *tutti*, presents very few points of interest. The studies of Ries are admirable as manual exercises; and for a brilliant *morceau* in the popular style, his fantasia on "Those Evening Bells" is, perhaps, as good in its way as anything of the kind that has been produced. The sonatas of Ries are all well written, and in spite of a tendency to redundant detail may be consulted with advantage both by pianist and composer. In none of them, however, do we find indications of those high qualities which entitle their possessor to rank among the composers of real genius.

Aloys Schmidt, a German musician, who has lived many years at Frankfort, and Kuhlau, a flute-player and composer, both deserve mention among the pianoforte writers of the epoch just expired. The former, a professor of deserved eminence, is chiefly known by his studies, which should be diligently practised by all who wish to acquire mechanical proficiency. The latter, in some duets for flute and piano (the best things of the kind extant), has shown a great familiarity with the sonata form, in which he writes with fluency, clearness, and effect.

Marschner, a popular and well-known dramatic composer, has written some sonatas for the pianoforte, which, like his operatic music, smells strongly of Weber, whose mannerisms are even exaggerated by the composer of *Der Vampyr*. These

\* Ries was conductor of the Triennial Festival of the Rhénish cities of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Düsseldorf, for some years. In 1835-6 he shared that office with Mendelssohn, who selected Düsseldorf, while Ries chose Cologne.

\* A set of Six is published at Chappell's, in Bond-street.



sonatas, nevertheless, are worth perusal, although they are written so awkwardly for the instrument that we are led to conclude Marschner is not a pianist.

Reissiger, and his trios, are well known enough by all amateurs to save us the necessity of dilating on their merits, which are not very deep beneath the surface. They are good show-pieces, and that is all. Pianist, violinist, and violoncellist, can each shine to his heart's content, without any prodigious amount of exertion, or any extraordinary display of skill. Hence their extensive popularity. Their form, however, is clear, and though the ideas are poor and the general style common-place the interest attached to the sonata-form is so inevitable that even musicians can listen to these trios with some degree of interest. This must be our excuse for mentioning Reissiger, who, except as a manufacturer of easy pieces for amateurs, has had very little influence on the art and has no claim to be ranked among the great composers for the pianoforte.

Among the successful imitators of Mendelssohn we should have cited Kufferath, a pianist and composer of some distinction, resident at Brussels. Kufferath has written some excellent studies, which develop with great success many of the peculiarities of the modern style. Their practice cannot fail to promote the acquirement of that mechanical facility which is indispensable to those who desire to excel as public players.

We have still to speak of a composer who for originality of talent stood as much apart from his contemporaries as Beethoven, Weber and Mendelssohn, and who, moreover, has contributed a large number of works to the pianoforte. We mean Franz Schubert.

(To be continued.)

### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 58.)

Multum in Parvo.—Old Saying.

A long yarn about Mr. Little.

Doll. Truly you are a most sweet old man as ever I saw. By my troth you have a face able to make any woman in love with you. \* \* \* Ah! those sweet grey locks! By my troth, they are most lovely! \* \* \* Oh, you are an old boy! You have a wanton eye of your own. Ah! you sweet, sugar-tipped wanton, you shall win as many women's hearts as come into your company.—*First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

What he read he could transcribe, but as what he thought—if ever he did, think—he could but ill express, so he read on. \* \* \* And this is his real merit, and the whole of it.—*Warburton's Preface to Shakspeare*.

He vot prigs vot isn't 'isn.

Ven he's cocht must go to pris'n.

Leigh Hunt.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores,  
Sic vos non vobis, nificatis aves,  
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,  
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,  
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

Turgil.

Hic liber est, conglutinator ex tam multis libris, quot unus pinguis coctus oves, boves, sues, gruce, anseres, passeris, coquere, aut unus alimons calefactor centum magna hypocausta, ex illis calcitrare possit.

*Epistole Obscuror Viror.*

Du sollt nicht styhlen.

Mose. das 2 Buch. 20 Cap.

La manière dont il composoit ses ouvrages, mérite bien que j'en fasse une glorieuse mention. Il passoit presque toute la journée à lire les Auteurs Hébreux, Grecs, et Latins, et à mettre sur un petit carré de papier chaque apophthegme ou pensée brillante qu'il y trouvoit. A mesure qu'il remplissoit des carrés il m'employoit à les enfilier dans un fil de fer en forme de guirlande et chaque guirlande faisoit un tome. Que nous faisons de mauvais Livres! Il ne se passoit gueres de mois que nous ne fussions pour le moins deux volumes, et aussitôt la presse en gémissoit; ce qu'il y a de plus surprenant, c'est que ces compilations se donnoient pour des nouveautés; et si les Critiques s'avisent de reprocher à l'Auteur qu'il pillot les Anciens, il leur répondoit avec une orgueilleuse effronterie, *furto lactamur in ipsa*.—*Gil Blas*, liv. x., c. xii.

### Plagiarism the Eleventh.

Full of those dreams of good that vainly grand  
Haunt the young heart—proud dreams of human kind—  
Of men to Gods exalted and refined—  
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,  
Where earth and heaven but seem, alas! to meet.

These are taken from that noble compliment to Lord Chancellor Hyde:—

DRYDEN.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye  
Until the earth seems joined unto the sky;  
So, in this hemisphere, our utmost view,  
Is only bounded by our King and you.

### Plagiarism the Twelfth.

On the white flag Mohanna's host unfurled,  
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the world!"

Poor Shirley has been savagely plucked. His writings, which scarcely procured a clean shirt to his back once in the month, have helped to clothe our Milesian malefactor in many a fine doublet. *Ecce signum primum.*

SHIRLEY.—*The Gentleman of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Urs. Giovanni,

Sweet Giovanni—there's a sunshine word.

In one of Tom's melodies we have a similar thought—

"'Twas sunshine spoken,"

exclaims the wretched dwarf. "Ροδα μ' ειρηνας," "you have spoken roses to me," says Aristophanes, in his beautiful comedy of *The Clouds*, v. 917. Suidas, in his *Lexicon*, prettily explains it. "Αντι του εμοι τα παρα σου ειρημενα ροδα εστιν." This perhaps is the original of Shirley.

### Plagiarism the Thirteenth.

From behind

Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen  
The harem's loveliness, white hands were seen  
Waving embroidered scarves, whose motion gave  
A perfume forth, like those the Houris gave,  
When beckoning to their bowers the immortal brave.

These are pretty lines, God wot! and I gladly award Moore the praise of having transplanted them from Lord Byron, who, *more poetico*, translated them beforehand from Gibbon's glorious history, chap. li.

Gibbon.

But him, the maids of Paradise  
Impatient to their halls invite,  
And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes  
On him shall gleam for ever bright.  
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,  
And welcome with a kiss the brave!  
Who falls in battle 'gainst a giaour  
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

Gibbon—*Decline and Fall*.

Methinks I see the black-eyed girls looking upon me; one of whom should she appear in the world, all mankind would die for love of her. And I see in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk, and a cup of precious stones, and she beckons me, and calls me, "Come hither quickly, for I love thee."

### Plagiarism the Fourteenth.

Too happy day! when, if he touched a flower  
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour,  
When thou didst study him till every tone  
And gesture and dear look became thy own,  
Thy voice like his, the changes of thy face,  
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,  
Like echo sounding back sweet music, fraught  
With twice the aerial sweetness it had brought.

Even for so simple an act as the consecration of a flower, he resorts to poor

SAM ROGERS—*Human Life*.

At length he goes a pilgrim to the shrine,  
And for a relic would a world resign;  
A glove, a shoe-tye, or a flower let fall—  
What though the least, *Love consecrates them all*.

And albeit all his prate about music—"sweet music"—he is obliged to steal one of his very best thoughts in the same passage from

EDWARD MOORE—*Fable XV*.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,  
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,  
One body, heart, and spirit live,  
Enriched by every joy they give;  
*Like echo from her vocal hold*  
*Returned in music twenty-fold*.

### Plagiarism the Fifteenth.

*No: dread, unlooked for, like a visitant*  
*From the other world, he comes as if to haunt*  
*The guilty soul with dreams of lost delight—*  
*Long lost to all but Memory's aching night.*

The very same image is used by

LORD ROCHESTER.

All my past life is mine no more,  
The flying hours are gone,  
Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store  
By memory alone.

### Plagiarism the Sixteenth.

*There on the banks of that bright river born*  
*The flowers that hung above its waves at morn,*  
*Blest not the waters as they murmured by*  
*With holier secret and lustre than the sigh*  
*And virgin glance of first affection cast*  
*Upon their youth's sweet current as it past.*

Browne, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, gave this thought to the lover and mail-coach companion of sweet Fanny of Timmol.

The rose which but this morning spread her leaves  
Kist not her neighbour flowers more chaste than we.

This is not the chaste kind of kissing the author of *Little's Poems* likes best.

### Plagiarism the Seventeenth.

*Dropping, the maiden saw two summers roll*  
*Their sins away—but, ah! how cold and dim*  
*En'n summer suns when not beheld by him.*

In one of his mawkish melodies, our author gives a new hash of this thought, *e. g.*

*I only know that without thee*  
*The sun himself is dark to me.*

I believe I once read in an obscure author, named Horace, some lines very like the foregoing. They ran somewhat thus:

*Ode v., lib. 4.*

*Instat veris enim vultus ubi tuus*  
*Afflatus populo, gratior it dies,*  
*Et soles melius nitent.*

Which one Mr. Francis has very well translated—

For in thy countenance the spring  
Shines forth to cheer thy people's sight;  
Then hasten thy return, for thou away  
Nor lustre has the sun, nor joy the day.

The same thought occurs also in a Latin epistle of Hippolyta to her husband, Balthazar, printed in the appendix to Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth*, vol. vi., page 260.

*Nec mihi displicent, quæ sunt tibi grata, sed ipsa est*  
*Te sine lux oculis penè inimica meis.*

It is odd that Tom, Horace, and the lady should have hit upon the same fancy.

### Plagiarism the Eighteenth.

*Oh grief beyond all other griefs, when fate*  
*First leaves the young heart lone and desolate*  
*In the wide world, without that only tie*  
*For which it loved to live, or feared to die;*  
*Lorn as the hung up lute that ne'er hath spoken*  
*Since the sad day its master chord was broken.*

Poor Ned Quillinan! I knew him well. A better man at brandishing a broadsword, or reining in a steed, or disciplining a troop, or mawling a dun, or hiding sixteen tumblers of punch under his belt, never lived. These were his virtues. Why, alas! did he meddle with poetry? Scarcely had he entered the literary lists, when one of his finest thoughts became the prey of the Old Dragon. Not the fact of his being a brother Irishman, nor his own well-established reputation as a duellist and fire-eater, saved him from the pellet-loading antagonist of Frank Jeffrey. Mark how coolly Tom has taken to his work; and how unmercifully he slices away the fine metaphors of

CAPTAIN QUILLINAN.—*Poems*.

Oft in romantic fantasy of thought,  
When holding strange communion with my heart  
I think it is a harp.  
One string there was upon this injured harp  
Whence music of sublimest influence woke,  
'Twould soothe my cares when most my cares were sharp,  
For with a noble melody it spoke.  
'Twas friendship's string, but that is long since broke:  
The hand of falsehood snapt the chord in twain.  
And my whole soul so harrowed with the stroke,  
That now, when other hands would try again  
To find that broken string, it spurns them with disdain.

These lines are ludicrous enough, Heaven knows, but the gallant Captain himself has little reason to complain. He stole the thought from Tom Campion, in

DAVISON'S *Poetical Rhapsody*.

And as her lute doth live or die,  
Led by her passions, so must I.  
For when of pleasure she doth sing  
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,  
But if she do of sorrow speak,  
Even from my heart the strings do break.

(To be continued.)

### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE last of the winter series of fifteen concerts took place this week, and appeared to be no less successful than the most successful of the preceding ones. The directors may now look upon this undertaking as established. There were many reasons for doubting the permanent success of such a speculation. The novelty was sufficient to carry it through one season; but the popular article of attraction, ballads, must soon be "used up." There is a tedious monotony in this class of music, of which every one must be heartily sensible in a very short time. In the present manner of writing these compositions there is so little worth even first hearing that a second becomes an infliction. The music is generally of so consumptive a nature, that, from humane motives alone, one wishes it dead outright, that it may be relieved from its misery. There are exceptions to the rule, but not sufficiently numerous for the weekly sustenance of nearly three thousand persons, which we believe to be the average number of visitors to the Wednesday Concerts. For some of the old ballads the English public still and ever will retain an affection; but they do not care to hear them every week, and the novelty of their being sung by some favourite singer can alone excuse their frequent introduction in our concert

rooms. During the last season, Mr. Braham and Mr. Sims Reeves disinterred many of the old British songs; but we do not think those songs have much to be thankful for. Mr. Braham appears to have retired, and Mr. Reeves does not seem to think it necessary to trouble the manes of the departed oftener than necessary. Whether convenient or inconvenient, Mr. Reeves has adopted another style—which leads us to suppose that he finds the public in a mood to have something better. The generality of old ballads are very well in their way, and doubtless answer the purposes of authors, singers, and publishers; but the present generation regard them with about the same kind of curiosity as one bestows upon an ancient mummy—useful to look at, as forming a link in a certain history, but of no further consequence. All agree that they should be taken great care of in the Museum, but that on no consideration should permission be given to remove them.

The directors of the Wednesday Concerts are evidently aware that the existence of those entertainments would be at best but ephemeral if they did not diverge from the path which, in the commencement, they intended to pursue. We can discover indications of improvement. There has been no lack of spirit on the part of the directors in the engagements they have made. The orchestra is very superior to what it was last season; and, considering its numbers, we do not know where it could be improved, unless by a little more attention. Mr. Anschütz, the conductor, is well qualified for his situation, and we hope that during the next series we may have to mention him more frequently than we have hitherto had occasion to do. The engagement of the celebrated violinist, Ernst, has been of great importance, not only on account of the attraction of his name and talents, but also from the increased consequence and higher position the concerts have obtained, through his means, among the better informed amateurs, without whose support neither these nor any other public concerts can hope to prosper in the long run. On each succeeding night the attention paid to Herr Ernst's performance has increased, until his appearance on the platform has been the signal for applause frequently of several minutes' duration. It is a common error to assume, in speaking of a great musical work, or the performance of a true artist, that "it is too good for the general public," "they do not understand it," &c., &c. Among the most successful performances of the season have been a selection from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Ernst's solos on the violin, Beethoven's "Adelaide," by Mr. Sims Reeves, the "Qui s'adegna," from *Zauberflöte*, by Herr Formes, and the song of "The Queen of Night," from the same opera, by Mrs. Newton. These are compositions of the highest order, but the public did not think they were too good for their appreciation. On the contrary, they appeared to have a strong liking for them, and never allowed them to pass without soliciting a more intimate acquaintance. The assumptions about the public not liking this and not appreciating that are pure nonsense and pure calumny. Certainly they have few opportunities of showing their taste, since few will take the pains to guide them; but those who have the courage to do so never fail to derive profit by it. *Israel in Egypt*, *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven, *Don Juan*, cannot be pronounced light works, nor in their production have the composers given themselves any great concern about "tickling the popular ear;" yet when great receipts are indispensable, these or such as these, if other such exist, are presented to replenish the treasury which has been exhausted by the attraction of the "pleasing" works. It is altogether a mis-

take to suppose that the public do not know how to appreciate between good and bad. Give them what is good; they will understand it well enough. But it must not be forgotten that, to be understood, good music requires to be well executed, and this part of the arrangement is too frequently neglected.

But we are losing sight of our subject. What has *St. Paul* to do with the Directors of the Wednesday Concerts, or the Directors with *St. Paul*? We must return to our duty, and narrate the events at Exeter Hall. We repeat that the engagement of Herr Ernst has been of the greatest advantage. His compositions are entirely original, and written in such a manner as to prove him an accomplished musician. In many points of his playing, Herr Ernst stands quite alone. There are other violinists whose facility may equal his, although no one has ever surpassed him; but that is the end of the competition. For fine expression and singing on the instrument he is unrivalled. His talent is universal. In the quartet, concerto, fantasia, caprice, sonata, &c., he is equally at home, and has the power more than any other known artist of imparting variety to his style. The hackneyed *Carnival* and Mayrader's *Air Varié*, after having endured all kinds of indignities from a host of candidates for public favour, become quite new under Ernst's protection. He has played the first at nearly every concert during his engagement, and on each occasion has introduced new variations, many of them of such elegance that the public have been as much charmed by the fancy as astonished by the skill of the artist. We do not remember any instrumentalist having so firmly established himself with the public as Herr Ernst. We hope that Ernst will long remain with us. His presence cannot but have a beneficial influence on professors and amateurs of the violin in this country.

The permanent engagement of Herr Formes has also been of great advantage to these concerts. His first appearance was in a selection from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. His magnificent voice, and perfect acquaintance with that noble style of music, immediately won for him a high position with the audience. Good judgment has not been shown on all occasions in the selections of songs for Formes, to whose style such compositions as the "Bay of Biscay" are unsuited. Many of the public still remember Incledon, Braham, and other popular English singers, in this healthy nautical ballad, and it could not be expected that Herr Formes would be able to give a proper version of the song in the short time that he has been in this country. It cannot be expected that any one should enter into the true spirit of that which he does not understand. However, great praise is due to Herr Formes for the pains he has taken, and for the progress he has made in our language. His declamation in the recitative to "Ruddier than the cherry," and "The Wolf," were as fine as anything we have heard. His pronunciation of the English was as correct as that of an Englishman. Herr Formes is engaged as *primo basso* at the Royal Italian Opera. The managers will find immense advantage in his services. He is one of the best actors on the stage, and those who have seen him in *Leporello*, *Marcel*, *Mephistopheles*, *Roberto*, and *Caesar*, will be delighted to have an opportunity to see him on the stage again. We do not know whether he is engaged at Mr. Stammers' second series of concerts, but we trust he is. The public would not willingly part with him.

Mr. Sims Reeves came late in the season, but received a hearty welcome from all parties. Our great tenor never sang better, although he has had a fatiguing campaign of some months in the country.

Amongst the successful first appearances may be mentioned

that of Miss Eyles, who has an excellent voice and a naturally good manner of singing. With time and study she will take a good position. The Misses Cole also made a favourable impression by their singing in some duets of Mendelssohn, &c. Mr. Frodsham was announced in the prospectus as one of the "stars." He is a good singer, although not a "star." If he had been made less of in the announcement he would have been made more of by the public. It is seldom we meet with a voice of such a high register as his. There is no pretension to power, but what he undertakes he does well. That the public were led to expect something more was not Mr. Frodsham's fault. If he perseveres he will be a favorite. He has all the requisites. There were several others whose appearance it would be kind to forget; but we should not like to leave Mrs. Newton without according a word of strong praise. She has been long known to the public, but never so favorably as this season. Her excellent singing in the elaborate song from the *Zauberflöte*, and other difficult pieces, will not soon be forgotten. Mrs. Newton must be a good-natured little body, for she is ready to sing everything, and in any part of the programme. She has frequently come on in such pieces, and at such late hours, that she might with reason have declined. But she has established herself by this really artistic conduct as one of the most general favorites.

Mr. Thalberg's engagement was, as a matter of course, successful. He has long been acknowledged unrivalled in his style, and was never in greater force than this season. The Distin family made their first appearance here since their return from America. Although they had suffered much from illness and fatigue they played in their best style, and were applauded to the echo. Mr. Richardson's solos on the flute have been no less successful than usual, and he is as popular as ever with the public.

It will not be necessary to give a detailed account of the last concert. The selection was from Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. Ernst played his fantasia on "Hungarian airs," and Mayseeder's *Air Varié*, with his own *cadenza*, one of the most brilliant and astonishing ever written for the violin. Both of his solos were re-demanded; but he only complied with the second encore, in which the audience obstinately persisted. He substituted some variations of the *Carnival*. Herr Formes introduced a new song, "The Wanderer's Home," the composition of Herr Anschuetz. It is cleverly and tastefully written, and the violoncello obligato (Mr. L. Phillips) was very effective. Mr. Thalberg was greatly applauded for his fantasias on *Mosé in Egitto*, and *Norma*, and was obliged to repeat the former. Mr. Bridge Frodsham was warmly applauded in "Vivi tu" and two ballads. Madlle. Wagner was favorably received in Weber's difficult scene, "Softly sighs," and a German *lied*; and Messrs. Richardson and Maycock received great applause for their clever execution of Bishop's "Lo! hear the gentle lark." Mr. Richardson's flute solo was encored. The band played three overtures with great spirit. The concert finished with "God save the Queen," sung by all the company, in a variety of keys at once original and unpleasant.

An extra night is announced for next Wednesday, for the benefit of Herr Ernst, who will perform four times during the evening, and begin with Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The amateurs of the violin may expect a rare treat from this performance.

DRURY LANE.—An English adaptation of Schiller's play, *Fiesco*, has been made for this theatre, and will be given on Monday next. The cast comprises the entire strength of the company.

## GABRIEL FIAMMA.

*Non è ti voga a la stagion novella  
L'ape di puri ed odorati fiori  
Alhor che i novi pretiosi humori  
Industria porta ed arrichir la cella.  
Ne cervella giamai leggiadra à mella  
Dianzi seguita ne' riposti horori  
Di fieri velltri, di sopetto fuori  
Si ratta corae al' acqua chiara & bella.  
Com'io son vago d'un fuoco humore  
Che versan gli occhi, allor che tema o zelo  
Od altro affeto più m' accende in Dio:  
Dice allor ebro di dolcezza il core;  
Quanto è felice quei ch' alberga in cielo  
S'egli ha gioia maggior del pianto mio?*

## TRANSLATION.

Sweeter than Summer's fair face  
To the bee which wanders from flower to flower,  
To cull from each resting place  
A treasure to store in her wild honey bower;  
Sweeter than founts crystal clear  
To the hound-chased hind when at length she resteth  
In her covert, and nought is near  
Which her timid and panting spirit molesteth;  
Are those burning tears I shed,  
Thy grandeur and goodness, O sweet God! adoring;  
And my soul with pinion outspread  
Like an eagle, unto thy heaven in thought is soaring.  
Oh! is not their lot divine,  
Who bask in the untold bliss of thy presence?  
When mere passing tears of mine  
Can charm my soul more than aught of earthly pleasure.  
E. K.

## M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL SOIREEs.

The second of these performances took place on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:

## PART I.

Trio in C minor, Op. 1—Piano, violin, and violoncello,	MM. Billet, Deloffre, and Rousselot	Beethoven.
Grand Air, "Le Nozze di Figaro"—Madlle. Wagner		Mozart.
Sonata in A, Op. 3—Piano, M. Billet (for the first time in public)		G. F. Pinto.

## PART II.

Grand Trio in D minor—Piano, violin, and violoncello,	MM. Billet, Deloffre, and Rousselot	Mendelssohn.
German Song,	Madlle. Wagner	Mendelssohn.
English Song,		Maurice Levy.
Le Soir au bord du Lac, 2d Nocturne; Etude in F Major; Margaret, Etude in A major—Piano, M. Billet		A. Billet.
Grand Duo, Piano, Op. 28—MM. Levy and Billet		Mozart.

Conductor, M. Levy.

M. Billet proved himself a pianist, in the truest acceptation of the word. He played the trios of Beethoven and Mendelssohn in such a manner as to show his intimate acquaintance with the style of both composers. His execution of the brilliant *traits de bravoure* in the latter was masterly and correct. He was ably supported by M. M. Deloffre and Rousselot. Mozart's duet was also an excellent performance, in which M. Levy, who played the first part, came in for his share of the honours. M. Billet played his own compositions, which are agreeable, clever, and brilliant, in first-rate style, and was warmly applauded. But the greatest treat of the whole programme was the beautiful sonata of Pinto, the introduction of which confers no little credit on the taste and judgment of M. Billet, who played it in a chaste and graceful manner, suited to its unpretending character. The sonata was so well received that M. Billet will be encouraged to persevere in resuscitating works almost forgotten that well deserve to be remembered.

Madlle. Wagner confirmed the favourable impression she

produced at the first concert of M. Billet. The "German song" of Mendelssohn (or rather of Mendelssohn's sister, for it was composed by her), ought to have been sung faster; but still there was a feeling in Mdle. Magner's interpretation which made us overlook all minor faults. M. Maurice Levy's song is pretty and well written, and Mdle. Magner rendered it full justice.

The concert gave entire satisfaction. At the third and last M. Billet is to play Dussek's sonata, *L'Invocation*, and Sterndale Bennett's trio in A major.

### MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

Our great music-speculator, Fred. Wright, gave a concert on Saturday at the Newburgh Rooms. The bill was an attractive one and secured a full attendance. The performers were Ernst (violin), Stephen Heller (pianoforte), Mdle. Graumann and Herr Formes (vocalists). The following was the programme—

#### \* PART I.

Sonate pour piano et violin, Op. 30—Stephen Heller and Ernst	Beethoven.
Air, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"—Herr Formes	Rossini.
German Song, "Sudlanders Nachlied," Mdle. Graumann	Esser and Burgmüller.
Serenade Espagnol, "Chi godere"	Ernst.
Fantasia, violin, "Othello"—Ernst	Ernst.
"O God, have mercy upon me" (from St. Paul) Herr Formes	Mendelssohn.
Etudes pour le piano, "Romance, Lied, Pastorale, and La Chasse"—Stephen Heller	Heller.
"Das Fischer Lied"—Herr Formes	Küchen.

#### PART II.

Duet, "La ci darem" ( <i>Don Giovanni</i> )—Mdle. Graumann and Herr Formes	Mozart.
Etude in F major, and "La Truite de Schubert," caprice brilliant—Piano, Stephen Heller	Heller.
Ballad, "Come when the morn is breaking" Mdle. Graumann	Linley.
Pensées Fugitives, for piano and violin—Heller and Ernst.	Heller and Ernst.
"1. Romance. 2. Intermezzo. 3. Lied."	Ernst.
Song, "In diesen heiligen"—Herr Formes	Mozart.
German Song, "Volkslied" Mdle. Graumann	Otto Dreser.
Andante, and the "Carnival of Venice," violin—Ernst	Ernst.

Conductor, Herr Kühe.

Ernst is certainly the first of modern violinists. His style is as varied, and impassioned as his execution is marvellous. Stephen Heller, whom I only knew through his delicious compositions, quite surprised me by his playing which is as elegant and refined as his music. I was indeed charmed to hear some of those pieces which I have always so much admired executed by their talented author. The *Pensées Fugitives* by Heller and Ernst, played by the two authors together, in the most masterly style, was one of the greatest treats I ever experienced. Their success was complete.

Mdle. Graumann sings with great purity and feeling, besides having a very agreeable voice; but I was not struck by her choice of compositions. I never heard of Otto Dreser before, nor do I like his *Volkslied*. Linley's ballad was encored.

Formes I have often heard before. He produced a great effect in Schubert's "Wanderer," which was redemanded.

The *Carnival of Venice*, played with extraordinary esprit, produced a furor and an encore; but Ernst would not be persuaded to accede.

Herr Kühe presided as accompanist at the piano forte in a very able manner. The concert gave the utmost satisfaction.

Miss CATHERINE HAYES is re-engaged at the Royal Italian Opera.

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### PRINCESS'S.

ON Monday evening an English version of Halevy's *Val d'Andorre*, was produced with complete success. The whole strength of Mr. Maddox's company, with the exception of Madame Macfarren, was included in the cast, and Madame Macfarren was not included only because there was no contralto part.

We have, already, in the notice of the performance of the *Val d'Andorre* at the St. James's Theatre, given the argument of the piece and spoken of the music. It is unnecessary to recapitulate. The manager of the Princess's has taken care to depart very little from the original score, or the original book. A few apparently requisite alterations, or rather omissions, were made, but the opera, in the main, was rendered in its integrity and its entirety.

The cast of parts was as follows:—Mademoiselle Nau, Georgette; Mfs. Weiss, Therese; Miss Louisa Pyne, Rose de Mai; Mr. Harrison, Captain Lejoyeux; Mr. Allen, Stephan; Mr. Barker, Saturnir (or he is termed in the English version, Tête-de-bois, why we know not); and Mr. Weiss, Jaques.

Mr. Maddox has done everything that could possibly be done, at his theatre and with his materials, for Halevy's opera, and if it fail to have a long run, it is none of his fault. The scenery is very splendid—the first scene, "a picturesque site in the valley of Andorre," quite a *chef d'œuvre* of scenic painting—and the dresses rich and magnificent.

The piece, we have said, was highly successful, but the success was owing to the completeness of the performance, the popularity of the several vocalists, the excellence of the singing, the beauty of the story, and the general feeling conveyed by the music, rather than to any enthusiasm awakened in parts of the opera by solos, duets, or other ensemble *morceaux*. Indeed, if we except the "Drum song" and chorus, which commences the third act, there was not a single hearty encore awarded during the evening. There were two other encores certainly, and both right well merited, but the applause was partial, and was met by considerable opposition.

All the singers acquitted themselves well. Mademoiselle Nau had a part that suited her admirably, in Georgette. The music is very Frenchified and very florid, and the vocalist, with her native talent, and her great agility, could do no less than prove effective in the part. Her first song, a regular Italian cavatina, was given with much brilliancy, although it failed to produce any great effect. The theme of the cavatina is insipid to a degree, and the composer appears to have done all he could to cover its weakness by an exuberance of *flouriture*. This song must depend entirely on the singer's accomplishment for its success. The words will convey a shrewd notion of the merits of the literary portion of the work, and will save us the trouble of alluding any further to the poetry; we, therefore, print them:—

SONG.—Georgette.

Now go, and if awhile at your labor  
Two lovers quarrelling you should view;  
Return and fetch your royal sovereign,  
For she is queen of lovers too.  
And in the field, for the poor gleaners,  
You'll now and then some ears let fall;  
Unto yourselves 'twill bring good fortune,  
'Tis commanded by the "Lord of all."  
For with cold winter then comes suffering,  
Whilst 'tis our duty to relieve;  
Thrice happy he who hath the power,  
For "more blest 'tis to give than to receive!"

This, my fair empire;  
Nor care, nor sorrow,  
Doth e'er invade,  
My crown I gather,  
As gems I borrow  
From Flora's glade.

My throne the cornfield lustre lends,  
And all my subjects are my friends.

Madlle Nau acted in a very spirited manner.

Mr. Harrison made a dashing, lively recruiting captain. The character is an inimitable sketch, and in the hands of Chollet is irresistibly humorous. Mr. Harrison deserves still more credit for his singing. He obtained the only genuine encore of the evening in the "Drum song," which he gave with great energy and animation.

Mr. Allen we have seen act with more spirit, and perhaps, have heard in better voice; but we never heard him sing better, and Halévy himself must have been pleased with his admirable style and method. Unfortunately the music Mr. Allen has to sing was not particularly interesting, and so the applause elicited was bestowed entirely on the singer.

Mr. Weiss took an original view of the part of Jacques. It was, however, not wanting in effect. He sang the chansonette, "Here's the Sorcerer hold," with vigor and point. This chansonette, by the way, is one of the most characteristic pieces in the opera.

The music written for Rose de Mai, is of the simplest kind. This, in some respects, militated against Miss Louisa Pyne's vocal performances, neatness of execution being among the most remarkable qualities of that lady's voice. Rose's two romances are very charming. The latter especially, in F sharp minor, "Ah! should some dreadful chance reveal it," is very tender and beautiful, and was well sung by Miss Pyne, whose purity of style was manifest in the absence of embellishment, cadence, shake, or otherwise. Miss Pyne showed that she had taken pains with her part, and acted with unusual earnestness. We are not, however, of opinion with those who consider Rose de Mai Miss Louisa Pyne's best performance.

Mrs. Weiss and Mr. Barker were useful and effective in the subordinate parts of Therese and Front-de-Bœuf. Mr. Wynn was obtrusively active in the part of L'Endormi, which should be played with scarcely any action at all.

Mr. Edward Loder's good discipline was manifested in the orchestral part of the performance. The band played well and carefully, and will, no doubt, play better after a few nights. The chorus is also entitled to praise.

In conclusion, we should say that the manager of the Princess's never before produced a lyric work more completely at all points.

The *Valley of Andorra* has been played during the week, and has been announced for every night until further notice.

#### OLYMPIC.

THE *Ariane* of Thomas Corneille, brother to the celebrated Pierre Corneille, has always kept its place on the French stage, from the fact that it contains a show-part for a tragic actress. On this account it was played at the Opera House here, during the engagement of Mdlle. Rachel.

The story of Ariadne and Theseus must be familiar to all our readers. According to the common version, the Cretan damsel, when deserted, becomes the wife of the God Bacchus; but as according to modern notions there is but little that is tragical in such a catastrophe, Thomas Corneille has made his heroine fall on a sword. The desert island would have afforded small opportunity to a poet of the "Grande Monarque" school, and, therefore, in the mind's eye of the said Thomas, Naxos is governed by a most urbane monarch, who

holds a very comfortable Court. For the purpose of the "intrigue," as the French call it, Theseus is made to desert Ariadne on account of his predilection for her sister Phædra, and an ingenious position is gained by the latter being made the confidant of Ariadne, while she is, in fact, her betrayer. When Theseus flies from the island with Phædra, Ariadne finds that she is deserted not only by her lover, but by her sister likewise.

In the version produced last night at the Olympic, Mr. Oxenford, the adapter, has evidently endeavoured to render the language more impassioned and less epigrammatic than in the French original. He has also altered the catastrophe, by making Ariadne leap from a rock, while the ship of Theseus is disappearing in the distance. This gives opportunity for a very clever scenic effect, in which by the judicious management of a lay figure, the actress really seems to throw herself from the top of the stage into an abyss.

The excellent acting of Mrs. Mowatt, as Ariadne, will advance her reputation considerably in the estimation of the public. The play has scarcely any incidents, according to the English notion, but the phases of character are highly elaborated, and a large field of detail is laid open for an intellectual actress. The dignity of a princess—daughter of the great Minos—is assumed by Mrs. Mowatt as the basis of the whole, and the passages of grief, anger, tenderness, and irony are given with the greatest degree of refinement. The old French school of drama is eminently suited to this actress, and she is evidently playing *con amore* when she enters into all the subtleties of declamation. The other parts are very inferior to Ariadne. Phædra is not in a very amiable position; but the touch of remorse which was given by Miss Fanny Vining as she was supposed to be quitting the island produced much effect in the fourth act. Theseus is a sad fellow, and King Cénarus, who has a sneaking kindness for Ariadne, is somewhat of a whining gentleman; but they were played with great tact by Mr. Davenport and Mr. Ryder. Nerina, a confidant of the true French school, was very well acted by Miss M. Oliver, a young and rising actress. The bye-play, of which the part chiefly consists, was graceful and expressive.

The scenery, painted by Mr. Dayes, was very beautiful, though an antiquarian might object to the arches in the palace of King Cénarus. The last scene was one of the most elaborate "sets" ever constructed, and the "business" of the situation is admirably arranged by Mr. Ellis. In the whole *mise en scène* there is a tone of classicality.

The success of the piece was unequivocal. First Mrs. Mowatt was called, and was led on by Mr. Davenport; and then a call was raised for Miss F. Vining. The "author" was then summoned, and bowed from a private box.

A farce, which followed the tragedy, and which was called *Wanted a Husband*, proved a failure.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS—OPERA COMIQUE.—The spirited manager of this theatre has given us three new operas in as many weeks—no small feat, and which we should be glad to see imitated in other establishments, which boast of their extraordinary efforts to satisfy the love of novelty inherent in the London public. What is still more surprising, all three have been in every respect successful, and calculated to bear the ordeal of at least half a dozen representations, even before an audience consisting mostly of subscribers. *Le Val d'Andorre* and the *Caid* had never before been produced in England, and *Zampa* not having been played for at least sixteen years, except once at Her Majesty's Theatre, may consequently be considered a novelty. Add to these a revival of Auber's



most sparkling of operas, *Le Domino Noir*, and we shall form an idea of what Mr. Mitchell's notions are as regards the management of his theatre.

On Monday last was produced a new opera bouffon, entitled *Le Caïd*, the music by M. Ambroise Thomas, already favourably known by several operas performed at the *Opera Comique* in Paris; the book is by M. T. Sauvage. It will naturally be asked what is meant by an opera bouffon, more especially as the English have nothing to which we can compare it? We shall answer, that an opera bouffon is something between an opera buffa of the Italian school and the burlesque of the English theatres—a sort of broad farce, elevated on the stilts of tragedy, and speaking the language of Melpomene from beneath the mask of Thalia—pompous even to drollery, ludicrous from its super-abundance of pathos—an exhibition, or rather, as it is called over the water, an *exposition*, which we have occasionally witnessed when we have seen an indifferent actor grappling with the language of the best authors, which he had not sense enough to understand, and which he consequently interpreted exactly the reverse of what he should have done, and producing an effect more ludicrous than affecting. The libretto of the *Caïd* is a fair specimen of this style of composition: it contains a good sprinkling of wit, without ever descending to vulgarity; the allusions are occasionally smart and pertinent; and the characters well conceived and sustained throughout. Of course there is neither *rime* nor *raison* in the plot, not even the remotest approach to probability, or even possibility (although there is no supernatural agency); but the groundwork of the story once accepted, and the author's argument understood, you go on laughing from beginning to end, and have no time to reason on the absurdity of the process, which winds up with a very monster of absurdity, as we shall show.

The story of the *Caïd* turns on the intrigues of Biroteau (M. Lac), a Parisian coiffeur, and Virginie (Mdlle. Charton), modiste, who have wandered to Algeria in search of fortune. Aboul-y-Far (M. Bugnet), the Caïd or magistrate, has a natural dread of the bastinado, of which he has occasionally tasted the bitter flavour when he has tested the forbearance of his parishioners beyond their powers of endurance, or extorted the last farthing of their money by arbitrary fines; for our Caïd is at the same time a miser and a coward. Biroteau appears before him, and offers to sell him a talisman, which shall preserve him for ever from the disagreeable inflictions which frequent habit has not as yet made a second nature to him. Of course the Caïd is delighted at the proposal but the enormous price set on the secret by the coiffeur touches his avarice to the quick, and he hits upon the idea of bestowing on him his daughter in marriage, instead of paying down 20,000 *boudjous*. (Not knowing what may be the value of the coin in question, we are unable to let our readers into the secret.) Biroteau is flattered at the proposal, and consents, forgetting his plighted faith to the amiable Virginie. In the meanwhile another plot has been going on under the superintendence of Ali-Bajou (M. Chateaufort), the Caïd's steward and factotum. He also feels the necessity of protecting his master from the bastinado, in his own interests, and uses his influence to bring about a marriage between his master's daughter Fathma (Mdlle. Danhauser), and a Tambour-major, Michel (M. Nathan), a tall, brave, broad-shouldered colossus. We must not omit to mention, that the lady has conceived a violent passion for the latter. Biroteau is, however, brought to his sober senses by the Hercules, who threatens to cut off his rival's ears, if he refuse to do battle, and by Virginie, who vows vengeance on her faithless lover. He at last consents

to refuse the hand of the Caïd's daughter, the Caïd consenting to pay 20,000 *boudjous* for the talisman, which turns out to be the original receipt for the famous *pomade du Lion*, a sort of French Macassar, or Balm of Columbia, or any recipe warranted to promote the growth of the hair (*style de perruquier*!) Michel marries the Caïd's daughter and becomes his body-guard; and Biroteau marries Virginie; the Caïd has only one regret, which is for his money, and the drunken old intendant triumphs. All this is very absurd, but it is also very droll and, as we said before, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*—when once you begin to laugh, you must go on to the end.

The music of the *Caïd* is even superior to the libretto, and is as original as this species of composition will fairly admit. There is an obvious attempt to ridicule the mannerisms of the modern Italian composers, the more pleasing, as it is done with so much good humour that Verdi himself could not but laugh at the quiz upon his "unisons." Our operatic favourites came in for their share of castigation, and the exuberance of their action and phrasing was well hit off. The overture, light, pretty, and sparkling, but wholly without pretension, prepares us for the quality of the music we are to expect. Mdlle. Charton's first air, "Comme la saurvette," is pretty, and contains some happy imitations of the "Rataplan" in *La Fille du Régiment*. "Quittons cette ville d'intrigues," a duo between Mdlle. Charton and M. Lac, is a very good specimen of the composer's style, and enabled the lady to display her powers of vocalisation and agility to great advantage, and was warmly applauded. The comic scene, "Je suis gourmand comme une chatte," was most diverting in the hands of M. Chateaufort. This was followed by a duet between M. Lac and M. Bugnet, "O toi de l'Algérie," in which both gentlemen highly distinguished themselves. In the second act, Mdlle. Danhauser sang a very pretty air, "Je veux lui plaire," with much expression. This lady is a *débutante*, and promises favourably. She has a sweet voice, sings with great feeling, and acts gracefully; she was warmly encouraged by the audience, and when she has conquered her timidity will get on still better. The most brilliant air in the opera, however, is a charming scene, admirably rendered by Mdlle. Charton, "Plaignez, plaignez, la pauvre demoiselle." The allegro, "Vive le mariage," is a bravura, and requires extraordinary powers of execution. Mdlle. Charton surpassed herself, and went through the ordeal most triumphantly. The most difficult passages were done with the greatest apparent ease, and the most daring flights of vocalisation accomplished without any seeming effort. A unanimous and enthusiastic encore was the consequence, in which the lady most cheerfully acquiesced. The scene in which the imitations of the Italian vocalists take place was admirably done by all engaged in it. We must not omit to mention M. Chateaufort's song, "Tra, la, la, l'en plaira," when he enters, having almost emptied his bottle of *Parfait amour*, and consequently rather the worse for liquor; it was richly humorous.

On the whole, we have rarely seen an opera in which the actors more highly distinguished themselves. Mdlle. Charton never sang so well, and we were far from expecting to find her so excellent an actress. Mdlle. Danhauser (sister of a young lady of the same name, who made a successful *début* as the Abbess in *Le Domino Noir*) looked very pretty in her Moorish costume, and made a highly favourable impression. M. Chateaufort is decidedly one of the best *buffi comici* that we have heard; his drunken scene was the perfection of drollery. M. Lac acquitted himself very creditably of his part, although he has much to acquire and much to avoid as a



singer. M. Buguet is an old favourite: his acting and singing were both excellent. M. Nathan has humour in him, as he testified in the quintett of the second act, and a good bass voice; but he is afraid to give his humour full play, and, forcing his voice at times, sings sharp. The decorations were in excellent keeping; the scenery of Mr. Muir was excellent; and both chorus and orchestra are entitled to our warmest approbation. The success of the piece was triumphant, and will no doubt continue to fill the house as on Monday, when it was crowded in every part.

The comic scene from Paer's opera, *Le Maître de Chapelle*, was admirably done by Mdlle. Guichard and M. Chollet. Mdlle. Guichard sang and acted better than we have ever heard her; and M. Chollet, as the old master, was inimitable, and showed how different the same part will appear when portrayed by a finished artiste like M. Chollet, instead of a common-place, like M. Brance of last year. J. DE C—.

### BALFE AT BERLIN.

(From the Times.)

MR. BALFE's opera, the *Bondsman*, under the name of *Der Mulatte*, was produced last night at the Royal Theatre with complete success. Berlin is (musically) the most fastidious capital of Europe; to have passed its ordeal triumphantly, therefore, puts the seal on the continental reputation of the composer. In Vienna, Frankfurt, and other German cities, the works of Mr. Balfe have long been popular; Berlin is the last to become acquainted with them; but the heartiness of the reception accorded to the work selected atones for the delay, which has in a great measure been caused by the political confusions of the past two years. The audience last night was one of the most numerous and brilliant ever assembled within the walls of the theatre. The King and Queen, the Princess of Prussia, the Prince and Princess Karl, the Princess Charlotte and her royal bridegroom, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, were present; in fact, all the royal *loges*, including the state box, were occupied—an event of rare occurrence. Every part of the house was filled; the tickets had been disposed of for several days previously, and were only to be obtained on the morning of performance at a premium. Mr. Balfe conducted the orchestra, which is not excelled even by that of the opera of Paris. The overture was enthusiastically applauded; and it was well deserved, for the instrumentation was executed with spirit, delicacy, and perfect precision throughout. As the opera is well known in England, it is unnecessary to notice all the different motives of the libretto. Ardenford (the Mulatto) was performed by M. Mantius; and Corinna by Madame Köster, who was decidedly the star of the night; her first air, "Afrika's Sohn" ("Child of the Sun" in the English version), was beautifully given, as well as the cavatina, "Nicht immer ist das Angesicht" ("It is not form, it is not face"); but she was most applauded in a new aria introduced for her in the third act, "O! Gott, lass es gelingen," in which her execution was really wonderful. M. Mantius has to struggle against the disadvantage of a small figure, and not very powerful voice; and the choruses might have been stronger; but on the whole the opera was beautifully given; the ballet of the second act, and the whole *mise en scene*, were perfect. M. Balfe was called for at the close of the second act, and again at the fall of the curtain, when he was greeted by the audience with the most cordial and hearty applause. M. Mantius and Madame Köster received a similar ovation. His Majesty was evidently highly pleased with the music, and frequently joined in the general expression of approval. When leaving, he stated to M. Kustner, the

director of the theatre, that he hoped soon to see the *Bohemian Girl* produced in the same efficient style. Mr. Balfe was congratulated during the evening on his success by most of the musical and literary celebrities of Berlin.

### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ's fifth Classical Chamber Concert went off with great éclat. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in D minor, Op. 49, Mendelssohn. Song, Mrs. Winterbottom, "Why do I weep," Wallace. Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, in B flat, Op. 45, Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Trio, pianoforte, tenor, and clarinet, in E flat, Mozart. Song, Mrs. Winterbottom, "Phyllis is my only joy," F. W. Hobbs. Miscellaneous Selection, pianoforte—"Eloge des Larmes," and "Barcarole," F. Schubert; "Adelaide," Beethoven.

The room was more crowded than at any of the preceding concerts. An excellent concert it was, both in the quality of the fare set before the audience in the above *recherché* programme, and in the perfection of its performance. It appears Mr. Hallé's appointment as conductor of the Concert Hall orchestra is confirmed, and that considerable changes and additions are being made in the orchestral forces, and the concert we are now noticing afforded an opportunity to those present of forming an opinion as to the quality of some of the recent importations. Herr Lidel—who is henceforth to take rank as principal at the Concert Hall—being the violoncellist; a M. Bachens (query, a Belgian or a Frenchman?) being the tenor (to be principal second violin at the Concert Hall, we believe); and a pupil of the Royal Academy, a Mr. Sorge, clarinet, who is to be first clarinet at the Concert Hall. Mr. Hallé has no easy or pleasant task in hand—so to remodel the Concert Hall band as to increase its efficiency and bring more talented performers on particular instruments into it without injuring or doing injustice to those who have held their posts, to the best of their ability, for years. Let us hope he will accomplish his purpose in as delicate a manner as possible, and with all kindly feeling towards the old members. Already we see the first bassoon has been blurring out some notes of dissatisfaction, in a letter (paid for as an advertisement) in the *Manchester Guardian*. We sincerely trust that Mr. Hallé will give the preference, where there is efficient talent, to English residents; and show no undue preference to his countrymen, or any other foreigners whatever. We have been led into these remarks by the circumstance of no less than three new members of the band being on this occasion brought before the Manchester public as novitiés. Herr Lidel is a fine player, although a long way behind Patti for exquisite finish and refinement, and we do not think his tone is equal in roundness and fullness to more than one English violoncellist we could name (Lucas and Lindley for instance); still he is far superior in finish to our Mr. Thorley, and will doubtless be an acquisition to the Concert Hall band. Of M. Bachens we cannot speak so favourably; he seems certainly to have great facility of execution, but his tone on the tenor is not to be compared, in our opinion, with that of the talented amateur who has from time to time appeared at Hallé's concerts. Mr. Sorge is a very decided card—a more pure tone or a better style of playing we could not wish to listen to; no clarinet at the Hall can object to give place to so superior a performer, although apparently so young a man. But to the performance itself—the trio (op. 49) in D minor of Mendelssohn is a splendid work of art, one that it is almost impossible to appreciate fully on a first hearing. The first movement, *molto allegro agitato*, was so characteristically "agitated," that it was difficult to appreciate it entirely on a first hearing. Yet amidst it all there was here and there a strain of melody—quite à la Mendelssohn—that made us regret that we were not better acquainted with the movement. The *andante tranquillo* was lovely throughout, and closed with a passage most beautifully given by first violin, flowing into one by the violoncello, uniting them as if you were listening to one instrument; this was most loudly and rapturously applauded. The *scherzo leggiervo vivace* abounds in beauties, and was finely rendered, as was the *finale allegro assai*

*appassionato*. The three executants seemed to vie with and play to each other, so as to render the performance of this most difficult trio as perfect as possible. Mr. Hallé was, as he always is, in classical chamber music, admirable; it was a capital *début* for Herr Lidel, and we never heard Mr. C. A. Seymour acquit himself better. We wished most heartily your correspondent, of the three stars signauro, had been present; we think even he would have been willing to have admitted that Mr. Seymour was something more than a competent *second* violin. We thought it not quite so judicious in the same part with the trio, to give a sonata also of Mendelssohn. We should have preferred, both for variety and contrast, one of Beethoven's; with this exception, we have not a word to say against the composition itself, or its efficient rendering, in such hands as Lidel and Hallé; it was much applauded. The second part opened with a novelty to us—a trio for pianoforte, rector, and clarinet—a daring combination to place before ordinary performers. Who that has heard the clarinet in the open air or the street, but remembers, painfully, the alternate peacock-like screaming and harsh growling that is emitted by that instrument? But to hear it in a room like the Assembly Room, it seemed all but impossible that the pitted Mozart could write a trio that would make such an instrument bearable. Not so, however, for in Mr. Sorge's hands it was made to discourse most eloquent music, and with a purity and *stinging* quality of tone that was truly delightful; some of the harmonies produced by the three instruments together, were heavenly, and were evidently received with intense interest by the entire audience. The wind up of the concert was, as usual, a selection of three pieces to display Hallé's own peculiar talent, in as many styles of pianoforte music, the first two being a plaintive *adagio* and, merry *burcarole*—both by Schubert; the last Beethoven's *Adelaide* sung and accompanied obligato, both on the pianoforte; the last was most tastefully and expressively done, the air being heard all through, yet not so as to mar the beautiful accompaniment; the talented artist was loudly cheered as he rose from the instrument. The vocalist was Mrs. Wintorbottom, who gave in the first part, Wallace's song with nice feeling and expression. 'Hobb's song we did not like so well, the shake, especially, had been better omitted. It was a charming concert. The next, and alas! the last for the present season, is on Thursday the 7th instant.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. MACREADY has been giving a few of his farewell performances this week, during which he has played King Lear, Richelieu, Shylock, and Othello. Next week he really appears for the last time here—a circumstance which will be unanimously regretted by the great actor's numerous admirers in Liverpool. I will not enter into any details of his performances, as they have so lately, and so ably, been criticised in the *Musical World*. I thought his King Lear was in some respects different from what it used to be, though undoubtedly one of the finest exhibitions of dramatic genius that the present age has witnessed. Mrs. Warner played Goneril, and Mr. Pearson appeared to considerable advantage as the Duke of Kent. Mr. James Browne also made much of a small part by his excellent bye-play and discrimination. In Othello Mr. Macready was efficiently supported by Mr. Barry Sullivan as Iago, and Mrs. Warner as Emilia. Mr. Sullivan's performance—as on a former occasion, of which I wrote you an account—admirable. He is one of the most promising of our young tragedians, and will I fancy make a hit when he appears in the metropolis. To-morrow the pantomime is to be played as a first piece, for the satisfaction of the little folks. There was a juvenile night last week, on which occasion the house was crowded by the rising generation, whose merry laughter showed that they thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

Mr. Tompleton sang at the Saturday Evening Concerts last week, and to a crowded audience, who encored several of his most popular songs. These concerts have now been established in Liverpool, with the utmost success, for several years, and have been instrumental in affording an innocent relaxation for the working people, to whom the small charge for admittance (6d.) has facilitated the entry. A local writer, in speaking of them, says:

"The body of the room; as is usually the case on a Saturday evening, was occupied by working men—few females sitting in that part of the house—the large area being densely filled with the labouring classes. It is not uninteresting to look down upon a mass of probably a thousand human beings, and to reflect that most of these men have been saved from expending their earnings in the public-house by the cheap and rational entertainment thus placed within their reach. At the price of one pint of ale, a good concert is provided, and, in many cases, family comforts are insured which could not otherwise be realised. It is easy to see that the body of the hall is filled by working men. The red coat of the soldier, the straw hat and blue jacket of the sailor, and the fustian jacket and peculiar bearing of the artisan, are easily traced in this part of the hall. The people who attend the Concert-hall are also remarkably well-behaved. The doors are opened at seven o'clock and the concerts commence at eight. The men, for the most part, come early to secure their seats, and to fill up the time till the performance commences, numbers of them have newspapers or pamphlets, which they quietly read till eight o'clock. Great attention is paid to the singer, or whatever entertainment may be provided for them, and no little discrimination is shown in distinguishing merit. *Vox populi lex suprema* is a dangerous affirmation when applied in its unlimited bearing, but a great deal of attention is due to the judgment of the people in fixing a value upon talent. There is also another feature in the Saturday evening concerts which is worthy of imitation, and that is the consideration exercised to a vocalist. There is none of that unreasonable expectation from a vocalist which is too common in assemblies of a higher class, and it is much to their credit that they seek not enjoyment from the unfair demands upon the exertions of those who minister to it."

The Saturday concerts have usually paid their expenses. They have been the means of putting hundreds of pounds in the way of the profession, who will find that they benefit themselves, and their humbler fellow-creatures, by doing all in their power to promote the success of performances so cheap and so judiciously managed. Mr. G. Buckland gives one of his entertainments next Saturday. Our Welsh Choral Society gave a grand performance of sacred music on Wednesday. The subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society will take place on the 12th February, for which Madlle. Charton, Signor Marras, M. Demeur, and M. Wiele are engaged. I am exceedingly anxious to hear Charton, in whose praise the critics are so unanimous. I shall decidedly make an effort to hear the French *cantatrice*, who, like a new Orpheus, seems to charm the world. There is a report that we are to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Mitchell's opera troupe in April, at our Theatre Royal. I hope the news is not too good to be true. We have had German, Italian, and English operas in Liverpool, but never the French *Opera Comique*, which, to us poor provincials, will be a rare treat. The attempt would be sure of success in a pecuniary sense. The second subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society will take place on the 4th of March, when Formés is to sing in *Elijah*. As you heard both him and our chorus when you were down here last September, you can be sure that it will be an interesting performance. J. H. N.

Liverpool, Jan. 31, 1850.

#### JULLIEN AT CHELTENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

AN evening and a morning concert were given during the week, under the management of Messrs. Hale and Son, at which M. Jullien and his band, and the charming Jetty Treffz, were engaged. The rooms were crammed to suffocation on both occasions. So dense indeed was the crowd, that many of the visitors had to retire to make room for Jetty Treffz each time she appeared. The orchestra seats were occupied in every spare place by ladies, who could not obtain accommodation elsewhere; and, on the whole, a more elegant and crowded assembly has seldom congregated within the walls of any concert room. Upwards of seven hundred visitors attended at the evening concert, and not less than six hundred and fifty at the morning.

To speak of the programme is scarcely necessary. The performances were of the same calibre as those which Jullien has been recently giving. Everything passed off with the utmost enthusiasm. Jetty Treffz created a powerful sensation; she sang most delightfully, and was encored in all her songs, and in one three times. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to all concerned in the concerts than the manner in which they went off.

## THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NO. II.

(From the Morning Post.)

ONE of the branches of musical art least understood, and upon which the most uninstructed consider themselves qualified to give an opinion, is melody. It is the fancied stronghold of the amateur critic; and even our budding misses venture to lisp melodious judgments. Melody, properly understood, answers to the single-figure principle in the sister art, in regard to which Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us the following precepts:—"When the picture consists of a single figure only, that figure must be contrasted in its limbs and drapery with great variety of lines. It should be as much as possible a *composition in itself*. It may be remarked that such a complete figure will never unite or make part of a group; as, on the other hand, no figure of a well-conducted group will stand by itself." These principles, applied to music, will furnish us with a complete definition of melody. A strongly marked musical figure will no more admit of great variety in the accompanying parts, redundancy of accessory ideas, or contrapuntal development, than will the single figure in drawing of complicated grouping or undue prominence of the component parts. The principles of fine melody are as fixed and immutable as those which regulate the mozy convolutions of counterpoint and fugue, or the progressions and modulations of harmony. It is not to be produced by chance. It is the result of knowledge, as distinguished from mere intuition. Its fundamental laws are rhythmical symmetry, a natural succession of intervals, and tonal consistency. Harsh and extreme distances are as contrary to its nature as is a vague and difform style of rhythm. The excellent precepts transmitted to us from the ancient contrapuntists for the carriage of voices form the basis of our laws respecting the production of pure melody. Diatonic intervals should ever be preferred to chromatic, monotony avoided, and "variety in unity" never lost sight of. The principle laid down by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the single figure should form a *composition in itself*, means, when applied to music, that a well-constructed melody should, even without the accompanying parts, be gratifying and satisfactory to the ear. If this condition be fulfilled, its general popularity will be inevitable. By general popularity, however, we must be understood to convey a much more extended meaning than a mere barrel-organ circulation. The indiscriminate zeal with which the unlettered crowd occasionally adopts a vulgar tune cannot be admitted as a proof of its excellence. The ascendancy of such productions over the public mind is invariably of short duration, and generally to be ascribed to local influence, or their popular association with some passing event, and *always* to the absence of something better. The truly popular airs are those which have stood the test of ages. The compositions of those inspired writers who, like all true poets, are the exponents of those eternal ideas of the true and beautiful implanted in the human breast, and who, as they tell of things already known and felt by all, though never so well expressed, have but to speak to be understood. The true poet, whether of words, tones, or colours, is an oracle in which the undying spirit of truth finds a voice. It is for him alone to "strike the electric chain with which we are darkly bound," causing it to vibrate through all time. An idea prevails that the national airs of various countries are evidences that melody is the offspring rather of nature than art; but to establish this theory it will be necessary to prove that uncouth distances and rhythmical deformity are as agreeable as the opposite qualities; that a defective scale is equal to a perfect one; that monotony and mannerism are as admirable as variety in unity—in short, that melodies composed by a barbarous and ignorant people are as excellent as those invented by the great writers. The most rabid admirer of those interesting old acquaintances will, we opine, scarcely go so far. Far be it from us to evince any lack of reverence for antique and time-honoured melodies. They are entwined with our earliest recollections; they surprised us into admiration before the reign of judgment commenced; they are associated in our minds with thoughts of hope and dreams of happiness; some of our best poets have wedded to them their worthiest inspirations; they are endeared by a thousand ties to our memory; and we cannot listen unmoved to—

"The melody of youthful days  
Which steals the trembling tear of speechless praise."

These, however, are adventitious circumstances, to which we have alluded merely because we feel convinced that they have very much influenced the public mind. People love to hear that which reminds them of the time when "pale pain" was unknown to them—hence the erroneous conclusions they arrive at. One peculiarity of melody is that it more easily takes the stamp of individuality than the more complex branches of the art; and we shall hazard the reproach of having made a trite observation when we remark that the native airs of various countries are impressed with the general features of the national mind and character. The conception of melody, owing to the singleness of its nature, is more immediate, and emanates more directly from the feelings and emotions, than the complexities of harmony and counterpoint, which demand more consideration and calm reflection. The mind, always subject to local and physical influences, takes its colour from surrounding objects; and its first musical impulse, which is melody, becomes naturally imbued with the circumambient spirit of the time and place. Hence the distinct character of national melodies. We must, however, warn the true student against giving undue importance to this fact, and urge him not to consider, because he may be an Englishman, that he is bound to imitate English composers. Let him rather reflect that great works are of no country, but are as universal as the immutable principles upon which they are constructed, and that it is better to strive to be great in art than to be merely national. These reflections lead us to a consideration of the Italian opera school, of which melody is commonly supposed to be the leading characteristic. That the Italian opera has greatly influenced the musical mind of Europe there can be no doubt. In Italy opera was invented, and for many years held an incontestable superiority over every other. The language which lends itself readily to musical accent, and the very marked vocal inflections which have ever characterised Italian declamation, gave rise in process of time to recitative. The favourable influence of the climate, together with the severe discipline to which Italian singers were subjected, tended to produce a race of executive artists superior to any at that time in Europe. This led to the migration of Italian *troupes* to various countries, whereby a taste and love for their opera was widely disseminated, and it thus became the model upon which foreign composers formed their style.

From the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, from *Dafne* and *Euridice*, composed by Peri and Caccini in 1590, to the charming operas of Paisiello and Cimarosa, Italian opera (which originated in an attempt to revive the ancient Greek system of singing dramatic poetry,) was in a state of gradual development, and produced a multitude of composers, who may be regarded as respectable and indispensable links in the chain of musical events. The best points of the school were then adopted by Mozart, who carried it to perfection. It thus appears that the original influence of Italian opera was owing to its real excellence. Some of the finest works have been written to the Italian language—their voices and singers are pre-eminent; and we shall therefore always be glad to see at least one Italian Opera supported in England, provided, however, that the *best* works of the school, and not the *worst*, be constantly performed. With Rossini commenced its degeneration. He is the father of the present school, in which he has had numerous followers, who have perpetuated his faults rather than his beauties. The immediate successor of Mozart, he was nearer to the good time, and could not wholly escape its influence. A man of vivacious and original genius, the novelty and brilliancy of his effects created a *furor*. Too indolent for serious study, and too gifted to produce anything wholly destitute of merit, he has accomplished as much as his limited knowledge would allow him, still leaving us more cause to regret than to admire. As a melodist, he holds an elevated rank; but many of his happy efforts are so disfigured by meretricious ornament that they already begin to appear antiquated and *rococo*. His music is generally distinguished by strong dramatic feeling (especially that of the *Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*) no less than by clever vocal treatment. His instrumentation is occasionally imaginative, but more frequently common-place and *bolterous*. His contrapuntal skill is very small, as the miserable school-boy attempt at a *Requiem* in the *Stabat Mater* sufficiently proves. His harmonies, though sometimes rich and glowing, are too often elaborately chromatic, and of very questionable legitimacy.

We will now proceed to make some observations upon the style of melody at present in vogue, and which is supposed to form the staple commodity of all Italian operas. It is generally monotonous, vulgar, and inexpressive of the words to which it is wedded; and although there be occasional pathos and sentiment in the slow movements, the quick are almost always repulsive to the cultivated musician, from their extreme crassitude and futility. One air so closely resembles another, owing to the constant and infelicitous repetition of the same phrases without any change of treatment, that the principles of variety and contrast are utterly lost sight of. The truly egotistical manner in which the modern Italian constantly copies and reproduces himself is as sorry a proof of the invention for which his friends give him credit as the frequent appropriation of other people's ideas is of his knowledge. It thus appears that his claims to melodic pre-eminence are very ill established. The fact is, that the modern Italians are as immeasurably inferior to the great men in melody as in everything else; and it would, indeed, be monstrous to admit Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, to be the greatest musicians the world has produced, and at the same time to pronounce them wanting in one of the greatest requisites of their art. Amid such contradictory statements, the judgment of the inquiring amateur must necessarily flounder. After those reflections, we must be allowed to observe that we object to the style of Italian opera at present fashionable; and, feeling convinced that it tends to corrupt the public taste, consider it our duty to oppose its influence. We are not "behind the scenes" of either of our Italian Operas; we see not the machinery upon which they work, neither do we know who influences the proceedings of the directors; but this we know—they are both public theatres devoted to the performance of music, possessing the best executive artists in the world, and that, with all their mighty resources, little homage has as yet been paid to the classic muse. To please whom we would ask, are such operas as *La Sonnambula*, *Edgar d'Amore*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Don Pasquale*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, &c., repeated *ad nauseam*, while such works as the *Costi San Teuli*, *Seraglio*, *Clemenza di Tito*, *Flauto Magico*, *Idomeneo*, &c., the *Deux Jumeaux* by Cherubini, and *Fidelio* by Beethoven, remain for the most part unknown to the British public? What would the public say to the manager of a great dramatic theatre who, having the greatest histrionic talent at his command, persisted in performing the works of some miserable playwright in preference to those of the great authors? Would there not be a formidable outcry for Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, Sheridan, Goldsmith, &c.? To please whom, then, is a system pursued in regard to music which would be condemned when applied to the sister arts? Is it owing to the influence of the self-styled "connoisseur," who imagines he has a taste for music because he winters in Italy, and believes the right of condemning all that is great and good in art to be included in the purchase of his season ticket? Is it to please the "fat man," to whom the appreciation of the intellectual beauties of the great masters would cost too great an effort to afford him any entertainment, and for whose impaired mental vision, rendered dull by the constant contemplation of the gross and material, their bright effulgences would be too dazzling? The "fat man" must shut his eyes, and some silence might follow, and who knows but that the slumber of "fat men" may be the final cause of great classical works of art? Is it to please the graver portion of the subscribers, amongst whom we number warriors, statesmen, lawyers, and churchmen, that the rapid and unmeaning strains of modern Italian composers are substituted for the sublime evidences of truth and beauty to be found in Mozart? Can they recognise and appreciate the grand immutable principles of all arts, which manifested in poetry and painting, and fail to understand them in music? Do they love and reverence Sophocles, Euripides, Phidias, Michael Angelo, Shakspeare, Milton, and despise Mozart and Beethoven? Strange contradiction! Are they weak or vain enough to sit in judgment upon an art they do not understand; or, attending the opera merely because it is "the fashion," and without pretending to any fixed ideas respecting music and its influence, do they receive bad works merely because they have a continental reputation? In that case, we say to them that England is too far advanced in art to pay blind homage to foreign opinion, and that, even if the continental fiat of approval were necessary, the great works we have mentioned enjoy

a much higher reputation, acquired in the palmiest days of music in the once-favoured lands of song, than the poor trash which is now deemed worthy their patronage, and to which the epithet "fashionable" is applied. Our lady subscribers can do much towards effecting a reform in the opera, and if they will but turn their eyes for a time from the popular idols of the day to the contemplation of a purer school, they will there find evidences of the true and beautiful, of which they are a part, and with which they cannot fail to sympathise. Those admirers of modern Italianism who amuse themselves by groping about amid the dust and darkness of bygone ages to find a proof of modern excellence are, we fear, hopeless cases. They really must hit upon some happier method of establishing the excellence of their idols, than citing ancient authors of merit to prove that the moderns have not degenerated, if they wish their observations to meet with any attention.

That some of the great works of which we have spoken may be given next season at our Italian Operas is the earnest desire of all who love the art. The public mind is prepared for them, and we feel convinced the directors would have no cause to regret the production of works having all the charm of novelty for the million, and every way calculated to aid the progress of music and improve the popular taste.

(To be continued.)

#### CHARLES E. HORN

(From the Critic.)

We have already offered some observations on the life and talents of the late Charles Horn; but as the following sketch comprised several particulars not generally known, it will, doubtless, be read with interest:—

Charles Edward Horn, the subject of the following memoir, who died at Boston, U. S., on the 21st Oct., was born in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, London, on the 21st of June, 1786. His father, Charles Frederick Horn, who was a native of Nordhausen, in Germany, came over to England as an adventurer in 1780, and shortly after his arrival in London had the good fortune to be introduced by the Marquis of Stafford, and appointed musical instructor to the royal family of George the Third. He was an excellent theorist and practical pianist, and wrote a number of pianoforte sonatas, and other pieces, with accompaniments for flute, violin, &c. He continued his instruction to the royal family until 1811. During his long attendance on his illustrious pupils, he was frequently urged by his sons to solicit situations for them, but he always silenced their importunities by saying, "If you knew how many favours are asked of that kind, surely you would not desire me to add to the number of their applicants." This delicacy led his royal patrons to conclude that he had amassed a considerable fortune.

In 1810 he composed some military divertimentos, by desire of the Duke of Cambridge, to whom he dedicated them. Also, twelve themes, with accompaniments for violin and violoncello; and a treatise on thorough-bass. He, in conjunction with Mr. S. Wesley, was the first to introduce and publish the celebrated fugues of Sebastian Bach in this country.

In 1823, his Majesty George the Fourth, in a very flattering manner, appointed him organist to the Royal Chapel at Windsor. This brought him again continually into the presence of the King and the Princesses, by whom he was often commanded to perform the various lessons he had taught them thirty years before. The great and condescending attention which he received on these occasions rendered the latter part of his life completely happy, and he devoted the whole of his time and thought to the services of those illustrious personages, to whose favours he was so much indebted. The death of his Majesty produced an immediate and very perceptible effect upon his health, which from that moment began to decline. He in vain attempted to rally; occasionally he visited his relatives and a few particular friends, but always under the most obvious depression of spirits. On the 3rd of August, 1830, to the delight of his family, he appeared much better, and at half-past nine retired to bed. At half-past ten he expired—without a groan, without a sigh!

During the early period of his first occupation as teacher to the royal family, he frequently met a lady of French extraction, who was employed as general instructress to the same august family, and, after a period, a closer and more tender intimacy sprang up between them, which ultimately ended in their union, the first fruit of which was Charles Edward, who had for his sponsors the celebrated Solomon and Edward Stephenson, the banker. From his earliest childhood Charles Edward imbibed a love for the "divine art," which was directed by his father into the pro-

per channel. At the age of six he showed evident signs of a precocious taste for composition, declaring that he could produce an appropriate melody to any kind of words, and his skill at improvisation was often put to the test, both by his father and the friends who were his frequent visitors, to the no small amusement of both. They would endeavour to puzzle Charles with poetry of an unweary versification, but he always contrived to extricate himself from the difficulties, and boasted that he could set a newspaper to music if requisite.

"The great Haydn, during his sojourn in the English metropolis, was a frequent guest of the father of Charles, upon which occasions Charles was allowed to display his versatile talents, which attracted the attention of that master mind, who would take him on his knee and fondle him, and predict that he would one day turn out a clever musician. At the table of the elder Horn was constantly surrounded with the most distinguished musicians of the day, Charles heard the best instrumental music, and as he loved music much better than literature, he soon endeavoured to make himself master of all the instruments his father possessed, and set about in good earnest to study and practice them. Finding that Charles required more attention to his studies than he had time to bestow on them, his father engaged with the celebrated Baumgarten, the German musical theorist, to instruct him in the science of harmony and composition, remarking at the same time to Charles, 'you are so rapid at invention that you will not give yourself time to think; a stranger may, therefore, have more control over you than I have, and I can explain to you any difficulties which may not be clear to your comprehension during your lessons.' This rapidity of invention was, perhaps, rather his bane than his good fortune, for it induced him to depend more upon his genius than his well-grounded and steady pursuit of the science. But, notwithstanding this drawback, he continued to make rapid progress in his art, mastering first one instrument, and then another; and it is well known that he was an excellent violinist, as well as a violoncellist and pianist. Hearing his father praise Braham, who had made a great sensation in public as a singer, and his father having taught that eminent vocalist the piano in his younger days, Charles felt exceedingly desirous of witnessing his operatic performance. He was accordingly taken to Covent Garden Theatre on the production of the *Cabinet*, where he was so strongly impressed with the singer and the opera, that it gave him a decided taste for that species of music, and he took every opportunity in his power of being present at operatic performances, feeling a great desire to join in them. This he was not long wanting in the opportunity of doing, for his father's friend, Dolman, the second violoncellist of the opera, being taken suddenly ill, Charles earnestly pleaded to become his deputy, which was acceded to; and as Dolman's malady was a long and severe one, Charles enjoyed the gratification of performing his part for a whole season, and to his generosity of character he recorded, he insisted upon Dolman's taking the whole of the salary, knowing, as he did, that Dolman's pecuniary circumstances were anything but in a prosperous condition.

"Soon after this, the late lamented T. Ashanger, Esq., a great patron of music and musicians, and G. E. Griffin (the composer of Griffin's Concertos and other works for the piano), joined Charles and some amateurs of the city in an attempt at performing one of Mozart's operas; one of the party having a score of the *Don Juan*, it was agreed that they should copy the parts among them, which was accordingly done, and they performed it, for the first time in England, at Hayward's floor cloth manufactory, near the Borough, and afterwards, by way of experiment, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street. It having been discovered that Charles had a fine baritone voice, he was awarded the part of Don Juan; and with Bellamy as Masetto, Seboni as Commendatore, Naldi as Ottavio, Miss Haynes (afterwards Mrs. Gattie), as Leporello, Madame Feron as Don Anna, Miss Feron as Elvira, &c., and Spagnoletti as leader; among the band being Lindley and Dragonetti; the opera was performed and completely successful in its reception. This led Mrs. Billington to suggest the translation and adaptation to the English stage of Mozart's opera *La Clemenza di Tito*, which was done for her benefit; this was the fame of Mozart's operas first established in England. Horn's voice having much improved, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Bishop recommended, on the opening of the English Opera House, by S. J. Arnold, Esq., the engagement of Horn as second tenor, T. Phillips, or Irish Phillips as he was called, being the first. His first essay was in a new opera, composed by M. P. King, called *Up on Night*, in which he was associated with Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, and Miss Kelly, and in which he shared the public favour with the first singers of the day. Mr. Arnold, who might well be called the foster father of English artists, determining to try Horn's powers as a composer as well as a singer, gave him a melo-drama to write the music to, which contained only one chorus. This he set about earnestly; it was produced and condemned the first night. Horn says of this, 'My young conceit led me to think that this work would establish me as the third composer of my day,—Haydn and Mozart being the two others. His disappointment may therefore be well conceived, and it cost him

many tears, and induced him to absent himself from the theatre the next day in order to avoid Mr. Arnold's thinking, in his simplicity, that the people only came to hear the music. Surmising Mrs. Arnold in the evening, he called him into his room, saying, 'I have something more for you to compose, young gentleman.' Horn blushed him, but said, 'I will never write anything more for the English public.' 'You young puppy,' rejoined Mr. Arnold, 'do you think to command success on a first appearance?' This struck Horn as a very reasonable idea, and cured him of his conceit; and taking the lyrics of the *Bee-Mee*, which was the piece Mr. Arnold held out to him, he went to work again with all the excitement of a youthful and ardent mind, and produced the most successful musical piece that had been performed for years, writing songs for Mrs. Mountain, Miss Kelly, Matthews, &c., which were extremely popular. Thus did Horn commence his career, both as a singer and composer.

"At the end of the season he went to Bath, where he received some instructions in singing from Rausser, the most popular master of his day, whose pupils were Braham, Inceledon, and indeed all others who wished to appear with any éclat before the public, or who expected to be great. On his return to London, he added to his double occupation of singer and composer, that of teacher also, and mingled with the first men of his day, being frequently associated with royalty itself, to which, from the position long occupied by his father, and his own gentlemanly bearing, he had an easy introduction. But instead of husbanding his resources, and apportioning a part of his time to study and improvement, he gave way to all the fashionable folly of the time.

"Finding his voice impaired, by the advice and assistance of his father's and his own friend T. Welsh, he retired from public life for twelve months, during which period, by severe study and application, he prepared himself to enter the lists with Braham, Inceledon, and others, who were then carrying all before them; and in 1814 he came out at the English Opera House, as the *Sensakier* in Storace's opera of the *Siege of Belgrade*, in which he fully established his fame and took his stand as one of the first singers of the period. Nor was he idle with his pen, as the following list of musical pieces will witness:—*The Magic Bride*, *Tricks upon Travellers*, *The Boar's Head*, *Godolphin*, *Lion of the North*, *Rich and Poor*, *The Statue*, *Charles the Bold*, *The Woodman's Hut*, *Dirce*, *Annette*, *Electra*, *Nourjahad*, *M. P.*, *Tallah Rookh*, *The Wizard*, *Phalaris*, and the best of his operatic works, *Peveril of the Peak*. He was many years director of the music under Elliston's management at Drury Lane Theatre, and wrote, besides the above, a portion of the opera of the *Devil's Bridge*, with a set of choruses dedicated to the Princess Augusta; 'Six Songs' dedicated to Queen Adelaide, and some 300 or 400 songs and duets, &c., some of which have been for many years as popular as anything of the kind ever produced in England; among which we may particularise: 'He loves and rides away'; 'Cherry Ripe'; 'I've been roaming'; 'Child of Earth'; 'Even as the Sun'; 'The Mermaid's Cove'; 'The Deep, Deep Sea'; and the never-to-be-forgotten duet, 'I know a bank,' and a host of others, than which no other English composer has written so many of a popular character, which have been sung to the delight of millions!

"There has been a cantata of a half-sacred character, called the *Christmas Bell*, republished here; but it does not seem to have made its way into much publicity; an oratorio called the *Fall of Satan*, originally produced in America, under the cognomen of the *Remission of Sin*, was but once, and that very imperfectly, performed by the Meloponic Society, the words selected from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a cavatina for soprano from which is the only thing yet published. These, in addition to several popular songs, and a trio or two, are all that have found their way to England. It was reserved for him to produce his most classical work at his last sojourn in England, in 1817; and the one that will give a lasting reputation to his name, whenever it shall have proper justice done to it in performance, viz., *Daniel's Prediction*, a sacred drama of high character, in which, besides some remarkably elegant *morceaux*, there are one or two choruses of great merit and strength, which, with the resources of Exeter Hall, might be made most effective.

"In pursuance of the above, we are pleased to see that His Royal Highness Prince Albert, a munificent patron of talent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, have graciously signified their intention of patronising a concert for the benefit of the sisters of Charles Horn. A selection from the various works of the celebrated composer, together with his oratorio, the *Prediction*, will be given at the Hanover Rooms, and is to take place the second week in February.

Mr. G. V. Brooke is engaged at the Olympic, and is announced to appear in *Othello* on Monday night. Mr. Davenport will play Iago, and Mrs. Mowatt Desdemona, both for the first time.



## REVIEWS.

"Polka Tremola."—Wessels, and Co., 229, Regent Street.

THIS may be considered as companion to the "Polka Glissante," which we had occasion to notice some weeks since, and is one of the most attractive little trifles we have seen during the season, combining as it does so agreeably instruction with amusement—instruction in this shape of a very useful and not difficult study of reiterated notes, amusement in that of a very elegant and danceable polka, which we can conscientiously recommend.

"As bid me love," *Dallad*.—E. REINHOLD.—CRAMER, BEAL and Co.

THE words of this ballad express the devotion of a lover with pretty epithets and images appropriate to the theme. The melody is natural and expressive, and admirably adapted for a *contralto* voice. The accompaniment is carefully written, and presents some nice points of harmony, which raise it above the ordinary routine of compositions of this kind. Altogether this ballad presents more attractions, both vocal and poetical, than the great mass of ephemeral productions under which the shelves of the music-publishers groan.

## THE PURCELL CLUB.

(From our own Reporter).

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Professor Taylor, the president, was in the chair, and the meeting was more fully attended, as it appeared to us, than on any former occasion; many of the most distinguished members of the musical profession, as well as amateurs, being present. The selection of music was calculated, as usual, to show the supremacy of the great English master in secular as well as ecclesiastical music. It consisted, in the first place, of three of his finest anthems, one of which was that which is remarkable for containing some of the most striking texts of scripture, afterwards introduced by Handel into the *Messiah*—"He was despised and rejected of men," "With his stripes we are healed," and "All we like sheep have gone astray." And no one who compares the music of the two masters can hesitate in thinking that the passages in Purcell's anthem yield in no respect to the parallel passages in the *Messiah*—nay, that Purcell has the advantage in truth and depth of expression.\* This fine anthem was sung in a most artistic manner by Mr. Barnby, Mr. Benson, and Mr. W. H. Seguin.

The sacred pieces were followed by the Ode on the birthday of Queen Mary; the Consort of William the Third; a composition of great magnitude, in a joyous and festive style, with passages of grandeur rising to sublimity. It is a work full of merit, and was done full justice to by Mr. Barnby, Mr. Benson, and W. H. Seguin, assisted by some of Mr. Turle's boys. A bass solo, "While for a righteous cause he arms," sung by Mr. W. H. Seguin, created great applause, as also Mr. Barnby's careful singling in a solo "Return fond Music." The music in the first part of D'Urfey's *Don Quixote* was then performed, including the inimitable song—or what would now be called *scena*—"Let the dreadful engines of eternal will," the frantic soliloquy of Cardenio in the wilds of the Sierra Morena—a burst of passion surpassing any thing to be found in dramatic music from Purcell's day to our own.† This

\* We beg leave to differ altogether from our zealous reporter. We cannot imagine how a sane man and a musician can think for one instant of making a comparison between the author of a few anthems and the inspired composer of the *Messiah*.—Ed.

† Our good reporter is surely beside himself. Has he ever heard of Mozart and Beethoven?—Ed.

scene was admirably given by Mr. Machin. An excellent song was also sung by Mr. W. H. Seguin, called "When the world first knew Creation," which was warmly applauded, and deservedly so.

The concluding piece was the exquisite cantata for a tenor voice, "Amidst the shades and cool refreshing streams," sung by Mr. Benson. The other singers were Messrs. Coward, Gear, Lawler, Wilkinson, Fitzwilliam, G. King, Hopkins, Roe, and Gledhill; and the conductor was Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey.

It appeared from the statements made from the chair in the course of the evening, that the society is in a flourishing condition, its funds being able, besides defraying all its annual expenses, to enlarge its library, and to furnish complete sets of books for the performance. It is evident that this society has now established itself on a solid and permanent footing; and it has the prospect of a longevity equal to that of the great old Madrigal Society.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ALBONI has been singing at Geneva and Lyons with her accustomed success. She will return to Paris shortly, after a tour equally brilliant and lucrative. The French "provincials" have shown themselves real judges.

YORK.—Jullien's ball and concert here last week were the most successful he has ever given at York. There were 1700 persons at the concert, and all the aristocracy of the county were at the ball. Jetty Treffz has created quite a *furor*.

OXFORD, JAN. 23.—An exercise for the degree of Bachelor of Music, composed by Charles Danvers Hackett, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, organist of the parish church of Liverpool, was performed in the Music School (which was crowded to excess) this afternoon. The composition displayed great talent, and gave the highest satisfaction to a large audience, consisting chiefly of members of the university, amongst whom were the Professor of Music, Sir Henry R. Bishop, the Vice-Chancellor, &c. &c. At the conclusion of the performance, the composer was loudly cheered by the audience. The degree of Mus. Bac. was conferred on Mr. Hackett at the Convocation the following day.—*Oxford Journal and Chronicle*.

MISS ANNE ROMER has been offered an engagement by Mr. Knowles, of the Theatre Royal Manchester for six months, on very liberal terms. We hear that she has also been offered an engagement to sing in Dublin in the Easter week.

MRS. GEORGE'S CONCERT, announced by us for the 26th instant, is, from unavoidable circumstances, postponed until after the 10th of March. To the ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly volunteered their services we are authorised to add Miss Catherine Hayes, Mr. Balsir Chatterton, and Mr. Richardson.

MISS KATE LODER intends to give a concert on the 9th instant at Bath, in which she will be assisted in the vocal department by Miss Annie Loder, Miss Amalia Hill, Mr. Frank Bodda, &c.

MR. ARTHUR WALBRIDGE LUNN gave a literary and musical evening, at Blagrove's Concert Rooms, on Tuesday. The entertainment was written entirely by Mr. Lunn, and the musical illustrations composed conjointly by Mr. Henry G. Lunn and Mr. John Ashmore. Miss Thornton sang the songs, and Mr. H. C. Lunn accompanied on the pianoforte. The introductory address, the sketches and illustrations were both interesting and amusing. The songs were all favourably received. We have not room to enter into details, but shall speak more fully at the next entertainment, as we have no doubt but that, from its success, Mr. Lunn's literary and musical evening will be repeated.

MUSICIANS' CLUB.—At the last meeting of the members of this society, Mr. Osborne, the well-known pianist and composer, played several pieces, written by himself. Both the performance and the compositions of Mr. Osborne were unanimously admired. The evening passed off with great hilarity.



Mr. SIMS REEVES, Miss Lucombe, &c., have been giving operas at Bath during the last week, in the intervals of the Wednesday Concerts. The week before they were at Brighton. The present week they are at Plymouth.

THE MESSRS. DISTINS have given concerts lately at Stafford, Derby, Loughboro', Leicester, Boston, Lincoln, Lynn, and Swaffham, and have met with great success. They return to town next week.

MUSIC AND COOKERY.—The most singular spit in the world is that of the Count de Castel Maria, one of the most opulent lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes, and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, à l'Anglaise, will be excellent at the twelfth air; and a fowl, à l'Flamande, will be full of gravy at the eighteenth, and so on. It would be difficult, perhaps, to carry farther the love of music and gormandising.—*Cock's Musical Almanach for 1850.*

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio, *Saul*, is to be revived at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 8th inst. Although not so frequently performed as some other of the great composer's oratorios, it contains many of his finest choruses. Amongst these may be mentioned the opening hymn, "How excellent Thy name," the "Welcome, mighty king," with its quaint accompaniment of bells, "Envy, eldest born of Hell," the lamentations for Saul and Jonathan, and "Gird on thy sword." Among the remarkable solos are, "O Lord! whose mercies numberless," "In sweetest harmony," "Fell rage," and "Sin not, O King," the duet "O, fairest of ten thousand," and the scene between Saul and the Witch of Endor. The overture and the famous "Dead march" are also among Handel's best instrumental pieces.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The operas of *Le Domino Noir*, *Zampa*, and *Le Caid*, will form the attractions at the St. James's Theatre during the ensuing week.

MR. THOMAS, the violinist, has been appointed leader of the Philharmonic Concerts, at Liverpool. The choice of so excellent an artist reflects credit on the judgment of the directors.

MR. HULLAW intends to open the large room in St. Martin's Hall—or rather so much of it as is completed (about two-thirds)—on Monday, the 11th inst., with a miscellaneous concert. The performances will include the "Lauda Sion" of Mendelssohn, a new psalm by Mr. Henry Leslie, and a miscellaneous selection. Among other attractions will be a sonata of Beethoven, for piano and violin, by Sterndale Bennett and Ernst.

MOULIER.—Among the greatest attractions of the season, will be a series of three concerts at St. Martin's Hall, to be given by this eminent violinist and composer.

MISS VAN MILLINGEN has returned to England, after a successful professional tour on the Continent during the last four years. She sang in Wallachia, Hungary, Bohemia, Prussia, and several of the German states. She played Pierotto, in *Linda di Chamouni*, and Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, at the theatre, in Pesth, in the German language, and was very favourably received.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.—Mr. J. O'Halliwel has addressed to the *Times* a letter, in which he deploras the anticipated gradual destruction of this valuable document, in consequence of the strict rules in force at the Prerogative Office, an exception to which he pleads for in the case of Shakespeare's last testamentary papers. They form, it seems, three sheets of foolscap, and being tied together at the top by a bond of parchment or whipcord, they cannot be examined without injurious handling, in consequence of which manipulation the final *e* in Shakespeare has (he asserts) disappeared. The officials look on the connecting whipcord with such scrupulous awe that they necessarily will bring about the ultimate wasting away of the relic, and he suggests that some authority be obtained for placing the three separate sheets under plate glass, whereby they may be inspected without being handled.

THE ROYAL THEATRICALS.—In consequence of the death of Mrs. Bartley, whose decease we announce in another part of our paper, the Queen has graciously excused Mr. Bartley from appearing in the forthcoming dramatic performances at Windsor

Castle. Her Majesty had previously commanded the representation of Henry IV., partly with the view of witnessing Mr. Bartley in Sir John Falstaff. That play, in compliance with Her Majesty's express wish, will not now be performed, but in its place will be given the comediatta, *Charles the Twelfth*, and the Hon. Colonel Phipp's translation of *King René's*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will appear.

THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.—At the usual Monday Evening Concert, in the Town Hall of Birmingham, last Monday week, the performance was announced to conclude with the Russian National Anthem. This the audience, which was very numerous and respectable, refused to hear; and though the organist taxed the power of his noble instrument to the utmost, the *vox populi* airily overpowered it, and would not hear it at any rate.

GARRISON THEATRICALS.—Mr. Harry Lee Carter (late of the 7th Fusiliers) has just sent from England, where he is now residing, a clever original Prologue, which is to be spoken before the commencement of the new light comedy; which is to be acted on the 9th instant by the officers of the garrison, for the benefit of the Blind Asylum. It was for the benefit of this same institution, in October, 1848, (on the occasion of the first garrison theatricals in Cork,) that Mr. Carter charmed a crowded and fashionable audience, not only by his talents as an actor, but by his first-rate musical powers. It appears that Mr. Carter was one of the first persons who read and approved of the new comedy. He has now volunteered to identify himself with its first performance, by forwarding to the author a prologue, written by himself expressly for the occasion.—*Cork Constitution.*

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Which will be

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And will be

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Boxes, Stalls, Tickets, and Season Prospectuses, may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 11 till 5.

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No. 6.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.  
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE pianoforte works of Franz Schubert have much of the romantic character which distinguishes his well-known songs. They are numerous and embrace a large variety of styles. Although less popular than his vocal compositions they are quite equal to them in genius and originality. We shall shock the prejudices of many in avowing our opinion that Schubert was an overrated man. That he had "a spark of the divine fire" in him is not to be doubted. The concession, wrung with such difficulty from the jealous and contemptuous Beethoven, may be accepted as an epigrammatic expression of the exact truth. "A spark of the divine fire" was what Schubert possessed—nor more nor less. He was neither a universal nor a commanding genius. He was, moreover, a musician of no great learning. He belonged to that class of composers and poets, so numerous in Germany of whom Carl Maria Von Weber, the most gifted of them all, may be taken as the great type and model. These men, from their peculiarity of temperament and intellect, would have attained a certain degree of eminence in any pursuit to which circumstances and education might have conducted them. But their organisations were not, as those of Handel, Mozart and the great musicians, so happily attuned to music that it were almost impiety to deny them to be the instruments selected by Providence to fill the earth with melody. Morbid and enthusiastic natures, they seem to be continually lamenting their incapacity to tell the world their thoughts in plain and convincing language. Never common-place or vulgar, they are for ever in trammels. Such men will always meet with many ardent worshippers—natures like their own, yearning for the impossible, disdaining common truths, whose minds are attuned to theirs in sympathetic discord. These will proclaim them the only true prophets; these will assert their preeminent superiority to all others. What is called the "Romantic School" is really to be traced to Weber, Schubert and the rest, who in their eager search for original modes of expression have unconsciously given birth to a world of mannerisms, which have been seized upon by a vulgar tribe of music-mongers to conceal the emptiness of their own ideas. But such men as Schubert must not be confounded with the impostors who have made art subservient to the double end of show and commerce. Schubert neither held out his wares for sale in a bazaar, nor exhibited them as a picture-monger, or a *potichinello*, to the vacant gaze of the mob. He was a man of genius, mind, and conscience. That he was not a great musician was partly the fault of his education, but chiefly of his organic development. As a painter, or a poet, or a novelist,—as everything, indeed, but an arithmetician, logician, mathematician,—Schubert would have obtained quite as much celebrity and quite as great an individuality as that which awaited him in his career of musical composition.

But to leave *æsthetics*. Schubert, in some symphonies, overtures, quartets, &c., has evinced a great desire to excel in the sonata form; but he was not entirely successful. He either disdained or failed to understand thoroughly the indispensable elements of that form—clearness, consistency, and symmetrical arrangement of themes, and keys, and episodes. Schubert, though gifted with an abundant flow of ideas, was greatly wanting in the power of concentration and arrangement. He accepted all that came to him, and rejected nothing. Thus while he is rarely insipid, almost always interesting, he is diffuse, obscure, and exaggerated. He rarely attempts to develop a principal idea, but often conducts an accidental figure, a mere passage of ornament, or a fragment of *remplissage*, through a labyrinth of modulation and progression, until the ear and the attention are fatigued and satiety is succeeded by revulsion. In six grand sonatas for the pianoforte *soles*, which, if length and attempt were alone necessary to constitute perfection, would claim a place by the side of the finest of Beethoven and Dussek, the tendencies to exuberance of detail, want of connection, capricious modulation, redundancy of episode, excessive use of strange and unnatural harmonies, are remarkably prominent. They are more diffuse and rambling than those of Weber, to which they are in all other respects far inferior. A grand duet in A minor, for the pianoforte, has the same faults in a lesser degree, but is much more interesting and beautiful than any of the six sonatas. Many of the smaller works of Schubert for the pianoforte—and especially some marches and other characteristic pieces for four hands—are charming from beginning to end; but in these he was not confined to any particular forms, and his ideas are allowed to present themselves in their primitive simplicity, without development of any kind. In such minor pieces, for the reasons we have briefly stated, Schubert was quite as successful as in the best of his songs for the voice. To those who have a tinge of romance in their temperaments, the pianoforte compositions of Schubert, like everything he wrote, must always have a great degree of interest. There is something irresistibly attractive in the melancholy that is never absent from his smallest efforts, while the indisputable originality of his ideas places him far out of the pale of ordinary thinkers, and extorts forgiveness for much that is wanting in the form and symmetrical arrangement that have given durability as well as charm to the imperishable models which the great masters have bequeathed us. We have said enough to explain why we place Schubert—like Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn,—apart from his contemporaries; but the peculiarities that have gained him this distinction have equally prevented his works from exercising any palpable influence on the progress of the pianoforte, and on the art of composing for that universal instrument.

It is not our intention to enter into long details about the compositions of our own time. Nor is it necessary, since in the

course of our review of the works of M. Stephen Heller we shall be compelled very frequently to make allusion to the most distinguished of them. Nearly the whole may be dismissed, as followers more or less successful, of Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Henri Herz, or Liszt, according to their respective tastes and styles. Of Mendelssohn we need say no more at present. Of Henri Herz we have said enough. Of Thalberg and Liszt we shall have to speak at length in our *resumé*, when M. Heller and his works have been duly considered. Since neither of these have demonstrated an attachment to the sonata-form it is not requisite to introduce them now, and our task hereafter will be merely to discuss the influence they have exercised upon the pianoforte as the originals of particular schools—schools of execution rather than of composition. Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett—the three most distinguished composers for the pianoforte of our own times, with the single exception of Mendelssohn—will of course each be noticed in the proper place. Henselt and a crowd of others, romantic, unromantic and “middling,” will come in for their share of attention, Macfarren, Reber, and other thoughtful writers whose pianoforte compositions, highly as they must be rated, only occupy a subordinate position to their other works, will be reviewed with the care and attention due to their eminent merit. Meanwhile, without further preliminary, we shall proceed to examine the numerous compositions of Stephen Heller, which, we may at once declare, only require to be generally known to be sure of general appreciation.

(To be continued.)

### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE sixteenth concert—the first of the two extra performances—was the very best ever given under the management of Mr. Stammers. It was professedly for the benefit of Ernst, whose influence may be easily detected in the following almost irreproachable programme—

#### PART I.

Overture, Scherzo, and Wedding March: Selection from Mendelssohn's <i>Music to A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> .	
Capriccio, “In infancy our hopes and fears”—Miss Eyles.	Arns.
Serenade, “Weary Flowers”—Mr. B. Frodsham.	Schubert.
Aria, “Ah! perdo!”—Mrs. A. Newton.	Beethoven.
Concerto, Violin—Herr Ernst (by desire).	Mendelssohn.
War Song, “Pif, paf,” (from <i>Les Huguenots</i> )—Herr Formes.	Meyerbeer.
Song, “Solitude”—Miss Poole.	Angelina.
Grand Fantasia, <i>Ludovic</i> —Herr Ernst.	Ernst.
Aria Buffa, “Largo al factotum”—Herr Formes.	Rossi.
Overture, <i>Oberon</i> .	Waler.

#### PART II.

Aria, “O cara imagine”—Mr. B. Frodsham; Aria, “Gli angeli d'Inferno”—Mrs. A. Newton.	
Canzonetta, “Qui sdegnò”—Herr Formes: Selection from Mozart's Opera, <i>Il Flauto Magico</i> .	
Fantasia, <i>Il Pirata</i> —Herr Ernst.	Ernst.
Song, “Kathleen, mayounneen”—Miss Poole.	Crouch.
Aria Buffa, “Non più andrai”—Herr Formes.	Mozart.
Duet, “The May bells”—Miss Eyles and Mrs. A. Newton.	Mendelssohn.
Andante and <i>Carnaval de Venise</i> .	Ernst.
Trio, “Star mildly gleaming”—Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Eyles, and Miss Poole.	Cherubini.
Overture, <i>La Dame Blanche</i> .	Bocledeau.

Take away “Kathleen Mayounneen” (as a cotemporary also) and the above selection would have been faultless. Ernst was welcomed by acclamations of applause, and a few bars of the allegro of the concerto were enough to show that he was in his best mood. A grander performance was never heard upon the violin. The first movement was intensely

passionate, wayward, capricious and sublime; the second exquisitely tender and expressive; the *rondo* impetuous, playful and humorous by turns, as Mendelssohn himself would have thought it, and as Mendelssohn himself would have played it on the piano, had that instrument been the medium of its interpretation to the public. The concerto is without any exception the finest ever written for the instrument, and the execution was the finest we ever listened to of a violin concerto. It created the same excitement, the same enthusiasm, the same breathless attention, the same ever varying emotions that Mendelssohn was wont to create when playing one of the concertos of Beethoven, or one of his own immortal inspirations. To criticise such a performance were superfluous; it was beyond criticism; it was a splendid and faultless display of power, uniting the loftiest manifestations of intellect with a mechanical facility before which all difficulties vanished. The applause at the end of each movement was unanimous and unbounded. Who will say now that Mendelssohn's concerto is too long and too elaborate for the crowded audience of the Wednesday Concerts? Ernst, with his magic bow, has for ever laid at rest this objection of the unbeliever. Ernst has shown that the noblest inspirations of the musical art may be made acceptable to the “mob,” as it is styled by those whose commercial interests are better served by the encouragement of tinsel and trash than by the popularisation of the most perfect works of art.

The two fantasias were prodigies of manual dexterity combined with exquisite sentiment and feeling. In the *Ludovic* the *arpeggio* variation with the *staccato* bow was encored, and in the *Pirata* a similar compliment was paid to the variation of full chords. The *Carnaval* was re-demanded, and, though fairly tired out, Ernst returned to the orchestra and achieved new wonders, in some of the variations mingling the theme of the “Non più andrai” (which Formes had just been singing) with that of the *Carnaval*—an effect as ingeniously conceived as it was capitally executed. It was a complete triumph for Ernst, who surpassed himself on the occasion. He is indisputably the “King of Fiddlers,” and never more firmly maintained his prerogatives of royalty—never more thoroughly established his supremacy.

The band was in fine force and played the overtures and the selection from Mendelssohn's fairy poem in first-rate style. The Wedding March was encored. In the *Oberon* overture Jarrett's mellow singing tone, and perfect intonation, were of high importance to the introduction. The orchestras of France and Germany together cannot boast of such a “first horn” as Jarrett. Herr Anschuetz, having evidently had the benefit of careful rehearsals, directed the orchestra with double confidence and effect. Mr. Willy must also be mentioned particularly for the skilful manner in which he conducted, with his violin bow, the elaborate accompaniments to Mendelssohn's concerto, which we have never heard go so well in this country. Ernst was perfectly at his ease. The moral is, that wit efficient rehearsals anything may be effected.

Although indulgence was asked for Formes, on the plea of severe cold, he sang very finely, and was loudly encored in the “Qui sdegnò.” In the “Pif paf,” “Non più andrai,” and “Largo al factotum,” his spirit and energy were indomitable.

Mrs. A. Newton sang the song of the Queen of Night in first-rate style, and was deservedly encored. Her reading of “Ah, perdo!” was full of feeling, and showed that she entirely understood the meaning of that glowing burst of passion. In such music as this Mrs. Newton is always at home, which is the highest compliment we can pay her. Angelina's charming romance of “Solitude” found a competent interpreter in Miss

Poole, who well deserved the encore she received. Miss Eyles gave a very intelligent reading of Arne's pleasing air, and, with Mrs. Newton, did every justice to Mendelssohn's sparkling duet. Mr. Bridge Frodsham is decidedly improving.\* He gave both his songs with much intelligence, and, with a little more energy, the air from *Zauberflöte* would have left little to desire.

And thus much for a really excellent concert, which was fully appreciated and thoroughly relished by the crowded audience that filled Exeter Hall. Ernst's benefit will long be remembered by those who are in the habit of attending the London Wednesday Concerts.

### ERNST.

The following notices have appeared, in the morning papers, of the performances of this great violinist at his benefit on Wednesday:—

(From the Morning Herald.)

"The sixteenth Wednesday Concert was given, as the bills described it, 'for the benefit of Herr Ernst.' The unparalleled violinist had an abundant amount of patronage, for every part of the immense area was filled, as well as the galleries and the choral seats of the orchestra. The chief interest of the evening was naturally centred in the performances of the benefactor, who played four times, and never, we apprehend, with greater excellence. His first piece, the only violin concerto of poor Mendelssohn, was a musical repast of no ordinary kind. It has been played in this country both by Sivori and Salnton; but in neither case with anything like the delicacy and finish of Ernst. The andante in C, one of the most exquisite movements that ever emanated from the gifted composer, was developed with a grace and feeling that no eulogy can do justice to; while the opening allegro in E minor, and the fantastic finale in E major, were signal examples of rich and brilliant executancy. In the latter the difficulties are enormous, but Ernst overcame them with a degree of ease that quite deceived the listener as to the mechanical complexity of the texture, and the accomplishment that was required to realise the passages in their real and perfect accuracy. The unrivalled skill of Ernst is, however, well known, and it is superfluous to allude to it now. It is the poetical spirit which he infuses into his playing that challenges remark, and his reading of the inspired concerto of Mendelssohn was one of the best monuments to the memory of the author which could possibly have been displayed. His second performance was the "Ludovic" fantasia, of which we have already spoken in a recent notice. He rendered this clever and ingenious work with undiminished ability, and was encored in the pizzicato variation, which, although it is addressed to the popular taste, possesses vast constructive merit. The progression of tremolos in the finale, as he delivered them, is a wondrous exhibition of dexterity, combined with a melodic purpose, and closes the fantasia with an effect no less broad than picturesque. In the second part he performed his *Pirata* solo, and the whimsical variations on the *Carnaval de Venise*. He was throughout the evening applauded to the echo; and who could help participating in the acclamation!"

(From the Times.)

"The performance was professedly for the benefit of Herr Ernst, and that distinguished artist played no less than four times in the course of the concert. His first piece was the concerto in E minor, for violin and orchestra, by Mendelssohn, which he executed without curtailment. We have seldom listened to a performance more intellectual and perfect, and the enthusiasm it excited was a guarantee that the oftener such music is placed before the public the better it is understood, and the more highly it is relished. The first movement of the concerto—generally omitted, under the erroneous notion that it is too long for a mixed audience—created quite as favourable an impression as the andante and rondo, which were introduced by M. Salnton at the concerts of M. Jullien on the Mendelssohn nights. This passionate movement brings out the finest qualities of Ernst's playing. His large and open phrasing, his tone, which charms as much by its variety as by its inherent beauty, and his grand delivery of the bravura, had ample field for display. The andante in C, a song to which no words could give a more expressive meaning, and the rondo in E major, in which the most sparkling of themes is refined by a crowd of ingenious and delicate touches, confided to the orchestra, were executed in a style no less masterly. It is due to the band to add that, under Mr. Willy's direction, the accompaniments, more than usually elaborate, were played with such nicety and precision as to afford continual support without ever embarrassing the principal per-

former, and enabled Ernst to give free scope to all the impulses that swayed him. The other pieces played by Ernst were his fantasias on *Ludovic* and *Il Pirata*, with the *Carnaval de Venise*. In the first he was compelled to repeat the variation of staccato arpeggios, and in the second the variation of full chords on the theme of "Tu vedrai sventurata"—both of them surprising evidences of mechanical dexterity. The *Carnaval* was unanimously encored, and in the repetition Ernst introduced some reminiscences of the air, "Non più andrai," from *Pirata*, which Herr Formes had previously sung, using them with great readiness and high-genuity as an accompaniment to two of the variations. Another variation, in which both the first and second parts of the theme were played in harmonics, brought down such loud applause that for some time the performer could not be heard. Altogether, perhaps, Ernst has never played better in this country than last night, and on no occasion have his efforts been more thoroughly appreciated."

(From the Morning Post.)

"The memory of last night's concert will long be cherished, by all who were fortunate enough to be present, as one of those bright and glowing moments of enjoyment whose genial influence revives the drooping flowers of the heart, and renders life a blessing. Eulogistically as we have on former occasions spoken of Herr Ernst, no terms of praise can convey an adequate idea of the marvellous executive genius he last night displayed. To those who did not hear him our panegyric will appear extravagant; while those who did will feel that it is feeble and insufficient; for no words can do justice to his exquisite performance. There are times when it is impossible for us to give verbal expressions to our feelings—when the 'o'er-fraught heart' fears to trust the tongue with its secret, lest the revelation should lessen the exquisite joy that fills it; and we dread to mould our thoughts into form, lest their beauty should be destroyed or their spirit evaporate in the process. Herr Ernst's performance of last night was a thing to be loved and dreamed of, and not talked about. It was a bright piece of loveliness, whose lustrous long shadows of coming years, with all their possible cares and anxieties, will fail to dim. It will be an eternal pleasure to those who heard it, for 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'"

"This extraordinary violinist's grandest effort was Mendelssohn's concerto. It is a remarkably fine work, and was played to perfection. All the nuances of expression were admirably brought out; the passages were gloriously executed; and the reading of the piece throughout was characterized by classical taste and a reverence for, and appreciation of, the author's intention, alike creditable to the modesty and intelligence of the performer. We have also to remark that Herr Ernst produced a much fuller tone than we had ever before heard him draw from his instrument, an advantage which proved especially serviceable in this concerto. We admire the work more than any violin concerto with which we are acquainted, excepting Beethoven's. We consider it finer than any of Louis Spohr's, although that composer possesses the advantage of being a violin player, which Mendelssohn was not. [Our contemporary is in error. Mendelssohn was an excellent player on the violin.—Ed. M. W.]

"The enthusiastic reception of Mendelssohn's fine composition by the Exeter Hall public was truly gratifying to all who labour to disseminate a taste for good music. Not a point seemed to escape the appreciation of the audience; the work was listened to throughout with breathless attention, and applauded to the echo.

"Herr Ernst subsequently played his fantasias upon themes from *Ludovic* and *Il Pirata*, concluding with the popular 'Carnaval de Venise.' Two variations of the *Ludovic* and *Pirata* were encored, as well as the whole of the 'Carnaval'; and the performer, excited and elated by the enthusiasm he created, fairly outshone his former self, and effected more marvels than we even believed him to be capable of. On this occasion there really was a *furor* such as we have rarely seen equalled, even on the Continent."

(To be continued in our next.)

### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

This society, now in its seventeenth year, rose from its sleep on Saturday evening week, and commenced a series of chamber concerts, in the old style, but in a new room. The locale on this occasion was the small room in St. Martin's Hall, where Mr. Willy holds his classical concerts. The following selection of vocal and instrumental music was performed:—

Quartet in C, Op. 76—Two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Blagrove, Watson, R. Blagrove, and W. L. Phillips. Haydn.  
 Canzonet—"If sometimes in the haunts of men," Mr. Lockey. W. L. Phillips.  
 Canzonet—"Fidelity," Miss Thornton. Haydn.

Sonata—Pianoforte and violin, Miss Kate Loder and Mr. W. Watson. *Kate Loder.*  
 Quintet—Pianoforte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. W. Dorrel, H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, W. L. Phillips, and C. Severn. *G. A. Macfarren.*  
 Duet—"List, dearest, list," Miss Thornton and Mr. Lockey (*Krolanthe*). *Balfe.*  
 Song—"To the vine feast," Miss Thornton. *Rooke.*  
 Nonetto—Violin, viola, violoncello, contra-basso, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, Messrs. H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, W. L. Phillips, C. Severn, Clinton, Nicholson, Lazarus, Larkin, and C. Harper *Spohr.*  
 Accompanist. *Mr. Coote.*  
 Director. *Mr. C. E. Horsley.*

On Saturday last the second concert took place. The programme was as follows:—

Quartet in D, Op. 44, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Zerbini, H. Blagrove, and Lucas. *Mendelssohn.*  
 Song, Mr. Seguin.  
 Song, Miss Cubitt.  
 Duet in E flat, pianoforte and clarinet, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Lazarus. *Weber.*  
 Trio in C minor, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, E. W. Thomas, and Lucas, (first time of performance). *Lindsay Sloper.*  
 Song, Miss Cubitt.  
 Duet, Miss Cubitt and Mr. Seguin.  
 Quintet in E flat, two violins, two violas, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Zerbini, Blagrove, Weslake, and Lucas. *Beethoven.*  
 Accompanist, Mr. W. S. Rockstro. Director, Mr. J. S. Bowley.

The third concert takes place to night.

### THE WINDSOR THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

ON Friday, the 1st inst., these entertainments were commenced. The spirit in which they will be maintained accords with the taste displayed and developed last year. The following is a copy of the bill placed before Her Majesty and her visitors at Windsor:—

#### ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.

BY COMMAND.

Her Majesty's servants will perform, at Windsor Castle, on Friday, Feb. 1, 1850, Shakspeare's tragedy of

#### JULIUS CÆSAR.

Julius Cæsar..	..	..	Mr. Charles Fisher.
Octavius Cæsar ..	..	..	Mr. Leigh Murray.
Marcus Antonius ..	..	..	Mr. Charles Kean.
Popilius Lena	(a Senator)	..	Mr. Harris.
Marcus Brutus	} (Conspirators	..	Mr. Macready.
Cassius ..		..	Mr. James Wallack.
Casca ..	} against	..	Mr. Cooper.
Trebonius ..		..	Mr. Cathcart.
Decius ..	} Julius Cæsar	..	Mr. Cullenford.
Metellus Cimber		..	Mr. Caulfield.
Clina ..	} (a Tribune)	..	Mr. Worrell.
Flavius ..		..	Mr. Cathcart, jun.
Soothsayer ..	..	..	Mr. W. Davidge.
Servius ..	(Servant to Antonius)	..	Mr. Everett.
Titinius (Friend to Brutus and Cassius)	..	..	Mr. F. Cooke.
Varro ..	{ (Servants to	..	Mr. Coe.
Lucius ..		..	Mr. George Webster.
Pindarus ..	(Servant to Cassius)	..	Mr. Binge.
First Citizen ..	..	..	Mr. Ray.
Second Citizen ..	..	..	Mr. Addison.
Third Citizen ..	..	..	Mr. Clarke.
Calphurnia ..	(Wife to Cæsar)	..	Mrs. F. Saville.
Portia ..	(Wife of Brutus)	..	Mrs. Warner.

Ladies in attendance on Calphurnia, Miss Woulde and Miss A. Woulde. Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.  
 Scene, during a great part of the play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.  
 Director .. Mr. Charles Kean,  
 Assistant-Director .. Mr. George Ellis.  
 The theatre arranged, and the scenery painted, by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

After the performance, Her Majesty sent a message to Mr. Charles Kean, expressive of the pleasure she felt at the manner in which the tragedy was represented.

### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 63.)

WHILE my eyes were fixed on that monarch, a very small spirit came up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, and told me his name was TOM THUMB. I expressed great satisfaction in seeing him, nor could I help speaking my resentment against the historian who had done such injustice to the stature of this great little man, which he represented to be no bigger than a span, whereas I plainly perceived at first sight he was full a foot and a half (and the 37th part of an inch more, as he himself informed me), being indeed little shorter than some considerable beaus of the present age.

FIELDING. *A Journey from this World to the next.*

Regardez cet animal, considérez ce néant, voilà une belle ame pour être immortelle.  
 LORD HERVEY to Lady M. W. Montague.

Phil. I'll venture all—'afoot all  
 Come tread upon me, so that Moor(e) shall fall  
 Cardinal. By heaven that Moor(e) shall fall.

MARLOW. *Lust's Dominion*, act iv. sc. 5.

With deserved applause  
 Against the Moor(e) his well fleshed sword he draws.

DRYDEN. *On Sir P. Fairbairn.*

God forgive him—but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven.  
 SWIFT.

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not—where, pray?

Dang. Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence; all that can be said is that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true. *The Critic*, act iii., sc. 1.

### Plagiarism the Nineteenth.

*A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone  
 All stars of heaven except the guiding one.*

It was a favourite expression of my poor grandmother, "set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil." So with friend Thomas. Give him a good thought once, and he will repeat it *ad nauseam*. We have the above image newly devilled up, thus:—

*Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,  
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,  
 Yet shrouded in solitude—thine all, thine only—  
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.*

And again—

*When I heard frightful voices round me say,  
 "Asim is dead," this wretched brain gave way,  
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,  
 Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.*

And again—

#### FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

*One only thought, one lingering beam,  
 Now broke across his dizzy dream  
 Of pain and weariness—twas she,  
 His heart's pure planet, shining yet,  
 Above the waste of memory,  
 When all life's other lights were set.*

And again—

#### THE LIGHT OF THE HAREN.

*The one whose smile shone out alone,  
 Amidst a world the only one—  
 Whose light among so many lights  
 Was like the star on starry nights  
 The woman singles from the sky  
 To clear his bark for ever by.*

together with half a dozen instances in the *Melodies* and his other poems. Moore is evidently pluming himself on these original thoughts. I shall test their genuineness by a cloud of witnesses:—

PARR'S *Hellenism*, vol. i., p. 35.

And as the stars to mariners  
 To guide unto the port,  
 So is this M a heavenly joy  
 To lovers that resort.



Park's *Heliconia*, vol. ii. page 116.  
 The firmament with golden starres adorned,  
 The sailor's watchful eyes full well contenteth,  
 And afterwards with tempest overspread,  
 The absent lights of Heaven he sore lamenteth.  
 Your face the firmament of my repose  
 Long time has kept my waking thoughts delighted,  
 But now the cloud of sorrow overgoes,  
 Your glorious skies, wherewith I am affrighted.  
 For I that have my life and fortune placed  
 Within the ship that by those planets saileth,  
 By envious chance am overmuch disgraced,  
 Seeing the loadstarre of my courses falleth.

*Poems of Uncertain Authors.* (CHALMERS, ii. 408.)

In whose calme streames I sailde so farre,  
 No raging storm had in respect,  
 Until I raisde a goodly starre.  
 Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doleful wyse,  
 My tackle sayl'd, my compass brake,  
 Through hot desires such stormes did rise  
 That stem and top went all to wrack.

TURBETVILLE'S *Poems*. (CHALMERS, ii. 613.)

She from hence is fled  
 Who was the guide and giver of my breath,  
 By whom I was with wished pleasure fed,  
 And have escaped the ruthless hand of death.  
 Who was the key and cable of my life,  
 That made me scape Charybdis careful clyfe,  
 A star whereby to steer my body's bark  
 And ship of soules to shore in safety bring.

TURBETVILLE. (*Ibid*, 635.)

And as those wofull wightes  
 That saile on swelling seas,  
 When winds and wraithful waves conspire  
 To banish all their ease.

When heavenly lampes are hid  
 From shipmen's hungry eyes,  
 And loadstarres are in covert kept  
 Within the cloudie skies.

Lo, I (unhappie man)  
 Have followed Love a space,  
 And felt the hottest of his flame  
 And flashing fierie blase.

EDMUND SPENSER.

He that is of Reason's skill bereft  
 And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay  
 Is like a subject midst of tempest left  
 Withouten helm or pilot her to sway;  
 Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event,  
 So is the man that wants intendment.

THOMAS CAREW.

Thou art my star—shin'st in my skies.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet*.

Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove.  
 Oh no! it is an ever fixed mark  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.  
 It is the star to every wandering bark.

SHIRLEY. *Narcissus*.

How could she trace his brow? or see those lids  
 Whose either ivory-box shut up a light,  
 To travellers more cheerful than the star  
 That ushers in the day, but brighter far.

MISS BROOKE.—*Reliques of Irish Poetry*, p. 28.

As the lone skiff is toss'd from wave to wave,  
 No pilot's hand to save,  
 Thus, thus, my devious soul is borne,  
 Wild with the waves I only live to mourn.

SIR GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

The twin beauties of the skies,  
 When the half-sunk sailors haste  
 To rend sail and cut the mast,  
 Shine not welcome as her eyes.

SHIRLEY.—*The Cardinal*, act v., sc. 3.

In vain—the mist is risen, and there's none  
 To steer my wandering bark.

SHIRLEY.—*The Duke's Mistress*, act v., sc. 1.

Oh, my heart! Poor Bentivoglio,  
 On what high-going waves do we two sail,  
 Without a star or pilot to direct  
 Our reeling bark.

DEKKER.—*The Wonder of a Kingdom*, act i., sc. 1.

Alph. Well, brother, since you will needs sail by  
 Such a star as I shall point out.

DEKKER.—*Same play*, act v., sc. 1.

Flor. Way for my daughter—look you, there's Angelo.  
 Fra. Ha!—yes, 'tis the star I sail by.

BECKFORD.—*Vathek*.

The fond monarch pursued her with his eyes until she was gone out of his sight, and then continued, like a bewildered and benighted traveller, from whom the clouds had obscured the constellation that guided his way.

BYRON.—*The Giaour*.

She was a form of life and light  
 That seen became a part of sight,  
 And rose where'er I turn'd mine eye,  
 The Morning Star of memory.

She was my life's unerring light  
 That quenched, what beam shall break my night?

### Plagiarism the Twentieth.

And when she sung to his lute's touching strain,  
 'Twas like the notes—half ecstasy, half pain,  
 The bulbul utters ere her soul depart  
 When vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,  
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart.

I have already admitted, that Mr. Moore is a great proficient in changing prose into poetry, and when it suits him, poetry into prose. I am able again, to bear testimony to his merits in that department. From the following passages, any Grub Street graduate may compose such lines as those above.

SIR W. JONES.—*On the Musical Modes of the Hindus*.

"An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared that he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutenist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed Bulbul, was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales singing to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy."

A similar story is related somewhere in the fifth volume of Hawkins's History of Music.

SPENSER.—*Fairie Queen*, Book ii., Canto vi.

And she more sweet than any bird on bough,  
 Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,  
 And strive to pass, as she could well enow,  
 Their native music by her skilful art.

SHIRLEY.—*The Witting Fair One*, Act i., Scene ii.

When she seats herself  
 Within some bower, the feathered quoristers  
 Shall play their music to her, and take pride  
 To warble airy notes till she be weary;  
 Which, when she shall but with one accent of  
 Her own express, an hundred nightingales  
 Shall fall down dead from the soft boughs before her  
 For grief to be o'erchaunted.

COWLEY.—*On the Praise of Poetry*.

Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,  
 And muses of the place, were there,  
 Who, when their little windpipes they had found  
 Unequal to so strange a sound,  
 O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,  
 And fell upon the conquering lyre.

LLOYD.

The nightingale, as story goes,  
Fam'd for the music of his woes,  
In vain against the artist try'd,  
But strained his tuneful throat, and dy'd.

Who shall dare to say Master Moore is not an original writer? Who? Show me the man. He must have a triple breast and face of brass.

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday, Schiller's celebrated tragedy, *Fiesco*; or, *the Revolt of Genoa*, was produced at this theatre; we are sorry to say, with no complete success. The comparative failure of one of the most popular plays on the German stage must not be laid to the charge of the management. The parts were strongly supported; the scenery and dresses were all that taste and fancy could suggest, or exactness and propriety demand; the minutest details were carefully attended to; and, more than all, the translator had done his work admirably; yet, spite of all, Schiller's great play fell dull and listless on the ears of the audience. From first to last no enthusiasm was awakened; and the applause, brief and far between, was bestowed on a scene well painted, or a speech spoken with point and emphasis, rather than on a startling incident or a surprising turn of thought in the language. *Fiesco*, nevertheless, is replete with poetic beauties, displays considerable insight into human nature, and is not deficient in stirring situations. Its great fault, and that to which we may attribute its want of success on our stage, is the uninteresting nature of the chief characters, and the little hold they take on our sympathies. *Fiesco* possesses every element of the hero, but he does nothing which strikes our affections or moves our passions. We listen and applaud, approve, admire, do everything but feel. He is too much the slave of political intrigue to become a universally-loved or even a commendable person on the stage. His feelings are under too much control. He has no impetuosity, no impulses. His friendship is cold and calculating—his very love is without fire. When he tells Leonora he is devoted to her and her alone, we accord him our instant belief—we know he has not time to entertain a second passion, nor feeling to indulge in one. His goodness excites no surprise in us, because we are conscious he is incapable of anything mean or little. When he saves Andrea Doria's life from the conspirators—when he spares the Moresco, we are certain the mercy in both cases is extended by reason of some moral calculation, rather than from any generous warmth of nature. *Fiesco* is, in short, above us, and not of us, and thus becomes a character more appropriate for an epic than a dramatic poem.

Verrina, the republican, is more naturally drawn—is endowed with more flesh and blood than *Fiesco*; and yet he does not excite our sympathy in any great degree. The character is an amalgamation of Brutus and Virginius. His love of country urges Verrina to kill the man who aims at the sovereign power; and he has equal motive with the Roman centurion in devoting Giannettino and his "serpent seed to the infernal gods." But the attempt of Doria's nephew on Verrina's daughter has nothing to do with the development of the plot, and might be omitted without loss. Indeed, so much has this incident been mitigated in the Drury Lane version of *Fiesco*, that we apprehend it would have been more satisfactory to have left it out altogether. The most interesting feature of Verrina's character, is certainly blended with this incident, and perhaps it would have been injurious to the

play not to have retained as much of the circumstance as would have exhibited the noble old republican's rage and horror at his daughter's dishonour. Still the character wants variety, or dramatic colouring, or something else, for we are as little interested in Verrina's fate as we are in that of *Fiesco*.

Leonora, *Fiesco's* wife, is a truly charming person, a very pattern of love, devotion, and duty. Strange it is, however,—even Leonora fails to interest us deeply. Perhaps it may arise from the fact that we know her wrongs are all imaginary: but then, why does not her death move us? There is a reason for this in the recent performance. In the Drury Lane play we merely learn by narration of Leonora's fate: in the original she receives her death from the hand of her husband, who meets her in the battle, disguised in the habiliments of Giannettino. What a scene, and what an omission! Poor Leonora is hardly treated at Drury Lane.

Upon reviewing the entire play we do not find one single character which deeply interests us, nor one incident which greatly moves us; and we fail to discover that felicity of construction and development so indispensable to the great dramatist. That the tragedy of *Fiesco* is one of the most frequently performed in Germany demonstrates the profound reverence which reigns throughout the country for the name of Schiller, or we must infer that the Germans are pleased with nature in forms and moods different from those in which we love to see her represented, and that their dramas are constructed on a principle totally distinct from that of our own dramatists.

Schiller's *Fiesco* was written shortly after the *Robbers*, his dramatic masterpiece, and the immense success of the latter no doubt paved the way for its favourable reception. Both these plays were in prose, the author not having adapted the blank verse metre for some time after. The story of *Fiesco* is partly taken from the account of the revolt of Genoa in Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*. The catastrophe is altered. The plot of the play may be told very briefly.

*Fiesco*, Count de Levagna (Mr. Anderson), is a nobleman of great mental endowments, and of the most captivating exterior and engaging address. He endears himself to the people of Genoa by his condescending manners, no less than his munificence. But *Fiesco* conceals a deep design under all his condescension. Ambition is his master passion. He builds his hopes of obtaining the regal power upon the people's love for himself, and the mal-administration of the Senatorial government. He finds some of the nobles plotting a revolution, and allows himself to be induced, with seeming difficulty, to join the conspiracy. A sudden out-break of the people favours his views of ambition still more fortunately. In one of the best scenes of the play, evidently taken from *Coriolanus*,—the scene where Menenius Agrippa addresses the mob in pithy parable,—*Fiesco* works upon the fears and passions of the multitude, and in an allegorical speech persuades them that no form of government is so fitted for them as monarchy, and dismisses them, enjoining them to go home and consider whom they will chose for their king. Among the conspirators is Verrina (Mr. Vanderhoff), a man swayed entirely by pure motives to serve his country. *Fiesco* is chosen leader of the conspiracy. Verrina discovers that *Fiesco's* motives in heading the revolt is to induct himself into the sovereign power, and registers an oath to kill him. These are the leading outlines of the plot, up to the end of the fourth act. The revolt is successful; *Fiesco* assumes the insignia of Duke of Genoa, and is thrown into the sea by Verrina and drowned, after which Verrina stabs himself.

The catastrophe is anything but dignified. The author, who has departed from history in so many other respects, need not have shrunk from dismissing his hero in a manner more becoming a tragedy. The dagger of Verrina would have made a fitter ending for Fiesco, than the waters of the Gulf of Genoa.

The other characters of the play are merely subordinate, if we except Hassan, the Moor (Mr. Emery), who plays a conspicuous part. He is employed by Giannettino to murder Fiesco, but is defeated in the attempt by Fiesco himself, who forgives him on his acknowledging the truth, and takes him into his service. The Moor serves Fiesco with fidelity for some time, but at length turns traitor and meets his doom.

The play was admirably got up, and comprised in its cast the *élite* of the company. Mr. Anderson's Fiesco was an excellent performance—one of his very best. He looked the gallant and chivalric Count de Levagua to the life, and preserved the different phases of the character with fine judgment. His most effective scene was that in which he relates the "politic convocation" of the beasts to the mob. Mr. Anderson's dresses were magnificent.

Mr. Vandenhoff played Verrina with great fidelity. The part has some telling points, and the actor made the most of them.

Miss Laura Addison performed Leonora. We cannot say whether the character is suited to her or not. For this young lady's talents we have much respect, but, we fear, she endeavours too much to make the most of them. Miss Laura Addison may have been informed that in acting it is necessary that not only every word should be heard, but every syllable, nay, every letter; and so the fair actress takes such pains to render her words distinct and articulated, that her declamation degenerates into a drawl, and her speaking is as far as possible removed from nature. It is to be lamented that a fault so easily remedied should be a bar to the success of Miss Laura Addison's performance, since she possesses both energy and feeling in no small degree, together with a large share of personal attractions.

One of the best acted characters in the play, if not the very best, was the Lemellino of Mr. Cathcart. The part is not prominent in the tragedy, but the skill and talent of the actor rendered it conspicuous in every scene in which he appeared. Mr. Cathcart has for many years been distinguished as an actor in the provinces. Previous to Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps's management of Sadlers' Wells, he was engaged at that theatre, and played leading characters with much success; but the audiences were not as select as they are at present, and Mr. Cathcart was but half known; and left London unrecognized, save by a few of the more observant among the audience, as a good and legitimate actor. We have no doubt but that Mr. Cathcart will have an opportunity at Drury Lane of appearing in parts in which his talents will be at once acknowledged.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Shakspeare's *Richard the Second* and *Julius Caesar*, are in rehearsal. We have our doubts about the success of Fletcher's play. *Richard the Second* is difficult to act. *Julius Caesar* we expect to see well done.

The *Beggar's Opera* will be shortly produced, and various novelties are in preparation. Mr. Anderson is bestirring himself, and is reaping the benefit of his exertions.

*Fiesco* has been played every night during the week, and has brought good houses.

#### PRINCESS'S.

The *Val d'Andorre* has run a successful career up to the

present time. The music goes much better than it did at first, and the artists now feel more at home in their parts. The attraction of the opera, combined with the pantomime, remains undiminished.

Next week *Charles the Second* will be again revived. Loder's *Giselle* is in rehearsal, and will be brought out shortly. This looks like doing business in the right way.

Auber's *Gustavus* will be produced before Easter, not in the hotch-potch way it was given at Drury Lane, but as the author wrote it. *Gustavus* will be played by Mr. Harrison. The scenery and dresses, we understand, will be appropriate and splendid.

An early visit of the Royal Family is talked of to witness *King Charles the Second*.

#### OLYMPIC.

MR. GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE commenced his second engagement at the Olympic Theatre, on Monday evening, in his favourite part of *Othello*—the part in which he made his first appearance in London, and created such a sensation. Mr. Brooke was received with great warmth, and by a very crowded audience. We cannot on the present occasion enter into an analysis of his performance, as he was labouring under the effects of a severe cold, and went through the character with evident distress. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the popular actor.

Mr. Davenport was the *Iago*, and Mrs. Mowatt the *Desdemona*, both, as the bills stated, the first time of performance. It is no easy task to jump into one of Shakspeare's characters, and imbue it with vitality and power in a moment; more especially a character like that of *Iago*, which demands such variety of powers in the actor; nevertheless, we have seen much that we admired in Mr. Davenport's *Iago*, and more that held out great promise of future excellence.

Mrs. Mowatt's *Desdemona* was exceedingly graceful and captivating. In the earlier scenes she was particularly happy, the gentleness and feminine softness of the character fitting her admirably, both in look and feeling. As much as we have seen of this charming actress, we look upon *Desdemona* as her most excellent performance. Both Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport were loudly applauded.

The tragedy was got up in a most careful and effective manner; the scenery being appropriate and the dresses splendid.

#### ST. PAUL AT MANCHESTER.

(Abridged from the *Manchester Examiner*.)

ALTHOUGH the concerts usually given in our Concert Hall are generally of the fashionable order, once a year the subscribers are presented with a choral performance of respectable character. On Thursday evening, the 10th inst., it was evident that more than ordinary pains had been taken in rehearsal. The oratorio selected was Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, to conduct which Mr. Bonediet had been judiciously selected. We know of no orchestral director at present in England whose sympathies are more entirely with the great composer, or whose own professional knowledge is more sterling. To those possessing a musical education, we need not point out the importance of such a man on such an occasion; nor do we think his value could pass unobserved even by many less competent to form a correct judgment.

*St. Paul* was first performed at Düsseldorf, on the 22nd of May, 1836; it was the first oratorio of Mendelssohn, and fully realised the high expectations his previous fame had raised. Like most important works, however, the publishers put upon it an important price, and thus prevented its circulation among that class of people who are always the most eager to encourage what is sterling in quality. This system of high prices in reference to music has perhaps done more than anything else to retard the progress of an

improved taste among the English people. There is now, however, every reason to suppose that a new spirit has gone abroad: the cheap publications of Mr. J. A. Novello (among which we perceive this oratorio is announced), and others, are placing the best music in the hands of those best able to appreciate it: so that, in a few more years, we may find every village, as well as every town, sending forth its hundred amateurs (as on the occasion of the German festivals) to "swell the full chorus," and shew that the true spirit, the pure love of music, and not a mere fashionable affectation, is that which animates our people. We believe it was Mendelssohn's wish to have gone through the leading histories of the Bible with a series of oratorios, had he been spared. The present text is almost literally taken from the Scriptures, the character of St. Paul often uttering the words given to him in the Bible. It is the story of the apostle's life, including the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and Saul's persecution of the Christians—"his conversion, his going forth to the Jews and heathens, and the persecutions he suffered, till the moment where, at last, he leaves his congregation at Ephesus to meet certain death." Rich, varied, and full of that unity of character and purpose which is among the best indications of a true artist, the oratorio moves forward with a still increasing interest to those who go to understand and to be instructed. Here and there the mind is relieved from excitement, by the beautiful chorales judiciously introduced as resting places in the busy progress of the drama; a feature first presented to us by Bach, and occasionally resorted to by some of his successors. We hope that before long one or more of Bach's great choral works will be made known in England, through translation. The great work by Bach, on the subject of the Crucifixion, should it ever be placed before the people of this country, will, we venture to prophesy, experience a reception as that which has been accorded to any of those standard works of which we are so proud, and the performance of which has done so much to elevate our musical character.

Of the performance on Thursday evening last, we have little but praise to offer. Changes have been made in the orchestral arrangements, which we hope may prove beneficial eventually to all parties concerned. If superior talent in two or three instances has been introduced, it will soon discover its value, not only in the immediate advantages to the orchestra of the Concert Hall, but in giving to the musical status of Manchester a higher character generally, and thereby rendering service even to those who at present feel disturbed in what they might have considered a confirmed position. If the talent be not there, but a mere change of name has been introduced, evidence will be very soon given to this effect. Among the new comers are Mr. Lidel as obligato violoncello, Mr. Baetens as second violin, and Mr. Sorge as first clarinet—the last a very young professor, but exhibiting signs of considerable talent. The vocal principals engaged were Miss Birch, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Joseph Robinson of Dublin. The finest air for the leading soprano is "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets," which we can imagine a wonderful piece of vocalisation with such a singer as Mlle. Lind. Nor did Miss Birch overlook its importance: she displayed a highly-refined taste and considerable expression in this great declamatory song. Miss M. Williams caused quite a sensation in the fine *arioso*, "But the Lord is mindful." This lady has two great requisites—a fine voice and true perception. Mr. Benson lost none of the reputation his recent efforts in Manchester have acquired for him. Mr. Lidel's violoncello obligato accompaniment to the tenor song in C, "Be thou faithful unto death," evinced an artistic expression, though perhaps not the highest class of tone. There was enough to indicate the value of his services in the situation he has been engaged to fulfil. Mr. Robinson is a musician and a vocalist of no ordinary talent. A trifle more energy in the air, "Consume them all," would have made the piece more effective; but, on the whole, his singing was of a refined and sterling order. The concerted pieces were well sung—a rare occurrence in this room. The choruses also went finely. Mr. Barlow, at the organ, played judiciously; and the whole was a performance adding to the musical character of Manchester. Mr. Benedict's conducting was always masterly, intelligent, and clear. The attendance was very good.

[Both our Manchester correspondents having disappointed us in not sending an account of this highly interesting performance, we gladly avail ourselves of the above, even at this late hour.—Ed.]

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MISS M. SIMS REEVES, Whitworth, Horncastle, Delavanti, Miss E. Lucombe, and Miss Lanza, with Mr. Lavenue as conductor, commenced an engagement with the popular lessee, Mr. Newcombe, at the Theatre Royal, on Monday night. Operas, particularly when presented in the liberal manner of this occasion, are more attractive here than any other kind of amusement. The moderate scale of prices (from one shilling to five) gave every class of society an opportunity of enjoying an entertainment which was worthy of the high patronage it obtained. There was an immense crowd: five hundred persons in the gallery alone listened with breathless attention to the plaintive strains of Bellini and the noisy unisons of Verdi. The *Lucia* was the first of the series of operas. Sims Reeves was never in better voice. His *Anacle* was really exquisite. Whitworth's Colonel Ashton is perhaps the best at present on the English stage, and left the most favourable impression on the audience. Lucy Ashton is hardly suited to Miss E. Lucombe, who nevertheless, except in the more pathetic passages, created a good impression. The little Miss Lanza had to do, as Alice, was done correctly and effectively. All the *artistes* were called for at the fall of the curtain, and the house presented a brilliant appearance. The farce of *Raising the Wind* finished the evening's entertainment, Mr. Newcombe keeping the people in a rare of laughter until the fall of the curtain.

On Tuesday, the *Sonnambula*, which, from the appearance the house presented, seems to be as popular as ever, was received with the wonted enthusiasm. Although it has been executed over and over again by distinguished artists, this opera has never been presented at Plymouth with such satisfactory completeness. Elvino and the Count, played by Reeves and Whitworth, are too well known to demand criticism at my hands, having been long stamped with the approval of a London audience. Miss E. Lucombe sang the music of Amina with much taste, and at times with great brilliancy of execution. Miss Lanza, as Liza, was remarkable for her judicious acting and careful singing. *Free and Easy*, an excellent farce by the way, in which the principal character was acted with great humour by Mr. Newcombe, sent every one home in high spirits. *Ernani*, the first of Verdi's operas, which has never been played here, was not, I think, so successful as the *Lucia* and the *Sonnambula*, although, as on the other nights, the house was quite full. The *mise en scène* and the costumes were appropriate and complete. Whitworth's dress and "make-up" as Kuy Gomez was quite a picture. The concerted pieces were remarkable for their precision, and the artists were called for at the fall of the curtain. Friday night, Reeves's benefit, *The Puritani* and the *Beggars' Opera* were given. It was the most crowded house I ever witnessed within the walls of the Plymouth theatre, and the reception of all the *artistes* was marked with a warmth I have seldom seen. The opera went off well from beginning to end. Whitworth and Delavanti were vehemently cheered in "Suoni la tromba," which was received with immense cheering. *The Beggars' Opera*, ever popular from its charming melodies, was capitally played throughout. Reeves, whom I had never seen before in the part, played *Macbeth* with a rollicking spirit which told immensely; and the *Polly* of Miss Lanza was really a charming performance. She was encored in "Ponder well," "Cease your funning," and played and sang throughout as an accomplished artiste. *Fitch*, by Horncastle, was excellent, one of the best on the stage, I should say. Miss Emily Eardley, as Lucy, supported the character with much skill, and sang the music allotted to her with faultless precision, while the Mrs. Peachum of Mrs. Garthwaite distinguished her as an actress of sterling ability, and of the real good school of "Old Women" which daily becomes more rare. Mr. Delavanti has a voice of great power, and during the week added materially to the effect of the operas.

Altogether the engagement of the Sims Reeves party, has been entirely successful, and has created a new taste for operatic performances in this town.

T. E. B.  
Julien comes here on the 12th of March, and the Montenegro Italian Opera party on the 1st of April.

## JULLIEN AT BRISTOL.

(From Felix Farley.)

THE indefatigable *maestro*, Jullien, caused a full muster at the Victoria-rooms, on Friday, the 1st instant, although the advent of "February Fill-dyke" was accompanied by its proverbial adjuncts of wind and storm.

Jetty Treffz was, of course, the main attraction, and public expectation was not disappointed as to the remarkable richness and versatility of talent which had been the heralds of her fame.

M. Jullien brought with him an excellent band, though we missed from it several talented performers who heretofore bowed to his sway in his provincial tours. At eight o'clock, when the concert commenced, M. Jullien must have cast a delighted glance over the spacious hall, every inch of which was occupied by an expectant multitude, not less, we should suppose, than 2000 persons being present. The programme was worthy the fame of the able caterer. In the first part Herr Kœnig played "The Exile's Lament," of which the words were placed before us; and with the truthfulness of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words" in our recollection, we could easily interpret Kœnig's mellifluous tones.

Miss Jetty Treffz was introduced to us in "Trab, trab," those words being the burden of a German song, which we shall not attempt to translate: suffice it to say (to use a conventional phrase) its execution convinced us that the fair vocalist's capabilities had not been over-rated. In perfect tune, with admirable judgment, with delicate feeling, were her notes delivered. An encore was of course called for, *una voce*, with which she kindly complied—by singing something else, we forget what, but it was well received.

In the second part, we had a selection from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, in which we were treated with *obligati* on the bassoon, oboe, and flute, cleverly played. We had also a violin concerto, by Mr. V. Collins. The "Row Polka"—(what a row!)—concluded a very agreeable performance.

## JULLIEN AT BATH.

(Abridged from the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.)

ON Saturday evening, the 2nd instant, M. Jullien, that old friend of the concert-going portion of the public, again made his bow to a Bath audience, at the Assembly Rooms. A vast concourse, numbering, we should think, about 900 persons, filled the noble saloon to its utmost capacity. The excellence of the entertainment, coupled with the moderate price of the tickets, led to this desirable result. The concert opened well with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which was played with great spirit. A quadrille, entitled "Charles, the Second," (from Macfarren's highly popular new opera) and containing some good specimens of music in the old English style, followed, and was well received. The new "Cossack polka," composed on Russian and Siberian melodies, and the "Hungarian quadrille," also performed for the first time, are each deserving of favourable mention. Such pieces undoubtedly "please for the nonce," though we doubt if, to quote M. Jullien's own words, "they will greatly enhance the musical taste of the United Kingdom." It was a pleasing instance of discrimination, on the part of the audience, to demand a repetition of the *allegretto* from Beethoven's symphony in F. This charming composition, being rendered with that nice attention to its lights and shadows which its effectiveness demands, afforded to all who heard it a great treat. Herr Kœnig had, as usual, a novelty to present, a composition by Roch-Albert ("The Exile's Lament.") Kœnig might have chosen a better theme for exhibiting his powers on the cornet-a-piston. The effect of the "echo," though somewhat stale, was pleasing and well managed, and drew down much applause.

But the great attraction of the evening still remains to be described. Madlle Jetty Treffz, the last star which has risen on the musical horizon, certainly shone on Saturday evening with a brilliance which completely dazzled the quiet folks of Bath; and often as it has been our hap to hear the first vocalists of the day, we must say that few have left on our mind more pleasing reminiscences. To considerable personal advantages and a lady-like deportment, this pleasing songstress adds, to complete the charm, a voice of exquisite richness and almost metallic brilliancy—an organ, in short, combining all the excellences which can be

demand by the most fastidious critic. It is true that the pieces set down for her in the programme were not such as to call forth the highest requirements of the art: they depended for their effect on their capability of bestowing pleasure, rather than of producing astonishment. Still, we have yet to learn that the real end of music is to excite the wonder of an audience, though we have often heard performances which were evidently the offspring of such an idea. We hold, therefore, that the lady did wisely when she chose the simple ballad rather than the more elaborate compositions of the Continental school, wherewith to indulge her English audience. There was good taste, for instance, in her choice of that pretty composition, "Home, sweet home," and we doubt if the *prima donna* of the Imperial Theatre of Vienna was ever listened to with more real delight than Jetty Treffz, while she warbled this unassuming, but almost national, canzonet.

There is one feature of the concert which remains to be noticed. Mr. Collins's solos on the violin, in which he exhibited a respectable proportion of talent. The programme concluded with one of Jullien's most extravagant extravaganzas, denominated (appropriately enough) the "Row Polka."

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

REISSIGER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I would beg a small space in your journal this week to express my sentiments on a long article in the form of essay on the sonata, as well as of the various contributors to that most interesting form of composition, which has appeared during several weeks in the *Musical World*; and whilst I cannot but admit the truth of a great part of the essay, yet I think the author displays so great a degree of partiality for some composers, and treats others with so much contempt,—such, for instance, as when he awards so much genius to Moschelos (unquestionably a clever man), whilst he totally denies any amount of it either to poor Hummel or Kalkbrenner (peace to their manes!)—that I am really inclined to think he has been trained in some particular school, and by such an education has become so bigoted, as to disentitle him from acting the proper character of critic. I have thought this during the perusal of the article in question almost from the commencement of its appearance in the pages of your journal; but the number of last week so confirms this idea, that I cannot help stating my mind on what I consider his unjust remarks on certain composers, and especially concerning one whose reputation is, I think (fortunately for himself), beyond the reach of injury from him who appears to think himself possessed of that gift of analysis of which he speaks so confidently. I here allude to C. G. Reissiger, a man who enjoys (and deservedly so) a great reputation among musicians in his native country (and I believe also in England) as a composer for the pianoforte, and whose works (especially his latter productions) are acknowledged to be of a sterling character. I imagine, however, that because he has not displayed those complicated eccentricities which are not understood (nor in my humble opinion ever will be) in some of the works of the great masters, not even excepting Beethoven, or, in other words, because, as this critic admits, Reissiger's works are clear in form, and do not contain those outrageous transitions, discordant harmonies, and manifold difficulties of execution, which are indulged in to such an extent by some of this gentleman's favourites, he is to be treated with the most perfect contempt as a contributor to the pianoforte, and considered as a man whose ideas are poor and commonplace. Now, as the author of these opinions mentions Reissiger's Pianoforte Trios in particular, as an example, I suppose, of his poor ideas, I would beg him to peruse his 6th, 10th, 12th, 15th, and 16th trios: and if after this he is still of the same opinion with respect to the merits of Reissiger as a writer for the pianoforte, I can only say that I think he had better give the world an undoubted proof of his own superior mind by either producing something better from his own pen (if he can), or quoting some compositions of this class from any other author whom he considers superior to them; for I confess, until I am convinced to the contrary, I entertain a very high opinion of this author's works, both for elegance of ideas and general style.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

W. C. HAWKINGS.

Pensance, Feb. 6, 1850.



[The writer of the essay entitled "Stephen Heller" will, perhaps, answer Mr. Hemmings himself. As far as we are concerned, we entirely coincide with our contributor in his estimate of Reissiger's merits, and, indeed, with all the opinions he has advanced in his view of the pianoforte writers; we should not otherwise have admitted the essay into our columns as an editorial article.—Ed. M. W.]

#### ROSSINI AND THE MORNING POST.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have read in your journal two papers on the "Progress of Music," extracted from the *Morning Post*, containing opinions in which I cannot suppose you entirely acquiesce. The writer has evidently written earnestly; but I apprehend he has fallen into a great mistake, when, in his remarks upon the Italian School of Operatic Music, he says that "with Rossini" commenced its degeneration." This implies that there were composers of opera in Italy greater than Rossini before his time; and that, at the period when Rossini commenced writing, Italian opera had reached its culminating point. Let us consider who were the composers, and what were their operas.

I am not learned enough to know anything about the "*Dafne* and *Euridice*," composed by Peri and Caccini, in 1590," but I know something of "the operas of Paesiello and Cimarosa," and am old enough to remember the *Armida* and *Montezuma*, of Sacchini, produced in London, about the year 1793. From that period to the present time, partly from choice, partly from professional occupation, I have attended the Italian Opera House every season, and may be allowed to know something of the different operas produced, and the reputation gained by the several composers.

In vain I search my memory to recall the great composers for the Italian Opera, who brought the lyric drama to such perfection, and to whom Rossini was but a degenerate successor. I know all their names, but I know nothing of their superior merit. Who could the writer mean? The favourite composers at the Italian Operas previous to Rossini's time, were Sacchini, Sarti, Martini, Piccini, Portogallo, Bianchi, Salieri, Nasolini, Guglielmi, Paesiello, and Cimarosa, among the Italians; and Glück, Paer, and Winter among the Germans. I omit Mozart, as his operas were not performed at the King's Theatre until somewhere about Rossini's time—more shame for the King's Theatre!

Now, we must look either among the Italians or Germans above named for the composers who brought the opera to such perfection before Rossini wrote. I think we may dismiss in one fell swoop all the Italians, with the exception of Piccini, Paesiello, and Cimarosa. These composers wrote voluminously, but of all their works only one has retained possession of the stage, viz., Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*.

Piccini is principally remembered by his *Buona Figliola*, a pretty and sparkling opera, which was much liked in its day. He cannot be said, however, to have effected much towards the advancement of the lyric drama.

Paesiello was undoubtedly a most fanciful and charming writer, and full of melody; but, while his melodies have survived, his operas have died a natural death. The *Nina*, *Alfrida*, *Armida*, and other operas of this composer, were much admired in their time, from the simple and touching beauty of their tunes, but the poverty of the score and the want of sustained dramatic power soon dismissed them from the stage when something more than simple melody was found necessary in lyric drama. Paesiello rarely introduced a chorus or elaborate concerted pieces into his operas. He depended chiefly on solos or duets for his effect.

Cimarosa wrote more than a hundred operas, and, as we have said above, only one has lived. It may be bold in me to assert such a thing, but I do not hesitate to give it as my opinion that one of the most overrated works in existence is the *Matrimonio Segreto*. The public had a good opportunity of judging for themselves of this production last season, when it was performed with such perfect casts at both the Italian houses; and will any one who heard it venture to say it achieved a success either in the Haymarket or at Covent Garden? For my own part, any work more dull and spiritless I never listened to, and when next it is played in London, although a confirmed opera goer, I shall sedulously avoid being

present. As the *Matrimonio Segreto* is the only opera of the composer ever now performed, and as nobody ever cares to hear it when it is performed, I think we may dismiss Cimarosa from the category of those who have been instrumental in bringing the lyric drama to perfection.

We must now look among the Germans I have mentioned, for those who have raised opera to the lofty position insisted on by the writer in the *Morning Post*.

And first of all comes Glück—a great name undoubtedly, and one which I approach with all due deference and respect. The author of *Alceste* and *Iphigenia in Aulide* must not be treated with levity. Nevertheless, I must confess that Glück's operas never entirely pleased me, and what is more to the purpose of this letter, they never entirely pleased the public. With great musical feeling and much dramatic power, there is an evident want of variety and contrast in Glück's music; and the subjects he has chosen seem to point to a particular state of mind. Nor do I think that the invention of this composer was always remarkable. At any rate, whatever he may have been, his works have gone the way of all flesh, and Cimarosa is the more fortunate of the two, for while he has left one work which is occasionally raked from the ashes of oblivion, poor Glück has not one. Surely it is not too much to assume that what has not survived the lapse of time, must needs have been deficient in extraordinary merit. I learn, by the way, that one of Glück's operas is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre during the approaching season. If so, I feel certain that it will achieve no lasting success.

Winter was an imitator of Mozart, but *longo intervallo*. I do not think the Italian opera is indebted for much to this composer. His *Camilla*, *Zaira*, *Castors e Pollux*, and *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, were played at the King's Theatre. I have heard them all, and they produced little or no impression on me or anybody else. They were indebted for any success they obtained to such singers as Grassini, Catalani, Foder, &c. Winter appeared to me as dry as a chip, as uninteresting as a hen finch, and as insipid as the white of an egg without salt. To be sure, he was praised by a lot of old musicians, who found something congruous with their own dullness in his deliberate nothings and learned platitudes; but he never was popular, and never can be. Defend me from Winter! I would not wish my direst enemy a greater punishment than to be compelled to hear one of his operas throughout.

In our catalogue of the Italian writers I have omitted mentioning Guasco, Mayer, and Pucitta. The former is known as the author of *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, a very lively scene from which is sometimes given at the Opera House. Moyer was the composer of *Medea*—Pasta's *Medea*, a heavy and dull work, but possessing some fine dramatic situations—and *La Vergine del Sole*. These, long since, have had their day, and are now remembered only as a dream. Pucitta was not devoid of comic power, or, more properly, comic fancy. I only heard one of his operas, the *Caccia di Enrico*, but recollect no further about it than that it was light and amusing.

And these are the composers who, according to the writer in the *Morning Post*, have built high the temple of art, the foundation of which Rossini has been the first to undermine. I can only appeal to facts. I well remember the sensation Rossini's music created when it was first heard in this country. His operas, infamously done, when compared to the manner in which they have been produced for years past, were listened to with intense delight and admiration. Rossini was in everybody's mouth. The novelty and freshness of his ideas, his fancy, invention, and the melodic facility which seemed inexhaustible in him, were the universal themes of conversation. In one night he might be said, "like an eagle in a dove-cot, to have fluttered away the reputations" of all his predecessors. I forget what composer, or composers, was or were in favour when Rossini's first opera came out. Indeed, I do not remember that any composer was in particular vogue. The singers were the great features of opera at that time, and the music was but a secondary consideration. Rossini caused music to be loved for its own sake, and for a long period he was by no means the "carled darling" of the vocalists, which he subsequently proved to be.

But I fear I am trespassing too much on your valuable time, and my letter has already spun itself out to an unimaginable length. I trust I have proved satisfactorily that, antecedent to Rossini's



time, the Italian opera had not arrived at perfection, by showing that there was no composer of genius sufficient to have achieved that object. It is not my intention here to maintain that Rossini's genius was of an order superior to those who had gone before. It is enough for me if I have confuted the extraordinary statement of the writer in the *Post*, who says, "that with Rossini commenced the degeneracy of the Italian opera." Having on this point differed from him, *in toto*, I shall, with your permission, in an early number, join him hand-in-hand in endeavouring to expose a grievance under which our own opera labours at present. This grievance is nothing more nor less than the predominating influence the musical publishers have established over the composers. This pernicious influence strikes both the writer and myself in the same light, and on this subject I shall lend him all the assistance in my power, and endeavour to eradicate an evil which should never have been allowed to exist.

Returning you my sincerest thanks for affording me the opportunity of speaking out my thought, I remain, Sir, yours obliged,

SENEX.

### REVIEW OF BOOKS.

"*The Anglican Chant Book.*" a collection of single chants, chiefly by composers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, appropriated to the *Daily Psalms, Canticles, and Hymns, in the Book of Common Prayer*; edited by EDWIN GEORGE MONK, M.B. Oxon, Fellow and Precentor of St. Peter's College, Radley.—NOVELLO.

THE title of this valuable little work explains its purport, namely, to supply a complete series of single chants, adapted to the ritual of the Church of England, such chants being expressly selected with a view to the carrying out of those principles which especially distinguish the music of the English Church. The attention of those interested in the promotion of ecclesiastical music in this country, has been, of late, greatly excited by the absurd efforts of a somewhat numerous party, to force into the service of the church, a barbarous style of music, which, from the prodigious advances the art has made during the last three centuries, has become obsolete, and which, as it is based on principles entirely different from, and wholly opposed to those that the accumulated discoveries of modern genius have introduced, is not only strange and unusual, but absolutely offensive to cultivated ears. The present work, whose object is to furnish a complete series of Anglican Chants, or a collection of music, the spirit and form of which is in perfect keeping with the character and the requisitions of the English Church Service, is one of such high merit, evincing so great zeal and judgment and care in its compilation, as to deserve the attention of all whom the subject concerns; and those are not alone the musical profession, but equally with them the whole body of clergy, and equally with them the entire mass of their congregation. The Editor has in a carefully written preface, set forth, not the barbarously ungrammatical improprieties of the Ancient Ecclesiastical modes, but the utter inconsistency of the bigoted attempt to introduce them into modern use, and his arguments are so sound in themselves, and so temperately and effectively urged, that we quote them as a clear and satisfactory exposition of our matured opinion—an opinion which cannot but have the coincidence of all well-studied musicians, and of all who are unprejudiced on the subject:—

"The Editor does not wish to disguise for a moment that he is entirely opposed to the restoration of the Gregorian Tones. He does not believe that a single tenable argument can be adduced in their favour. Why should the Gregorian system be selected, unless upon the very principles of eclecticism? It cannot be because it has the suffrage of the earliest times, for it is really much more modern than a former one—the Ambrosian: for, although it seems to be agreed upon all hands that we are in ignorance of what the 'Cantus Ambrosianus' precisely was, yet there

is no doubt that the unbending Bishop, who was the author of it, would admit only the four 'authentic modes,' as they are called, and would not tolerate the 'plagal.' This imposed such restriction, that Gregory relaxed the rigid rule which had been observed in the Church for above two hundred years before his time, and established the 'Cantus Gregorianus.' But the Church of England does not bow to the dicta of the Pope, any more than did the Western Church at that time, which retained the Ambrosian form till long after Gregory's death. The fact is, that the old system was only got rid of by secular influence, and something that looks very like mock miracle, the very conclusion from which one would think had been ingeniously perverted.

"Yet Gregory was right to substitute in his own diocese the new for the old scheme, which had been followed by his predecessors in the See of Rome. Music had advanced in the interim, and God's Church should have had the benefit of that progress. Why should not the Church of England reap a similar advantage in much later ages, when the science has reached, as it would appear, the utmost perfection of which it is capable? Why are we to be bound by the trammels of any system, only because it is antiquated? Why are we now to submit to crudities, which the great Pope himself would have expelled from his 'Cantus,' if he had known more than he could have known in the age when he flourished? Gregory chose,—why should not the Church of England choose? The advocates of Gregory's music chose,—why should not the opponents of Gregory's music choose too? In religious doctrine the highest antiquity is of golden value—in music it is curious but worthless. Such a principle is not tolerated when applied to the kindred arts, Architecture and Painting. Who would maintain that our churches should be built in the Doric style, (or to put the case more fairly, in the Cyclopean,) rather than in the Decorated? Or that Raffaele was to be abandoned for Van Eyck? To use the expressive but severe language of a vigorous writer of the present day, 'These men would look a Michael Angelo in the face, and tell him that Stonehenge was the perfection of architecture.'

"If, moreover, the exclusive use of the Gregorian Tones be contended for upon this ground, to be consistent, we must abandon all harmonies and instrumental accompaniments whatever, for these are utter novelties. (*vid. Bingham, Orig. Rec. 8, 14.*) And yet those who have argued most strenuously in their favor are not disinclined to avail themselves of these aids to devotion and praise, though they are bound to consider them un-Catholic. It would seem to be felt that their favourite melodies are too dry without them; for the tones are continually harmonized in Gregorian publications. Thus we find the latest, and not the least resolute writer upon this subject, compelled to bow to the necessities of the Church, and to print accompanying harmonies for voice and organ. In fact, the whole view seems to be based upon a sentiment rather than upon a truth.

"But the Editor has committed himself to the term 'Anglican,' thus venturing to stamp the collection, which he offers to the Church, with that high and precious name. However, he does not anticipate any very serious difficulty in vindicating the application of it. To make this clear, a brief historical detail will be unavoidable.

"When the English Church first cast off the claims of the Papa supremacy, one of the earliest of her privileges which she asserted was the reformation of her Ritual, and the purging it from the superstitions and superfluities which marred its good, and, so far as it was Catholic, perilled its truth. Now, at this period the whole service was sung or chanted. Reading, in the popular sense, was unknown in the public offices: reading meant *intoning*, according to a certain recognized course. But when the Ritual was changed, it was necessary to vary the music at the same time; not, indeed, in character, but in detail. Here a great difficulty stood in the way. The partial alteration of the services was accompanied by a total alteration of the language,—English being substituted for Latin throughout. Hence it can readily be imagined that endless embarrassment must have been the consequence: doubts, differences, and errors must have been of perpetual occurrence. It is evident that this state of things could not last long, and so an early effort was made, within two years after the compilation of King Edward's Liturgy, to reduce the disorder to rule. In the year 1550 a work was composed by John Marbeck, and printed by Richard Grafton, entitled '*The Booke of Common Prayer Noted.*' This most valuable production, the foundation of our Choral Service as it exists at the present day, undoubtedly contains an adaptation of a Gregorian Tone to the 'Vespites,' and the following Psalms. This would seem to militate against the principle now contended for; but so far from this, it helps to establish it. For there seems little doubt that this mode of singing the Psalter did not long survive the attempt to maintain it. The effort to preserve the Gregorian system was tried, and appears to have failed. Very soon afterwards, the celebrated Thomas Tallis, at that time one of the gentlemen in the King's Chapel, gave to the world his sublime harmonies to the Versicles and Responses of Edward's book. In this work the 'Venite' is set to an artificial form, now commonly known by the name of the 'Single Chant,' and divisible into bars in common time. From this in-

novation it may fairly be gathered that the want of rhythm in the Gregorian scheme had begun to be felt. But further,—that great Musician wrote several Chants similar in character and form with this, yet not derived from the Gregorian melodies.

"Further, we find the same kind of chant issuing from the tender pen of Richard Farrant, who was a contemporary of Tallis, and an associate of his, as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. In later times, when the school of cathedral music seems to have attained its highest perfection, the great church composers exercised their genius upon the same form and with the same object. Byrd, Child, Purcell, Blow, and Croft, with many others,—all wrote single chants on the ordinary plan.

"Now what induced them to devote their time to such a species of composition? It must have been because people had found it either too difficult or too dull, or both, to sing the ancient tunes. This was natural enough; for as the knowledge of the present scale, and the harmonies of which it is susceptible, had become fixed and extended, the inartificial tones—for many of them are so—would be sure to sink in estimation, and a longing would be felt for the grandeur of counterpoint. Several of them are almost incapable of harmony, and so the old masters would be led, if it were for this reason alone, to write original chants, avoiding their dullness, while taking pattern from their gravity. This growing dissatisfaction was no doubt fostered by the noble music which was at this time applied to the metrical version of the Psalms. Some of the finest melodies had already been in use, having been put forth in the year 1562, and these were followed, in 1579, by harmonies composed by Damon. In 1594, Este's book was published, which shows that they were already used in the churches, and therefore universally known.

"Further, the church writers above-mentioned would not have continued to write unless their compositions had met with a favourable reception. No doubt many of their chants have shared the same fate with their other works. Those that have survived the general wreck may be no criterion of the number that once existed. But whether more or fewer, wherever they were used the earlier forms must have given way; both could not have held their ground together.

"The only objection which appears to lie against this view of the practice of the Church of England, is derived from the fact, that Clifford, in a work published in 1664, gives the tunes as adapted to the Psalms in the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's Cathedral,—and these are said to be Gregorian. The editor has not seen Clifford's book, but no doubt it says nothing more unfavourable to his view than can be deduced from Edward Lowe's work, which was published at the same time, dedicated to the same person, Dr. Walter Jones, and professes to give an account of the existing state of things. He says, that the 'Single tunes of the Reading Psalms are exactly the same that were in use in the time of Edward the Sixth;' which statement, however, is modified by the words—'as many as we retain of them;' so that some of the tunes were now completely dropped. This is an important point. But more than this:—on reference to Lowe it will be found that the chants, which he gives, are not the Gregorian tones, but the tones greatly altered. Moreover, he gives four tunes in harmony, as used with the Psalms on solemn days, 'the first of which is the composition of Dr. Child, of Windsor.' Is it not quite obvious, then, that the pure Gregorian Chant had disappeared at this time, as in every form it subsequently vanished altogether? If Lowe means to say that the tunes, which he gives for the Psalms, were identical with those used in Edward's time, then the disappearance was far earlier, and the chant to the 'Venite' in Tallis's Service was a sample of the way in which the other tones had even then been treated. It must be remembered, too, that soon after Lowe's time the English cathedral style had reached its summit of grandeur and beauty. Contemporaneously with this the Gregorian tones were banished."

The chants are, as have been said, judiciously selected, and they comprise, we believe, only the best that have been written by the most approved composers. The editor has bound himself to one principle in the arrangement of these, which we consider of much importance; that is to place the recitative note always in such situation of the vocal compass as to ensure the natural and easy enunciation of the many syllables that occur on such note. To effect this some modifications of the parts have sometimes been necessary; and, though the improvement of his author's music belongs not, we think, to the province of an editor, we forgive in the present instance the questionable propriety of the means for the excellence of the end attained. There are also six chants of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and one of Mr. Monk, the editor, which are introduced with the greatest

modesty, but which are well worthy a place beside the best in the work.

We confidently recommend the publication as in every respect fitted for general use.

"The Home Circle," a Weekly Periodical of Science, Art, and Literature.—PRICE 6d. 604 St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

THIS admirable little serial work has now reached its first volume in a most attractive form and garb. Nothing can be prettier or more elegant than the pea-green and gold covers, with its neat device on both sides, while the size—the octavo, is the best possible for reading. No work of the class in London is written in better style, or conducted with more propriety than the "Home Circle." It comprises among its contributors some of the most accomplished writers of both sexes in the Metropolis, while it combines in its pages whatever could interest and amuse. The papers on Hungary are excellently penned, and display considerable research; and the essays by a contributor under the name of Copperpen are both sensible and acute. Among those who are employed in writing for the "Home Circle" we may specify the names of Miss Agnes Strickland, Miss Camilla Toulmin, John Oxenford, Henry Outley, F. W. N. Bayley, Charles Kenney, J. de Clairville, Pierce Egan, &c. We recommend this little work most warmly and honestly to our readers. It can be had of all Booksellers, weekly, monthly, or in half-yearly volumes.

#### REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"The Oriental Quadrilles," by ELLEN L. GLASCOCK.—WEBB, Soho Square.

THIS is a very pretty and tuneful set of quadrilles, and is by no means devoid of merit from a musical point of view. The figures are simple and clear, and exhibit a nice feeling and fancy in the fair composer. The Oriental Quadrilles must find favour with the patronisers of dancing.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN, January 27.—(From a Berlin paper.)—On the 25th was given, at the Royal Opera, a new opera, and at the same time a work of a new composer but little known to the public—Mr. M. W. Balfe—entitled the *Mulatto*. The name of the composer is not unknown to the lovers of music; he is a native of Ireland, but he has completed, as we hear, his studies under Cherubini, and has dwelt a long time in Italy. His work proves that he is acquainted as well with the theory as the practice of his art. His facile and gracious rhythm leans towards the modern French school, while his flowing and agreeable melodies show that the composer has had also an excellent education as a singer. If we could find fault with Balfe's orchestration, it is his too frequent use of brass instruments—particularly the big drum and cymbals.—[We did not know the big drum was a brass instrument.—ED.]—Madame Köster had frequent opportunities to display her beautiful voice to the greatest advantage in the opera. Herr Mantius was excellent, particularly in a duet (No. XI.) with Corinna. The ballet music also met with great applause. The quartet, in the third act, was excellently performed, and much applauded. The house was crowded. Their Majesties and family were present. After the second act, the singers and the composer were called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the public.

[The criticism of a new opera appears to be an easy task in Berlin. An English paper would be ashamed to present its readers with such a bare account.—ED.]

## THE OLD MUSICIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF J. P. LYGER.

*(From the Home Journal.)*

In a room in the upper story of a house in the Friedrichstadt of Berlin, sat an old man, reading musical notes, that lay on a table before him. From time to time he made observations with a pencil upon the margin, and seemed so intently occupied that he noticed nothing around him. The room was poorly furnished, and lighted only by a small lamp that flared in the currents of wind, flinging gloom and fitful shadows on the wall. A few coals glimmered in the grate; the loose panes clattered in the windows, shaken by the storm without; the weather-cocks creaked as they swung on the roof; and the moaning blast uttered a melancholy sound. It was a night of cold and tempest, and the last of the old year.

The figure of the old man was tall and stately, but emaciated; and his pale and furrowed visage showed the ravages of age and disease. His thin snow-white locks fell back from his temples; but his eyes were large and bright, and flashing with more than youthful enthusiasm, as he read the music.

The bell struck midnight. From the streets could be heard festive music and shouts of mirth blended in wild confusion; and the wind bore the chant of the *Te Deum* from a neighbouring church.

The old man looked up from his occupation, and listened earnestly. Presently the door was opened, and a young man entered the apartment. The paleness of his face appeared striking in contrast with his dark hair; his expression was that of deep melancholy; and his form even more emaciated than that of his companion.

"Did you hear the hour strike?" asked the old man.

"I heard it; it was midnight."

"Indeed!"

"You had better go to rest."

"To sleep, mean you? I do not need it. I have been reading this legacy of my father. Would that you had such a father, poor Theodore! What is the new year?"

"Eighty-four."

"Eighty-four! when it was thirty-seven—we will not speak of that."

"You always talk thus," said the young man. "Am I never to know who you are?"

"You might have asked that the day we first met; the day I found you—a madman—who had placed the deadly weapon against his own breast. I pulled it away; I said to you, Live! even if life hath nothing but woe to offer! Live, if thou canst believe and hope, if not bid defiance to thy fate; but live!"

"You have saved me; you see I live, old even in youth."

"You have many years to number yet."

"Perhaps not; I suffer too much! But tell me your name, perverse old man!"

"He who composed that noble work," said the old man, pointing to the music, "was my father."

"And have you not torn out the first leaf, on which was the title and name? You know I can guess nothing from the notes; they speak a language unknown to me. Speak, old friend; who are you?"

"The Old Musician."

"Thus you are called by the few who know you in this great city. But you have another name. Why not tell it me?"

"Let me be silent," entreated the old man. "I have sworn to reveal my name only to one initiated, if I meet such."

The youth answered with a bitter smile. There was a pause of a few moments; the old man looked anxiously at him, as if noticing for the first time his sunken cheek, and other evidences of extreme ill health. At length he said—

"And you have no better fortune, Theodore, for the new year?"

"Oh yes, fortune comes when we have no longer need of her."

He drew a roll of money from his vest pocket, and threw it upon the table.

"Gold!" exclaimed the old man.

Theodore produced a flask from the pocket of his cloak. "You have drank no wine," he said, "in a long while! Here is some, the best of Johannisberger! Let us greet the new year with revel!"

The old man turned away with a shudder, for recollections of pain were associated with the time.

The youth took a couple of glasses from the cupboard, drew another chair to the table, sat down while he uncorked the flask. As he filled the glasses, a rich fragrance floated through the room.

He drank to the old man, who responded; and the glasses were replenished.

"Ha, ha! you seem used to it!" cried Theodore, laughing.

"It is good for you. Wine is better than Lethe; it teaches us not to forget pain, but to know it the frivolous thing it really is. What a pity that we find the philosopher's stone only in the bottom of the cup!"

"And how, I pray, came you by such luck?"

"I sold my work to a spendthrift lord, travelling through the city."

"It is a pity you had not a *replique*, for your work will never become known thus disposed of."

"Ay, but how much is lost that deserves to remain! Those sketches cost me seven years of more than labour; all I have thought, lived, suffered; the first dream of youth; the stern reproof after the struggle with fate! I sacrificed all—I spared not even the spark of life; and I thought, when the work was finished, the laurel would at least deck the brow of the dead. Dreams, fantasies! Wherever I offered my work, I was repulsed. The publishers thought the undertaking too expensive; some said I might draw scenes from the seven years' war, like M. Chadowski; others shook their heads, and called my sketches wild and fantastic."

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man, musingly. "Lessing, who died three years ago, was right when he said to me, 'All the artist accomplishes beyond the appreciation of the multitude brings him neither profit nor honour.' Believe me, Theodore, I know well by experience what is meant by the saying, 'The highest must grovel with the worm.'"

"And I must grovel on, old friend! As long as I can remember, I have had but one passion—for my art! The beauty of woman moved me but with the artist's rapture! Yet must I degrade my art to the vain rabble; must paint apish faces, while visions of divine loveliness float before me; must feel the genius within me comprehended by none; must be driven to despair of myself! Gifted as few are, free from guilt, I must ask myself, at five-and-twenty, wherefore have I lived?"

"Live!—you will find the answer."

"Have you found it—at seventy-four? You cannot evade the question—it presses even on the happy. Had I obtained what I sought, the answer might be—I have lived, and wrought, to win the prize; to shine a clear star in the horizon. So shines Raphael to me; and to you, some old

master of your art; and we are doomed to insignificance and disappointment."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the old man; "that leads to madness, and madness is terrible! They tell me I was thus a long while."

"Have no fear of that, old friend! We are both too near a sure harbour! Come, finish the wine; welcome the new year! Hark! to the music and the revelry below in the streets; and we are exalted like the ancient gods on the top of Olympus, sipping the precious nectar, and laughing at the fools who rejoice in their being. Drink, as I do! Well, yonder is your bed, and here is mine. I am weary, and wish you a good night!"

The old man also retired to rest; the storm ceased to rage without. The music and ringing of bells continued throughout the night.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**MR. STERNDALE BENNETT.**—Our reader will be glad to learn that this accomplished musician has announced his sixth annual series of Classical Chamber Concerts, the first of which is fixed for Tuesday the 19th inst., when, among other interesting matters, a duet between Mr. Bennett and Herr Ernst stands prominent.

**ALIZARD.**—The death of this popular singer, from a disease of the heart, has caused a great sensation at Paris. Alizard succeeded Levasseur as principal bass at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. He had one of the finest voices ever heard.

**MR. SIMS REEVES, Miss LUCOMBE** and company, have given three performances at Bristol during the past week.

**M. ALEXANDER BILLET.**—The programme of this gentleman's third *séance*, on Tuesday evening next, contains some very interesting works which are rarely performed. Among the principal features may be mentioned Dussak's splendid sonata in F minor for pianoforte solo, *L'Invocation*, and Sterndale Bennett's beautiful trio in A for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. M. Billet's soirées have caused a more than ordinary sensation in the musical world, not less for the amount of novelty contained in the programmes than for the sterling character of M. Billet's execution.

**CARLOTTA GRISI** gave a series of performances the week before last at the Bristol Theatre. From Bristol the beautiful and accomplished *danseuse* was, we believe, bound for Dublin.

**ERNEST AT GREENWICH.**—A grand vocal and instrumental concert is announced to take place at the above locale on Thursday next. Ernst, Sims Reeves, Miss Lucombe, Mademoiselle Therese Magnier (from the Grand Ducal Theatre, Mannheim), and Herr Kuhe, the pianist, are among the performers. The good folks of Greenwich will have an opportunity of hearing Ernst for the first time. The concert cannot fail of proving successful. Ernst will play his *Otello* fantasia, the famous *Elegie*, and his *Carnaval de Venise*. Herr Kuhe will conduct.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Handel's *Saul* was performed last night. The hall was crowded. Full particulars in our next.

**MANCHESTER.**—M. Charles Hallé, whose chamber soirées have been so largely patronised here, has completed his arrangements for a series of eight more, four at Manchester, and four at Liverpool. The first will take place on the 21st inst. at Manchester, the second at Liverpool the evening after. A fortnight will elapse between each set of two concerts. Ernst is engaged to play at all of them.

**MR. LOVE**, the Polyphonist, has been exhibiting his singular powers at the Royal Albert Rooms, Bristol, during the last week. As a ventriloquist this gentleman has at present no rival.

**MADLE. JULIAN VAN GELDER.**—The French papers inform us that this lady is re-engaged by Mr. Lumley for the ensuing season.

**MR. LUMLEY** is still in Paris, where Madame Sontag has gone to join him. Rumours of a series of concerts, in which that celebrated lady will take a principal part both in Paris and Brussels, are abroad.

**MISS ELLEN LYON AND SIGNOR NAPPI'S SOLEER MUSICALS** was given at Blagrove's Rooms on Tuesday last. Signor Nappi was, we believe, a debutant, and therefore among the performers claims

our first attention. He has a baritone voice of great sweetness, and he sings with excellent style, a proof of the judicious instruction he has received from Signor Crivelli. He appeared to suffer from excessive weakness in his first song ("Adelaide,"), but in his second, a very graceful ballad of Mr. W. L. Phillips, he was deservedly encored. The other vocalists were Madame Macfarren, who sang a brilliant aria of Mercadante with great power of execution, and her favourite ballad from *King Charles the Second*, "She shines before me like a star," with a rapturous encore; and Miss Ellen Lyon, who sang "Lo, here the gentle lark," a charming new song of Mr. W. H. Holmes, called "Winter Eye," and with her sister the little duet from *King Charles the Second*, "How blest are young hearts," in which the careful attention to light and shade ensured an encore. Mr. Benson, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler, who sang a variety of songs with considerable effect. In the instrumental department a chief feature was a quartet for four pianists of Mr. W. H. Holmes, a pleasing and ingenious trifle which was so effectively rendered by Mrs. John Macfarren, Miss Rushforth, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Noble as to be re-demanded. Messrs. H. Blagrove, Watkins, W. Blagrove, and Phillips, played Mozart's quartet in B flat with much applause; and Mr. R. Blagrove, Mr. J. Thomas, and Mr. Camus, played solos on the concertina, the harp, and the flute, with merited success. The room was well attended.

**MADLE. ERNESTA GRISI**, sister of Carlotta Grisi, appeared last week at the *Theatre Italien*, as Malcolm in *La Donna del Lago*. According to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* she was exceedingly well received.

**EXTRAORDINARY VOCAL PHENOMENON.**—At a lecture delivered in the ordinary course of Physiology at the School of Medicine, adjoining St. George's Hospital, on Thursday afternoon, by Dr. W. Vessalius Pettigrew, the subject of which was "the voice," the lecturer took the opportunity of introducing Mr. Richmond, who possesses the wonderful power of producing two vocal sounds at a time, and these in harmony. Mr. Richmond commenced by producing a modulated bass tone, according to Dr. Pettigrew's opinion, in the upper part of the pharyngeal and nasal cavities, and almost instantly a treble accompaniment, which the lecturer had no doubt was produced by the vibration of air over the thin and expanded edges of the tongue, the vibrations being manipulated by the most adroit management of the muscles of that organ. The treble tones cannot be produced unless the tongue be fixed at its base to the hyoid bone, and by its apex to the root of the palate. The treble tones produced were of the sweetest and most melodious character, far surpassing, in softness, any musical instrument, or even vocal organ of the bird, and elicited the most enthusiastic applause from a most crowded theatre, consisting of students, many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons, and numerous scientific gentlemen, who had assembled to witness the performance.

**JENNY LIND AT NEWCASTLE.**—It appears from a statement made in the Newcastle District Court of Bankruptcy, on Thursday last in re Mr. Charles States, a bankrupt, formerly of the Royal Hotel, that Mr. Knowles and Mr. Lumley netted £906 13s. 4d. by the visit of Jenny Lind to this town. The agreement entered into with Mr. States was that these parties should receive the first £600 from the receipts, and two-thirds of the residue, Mr. States undertaking, out of his one-third, to pay a part of the band, and all the printing, advertising, rent of theatre, and other local expenses. The receipts for tickets were £1060, and the sum of £49 was raised in addition by Mr. States from the sale at a premium of tickets he had taken at his own risk. Mr. States's share thus amounted to £251 6s. 8d.—*Newcastle Journal*.

**MR. LAND** gave a morning concert, the second of the series, on Friday week, at the Shire Hall, Hertford, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess Cowper, and the Hon. Baroness Dimsdale. We had recently to speak in terms of praise of his first performance and the second demands from us even more decided approval. In addition to Miss Massant, Miss Pyne, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, who sang with their well-known skill and taste, Mr. G. H. Lake performed solos on the pianoforte and concertina, and elicited the warmest applause.—*Hertford Mercury*.

**MR. FREDERICK GYX** is gone to Paris, to engage (as we hear) a tenor for the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, in *Auber's Gypsaire III*.

**ALBONI** has been singing at Genoa and Lyons to overflowing audiences with immense success.

MENDELSSOHN'S *Saint Paul* will be again performed on Friday, Feb. 15, at the special desire of H.R.H. Prince Albert. On this occasion, the Oratorio will commence at eight, in place of the usual hour, seven o'clock.

**AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.**—This society commences its fourth season on Friday, the 22d inst., at the Hanover Square Rooms. There will be eight concerts given, and eight rehearsals. The Earl of Falmouth is the chairman. Many novelties are expected, and among the most interesting a new symphony (MS.) by Mr. Macfarren. The amateurs seem determined to set a good example to the Philharmonic.

Mr. STAMMERS takes his benefit on Wednesday next at Exeter Hall, when an extra Wednesday Concert will be given. The spirited manager is entitled to the best support of the public, and we feel assured the public, who are so largely in his debt for many an evening's entertainment, will not hold back their support on the present occasion. Mr. Stammers has provided an attractive programme for his visitors on Wednesday.

M. JULIEN has returned to town with Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, after the most successful *tournee* he ever had. The enterprising *chef d'orchestre* departs for the provinces on his second *tournee* almost immediately.

Miss HOLLINGSWORTH gave a concert at Blagrove's Rooms on Wednesday evening, in which she was assisted by Miss Poole, Madame Macfarren, Miss Thirlwall (a daughter of the violinist), Miss Rafter, Madame Reich, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Ransford, and Mr. Herbert, among the most effective of whose performances were a ballad of Mr. Romer's, sung by Miss Poole, the song "She shines before me," from *King Charles the Second*, sung by Madame Macfarren, and the ballad "My pretty Jane," sung by Mr. Herbert. Mr. W. Thirlwall played a solo of his own on the violin, and Mr. Regioff accompanied the vocal music.

**DEATH OF MR. JOHN MATHER.**—This musician died at Edinburgh on the 20th of January ult., in the 69th year of his age. Mr. John Mather, who, it will be recollected by many of the inhabitants, resided in Doncaster for some years, was born at Sheffield on the 31st of March, 1781. He was the son of William Mather, the composer of a set of psalm and hymn tunes, now frequently used in the churches in England. He was first taught the organ and pianoforte by his father, and under him was assistant organist of St. Paul's Church in Sheffield. He played the organ in Barnsley church, when he sat on his father's knees, to enable him to reach the finger-board. When between the ages of eight and nine years, he played the organ at an oratorio performed in St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, at which the celebrated Cramer was the leader, assisted by several other eminent performers from London. On the evening of the same day, he presided at the pianoforte at a concert where the same performers were assisting. Mr. Cramer was anxious to take him to London with him, but his father would not permit him. During the succeeding year he was engaged at the great commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, on which occasion he led the treble boys. In 1805, he opened the organ at the parish church in Sheffield, when he was appointed first organist, which situation he held until he was induced by the persuasion of his Scottish pupils in Doncaster, to remove to Edinburgh in 1810. About the year 1814, he was appointed organist of Bishop Sandford's Chapel in Rose Street, and removed with him to St. John's Chapel. While residing in Hall-gate, Doncaster, in 1805, the Yorkshire Amateur Triennial Meeting was first established at his house. Among the projectors were himself, Mr. White, of Leeds, Dr. Camidge, of York, Counsellor Maude, of Wakefield, and a few others. He conducted the festivals in Edinburgh until Sir H. Bishop was appointed professor of music at the University, and then he was appointed chorus master. He projected with, we believe, George Thompson, Esq., George Hogarth, Esq.,—Bridges, Esq., and others, the Institution for Sacred Music in Edinburgh, of which for some time he was the sole instructor. Among the eminent masters he studied under, we may mention the names of Clement, Cramer, and Dr. Arnold.—*Doncaster Gazette*.

**THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.**—Who shall say that the English drama has gone to the? It has certainly gone far enough, but who would have ever thought of its going so far as the Atlantic Ocean for an appearance? Such, however, is the case, as you shall see. The Medway steamer,

commanded by Captain Symons, left Southampton on the 17th of last October, and on the 2nd of November, between Madeira and Barbadoes, the following entertainment took place on board, and we need hardly observe that, between the sea and the sailors, there was a completely overflowing audience. We subjoin a copy of the play-bill, which may be looked upon as a perfect curiosity:—"Royal Atlantic Theatre, 'Medway.' This evening, November 2, 1849, will be performed, by kind permission of Captain Symons, Sheridan's unrivalled comedy, the *Rivals*. Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Blanshard; Captain Absolute, Mr. Clapperton; Falkland, Mr. Bright; Bob Acres, Mr. Smith; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. Hirst; Fag, Mr. Rowe; David, Mr. Clairmonte; Boy, Master Young; Mrs. Malaprop, Miss Edwards; Lydia Languish, Miss Hayne; Julia, Miss Mackintosh; Lucy, Miss Bunbury. An epilogue, written expressly for this performance by Mr. Freeman, will be spoken by Mr. Hayne (in the character of Lydia Languish). Stage managers, Dr. M'Lean, and Mr. Reynolds; Mechanist, Mr. Jellycoe. Performance to commence at half-past seven precisely. Between the acts, those distinguished vocalists, Messrs. Montgomery and E. P. Andre, will sing several popular songs. The Sailor's Hornpipe will be danced by Frederick Hopkins."—*Dublin Paper*.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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J. HART, 14, Princes Street, Leicester Square, London, begs to inform the Amateurs and Professors of the above Instruments, that he has just received an Importation of Roman Violin and Violoncello Strings, of the finest quality; where also may be had Stewart's celebrated Registered Violin and Tenor Holder. Likewise may be seen the largest collection of Cremona Violins and Violoncellos in England. Instruments Bought or Exchanged, and Repaired in the best manner.

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**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,**CONDUCTOR **EXETER HALL.** Mr. COSTA.*By special desire.*

FRIDAY NEXT, 15th Inst., will be performed MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL." Vocalists:—Miss BIRCH, Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY, and HERR FORMES.

Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at No. 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**

THE COMMITTEE beg to acquaint the Subscribers, that in consequence of the interest excited by the recent Performances of MENDELSSOHN'S Oratorio, "ST. PAUL," they have considered it advisable to make arrangements for another Performance of that Work, on Friday next, the 15th instant, and have decided upon affording the Subscribers an opportunity of being present on that occasion.

The COMMITTEE have further to announce, that having been favoured with an intimation that H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT intends honouring the Society with his presence on the above evening, they have arranged for the Performances to commence at Eight o'clock instead of Seven. The doors will be opened at Half-past Seven o'clock.

THOS. BREWER, Hon. Sec.

6, Exeter Hall, 8th February, 1850.

**EXETER HALL.****WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.****WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 13TH,**

Will be held the

**SEVENTEENTH CONCERT,**

Which will be

**AN EXTRA NIGHT,**

AND

**FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. STAMMERS,**  
Managing Director.

Vocal Performers:—Misses Lucombe, Wagner, Eyles, Wells, Cole, J. Wells, C. Cole, Emily Maenamar, Rebecca Isaacs, Madame Marie de Boisford, and Mrs. A. Newton; Herr FORMES, Mr. H. Drayton, Mr. Wells, Mr. Smythson, Mr. Land, and Mr. SIMS REEVE. Solo Instrumentalists:—*Violin*—Herr EXART; *Trumpet*—Mr. T. Harper; *Ophicleide*—M. Prosperi; *Flute*—Mr. Richardson. Mr. SIMS REEVE will sing—Scena, "All is lost now," *Belini*; Old Song, "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," *Carter*; and New Song, "Meet me, dearest," *Lavenu*.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. (reserved throughout the evening.) May be had of Mr. STAMMERS, at the Office of the Concerts, No. 4, in Exeter Hall (where a plan of the seats may be seen), and of all Music-sellers.

**OPERA COMIQUE,****ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.****MONDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 11TH,**

Will be produced, (for the first time in this country,) a Comic Opera, by **ANDRÉ ADAM**, entitled

**LE ROI D'YVETOT.**

The character of Josselyn by Monsieur CHOLLET, as originally performed by him upon the production of the Opera in Paris.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, February 13th, being Ash-Wednesday, there will be no Performance; instead of which will be given the first and only Grand Morning Performance, on Thursday, February 14th; commencing at half-past Two o'clock, and terminating before Five o'clock, by the popular Opera, in Three Acts,

**LE DOMINO NOIR,**

Angels — Madlle. CHARTON,

Preceded by the Aria Buffa, by Monsieur CHOLLET, and the Duett with Madlle. GUICHARD, from Faer's Opera of

**LE MAITRE DE CHAPELLE.**

Doors will be open at Two o'clock.

*Prices of Admission on this occasion:—*

Orchestra Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Dress Boxes, Five Shillings; Pit, Three Shillings; Amphitheatre, Two Shillings. Boxes and Stalls may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERTS,****HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**

The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the TICKETS for the ensuing season are now READY for delivery, at Messrs. ADDISON'S, 210, Regent Street, where a Plan of the Reserved Seats appropriated to Subscribers may be seen.

**BEEHOTHEN ROOMS, 76, HARLEY STREET.**

*Under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.*

PROGRAMME OF

**M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S****THIRD AND LAST****CLASSICAL SEANCE MUSICALE,****ON TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12TH;**

To commence at half-past Eight o'clock precisely.

**Première Partie.**

Chamber Trio in A, Op. 26, Piano, Violin, and Violoncello.	W. S. Bennett.
MM. BILLET, DELOFFRE, and ROUSSELOT .. ..	Beethoven.
Sacred Song, Madlle. MAGNER .. ..	S. Bach.
Prelude and Fugue in A flat minor, book 4th .. ..	Scarlatti.
Presto in F major, and Fugue in F minor .. ..	Mozart.
Gigue in G major, (executed for the first time .. ..	Handel.
in England) .. ..	
Fugue in E minor .. ..	

**2me. Partie.**

L'Invocation, Grand Sonate, Op. 77, Piano, M. BILLET .. ..	Dusseck.
German Song, Op. 57 .. ..	Mendelssohn.
English Song, Op. 7 .. ..	M. Levy.
Pensée d'Amour, 1er. Nocturne .. ..	
La Sylphide, Etude in F. major (by desire) .. ..	A. Billet.
La Circassienne, Etude d'Octaves, in B major .. ..	
Ouverture Militaire, pour piano, à 4 mains, executed par .. ..	Mendelssohn.
MM. LEVY, and A. BILLET.	

Conductor,

**M. LEVY.**

Tickets to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of M. ALEXANDRE BILLET, 13, North Bank, Regent's Park.

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Violins.—M. Sainton, and Mr. Blagrove; Viola.—Mr. Hill; Violoncello.—Mr. Lucas; assisted by other artists.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 7.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.  
{ STAMPED FOURPENCE

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE edition of M. Heller's compositions with which we have been furnished is published by Messrs. Wessel and Co., of Regent Street. Though the only one that exists in London it is not perfect. Many of the earlier and some of the later works are wanting, among which the first sonata may be named, as the most important omission. Nevertheless there are quite enough in every style to enable us to come to a very plain conclusion about the merits of M. Heller as a composer. These we esteem at a very high rate, and we shall endeavour to offer substantial reasons for our good opinion.

First in the collection before us we find two caprices on a melody by Reber. (*Deux Caprices sur une mélodie de Reber, Op. 19—Dédiés à Mad. Jenny Monquifre*) Reber is one of the best resident composers in Paris, and one of the few that have dedicated their talents to the highest forms of art. The melody selected by M. Heller in the present instance is called "La Captive." In its original shape it may possibly be a vocal romance. It is pretty and piquant. M. Heller has first given the melody simply, in the key of A major, with a kind of pastoral accompaniment, most probably as it was written by the author himself. The first caprice contains little more than the tune again, in the same key but with an accompaniment of a totally different character—a syncopated *arpeggio*, divided between the two hands, and carried out in a very finished manner. This caprice is neither more nor less than a charming song without words, easy to play and easy to understand. The second caprice, *allegro vivo*, also in A major, is much more difficult, besides being much longer. An imitation of the original theme is first given to the left hand, while the right plays some sparkling passages of semiquavers. The order is then reversed, the right hand taking the melody and the left the semiquaver passages. The whole is worked out into a brilliant and effective movement in which the florid passages are developed and varied throughout with masterly completeness. The first part is repeated, and in the second a graceful episode is introduced, in the key of F, of which good use is afterwards made. Among the fine points in this caprice may be mentioned the *pedale* on the dominant which introduces the *reprise* of the subject in the original key. There is a freshness of feeling about these caprices which lends an additional charm to their extremely musician-like character. They are admirably written for the pianoforte. M. Heller is notoriously a master of that instrument, and though his passages are as new as they are brilliant, they are always elegant and lie thoroughly well for the hand.

The next work consists of two short impromptus on another melody of Reber, "Hai Lullì," also, we presume, a vocal romance. (*Deux Impromptus sur une mélodie de Reber, Op. 20, dédiés à Eugène de Frobergville*). The theme is quite as pretty as the preceding one. The plan of this piece is similar.

First the theme is given simply; then a short impromptu in full harmony; and lastly an impromptu in the brilliant style, longer and more developed. The key of F is preserved in all three movements. Both the impromptus are clever and striking, —the last especially, an *allegretto con moto* of great fluency, in which there are many refined points of musicianship. These impromptus are not difficult, being adapted to the means of ordinary players; but the *allegretto* requires both power and neatness in the left hand.

(To be continued.)

## BALFE.

MR. BALFE has returned from abroad, to resume his professional duties in London. His successes at Frankfort and Berlin have already been recorded. Perhaps the most critical and coldest public on the Continent is that of Berlin. Having passed its ordeal, Mr. Balfé's reputation in Germany may be considered established. The choice of the *Bondman* was judicious. It is the opera in which Mr. Balfé has shown his knowledge of the orchestra, and his dramatic feeling to the most advantage. The *finale* to the second act is the best piece of concerted music that has proceeded from his pen. The songs are carefully composed, and by their form rise above the ballad which addresses itself exclusively to the popular ear. The choruses are characteristic and effective; and, in short, the music generally is of that kind which is likely to please musicians as well as amateurs. The *Bondman* was, therefore, well suited to the Berlin audience, and its brilliant reception a natural consequence. We have received a letter from a correspondent in the Prussian capital, a few extracts from which may not be unacceptable.

"During his stay at Berlin, Mr. Balfé has succeeded in obtaining that universal popularity which awaits him wherever he appears. With the splendid orchestra of our Grand Opera he was perfectly at home, and though he does not speak German fluently he soon found means to make his wishes known to the members of the land and chorus, as well as to the principal singers. Taubert and Dorn, musical directors of the opera, were assiduous in their attentions at the rehearsals, the former especially."

[Taubert is a pianist and composer for the pianoforte, of considerable talent. Dorn has written a great deal of sacred music.]

"Ganz and Ries (brother of the late Ferdinand Ries), the two *chefs d'attaque*, were equally anxious to serve Mr. Balfé. Thus, provided with four interpreters, his progress was easy enough, and the rehearsals went on smoothly. Mr. Balfé was delighted with the orchestra, and the orchestra was delighted with Mr. Balfé; nor did the cruel edict of the King, which enjoined the male choristers to shave off all their beards for the second performance of the *Bondman*, endanger his popularity for one instant. His Majesty found that the capillary

appendages of *La Jeune France* of 1850 assorted ill with the powdered wig of the Louis XV. régime."

(Were our beloved Queen to issue such an edict here, what sensation it would create!)

"Madame Köester, the *prima donna*, gave equal satisfaction to the composer and the public. She is a beautiful woman and has a voice of great power and delicious quality. The part was first given to Madlle. Tüczek, the elder *prima donna*, but was afterwards taken from her and handed over to her rival. A great scandal was the result. The friends of the two singers waged a war of words in the streets, in the *cafés*, and in private houses. As far as I could learn, the facts were these:—Mr. Balfe heard Madlle. Köester sing in several operas,—among others *Der Freischütz* and *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and was so delighted with her, that, without knowing that the principal part in the *Bondman* had been delegated to Madlle. Tüczek, he wrote to the manager and insisted upon Madame Köester for his heroine. Of course his demand could not be refused. The manager was obliged to request Madame Köester to accept the part as a special favor. Madame Köester is very rich, very independent, and plays as often and as seldom as she pleases. She is a great favourite with the public and can do what she likes. Poor Madlle. Tüczek, who, though her voice is not so strong as it used to be, is a much more accomplished musician than her rival, was compelled to submit to her fate. She has lately had some unpleasantness with her family about a love-matter, which appears to be desperate on either side; and perhaps, on the whole it was as well for herself as for Mr. Balfe that she did not appear in the *Bondman*."

[Madlle. Tüczek, of whom our correspondent speaks, is the same Madlle. Tüczek with whose singing the English critics were so much pleased at the memorable Bonn Festival, in 1845, when the statue to Beethoven was inaugurated. Herr Mantius, who also appeared in Mr. Balfe's opera, was the principal tenor on the same occasion.]

"I need not tell you the particulars of the first performance of the *Bondman*, since the London papers have published full accounts in their Berlin correspondence. It has been played four times since and has drawn brilliant audiences on every occasion. The appearance of the King in public, for the first time since the revolution, was an event of enormous importance, for though the Berliners are a discontented set, and not altogether without reason, they love their king. The royal box in the centre of the house, which is capable of holding 150 persons, was filled with the Royal Family and the Court. The King sat in a private box by himself. It was not till half-past six o'clock on the evening itself that notice was sent to the theatre of the King's intended visit. It was the royal command that the orchestra should await his coming only six minutes. Six minutes passed—but no King. The overture played, immensely applauded—but no King. In the middle of the introduction, however, His Majesty appeared, and the whole audience rose to greet him. But after acknowledging the compliment, the King quietly took his seat and never raised his eyes from the book of the opera except at intervals to give the signal for applause, which he did frequently. After the second act the King sent for Mr. Balfe, but as the public had called him on, he requested that the "ovation" might not be disturbed, and postponed his intended felicitations. The evening was altogether a brilliant one and must have been highly gratifying to Mr. Balfe.

"During his stay in Berlin it has been one unceasing *fête* for Mr. Balfe. Received in the first society, courted by everybody, he has not had an instant's repose. The great families of the Mendelssohns and the Beers,\* the Montagues and

Capulets of moneyed Berlin, have received him with equal courtesy. At the English Ambassador's house he has been a frequent guest. There is not a kinder or a more liberal patron of the arts than the Earl of Westmoreland, and an Englishman of merit who goes to Berlin is sure of a hearty reception at his hands. The King and the Royal Family have been untiring in their attentions to Mr. Balfe, and besides a present from his Majesty of a magnificent emerald brooch set in diamonds, of great value, the Queen and the Princess were most liberal in kindness and munificent in presents to the family of the popular composer. At the departure of the Balfes the railroad station was absolutely crowded with friends who had come to take leave of them. Their regret at losing their talented visitor did not seem greater than his own, at quitting a city where he had encountered so much hospitality and such warm appreciation of his merits as a composer. Mr. Balfe, indeed, will have cause to remember his short stay at Berlin as one of the most agreeable no less than as one of the most honorable events of his artistic life."

We need hardly say with how much pleasure we have printed these extracts. Mr. Balfe's success at Berlin has opened the door to other English composers who may come after him. May they meet with and deserve an equally generous welcome.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

AFTER a delay, much longer than usual, a semi-official document has been issued, in which the management of this great establishment discloses some of its arrangements for the forthcoming season. The circular which has reached our office is in manuscript, and must be regarded simply as the *avant courier* of the coming programme. The public curiosity about operatic doings is by this time so great, however, that any thing in the shape of news must be welcome, and though we are unable to publish the entire scheme of Mr. Lumley's engagements for the season the particulars we are in condition to give will serve to show that novelty, at least, is a prominent feature in his intentions. But, without further preliminary, let us briefly glance at the contents of the semi-official notice with which we have been favored.

The theatre will open in the first week of March. "Arrangements and engagements are still pending, of the highest interest," says the document—which we are ready to believe, not merely from our reliance on the well-known enterprise of Mr. Lumley, but because, in regard to the *troupe*, nothing very comprehensive is stated in the preliminary announcement which lies before us.

"The monotony arising from the constant repetition of the same works, and from the absence of new compositions," is to be avoided. A more welcome piece of news could hardly be announced. It is those eternal changes on the same round of "chef d'œuvres" that have for some time endangered the prosperity of the Italian Opera in England, and it can hardly be doubted that the Royal Italian Opera owes half its patronage to the fact of its having broken through this tedious and venerable routine. We congratulate Mr. Lumley on having, like a wise enemy, benefited by the example of his opponents. This declares plainly that, in obedience to the signs of the times, which are unequivocally clear, he intends to dismiss every minor consideration, and advance onward in his career of management. His views in this respect, to use

\* The Meyerbeers. Beer is Meyerbeer's family name. Meyer is his nom de baptême. So that his real title is Meyer Beer, not Meyerbeer.

the words of the document, "have been accomplished most triumphantly, and beyond all previous hope." Not only "the revival of neglected works" is promised, but works, hitherto unknown to this country, will be introduced—and, best of all, new operas are to be composed expressly for the establishment. As an earnest of these promises, the following particulars may be adduced:—

The first revival is to be neither more nor less than Simon Mayr's *opera seria*, called *Medea*, in which our old favorite, Mlle. Parodi, will play the principal part. But what is of far more importance, Madame Pasta herself "will come over purposely to watch the *mise en scene*, for the re-appearance of her great pupil," in a part which she has not hitherto attempted. It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the advantages that are likely to accrue from her superintendence. But, Madame Pasta once in London, the scene of her greatest triumphs, will the London public, which yet reckons thousands of her old admirers, allow the celebrated tragic vocalist—the "singing Rachel," as she has been termed—to depart, without once more appearing before them, to receive their enthusiastic homage and listen to their applause? It is true that Madame Pasta has long virtually quitted the stage, but we doubt if she would be strong enough to resist the solicitations, the prayers—nay, the almost commands—that would besiege her from every side, on its being once known that she had honored this metropolis with a visit. Be this as it may, we should like to be present when Madame Pasta first makes her appearance, at the rehearsal, on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre—if only to join in the uproarious salutations from Mr. Balfe and the orchestra, from Signor Felice Ronconi and the chorus, from all the artists assembled on the stage, and from every privileged visitor to the theatre, that would show their sense of the honor conferred by the unexpected visit of so illustrious an artist, on whose fair fame Time itself has been unable to write one wrinkle. In regard to the *Medea* itself, we think the subject a good one for the promising Parodi; but we must confess that we should have hailed it with more unmitigated pleasure had the music of Cherubini, instead of that of Simon Mayr, been brought into request for this unique occasion. Mayr's music we do not estimate highly. The celebrity of his opera, in this country at least, was entirely made by Madame Pasta, who infused life into its cold formalities, as Frankenstein, the German alchemist, gave breath to a heap of old bones and sinews. Let us hope—and we do not doubt it—that the gifted young pupil, Mlle. Parodi, for whose first essay in her own great part Madame Pasta is coming to "watch the *mise en scene*," may effect as much for the effete inspiration of old Simon Mayr as her more gifted mistress, and reinfuse into it a portion of that spirit which, since Pasta's retirement from the stage, has been altogether extinct.

The first opera "new to this country," although familiar in Italy, will be Frederic Ricci's *Prigione di Edinburgo*.\* The document states that Frederic Ricci is the author of *Scaramuccia* and *Chiara di Rosenberg*; but this is a mistake; the author of those operas is Luigi Ricci. The brothers sometimes write their works together, one being a greater adept at scoring, the other a readier inventor of melody; but which is which we are not learned enough to say. Frederic Ricci, it is further stated, will visit London on the occasion, superintend the rehearsals, and conduct the first performance of his opera.

\* An English version of this opera was produced at the Princess's Theatre last year; but the whole of the original music was not given a great deal of Carafa and some of Loder, being interpolated,

But the next item in the pre-prospectus is one of still greater musical interest. After Easter, one of the first works to be produced is an Italian version of an opera by Auber—a piece of news that will be heard with unanimous satisfaction. Every body has heard of the *Enfant Prodigue*, a grand serious opera about to be produced at the *Academie Royale de Musique*, (*Théâtre de la Nation*), in Paris, which has long been looked forward to with anxiety, as the last grand dramatic work the author of *Masaniello* intends writing. Everybody has heard that Auber has for some years cherished up his best ideas to serve for this production, intended to be his masterpiece. Everybody will, therefore, be pleased to know that Mr. Lumley has made arrangements for bringing out an Italian version of the *Enfant Prodigue* at Her Majesty's Theatre, during the forthcoming season. Signor Cianone, a poet of merit and distinction, has already prepared a translation of the *libretto*, and Auber has consented to "visit England during the production of the opera." This item alone is enough to invest the "preliminary announcement" with peculiar importance, and is a guarantee that the forthcoming season will be one of no ordinary interest. Auber has not, we believe, been in England since he was a member of one of our principal banking houses, many years ago, before he had written his first opera. His re-appearance here, now that he has obtained a European celebrity, will be, therefore, nothing less than a *fête* in our musical circles.

Another opera, new to this country, will be produced, for the *rentrée* of Lablache. This is neither an Italian nor a French work. It is the composition of a German musician of considerable note—Lortzing, whose *Czar und Zimmerman* has already wasted his name across the Channel. This popular opera will be doubtless appreciated according to its deserts by the subscribers of Her Majesty's Theatre. "Invitations," says the document, "have been addressed to Herr Lortzing, and hopes are entertained that he will come to London and direct the production of his opera." We have very little doubt of these hopes being fulfilled. Such a stroke of good luck will be something that quite exceeds the expectations of Herr Lortzing, who has hitherto been anything but a prophet in his own country. Few artists, even among musicians, have experienced greater reverses than poor Lortzing, and few have had so many difficulties in trying to make head against the obdurate attacks of Fortune.

But the grandest promise of all, viewed as a novelty, is yet to come. Halévy, with all his French and German popularity, has never figured on the Italian stage. That he might have done so, had he desired it, there can be no question; but till now the temptations thrown out have doubtless not been sufficiently great to induce him to venture on the step. Mr. Lumley, however, has discovered the golden argument, and Halévy, author of the *Juive* and the *Val d'Andorre*, is about to write an opera for the Italian stage—in other words for Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Halévy is to prepare his opera with an express view to the capabilities of Mr. Lumley's *troupe*. The *libretto* of the opera is already written. The author is no less a person than Scribe himself. The subject is—guess what, reader—no less than Shakspeare's *Tempest*, which, as the document cogently remarks, "its immortal author palpably allied to a lyrical intention." The Italian poet is again to be Signor Cianone. Is this *Tempest* the same that was written by M. Scribe for poor Mendelssohn, in 1816? The document says nothing about it, but we are disposed to think *yes*. "This new opera, *La Tempesta*," adds the document, "in which M. Halévy has drunk deep of the inspiration of our great countryman, and

indited his strains with more than wonted enthusiasm,\* will be produced early in May." May was the month in which Mendelssohn was to have brought out his opera of *La Tempesta*; but alas! he did not live to finish it! We hardly think that Halévy is the man to supply the place of Mendelssohn; but in these times we must put up with what we can get. Moreover, Halévy is an eminent composer, and a popular to boot. Both the author and composer, it is added, "are engaged to come purposely to London for the occasion; the opera will be mounted with the utmost research, and new effects in harmony with its fairy-like conception." That the cast will be sufficiently powerful and attractive may be surmised from the fact that Lablache will rest faithful to Caliban, and that Jenny Lind is to be replaced by Madame Sontag in Miranda.

Another novelty will be *Il Domino Nero*, an adaptation of Auber's *Domino Noir*. About the fitness of this opera for the Italian stage we have our doubts. Who is to put the dialogue into recitative? *Nous verrons*.

Still more important and interesting will be the *Iphigenia in Aulide* of Gluck, which, if Mr. Lumley holds to his word, will anticipate Covent Garden in the fulfilment of a three years' promise unfulfilled. How frequently we have recommended the trial of one of Gluck's operas at our Italian theatres, our readers well know. If well put upon the stage, and sung by competent artists, with a good orchestra and chorus, success is certain—and a brilliant success, too. That Mr. Lumley will provide these indispensable requisites we have no good cause to doubt. Meanwhile the cast of the *Iphigenia* is not touched upon in the manuscript prospectus, which further promises a revival of as many other operas of the old *répertoire* as practicable, with some, more modern and familiar, calculated to display the capabilities of a *troupe* of well-known and distinguished artists, united to many younger ones—new engagements—confidently promised, though unspecified by name.

Madame Sontag will appear in those characters which last year gained her so much distinction, as well as in *Don Giovanni*, *Lucia*, *I Puritani*, *Elisir d'Amore*, and *Don Pasquale*.

"If time should allow, those favourite and long-neglected operas of Rossini, *Il Conte Ory* and *Maisida di Shabran*, will be revived." We shall be glad to hear both of these, but the first especially.

We are much pleased to learn that, at the end of last season, and without any demand for a programme of 1850, several new subscribers, persons of note and circumstance, presented themselves at the office of the theatre, eager to demonstrate their confidence in Mr. Lumley's management—a confidence founded on "the experience of past efforts and general conduct."

Thus Her Majesty's Theatre is first in the field—with promises at least. We must confess, however, that we would much rather have had to review the *bona fide* programme of the season; but anything is better than nothing, and there is quite enough in this *ante-prospectus* to allay for awhile the very general curiosity that prevails on the subject of our Italian Operas. In 1847 the programmes of both establishments were issued as early as December. Things are altered now.

We have forgotten the *ballet*. *N'importe*. The prospectus has forgotten it too.

#### ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

THE great hall was opened on Monday night to the public, and the occasion celebrated by a concert under the direction of Mr. Hullah. The audience numbered about a thousand persons. The length of the hall at present is between 70 and 80 feet, the width 55, and the height 40. But the design is not yet accomplished; 50 feet are to be added to the length of the room, which, when finished, will fulfil the conditions declared by those learned in acoustics to be most favourable to musical effect—viz., "the length something more than double the width, and the height the third of the length." The ceiling, flat in the middle, sloping at the sides, and laid out in framed compartments, will look very handsome when filled up and painted; while the walls, supplied with the galleries that are to stretch along the entire length of the north, south, and west sides, will be agreeably relieved of their naked aspect. It would be unfair to offer a decided opinion of its capabilities for the equal distribution of sound until the building is entirely completed; but what we heard last night was enough to justify the most flattering anticipations, and we are much mistaken if the public will not have to thank Mr. Hullah's enterprise for the best music hall in London, and one of the best in England. The orchestra is constructed on the principle of gradual elevation, but approaches much less nearly to the perpendicular than that of Exeter Hall. As there is no organ at present, some artifice of division is advisable, for the better effect of double choruses; but in other respects the absence of that colossal obstruction has its advantages. The chorus, between 400 and 500 in number, summoned from the ranks of Mr. Hullah's upper singing-school, and the band, consisting of upwards of 70 performers, filled the orchestra to the extremities. The hall being also completely crammed, and the whole brilliantly lighted by a double row of elegantly-formed chandeliers, suspended from the roof, the aspect presented to the eye was brilliant and animated. When Mr. Hullah took his place in the conductor's rostrum he was hailed by a burst of enthusiastic applause from every part of the building, a token of the high estimation in which he is held, as well by the general public as by his own pupils.

The programme was worthy of the occasion. The performances began with Mendelssohn's sacred *cantata*, the *Lauda Sion*, a history and analysis of which has already appeared in the *Musical World*. The execution of this fine work was such as to prove that, while unprovided with a *locale* for public performance, Mr. Hullah has not allowed his pupils to remain idle. The evidence of constant practice and progressing improvement was undeniable. The massive choral effects were produced with fullness and decision, while the lights and shadows of expression were successfully obtained. A new hearing discloses fresh beauties, and strengthens our first impression that the *Lauda Sion* is one of Mendelssohn's most perfect works. The *aria*, "Mea tormenta," from Hasse's oratorio, *Magdalena*, was cleverly sung by Miss Dolby, and has been well scored for the orchestra by some modern hand. We scarcely think, however, that it was worth the trouble of rescuing from oblivion. Like much of Hasse's sacred music, it is operatic in character, and as dry as it is antiquated. What can be more inappropriate than a *roulade* on the words, "Crucem quero, crucem date; volo mori, O Deus, in Te!" A *motet* by Dr. Crotch, for bass solo (Mr. Seguin) and chorus, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir," which followed, is a very poor specimen of that performer's talent. At the best it is a claptrap. But the feature of the evening was a new festival anthem, "Let God arise" (MS.), by Mr. Henry Leslie.

\* The opera, then, is already written, we presume!

Mr. Leslie's Anthem, the words of which are wholly selected from the 68th psalm, is a work of more than ordinary promise. It opens with a grand full chorus in A major, "Let God arise," in which the young musician has proved himself capable of conducting a series of harmonies in eight vocal parts with great clearness. The *fugato* on the words, "Let them also that hate him," with its close answer and pointed accent, though recalling a theme in one of the choruses of the *Messiah*, is ingenious and effective. A short tenor solo introduces a chorus in D, "So let the ungodly perish," of no particular note, which, without finishing, leads to a *soprano* air in F, "But let the righteous be glad." This is flowing, vocal, and harmonised with much taste. A few bars of *adagio* for the full choir form the preface to a chorus in A minor, "The earth shook," which is highly dramatic and expressive, although the passage in the key of D flat, and the subsequent enharmonic modulation, are not easy for the chorus to sing in tune. Another *adagio* in three-four time, a pendant to this chorus, is less to our liking; there is too much modulation and too little tune. The tenor air in E major, "Thou, O God," which comes next, is very melodious; the character is strictly devotional, and the effect of the violoncello *obligato* beautiful. The next chorus, "The Lord gave the word," in G, is one of the best in the anthem. With Handel's version of the same words before him, Mr. Leslie has contrived to be quite original, and at the same time impressive. The second part of this chorus, "Kings with their armies," evinces a strong dramatic feeling, but towards the end the modulation is too redundant. A charming *duettino* in A minor, for soprano and tenor, "Give thanks O' Israel," which, in addition to a plaintive melody, is to be noted for the extreme refinement of the accompaniments, brings us to the final chorus in A major, "Sing unto God," the most elaborate and skilfully written in the entire work. The fugue on the words "O sing praises," answered in the second bar, and varied by two episodic subjects, is conceived and carried out with remarkable ability. The instrumentation of this anthem, allowing for the modern tendency to make too liberal a use of trombones, trumpets, &c., is exceedingly clear and effective. The choruses are all double choruses, sometimes written in two alternate choirs, sometimes in eight pure parts—an achievement demanding no less facility than knowledge. Altogether, Mr. Leslie's composition does him infinite credit. The mere attempt augurs a highly laudable ambition; but a success such as Mr. Leslie has obtained implies the possession of gifts that are accorded to few. As far as the chorus was concerned, nothing could be more satisfactory than the execution of the anthem, but the unaccountable absence of the second clarinet spoiled some of the best of the instrumental combinations. The reception of the work by the audience was throughout most flattering.\*

The second part of the concert was miscellaneous. The prominent feature was Beethoven's sonata in C minor, for violin and pianoforte, played to the utmost perfection by Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and received with enthusiasm. The rest was entirely vocal music, including a selection from Mozart's opera of *Idomeneo*, and a variety of well-known pieces by Mrs. Noble, Misses Lucombé, Rainforth, and Dolby; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Whitworth, Lockey, Benson, &c. The performances concluded with the National Anthem. On retiring from the orchestra Mr. Hullah was loudly and unanimously cheered. The inauguration of St. Martin's Hall could not have passed off more auspiciously.

\* We have received a copy of Mr. Leslie's anthem, on which we shall take an early opportunity of speaking at length.

#### M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE third and last of the present series took place on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms. The attendance was more crowded and fashionable than at either of the two others. The concerts of M. Billet have produced a feeling of curiosity rarely excited by performances of chamber-music, which may be accounted for by the unusual number of comparatively unknown though highly interesting works which he has introduced in the course of the series. As the programme of the third *soirée* appeared in our advertisement sheet last week we need not repeat it here. Suffice it that it was equal if not superior in attraction to its predecessors.

The performance opened with Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio in A major, a work which, though unambitious in plan, is crowded with refined and delicate beauties. M. Billet perfectly understood the character of this lovely music, and executed it without fuss or ostentation. He was ably seconded by MM. Deloffre and Rousselot, who, in the *serenade*, a gem of unaffected grace, played the *pizzicato* passages with subdued and excellent effect. In the last movement, the energetic playing of M. Billet produced exactly the required coloring. Nothing could be more thoroughly in character with the music. The trio was perfectly well understood by the audience and warmly received.

M. Billet's next performance was a series of pieces from Bach, Domenico Scarlatti, Mozart, and Handel. The selection included the prelude and fugue, in A flat, of Bach; a toccata in F major, and a fugue in F minor, of Scarlatti; a fugue, by Mozart, in G; and the fugue, in E minor, from the *Suites des Pièces* of Handel. In his performance of these M. Billet displayed a thorough acquaintance with the style of the elder masters. His most finished execution was manifested in the prelude and fugue of Bach, the *toccata* of Scarlatti, and the *gigue* of Mozart. We should have preferred the fugue of Scarlatti somewhat slower—that of Handel quicker and more pointed. The latter, however, is a composition of rare difficulty, and the mere attempt to execute it in public argues a laudable ambition on the part of a modern pianist, used to music of so different a character.

Dussek's magnificent sonata in F minor, *L'Invocation*, never before played publicly in our remembrance, was perhaps the most interesting feature in the entire concert. This work, as difficult and as grand as almost any sonata of Beethoven, brought out M. Billet's playing in a most favourable light. He gave the first *allegro* with great passion, and in the *adagio* the expression with which he rendered particular phrases was frequently applauded by the audience. The introduction of such a work as the *Invocation* was highly creditable to the taste of M. Billet, who in the arrangement of his programmes has shown a decided wish to eschew the conventional routine. It was thoroughly relished by the audience, and loudly applauded at the conclusion.

M. Billet's last solo performance consisted of a selection from his own studies—brilliant and elegant essays, admirably suited to exhibit to advantage the modern achievements of mechanical skill, and as good as most things of their kind. They were greatly applauded.

Mendelssohn's *Military Overture* in C,\* a work not half so well known as it deserves, arranged as a duet for the pianoforte, was executed vigorously and effectively by MM. Maurice Levy and Billet, and wound up the first part of the concert with spirit.

Mdlle. Wagner was again the vocalist, and appeared to

\* Published by Cramer and Beale.

much advantage in a sacred song of Beethoven, a *lied* of Mendelssohn (from the set dedicated to Miss Dolby, Op. 57†), and a very pleasing song by M. Levy, who officiated with much ability as pianoforte accompanist.

\* The concert passed off with great *éclat*. The series have proved so successful that we understand M. Billet intends to resume them, shortly, in a more spacious *locale*—St. Martin's Hall.

### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

MR. STAMMERS took his benefit on Wednesday, the last and 17th concert. We are pleased to record, that the zealous and industrious manager had a full Hall, on the occasion. The performance was an appropriate "wind-up" to the season. Mr. Stammers' great guns—eighty-four pounders—were Ernst, Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. His long twelves and carronades, were the Misses Lucombe, Magner, Eyles, Wells, J. Wells, Cole, C. Cole, Emily Macnamarra, Rebecca Isaacs, Madame Marie de Boisfordt, and Mr. Alexander Newton; together with Messrs. Drayton, Weiss, Smythson and Land.

The first overture was one raked from the dead, viz., Paer's *Sargino*. This alone proves that Mr. Stammers leaves no stone, or clod unturned, to provide his subscribers and the public with novelty. The overture to *Sargino* was well played by the band, but did not create a *furor*. Paer's music is not calculated to create a *furor*.

The operatic selection was more popular than novel; and here Mr. Stammers again displayed his usual tact in procuring the delectable to supply the place of the new. The selection was from the *Sonnambula*, the principal vocalists being Miss Lucombe, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Herr Formes, Sims Reeves, and Mrs. Alexander Newton. Miss Lucombe opened the selection with "Dearest companion," and Herr Formes followed close in "As I view those scenes so charming." The first was rendered with Miss Lucombe's customary ability; the second was a fine piece of vocalization on the part of the great German basso. Sims Reeves was as good as ever in "All is lost now," and Mrs. A. Newton more than usually happy in "O, do not mingle."

Mr. T. Harper was encored in his trumpet solo, "The soldier tired," as was also Mr. Richardson in a flute solo. Both well deserved the compliment. Madame Marie de Boisfordt was hardly so successful in an air of Donizetti's, but Mr. Palmer (from last season) played a fantasia on the pianoforte with considerable effect.

Miss Emily Macnamarra (pupil of Mr. Howard Glover) sang the lute song from *Anna Bolena*, "Deh! non voler," with English words, very neatly, and with good sentiment; and Miss Eyles distinguished herself highly in Sterndale Bennett's exquisite song, the "May Dew."

The first part concluded with Lindpaintner's overture to *Joko*, another novelty, and a further corroboration of Mr. Stammer's research. We do not greatly care however, whether we ever hear either Paer's or Lindpaintner's overture again.

The second part was more interesting than the first. Ernst played. The great violinist introduced his *Carnaval de Venise*, and as a matter of course excited the usual enthusiastic demonstrations. Being, as usual, tumultuously encored, he introduced new variations in the repeat, more original and more surprising than the first. He was again and again applauded

on retiring from the orchestra. The superb violinist was in excellent mood, and played to absolute perfection.

The *Isles of Fingal* overture of Mendelssohn, as splendid and poetical as those of Paer and Lindpaintner's are trivial and dull, was well executed by the band, though another rehearsal might have improved it. The "Bridesmaid's Chorus," from *Der Freischutz*, by the company of ladies, was encored. An encore was also awarded to Mr. Sims Reeves, in the ballad, "O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me." The rest of the programme calls for no particular notification.

Mr. Stammers has issued his prospectus for the spring series. It is full of promise. Thalberg is re-engaged for a term of nights, and Herr Formes has been re-secured. The name of Sims Reeves also continues on the list. Braham could not be obtained for love or money, or the enterprising manager would have engaged him. In brief, it seems that Mr. Stammers has done every thing that could be done to command success. A second engagement with Ernst would, we are satisfied, be desirable; but nothing definite has transpired; nor does the name of the great violinist appear in the promissory part of the prospectus.

The band, we are informed, will be strengthened and reinforced, to give the fullest effect to the instrumental performances, and especially to the grand symphonies, one of which is to be given at each concert.

Among the operatic selections, which are to constitute a section of the nightly performances, we may mention those from the *Prophet* and the *Clemenza di Tito*, which the director is having expressly translated for the occasion.

In conclusion we wish Mr. Stammers all the success he merits, in the forthcoming series, which begins on Wednesday next.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE performance of Handel's *Saul* on Friday night was one of the best the society has given since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor. The interest of this oratorio is chiefly concentrated in the choruses, many of which are among the most effective of the composer. The song of triumph for David's victory over Goliath, with which the first part opens, consisting of a chain of five choruses, only once interrupted by an air for the *soprano*; the chorus that concludes the same part, "Preserve him for the glory of Thy name;" three choruses in Part II.; "Envy, eldest born of Hell," "Is there a man?" and "O fatal consequence of rage;" and two in the last part, "Mourn, Israel, mourn," and "Gird on thy sword," have not been surpassed in grandeur by Handel himself, except in the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*. These were executed with admirable precision, and were all the clearer and the more brilliant for the absence of certain additions to the instrumental score, to which until very recently we have been condemned to listen. To strengthen Handel's accompaniments by the aid of modern orchestral improvements demands no ordinary intelligence and skill. Mozart bestowed as much pains upon the additional accompaniments to the *Messiah* as he would have accorded to a work of his own; and Mendelssohn, had he lived, would have done as much for *Israel in Egypt*. But what those great musicians could undertake with a certainty of success should not be attempted lightly by inferior men, whose whole stock in trade may possibly consist of a tolerable knowledge of the nature of orchestral instruments, and of the art of combining them.

The solo airs, recitatives, and duets in *Saul* are for the most part not of the same high character as the choruses,



which in some degree is to be explained by the dulness of the book, surcharged with desultory and rambling dialogue—and in some degree by the necessity under which Handel laboured of supplying a certain number of songs for particular singers. The authorship is attributed to Dr. Thomas Morell, whose hand is, we think, plainly visible in the quantity of superfluous matter and the very inartificial conduct of the story. But for its association with Handel the name of Morell would in all probability have been long ago buried in obscurity. It required all Handel's genius to rise above the dead flat of the doctor's imagination, which was enough to prostrate the efforts of almost any other composer. The principal singers, Misses Birch, Dolby, and Stewart, Messrs. Benson, T. Williams, Lawler, and Phillips, did their best for the vocal solos, some few of which were effective, the recitatives and airs of David in the third part, declaimed and sung with great power by Miss Dolby, most especially. The band played the overture and the famous dead march exceedingly well; but the best execution must fail to rescue the instrumental interludes of the bells and the battle from insignificance. They are gone completely out of date.

The hall was very full, and at the conclusion of the oratorio there was a hearty and unanimous round of applause for Mr. Costa, who conducted the oratorio with his accustomed ability.

*St. Paul* was repeated last night at the express desire of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who was present at the performance and remained to the end.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### DRURY LANE.

*Julius Cæsar* was produced on Thursday at this house for the first time for many years. The whole strength of the company and resources of the establishment were made available, and the getting up of the tragedy was, in consequence, most creditable to the manager. New dresses were provided, and new scenery was painted, and, in short, neither expense nor pains was spared to render the revival complete.

When *Julius Cæsar* was performed at Covent Garden under Macready's management—or Mr. Osbaldiston's, we forget which—Mr. Vandenhoff performed Cassius. On Thursday evening this gentleman played Brutus—we are inclined to think the change was for the better. Mr. Vandenhoff, in his acting, lacks the fire and irritability which are such marked features in the character of Cassius; whereas the calmness and thoughtfulness of Brutus are more in accordance with his powers of assumption. Mr. Vandenhoff is a fine, solid declaimer, and all the speeches of Brutus told admirably. The scene with the ghost was excellent, as was also that with the boy Lucius, although we missed the fine touch of pathos, when Brutus removes the lyre from the sleeping boy.

We liked Mr. Cathcart's Cassius much, though he failed to realise to the utmost our idea of the character. Mr. Cathcart is not wanting in fire, but the flames are too nicely regulated; we want more sudden and quick flashes. For this reason, while he succeeded in all the earlier scenes of the play, more especially where he tempts Brutus to the assassination of Cæsar, he seemed to fall off in the grandest scene of the whole tragedy, the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. In all other respects, Mr. Cathcart is entitled to considerable praise. Mr. Anderson played Marc Antony with admirable spirit and effect. He infused into the part a rough energy, which told well in the speeches addressed to the mobs. Mr. Anderson would make a first rate demagogue. The speech over the

dead body of Cæsar was an excellent piece of declamation, and was loudly applauded. Marc Antony is one of Mr. Anderson's best performances.

Mr. Cooper was Casca, Mr. Fisher was Julius Cæsar, Miss Laura Addison was Portia, and the rest of the parts were apportioned according to the best means of the company. Shakspeare's mobs are living mobs, and amusing mobs, and witty mobs, and should therefore be carefully regarded in the getting up of those plays wherein they are introduced. The mob in *Julius Cæsar* is the wittiest of the witty, and performs a prominent part in the tragedy. Mr. Anderson has had his mob well trained, and it acts in a very roaring and mob-like manner.

We have not the least doubt but that *Julius Cæsar* will prove more attractive than *Fiesco*.

##### HAYMARKET.

On Monday night, *Charles XII.* was played at this house, most of the principal characters being sustained by the same actors as at Windsor. The Adam Brock of Mr. J. Wallack is a reading of the part different from that which has generally been adopted. The hearty honesty of the worthy farmer is plainly brought forward, but the comic side of the character, originated by Mr. Liston, is kept down. Mr. Webster's Charles, which is carefully dressed and acted, is based on the version of Mr. W. Farren. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam is a pretty, unaffected Eudiga, and she sang "Rise, gentle moon," very nicely, though it loses somewhat of its character by its transposition from the contralto. The pompous officiousness of Mr. Tilbury as the Burgomaster created some amusement among the admirers of that peculiar actor.

On Thursday Her Majesty and Prince Alber attended the theatre, the performances being *Leap Year*, the *Serious Family*, and *Box and Cox*.

##### OLYMPIC.

Mr. G. V. Brooke played Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice* on Thursday evening—his first appearance in the part this season. He was very favourably received by a full house, and acted with his customary force and intelligence. His voice has not yet regained its full strength, and this of course was a bar to some of his most powerful effects. The play was well cast, and included Compton as Launcelot Gobbo—an admirable bit of Shaksperian acting; Miss Fanny Vining as Portia—very promising; Mr. Wigan as Gratiano—very light and uneasy; and Miss M. Oliver as Jessica—very pretty and seductive. The play was excellently got up in every respect.

##### SADLER'S WELLS.

A NEW play, by Mr. George Bennett, well-known as a histrionic veteran, has been produced with great and deserved success at this house. It is entitled *Retribution*, and with unusual discrimination is characterized in the bills as a "romantic play." To this category it certainly belongs, as it is, in fact, an interesting and intricate tale dramatically developed. To the classic drama belong simplicity of plot and distinctness of purpose. If people would but reflect that the antique drama was an expansion of a lyric song, and that the romantic drama appeared as the theatrical transcript of a novel, much confusion of terms would be avoided.

Sir Baldwin Briarly (Mr. George Bennett) is the wicked hero of the play. He has, like an Iago, made one Ralph Lacy jealous of his wife, and the latter, like an Othello, has murdered her in consequence, and fled the country as an outcast, leaving his estate in the hands of his false friend, and his child—no one knows where. All this has happened

years before the commencement of the drama, which opens with a friendly position between two families opposed in politics. Sir Robert Raby (Mr. A. Younge) is a staunch old Cavalier, with a beautiful daughter, Alice (Miss Glynn), betrothed to Philip (Mr. Marston), a young man who was mysteriously left at his house as an infant, and whom he has reared as his adopted son. The most intimate friend of the old Royalist is Sir Baldwin Briarly, who is a conspicuous Roundhead, and whose sickly son Edwin (Mr. G. K. Dickinson) is unfortunately in love with Alice. The machinations of Sir Baldwin are employed to assassinate Lacy, who has re-appeared in the civil wars, and to promote a marriage between Alice and his son, for whom he has a sincere affection, which is the one redeeming point in his character. Everything seems to work in his favour. The Royalists are defeated in battle, the Raby family are consigned to his care as prisoners, and he is enabled, by the obscurity of Philip's birth, to make Alice suspect that the orphan is her own brother. However, a mysterious desperado (Mr. Phelps), who is employed by Sir Baldwin to murder Lacy, proves the destroyer of all his plans. He leads him on from one hope to another, till at last he comes forward as Lacy himself, and arrests Sir Baldwin, who is a double traitor to both the conflicting parties. This incident takes place just as Sir Baldwin, on a false charge of treason, is about to sacrifice Sir Robert to the hatred he feels on witnessing the death of his son Edwin, as a victim to hopeless love.

This very short statement of a very complicated plot will give little notion of the constructive merits of the author, but were we to go more into detail, we should merely lengthen the narrative, and still fail to exhibit the dramatic effect. The great skill of the author is shown in his use of surprise as a means of theatrical excitement. He does out his story bit by bit, and that with such a careful avoidance of transparency, that till the very end of the piece it is impossible to see how the various problems will be solved. His third act, where the apparent ruffian is pursued by his own son, and then recognizes him, is a masterpiece of dramatic ingenuity.

Of the *dramatis personæ* no one stands in marked prominence above the rest, but still they are all drawn with distinctness. The jolly old Cavalier, Raby, singing snatches of songs, and defying ill-fortune, is well contrasted with the gloomy plotter Briarly, and the contrast is well preserved by Messrs. Younge and Bennett. The pretended villain, Lacy, is no usual character on the stage, but it is adapted to Mr. Phelps with a nicety that could only have been attained by a practical author, so well are the qualities of pathos and ruggedness counterbalanced. The story that Philip is the brother of Alice is perhaps introduced with a little too much obvious purpose of giving tragedy to the heroine; but it afforded an excellent opportunity for an intense display of the most fearful emotions on the part of Miss Glynn, an actress whose great qualification is her genuine tragic feeling. The most original creation is the sickly youth, Edwin, who stands out as an innocent being nurtured in the midst of wickedness, and whose love for Alice is marked by all the dreamy devotion of a boy. This part was exceedingly well acted by Mr. G. K. Dickinson, who successfully combined the several manifestations of passion, juvenility, and fragile health. The language throughout is vigorous and graceful, and though there is here and there a redundancy of metaphor, the metaphors themselves show a highly poetical feeling.

The *mise en scène* and costumes are in the best taste. There is no conventionality in reproducing the dresses of Cromwell's epoch, but the various personages seem each to have been the

subject of a separate study, and come out distinctly like the pictorial illustrations of a historical work.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

**FRENCH PLAYS—Opera Comique.**—On Monday last, M. Adolphe Adam's opera, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, was produced for the first time at this theatre. We have already spoken favourably of M. Adam's compositions in our notice of *Le Châlet*, performed in the course of last season, and we have now every reason to reiterate our satisfaction. We have seldom been more delighted than we were on Monday last, and we promise a most pleasant evening of quiet and agreeable excitement to all lovers of *buffo* music, more especially those whose ears are not proof against the abuse of brass in orchestration. M. Adolphe Adam has a style peculiarly his own, and is more a conservator than an innovator in music; he avoids all imitation of the Italian school, particularly the moderns, although he has profited by modern acquirements, and carried the *opera comique* a step or two beyond his predecessors; but not so much as to endanger it as a speciality by merging it into the grand opera, as some of his contemporaries have done. He is seldom very brilliant, but he is always pleasing, his music falls easily on the ear, while he never attempts to astonish. He seldom attains any great or startling effect, and a sort of pleasing *nonchalance* comes over the mind as we listen to his music, rarely disturbed during the progress of the piece by loud declamation or noisy accompaniment. We hear a succession of musical phrases, frequently delicious bits of melody artistically worked out, which, if not original, are borrowed from no one but himself. The treatment of the orchestra is always that of a musician.

The libretto of "*Le Roi de Yvetot*" is taken from Béranger's admirable poem of that name. A sort of domestic drama has been erected upon the ideal of the poet, in which the peculiar characteristics of the hero have been preserved as far as was possible, and the result is a play, which, though deficient in dramatic interest, can hardly be appreciated so well in London as in Paris. The story is simple, and may be told in a few words. The small fief of Yvetot has lost its king, and the inhabitants are somewhat embarrassed about the choice of a successor, when a casket, which contains the will of the late monarch, together with his crown and sceptre, falls into the hands of Jeanneton, Madlle. Guichard, who is the servant of Josselyn, M. Chollet, a citizen of the principality. Josselyn is a quiet, good-natured, easy old man, highly respected for his benevolence and sound common-sense, diligently avoiding all party quarrels, and joining self-comfort with doing good to others. But his servant, Jeanneton, is of another stamp; she has ambition enough for herself and her master too; and having read the will in which her master is named successor to the vacant crown, she resolves that he shall be king whether he will or not. She discovers her designs to Josselyn's supposed daughter, Marguerite (Madlle. Danhausser,) and to Adalbert (M. Killy Leroy), who are betrothed to each other, and, with their assistance, the contents of the will are made public. Josselyn is unanimously elected to the throne during his sleep, and transported to the royal palace, where he awakes astonished to find himself crowned. Now all the discomforts of royalty suddenly burst upon him at once. He is threatened with a war by Reginald d'Houdeville (M. Nathan), a commander of Malta, who claims the restitution of his nephew. The latter has gained the affections of Marguerite, Josselyn's supposed daughter, under an assumed name. But Josselyn averts the threatened invasion by a discovery which makes all the parties happy; he finds out that the commander

s the father of the orphan child whom he has brought up as his own daughter. There is an underplot in the shape of an intrigue between Jeanneton and Daniel (M. Soyér), a miller, in which Jeanneton's heart leans towards the man of flour, but her ambition prompts her to listen to the proposals of her master. This is cut short by the King of Yvetot, who has discovered how things stand, and resolves to live alone in his glory, and so occupy his time in relieving the sufferings of his subjects, as to leave no opening for any other affection or torment.

The principal interest of the piece is concentrated in M. Chollet, who was a most perfect representation of Béranger's hero. His antipathy to power, his resistance to the ambitious views of Jeanneton, his warm-hearted and kindly disposition, his appeal to the commander, and his duel, in which benevolence is made to triumph over sword and dagger, were in turns irresistibly comic and pathetic. Madame Guichard was also excellent as the intriguing, ambitious, war-loving servant, uniting in her own person the functions of first minister, privy-councillor, and *cuisinière*. Madame Danhausser made an interesting Marguerite. The part of the miller was well played by M. Soyér, whose making up on entering his functions as chief *pannelier*, was a perfect study. M. Nathan and M. Killy Leroy did their best. The music is pretty, and among the pieces which most took our fancy, we may specify the following:—M. Chollet's first air, also repeated in the *finale*, "Le bonheur, il est là, voilà tout le mystère!" which is plaintive and melodious, and was loudly encored; a sparkling chorus at the end of the first act, "Il dort, respectons son sommeil;" a few bars of melody in the second act, "Ce vain titre qu'on envie," which M. Chollet was obliged to repeat; and which is followed by another pretty chorus; a duet, well rendered by M. Chollet and Madame Guichard, "Tu ai je t'entendu?" and a quartet which terminates the second act, "Dites lui, dites lui," sung by Madlle. Guichard, Danhausser, MM. Chollet and Killy Leroy. The principal song of the piece is on Béranger's famous ballad, "Il était un roi d'Yvetot," the burden of which is very simple and expressive. The opera was well got up, and the orchestra materially assisted in the decided success which it achieved. The house was well attended.

J. DE C—.

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE *Manchester Guardian* of Saturday, the 2nd instant, contained, besides the attractive programme for Hallé's Sixth Concert, given below, the no less attractive announcement, that, in consequence of the success of the first six, a supplementary series of four concerts are to be given, which will include string quartets, with Ernst as principal violin, to take place every alternate Thursday from the 21st of February to the 4th of April.

The following is the programme of the sixth concert, Feb. 7:—

PART I.—Sestet in E flat, Op. 30, pianoforte, two violins, tenor, violoncello, and double bass—*Onslow*. Vocal Quartet. Sonata in E flat, Op. 81, "Les Adieux," pianoforte—*Beethoven*.

PART II.—Quartet in B flat, pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello—*Weber*. Vocal Quartet. Scherzo & Capriccio (F sharp minor)—*Mendelssohn*. Nocturne (B minor), and Caprice (in F)—*Hallé*, pianoforte.

A glance at the above will show that the selection displays the usual good taste—*Onslow*, *Beethoven*, *Weber*, *Mendelssohn*, and, modestly at the close, two clever trifles by the selector (*Hallé*) himself. Of the entire performance we can speak in the highest terms, and only wish we had the power to convey intelligibly to your readers the effect produced by, and a proper description of, the beauties of each individual composition performed. *Onslow's*

sestet interested us more than any instrumental work of his we ever yet listened to; one reason might be, that it was in such excellent hands. We think more highly both of M. Baetens (misprinted before Bachens) and Herr Lidel. Mr. Seymour was first violin; M. Baetens, second; the clever amateur, a friend of Hallé's (whom we have before alluded to so favourably) was the tenor; Lidel, violoncello; and a new member of the Concert Hall orchestra, a Mr. Waud, the contra-basso; Hallé, of course, being pianist. With such a six, it was not surprising to hear so fine a performance. We were much gratified, too, by the easy, gentlemanly style, if we may so term it, of the executants. Mr. Waud has a splendid tone, which he produces without those unseemly gestures and contortions of body one sometimes sees bestowed on his unwieldy instrument; and M. Baetens pleased us much by his method of bowing, and by his blending his second fiddle so well with his right and left-hand coadjutors, aiming at a general in preference to an individual effect—the very first end to be arrived at in the interpretation of chamber music. There are many elegant and ingenious combinations in this work of *Onslow's*; each respective instrument is nicely brought out in turn, without injuring the effect of the *ensemble*, or depriving the leading instruments—that is, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—of their legitimate importance. There is a passage in unison, for first violin and violoncello in the third movement—*minuetto allegro*—which comes in twice with charming effect. This movement and the next—*andante con variazioni*—were most rapturously applauded, as were the six artists most deservedly at the close of the sestet. There is more melody, a more clear, well-developed design, and less more *dry fiddling* in this and the Quintet in D (Op. 18), given by Seymour last season, than in any works by the same writer we have had the pleasure of hearing. *Beethoven's* Sonata, Op. 81, is the one in which he endeavours to depict, by a pianoforte solo, the ideas of "adieu," "absence," and "return." To those who know the sonata in question, we need not say one word as to how the great master has succeeded; to those who never heard it, it is quite impossible to describe by words the effect conveyed. We must dismiss the subject by simply saying Hallé's performance was worthy his lovely and interesting theme. *Weber's* Quartet is an old and well-remembered favourite of years gone by, when poor Sudlow was tenor, William Lindley violoncello, and P. A. Johnson pianoforte—all three, alas! now lost to us; the first and last going to "that last bourne whence no traveller returns;" the other still living, but equally lost to art and his admirers. The quartet was most exquisitely played on this occasion; the way the three stringed instruments blended in the *adagio* was truly delightful to listen to. We could not wish any one of the three more or less tone, so nicely did they seem adjusted and played to each other as it were. We could not help a sigh to poor William Lindley when Lidel commenced the well-known and anything but sad subject of the *minuetto*; it was well and finely played; but we could not applaud and encore as we did when we first heard Lindley play it some eight or ten years ago. The finale, with its charming bit of *fugue*, was admirably given, and the four executants received their due meed of applause. The closing selection for Hallé *solo* on his instrument was, as usual, *three well-varied pieces*; the first, Mendelssohn's capriccio in F sharp minor; the last two, a nocturne in B minor and caprice in F, by the concert giver; as usual, too, besides being elegant examples of various schools of pianoforte music, they were not too long, and not of the *stunning* school. If we prefer Hallé's playing more for any one thing than another, it is because he seems to us to aim at pleasing and delighting his auditors, rather than astonishing them. The only astonishing thing about his performances is, how much he does from memory—that is truly wonderful. We have rarely, except when playing in concert with others, seen him use a copy, no matter whether his subject was a sonata of *Beethoven's* or a caprice of *Mendelssohn's*. The vocal and least important part of these classical concerts, derived some interest on this occasion, by being the voluntary tribute of eight of Hallé's young countrymen, resident in Manchester, who are members of the German *Liedertafel* held in this city. They gave us two of their vocal quartets in German, the parts doubled, and some very fine harmonies they produced. The bass voices were remarkably good. The high tenor or leading voices had a tendency to flatten at the close, which slightly de-

fracted from an otherwise excellent performance, from a party consisting entirely of amateurs.

We shall look forward with no slight interest to Ernst's coming to appear amongst us, at the concerts. If they have been hitherto so eminently successful, what must they become with his powerful aid? and where can Hallé put any additional subscribers? Yet, to move into a larger room would destroy much of the charm of a chamber concert. Every seat was occupied on this last occasion, and many gentlemen had great difficulty in finding a place to stand in, without incommoding those who were fortunate enough to have obtained seats. Even Mr. Seymour will not object, we should think, to become (as your mysterious correspondent with the *three-star* signature suggested) a competent second violin to such an artist as Ernst for a first. We shall see. Meantime, these classical chamber concerts really seem to have absorbed all musical matters of any public interest in Manchester.

You say that you were disappointed in not getting a report of the performances of St. Paul from either of your Manchester correspondents. The one with the three stars wishes it to be supposed that he has the privilege of attending the concerts at the Concert Hall, which your own correspondent has not; for that reason, we charge him to send you a report of the very concert in question. Why has he not done so? We should gladly have subscribed to the Concert Hall many years ago. The subscription is high, but that alone did not deter us. It was the knowledge of the fact that hundreds were down on the list for admission, many of them superior in station and wealth to your humble correspondent, and that many, after waiting for years, were, after all, rejected by the exclusive and aristocratic (or Burgomocratic, as "Three Stars" calls it) body of directors. We might of late years have been admitted as a half-subscriber, it is true, but we had no ambition to obtain such a privilege as admission to its concerts on any such humiliating conditions, viz., to pay two guineas and a half a year, and then to beg one of the two tickets issued to them from some one of the full subscribers of five guineas! consequently (passionately fond as we are of music), the Concert Hall remains hermetically closed to us, resident non-subscribers not being admitted on any terms.

Seymour's quartet concert is postponed to the 28th instant. Hallé's first of his new series, with Ernst, took place on the 21st.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Monday evening last our Philharmonic Society gave the first of their subscription concerts, for which Madlle. Charton, Signor Marras, Mr. Henry Drayton, M. Demeur, and M. Wheli, were engaged. This concert proved to be one of the most delightful the Society ever gave, though all the artists, with one exception, were perfect strangers to the audience, who on this occasion, though not quite so numerous as usual, consisted of the *élite* of the town and county.

Madlle. Charton, in whose praises the London press have been so unanimous, excited great curiosity, and fully proved herself to be worthy of all that had been said and written about her. With a pure, clear, ringing voice, she combines exquisite taste and great execution; in fact, she is by far the best French vocalist we have ever heard in Liverpool. She possesses also much dramatic feeling, throwing proper spirit into everything she does. Her first effort was the *Ronde Aragonnaise* from *Le Domino Noir*, which she dashed off with wonderful brilliancy and abandon; this was followed by an air from *Le Caid*, which was given by Madlle. Charton with so much humour as to frequently excite the risible faculties of the audience, who thoroughly understood the meaning of the music, if they were not quite so *au fait* at the language—which struck me as being of a very superior description to the poetry in some of our native operas, comic or otherwise. The most elaborate display of Madlle. Charton's vocal skill, however, was Lo Brun's air, "Le Rossignol," with a flute *obligato*, by M. Demeur, an astonishing and delightful example of finished *bravura* singing and vocal fluency. Like everything else she did, this great display was loudly applauded. Madlle. Charton also sang the air from *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, "Ah! je veux briser ma chaîne," and with Mr. Drayton a duet from Bisselot's opera "Ne touchez pas à la Reine." She was not, I regret to say, encored in a single thing, but from

this you must not infer that the Madlle. Charton did not excite a great sensation. The audience would have encored everything with enthusiasm, but their consideration for the fatigue of the charming vocalist overcame their desires—everything she sang was so long, and required so much exertion, that even the greatest musical *gourmand* present had not the heart to request a repetition. It is long since I have heard a vocalist who gave such unmixed satisfaction; and I feel certain that if Mr. Mitchell's French opera company visit Liverpool, that we shall have a vocal and dramatic treat of the most enticing description.

Mr. Henry Drayton will, I think, be an acquisition to our native vocalists; he possesses a fine manly bass voice, which has been well cultivated, though it is yet rather rough. He was encored in the "Piff Paff," and Knight's "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." Signor Marras was encored in the *Pastorale*, from "Lo Prophete," and the "Come gentil," both of which he sang with great taste. He also gave two airs by Donizetti and Pacini.

M. Demeur, flautist to the King of the Belgians, played Bucher's variations on the "Flaxen-headed Ploughboy." His tone is clear and limpid, and his execution exceedingly facile. He was much applauded.

M. Wheli played two solos: Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante*, with full orchestral accompaniments, and Osborne's *Marche Characteristique*, very effectively displaying great manual dexterity. M. Wheli's execution is brilliant, but would be much improved if he would play with a little more delicacy. Our chorus and band appeared to great advantage—both having lately much improved. The chorus were deservedly encored in the madrigal "Who shall win my lady fair," and Lord Mornington's "Here in cool grot," both of which were admirably sung.

The next performance of the Philharmonic Society will be Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, in which Herr Carl Formes will sing.

Mr. Macready makes his last appearance in Liverpool next Monday and Tuesday, when he will appear in *Macbeth* and *Cardinal Wolsey*.

Ernst and Hallé give three chamber concerts in Liverpool, at the Royal Assembly Rooms, shortly.

A Concert was given by Mr. Ellis Roberts, at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street, on Monday evening; a large audience was assembled. A concerted piece, on six harps, entitled "Codiad yr Haul," or "Rising of the Sun," was encored. The performers were Miss M. A. Brewer, Mr. H. Green (Welsh harp), Miss Williams (vocalist), and the "Pennillion" singers, as they are called.

Mr. George Holden gave his annual concert at the Royal Assembly-rooms, Great George-street, on Monday evening. The room was crowded. Mr. Holden was assisted by Mrs. Holden, Mrs. McDougall, Mr. Blewitt the buffo singer, Mr. Percival, flautist, and the members of the Apollo Glee Club. Mr. Holden presided at the piano-forte, assisted by his pupil, Master Skeaf. The local press speaks highly of the performances of a Mr. Armstrong, a bass singer.

#### MUSIC AT BATH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Our accomplished townswoman, Miss Kate Loder, gave a concert here at the Assembly Rooms on Monday evening, which excited very great interest from the circumstance that the young artist, while she had been gaining the most solid and exalted reputation by her admirable performances before the most critical audiences in the country, has never until now appeared publicly in her native city.

On her entry Miss Kate Loder was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, which was prolonged for a very considerable time with unabated fervor; this was a worthy welcome, and the sequel proved it not unworthily bestowed. Miss Loder's performance was, of course, the chief feature of the concert; she played Wallace's fantasia on the *Cracovienne*, and Leopold de Meyer's on *Lucrezia Borgia*, which being both re-demanded with an expression of perfect rapture by the delighted audience, she substituted for the first, two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and for the second, the fantasia on *Guillaume Tell*. To offer our opinion upon Miss Loder's playing, after so very much has been said by the ablest critics, would be alike presumptuous and superfluous; let it suffice,

that she fully realised, if not surpassed, the exceedingly high expectations that had been raised of her and decidedly proved herself what she has been so often declared to be, the first lady pianist that this country has ever produced, and an artist of whom the whole musical world, and her fellow citizens of Bath in particular, have true reason to be proud. Besides this most favourable opportunity for us to appreciate Miss Loder's great executive talent, the present occasion afforded us also one of judging her powers as a composer, which are, indeed, very far above those of the generality of lady musicians; we had, in the course of the concert, two songs of her production, "The Blind Boy," and "So hab' ich wirklich dich verloren," sung respectively by Mr. F. Bodda, and Miss A. Hill, which both evince a very high order of musical feeling, tempered by most careful and judicious study; the latter song especially delighted us, and its merits were duly acknowledged by the audience.

The *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* alludes to the fair pianist in the following enthusiastic manner:—

"On Monday evening, this talented young lady and eminent pianist made her debut before a Bath audience, by whom she was received with the most marked demonstrations of applause. Her playing was universally pronounced to be of the very first class of excellence; the decision and firmness of her touch is perfect, and her execution is distinguished by the utmost rapidity and clearness. In fact, we feel that it would be impossible to speak too highly of her powers. She may be said, with truth, to combine every excellence of the modern pianoforte school. In the faultlessness of her execution she is unsurpassed by any pianist whom we remember to have heard, while in expression and feeling she is superior to most. She played two fantasias in the course of the evening,—one entitled, 'La Cracovienne' (by Wallace), the other, from 'Lucrezia Borgia,' composed by Meyer. Both these compositions, though abounding with the most difficult and elaborate passages, were played with an unassuming manner and a native grace which lent a double charm to the remarkable talent manifested by this youthful pianiste. These fantasias were each *encored* with a heartiness of approbation which attested the delight of the auditory. Instead of repeating the former, Miss Loder substituted two of the 'Lieder ohne Worte,' of Mendelssohn, which she had the honour of performing before Her Majesty, by Royal command. On being requested to repeat Meyer's fantasia, in the second part, she played a fantasia on airs from 'Guillaume Tell,' by Döhler. These pieces she performed with entire satisfaction to all who heard her."

Madame Macfarren, the extremely favourable reports of whose singing in her husband's opera had excited much interest, made also her first appearance in Bath at this concert; she sang Mendelssohn's exquisite little song "Das Veilchen," and the charming Lied of Curschmann, "Sie ist mein," in her own language; the duet from *King Charles II.*, with Miss A. Loder, "Oh blest are young hearts," and her popular ballad from the same opera, "She shines before me," in English; and she proved herself to possess, besides an unusually beautiful contralto voice and great power of expression, a much more complete command of our language than any foreign singer we remember to have heard. Miss A. Hill, Miss A. Loder, Mrs. J. K. Pyne, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. F. Bodda, sang a variety of songs and concerted pieces, in which they all displayed their several talents to various advantage. Miss Hill pleased us in particular with her pure high soprano voice, and her admirably clear execution. M. Bianchi Taylor, our time-honoured professor, accompanied the vocal music.

#### MUSIC AT UXBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. RICHARDSON'S Evening Concert, which had been announced for some weeks, took place on Thursday last, at the New Assembly Rooms, Uxbridge, in presence of a full and fashionable audience. An excellent bill of fare was put forth, and entrusted to the hands of first rate artists. Whether by this creditable step Mr. Richardson has reaped much benefit I greatly doubt; but I am certain the good folks of Uxbridge have not experienced such a musical treat for a long time, and will not be unmindful of it should "the great little man" determine to visit us again. I send you a programme, although I am aware it is against your general rule to give insertion to such articles. The whole performance went off well, and was highly relished by the audience. Miss Poole in every way supported her reputation, and well merited the warm reception that was given her. She was loudly *encored* in Balfe's "Zingara" song, and the "Cavaller." The Misses Williams were received with the strongest manifestations of satisfaction. Their chaste rendering of

poor Mendelssohn's exquisite two-part song "Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast," called forth a hearty and unanimous encore. They are great favourites in Uxbridge, as they are, or at all events deserve to be, everywhere. Kate Loder made her first bow to the inhabitants of this town, but I hope and believe, from the applause she won and the impression she has left behind, that it will not be her last. That she stands as a pianiste in the first rank no one can deny. Her execution of Leopold de Meyer's difficult *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasia at once established her with her hearers, and in Bucher and Benedict's brilliant duet for the flute and piano, she shared with Mr. Richardson the plaudits of the whole room. Frederick Lablache sang exceedingly well, and with a vast deal of humour. His "Largo al Factotum" was loudly re-demanded. Mr. Benson, a rising artist, possesses a good voice, and has evidently studied carefully. Sainton played twice. In the first part his own fantasia on the "Standard Bearer," and in the second the *Carnaval de Venise*. This excellent musician has now so long established his reputation among artists as one of the first of living violinists, that any detailed criticism on him were unnecessary. The "Standard Bearer" fantasia was most artistically played and vociferously applauded, and the "Carnaval" produced such a *furor* that Sainton was obliged to return, although he had left the Concert Rooms, and repeat the variations. Richardson played two solos, Bucher and Benedict's duet with Kate Loder, and the *obligato* flute part to Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle lark." He has long been acknowledged to be unrivalled as a solo player. I have heard most of the first rate flautists, both English and foreign, that have been before the public for the last fifteen years, but I never yet heard a solo played as Richardson can play it. His sweetness and perfect equality of tone and rapidity of utterance are marvellous. The public of M. Julien's and the Wednesdayites well appreciate his merits; and he is, as from his great talent he deserves to be, one of the most popular artists in England. Mr. F. B. Jewson was a most able conductor, and materially assisted in bringing the concert to a successful termination. And so ends my account of Mr. Richardson's Concert, which I, in common with others, hope will not be the last he means to give in Uxbridge.

#### MUSIC AT LIMERICK.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. SAMUEL LOVER opened his Portfolio here on Monday evening to a fashionable and crowded audience, in the Philosophical Rooms. He afforded a rich treat to our citizens. His recitations were particularly good. His illustrations of Irish character were such as could be expected from the poet, song writer, dramatist, and novelist; now eliciting peals of laughter from his hearers, and afterwards exciting their sympathies with some tale of deeper interest. His trip to America has enriched his Portfolio with scenes of grandeur and specimens of the ludicrous. His song of "Sleighing the Deer" will become a great favourite; turning an interesting account of deer hunting, by a pretty conceit, into that universal pastime, sleighing. Mr. Lover elicited much laughter by his description of stump oratory. His invocation of the nymph who presides over Niagara Falls was poetical and graceful. His Irish songs were all happy, but in particular we would notice "I'm not myself at all." Mr. Lover was frequently *encored*, and responded to the calls most willingly. The audience appeared delighted throughout the evening, which they could not fail to be, since they were constantly kept on the *qui vive* with sketches of French manners, specimens of Irish character, and reminiscences of American scenes and persons, rendered in a style free from exaggeration and impregnated with true Irish humour. The evening's entertainment concluded with the laughable story of "Jimmy Hoy's" working his passage to America. T. D. S.

#### THE OLD MUSICIAN:

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF J. F. LYSER.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE first beams of the sun poured into the chamber, and awoke the old man. It was a clear and cold morning; the air was keen and bracing, the sky blue and cloudless, and the frost had wrought delicate tracery on the panes.



The old man looked out of the window for awhile, then went to awake his young companion. Alas! the hand that lay upon the bed-clothes was cold and stiff. Theodore's sorrows were ended. The spirit so nobly endowed had broken in the struggle with destiny.

Long did the old man gaze upon the pale remains, his features working with intense emotion. His last stay was broken, his only friend had departed; he was alone and forsaken in the world.

He sat down by the body, and remained motionless the whole day. As night came on, the woman who kept the house came to deliver a message to Theodore, and found the old man sitting by the corpse, exhausted and shivering with the cold. She led him into a warmer room, and gave him food.

The Old Musician and Theodore had lived together nearly two years. The youth supplied their wants by his small earnings as a portrait painter, and by his receipts now and then for a drawing. The old man had nothing; and the landlady, who saw that what Theodore had left would not last long, urged him to go to the overseer of the poor-house and seek an asylum. He repelled the idea, and answered, "No, I will go to Hamburg."

"To Hamburg!" replied the woman. "That you cannot do. Hamburg is a long way from Berlin, and before you reached there you would be on another journey."

But the next day the old man seemed to have forgotten his purpose. According to his custom before he met with his young friend, he wandered through the streets of Berlin, stopping to listen wherever he heard music. Sometimes he would go into the houses, being seldom prevented; for many remembered the Old Musician, whom they had concluded dead, and were glad to see him once more.

As he wandered, one evening, through the streets, he stopped in front of a palace brilliantly illuminated, from which came the sound of music. He was about to enter, according to his wont, but the Swiss porter pushed him rudely back; so he stood without and listened, and, in spite of the cutting night wind, he continued to stand and listen, murmuring often expressions of pleasure and admiration.

A lacquey in rich livery, running down the steps, encountered the old man, and cried in surprise, "Ha! is that you again. Old Musician? It is long since I have seen you. But why do you stand there shaking in the cold?"

"The Swiss would not let me pass," answered the old man.

"The Swiss is a shallow pate. Never heed, old friend, but come in with me, and I will bring you a glass of wine to thaw your old limbs. My lord gives a grand concert!" And he led the old man up the steps, saying to the porter, "You must never hinder him from coming in; it is no beggar but the Old Musician. He comes to hear the music, and my lord has given orders that he shall always be admitted."

The lacquey led the old man to a seat near the fire in the ante-room, and drew a folding screen before him. "Keep yourself quiet, my good friend," he said; "you are out of view here, and yet can hear everything. I will fetch you a glass of wine presently."

The old man sat still and listened to the music in the saloon; it thrilled through his inmost heart. He remained there many hours, till the lacquey, who had frequently visited him in his corner, came and said:

"It is time now to go, my friend; the company are dispersing; I will send my boy home with you."

"That was admirable music!" cried the old man, drawing a deep breath.

"I am glad you were pleased," replied the lacquey. "All you heard to-night was composed by the same master, who is now a guest of my lord."

"Who is he?"

"Master Naumann, chapel-master to the Elector of Saxony."

"A Saxon!" cried the old man. "Naumann! that is well, where is he?"

"Here, in the house."

"Let me speak with him."

"Certainly, if you want to ask anything."

"No, not to ask, I want to thank him."

"Well, you may come to-morrow morning."

"I will come."

Naumann was not a little surprised when the servant, the next morning, announced his strange visitor. To the question, Who was the Old Musician? the man could give no other answer than—"He is the Old Musician, and nobody in Berlin knows his name. He is sometimes half crazy, but is said to have a thorough knowledge of music."

"Let him come in," said Naumann; and the lacquey opened the door for the old man.

Naumann rose when he saw him, for in spite of his mean apparel, he had a dignity of mien that inspired with involuntary respect. Advancing to meet him, he said:

"You are welcome, my good sir, though I know not by what name to address you. But you are a lover of the art, and that is enough. Be seated, I pray you."

The old man, still standing, answered, "I come to thank you, sir chapel-master, for the pleasure of yesterday evening. I was privately a listener to the concert, in which were performed your latest compositions. I will not conceal from you my name; I am—FRIEDEMANN BACH."

Naumann stood petrified with astonishment. "Friedemann Bach!" he repeated at length, in a tone of deep and melancholy interest; "the great son of the great Sebastian Bach. It is strange indeed! Only last year I saw your brother Philip Emanuel at Hamburg. The excellent old man mourns you as dead."

"Let him do so," was the reply, "and all who knew me in better days; for the knowledge of my life, as it is, would make them unhappy. Even in Berlin none know that Friedemann Bach yet lives, not even Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing, to whom I owed, that while he lived, I needed not to starve."

"What can I do for you?" asked Naumann. "Your brother told me your history. How shall I tell you all the admiration, the affection, the sorrow I have felt, and still feel for you? Tell me, what can I do?"

"Nothing," answered Bach; "you have done everything for me, in showing me what I could and should have done. I strove after that which you have accomplished. You know wherefore I failed, how my life was wasted, why I fell short in all my bold and burning schemes. But you, heed not the warning of my history. You walk securely and cheerfully in the right path, and I can only thank you for your magnificent works. The blessing of God be with you! and now I feel that I have nothing more to do in this world."

The Old Musician departed, and Naumann, when he had collected his thoughts, inquired in vain where he could be found. Friedemann had not suffered the boy who went home with him the preceding evening to go to his door. At length Naumann happened to meet with Moses Mendelssohn, and mentioned what had occurred. Mendelssohn was amazed to hear that Friedemann Bach was yet living, and in Berlin.



The two made the appointment to go the next morning to the ancient abode of Lessing, where the Old Musician had lived.

They went together to the house of Lessing in Friedrichstadt. The Landlady opened the door.

"Does M. Friedeman Bach live here yet?" asked Mendelssohn.

"Ah, pardon me!" cried the woman, wiping her eyes with her apron; "just at this time yesterday they carried away my poor Old Musician. He died exactly three weeks after his young friend the painter, whom he loved so well." Her voice was interrupted by tears.

Mendelssohn and Naumann left the house in silence.

### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 82.)

PARVE nec invidet. OVID. *Trist.* Lib. 1.

Mr. LITTLE. I do not envy you.

Ridebis, deinde indignaberis, deinde ridebis si legeris, quod nunc legeris non potes credere. FLINNY, *Epist.*

Ω παγκρασιον. EURIPID. *Med.*, v. 466.

Ah, you lewd scamp!

Te canam

Callidum quicquid placuit jocoso

Condere furto.

HOR. *Carmin.* Lib. 1. *Od.* x.

A puny dastard animal, but versed

In subtle wiles.

SOMERVILLE, *Chase* ii, 296.

Bookseller. I am glad to hear you acknowledge the thefts of the modern poets from the ancient ones, whose works I suppose have been reckoned lawful plunder in all ages. But have not you borrowed epithets, phrases, and even half a line occasionally, from modern poets? I FORGET WHO.

Μηδ' ερα των πλυσιον. EURIPID. *Hecuba*, v. 983.

I'll make it appear that they're all stolen ware.

SWIFT. *Apollo to the Dean.*

Good morrow, Foxe—good morrow, sir,

Pray what is that you're 'ating?—

A fine fat goose I stole from you,

And, sir, will you come and taste him? WORDSWORTH.

### Plagiarism the Twenty-first.

And such quick welcome as a spark receives,  
Dropped on a bed of Autumn's withered leaves,  
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find  
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.

SIR T. WYATT.

Then was I like the straw, when that the flame  
Is driven thereon by force and rage of winds.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

And as the blazing brand

Might kindle rotten reeds,

Ev'n so her look a secret flame

Within his bosom breeds.

SOMERVILLE.—*A Dainty New Ballad.*

So when a pipe we smoke,

And from a flint provoke

The sparks that twinkling play,

The touchwood old and dry

With heat begins to fry.

And gentle wastes away.

I am indebted to Tom Hood for this illustration.

### Plagiarism the Twenty-second.

No, had not reason's light totally set,  
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet  
In the lov'd image graven on thy heart,  
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,  
And kept alive in all its bloom of breath  
That purity, whose fading is love's death.

The same image is repeated.

Though ruin'd, lost, my memory, like a charm  
Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.

This fancy of an amulet is used by several poets:—

DAYDEN.—*Tyrannic Love*, act. v., scene 1.  
Thy wandering steps, wherever fortune bear,  
Your memory I in my breast will wear,  
Which, as a precious amulet, I still  
Will carry, my defence and guard from ill.

SHENSTONE.—*Absence; a Pastoral Ballad.*

The pilgrim that journey's all day

To visit some far distant shrine,

If he bear but a relique away,

Is happy, nor heard to repine;

Thus widely removed from the fair,

Where my vows, my devotion I owe,

Sad hope is the relique I bear,

And my solace wherever I go.

SOUTHEY.—*Thalaba, the Destroyer*, Book vi.

Anon, a troop of females form'd the dance,

Their ancles bound with bracelet bells,

That made the modulating harmony.

Transparent garments to the greedy eye

Gave all their harlot limbs,

Which writhed in each immodest gesture skill'd.

With earnest eyes the banquetters

Fed on the sight impure;

And Thalaba, he gaz'd,

But in his heart he bore a talisman,

Whose blessed alcyon

To virtuous thoughts refin'd

The loose suggestions of the scene impure.

Oneiza's image swam before his sight—

His own Arabian maid.

I did not, however, expect to find the Bohemian Poet, Barry Cornwall, poaching on this thought:—

Lov'd you like life, like Heaven and happiness;  
Lov'd you, and kept your name against his heart  
(Ill-boding amulet) till death.—*The Broken Heart.*

### Plagiarism the Twenty-third.

'Twas from a scene—a witching trance like this—  
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,  
To the dim charnel-house.

And passing on through upright ranks of dead,  
Which, to the maiden doubly crazed by dread,  
Seemed, through the bluish death-light round them cast,  
To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd.

These are the most loathsome lines in the whole work. The incident of the charnel-house is taken from Vathek; the thoughts and corpses from John Wilson.

BECKFORD.—*Vathek.*

By secret stairs, known only to herself and to her son, she first repaired to the mysterious recesses in which were deposited the mummies that had been brought from the catacombs of the ancient Pharaohs.

WILSON.—*City of the Plagues*, act iii., sc. 4.

Have we not often seen the unsheathed dead

Rear'd up like troops against the wall,

To us at distance seemingly alive.

### Plagiarism the Twenty-fourth.

And thus her look—oh! where's the heart so wise  
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?  
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
Like those of angels just before their fall.

The thought in the first stanza is as old as the—

EARL SURREY.

Lemmas I had so faire, and of so lively hue,  
That whose gaz'd on their face might well their beauty rue.

The comparison in the second is hauled out of—

RICHARD ALISON.—*An Hour's Recreation in Munich*, 1606.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still,

Her brows like bended bows do stand.

MARLOW.—*Dr. Faustus.*

As beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

**Plagiarism the Twenty-fifth.**

*When sensibility still wildly play'd,  
Like lightning round the ruins it had made.*

COWLEY.

*Like lightning that begot but in a cloud  
(Though shining bright and speaking loud)  
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,  
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.*

J. BROWN, A.M.—*An Essay on Satire.*  
*Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,  
Like the blue lightning, while it shines destroys.*

**Plagiarism the Twenty-sixth.**

*When bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track,  
But half-way trodden, she had wandered back  
Again to earth, mistaken with Eden's light,  
Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.*

I do not know what sort of light this is, but the thought is stolen from—

BROWNE.—*Britannia's Pastorals.*  
*Hove that question would anew  
What fair Eden was of old,  
Let him rightly study you,  
And a brief of that behold.*

**Plagiarism the Twenty-seventh.**

*O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,  
When least we look for't, thy broken clue,  
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain  
The intellectual day-beam bursts again.*

A half glance tells us that this is from

DRYDEN. *Conquest of Granada*, act iv., sc. ii.

**Plagiarism the Twenty-eighth.**

*Yet one relief this glance of former years  
Brought, mingled with its pains—tears, floods of tears—  
Farewell! some ease I in your falsehood find,  
It lets a beam in that will clear the mind.  
Long frozen at her heart, but now, like rills,  
Let loose in spring time from the snowy hills,  
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,  
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.*

In Moore's *Songs and Ballads* we have the same thought.

*Though time have frozen the tuneful stream  
Of thoughts that gush'd along,  
One look from thee, like summer's beam,  
Will thaw them into song.*

And the converse of this frigid metaphor is twice repeated.

*Ev'n then the full warm gushings of thy heart  
Were check'd like fount-frogs frozen as they start!  
And there, like them, cold, quiescent relics hang,  
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.*

FINE WORSNIPPERS.

*Oh! colder than the wind that freezes  
Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,  
Is the congealing pang which seizes  
The trusting bosom when betray'd.*

Hearken now—hearken, my gentle supper-sages, to the originals.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. (*England's Parnassus*.)

*As when the southern wind with lukewarm blast,  
Breathing on hills where winter long had dwelt,  
Dissolveth rocks of ice that hung so fast,  
So with this gentle prayer, though spoke in haste,  
The dæmsel such an inward motion felt,  
That suddenly her arm'd heart did soften  
As unto womankind it chaunceth often.*

SPENSER. *Fairy Queen*, book iii., canto v.  
*Yet still he waited as the snow congeal'd,  
When the bright hue his beames thereon dost beat.*

FALCONER. *Shipwreck*, canto i.

*Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief  
Now found an interval of short relief  
So melts the surface of the frozen main  
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.*

COLERIDGE. *Religious Musings*, v. 441.

*Soaring aloft I breake the empyreal air  
Of Love omnific, omnipresent Love,  
Whose day spring rises glorious in my soul,  
As the great Sun, when he his influence  
Sheds on the frost-bound waters. The glad stream  
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.*

DRYDEN. *Palamon and Aroide*.

*His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,  
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.*

ON SANSKRIT AND PRACRIT POETRY. *Asiatic Res.* vol. x., p. 409.

Good advice, addressed to those whose understanding is astray, becomes vain, like the beams of the cold moon directed towards lakes eager for the warm rays of the sun.

**Plagiarism the Twenty-ninth.**

*As when in northern seas, at midnight dark,  
An isle of ice encountered some swift bark,  
And startling all its wretches from their sleep  
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep.*

This comparison of a sudden shock is lugged out of

SHIRLEY. *The Court Secret*, act v., sc. 1.

He's lost

*And in this storm, like a distracted passenger,  
Whose bark has struck upon some sand, I look  
From the forsaken deck upon the seas.*

(To be continued.)

**LORENZO DE MEDICI.**

*Lasso a me quando io son là dove sta  
Quell' angelico, altero, e dolce volto  
Il freddo sangue intorno al core accolto  
Lascia senza color la faccia mia;  
Poi miranda la sua mi par sì pia,  
Ch' io prendo ardire, e torna il calor tolto  
Amor ne' raggi de' begli occhi involto  
Mostra al mio tri do co: la cieca via;  
E parlandogli allor, dice; io ti giuro  
Pel santo lume di questi occhi belli  
Ch' io sard sempre te co; a ti assicuro  
Esser vera pietà che mostran quelli:  
Credogli lussu! et da mo fugge il core.*

TRANSLATION.

Ah me! whene'er I see that angel face  
And soft bright smile, my wild and panting blood  
Flies to my heart in one absorbing flood;  
Pale grow my cheeks; yet when I mark the grace  
That shines about her, I revive once more—  
My soul regains the strength it lost before.  
Love, who sits veiled in her enchanting eyes,  
Still cheers me by his sweet seductive arts;  
By those bright eyes, he swears, from which my darts  
Draw all the force that in their bright bars lies,  
I shall be always with thee; rest secure,  
The beauteous maid shall yet be thine—be sure.  
Words of deceit!—and yet my credulous mind  
Believed it all, and up to Love my heart resigned. E. K.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

CARLOTTA GRISI.—Before leaving Bath, the celebrated danseuse presented Mr. T. H. Salmon, the leader of the band at the theatre, with a gold briguet and chain, as a trifling testimonial of her appreciation of the valuable services which he rendered to her in conducting the music to which she danced. 'CarloTTa's success at Bath has been as triumphant as ever. She has won all hearts by

er innate grace and delicacy of deportment, as she has enraptured all eyes by the skill and beauty of her dancing.

**GARDONI.**—We are delighted to learn that there is no truth whatever in the report that the popular tenor of Her Majesty's Theatre died lately at St. Petersburg.

**MR. LUMLEY**, the enterprising manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, has obtained a concession from the French Government to give a series of concerts *costumés* in Paris. The Government has liberally placed the hall of the Conservatoire de Musique at the disposal of Mr. Lumley for this purpose. The Société de Concerts made a strong but ineffectual opposition to Mr. Lumley. It is Mr. Lumley's intention to produce some of the first singers in Europe at these concerts. Madame Sontag has already arrived in Paris; Jenny Lind is expected; and there will be a succession of other stars. Mr. Lumley intends to produce some of the most splendid productions of Glück, Cherubini, Mozart, Palestrina, Spontini, and other masters; and also the celebrated choruses of the Sistine Chapel. The announcement of Mr. Lumley's advent greatly delights the Parisians. An attempt to raise public feeling against him, on the ground of his being an Englishman, has completely failed.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Haydn's *Creation* is to be performed by the above Society, under the direction of Mr. Costa, on Friday the 22nd inst.; Miss Birch, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes, sustaining the principal vocal parts.

**BETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.**—We are delighted to hear that M. Scipion Rousselet has made arrangements to resume these celebrated quartet meetings.

**JETTY TREFFZ** has left London for Vienna, to resume her duties as *prima donna* at the Opera, and will make her *reentrée* as *Rose de Mai*, in Halévy's *Val d'Audorre*.

**MR. BUNN** is about to give various readings from Shakspeare, at the St. James's Theatre. The announcement has caused much curiosity.

**CLONMEL.**—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Ryalls, of Liverpool, assisted by Mr. Hiles, Miss Ryalls, and Mr. Welhi, gave a concert at the Great Globe Hotel. Owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather, the attendance was exceedingly limited. Misses Hiles and Ryalls both possess voices and taste. Mr. Ryalls' voice has compass, and his singing is pleasing. We regret that the ladies and gentleman of Clonmel should have missed hearing him. The performance of Mr. Welhi on the pianoforte was admired.—*Tipperary Free Press*.

**DONCASTER.**—An attractive bill of fare was presented for the second concert of the Philharmonic Society. In addition to the band performances from the works of Pleyel, Haydn, Bishop, &c., there were no less than eight songs, ballads, and duets. The vocalists engaged for the occasion were Mrs. Parkes, and Mr. Ryalls. The former has been heard in Doncaster at a former period; and the latter, who, we understand, is *primo tenore* at Liverpool, was a stranger. Mr. J. Rogers again assumed the post of conductor; and Mr. Dodgson, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Seale, arising from a prior engagement, led the band. The concert opened with a *sinfonia* in D, (part 1)—*Pleyel*. Mr. Ryalls was received with a hearty welcome in the recitative "All is lost,"—air "Still so gently,"—*Bilini*. The duet, "Farewell for ever," (Barnett) followed. Mrs. Parkes was received with loud applause. Afterwards she sang "The Flower Girl." Her enunciation is clear and distinct, and her voice, though wanting in power, is of a sweet and agreeable quality. Mr. Ryalls sang Dibdin's song, "The Sailor's Journal," with a heartiness which was honoured with an *encore*, when he substituted "The Thorn." The first part concluded with Pleyel's *sinfonia* in D (Part 2). Mrs. Parkes was *encored* in the "Summer Bloom," (Hay). The old ballad, "Sally in our Alley," by Mr. Ryalls, told remarkably well. He was again *encored*, and sang instead a humorous Irish song. This, however, did not satisfy his hearers, and "Sally" was loudly called for, and repeated. The Scotch ballad, "My boy Tammy," was given by Mrs. Parkes, and received marked appreciation. After the overture to *The Slave* (Bishop) by the band, the whole concluded with the National Anthem.—*Doncaster Gazette*.

**ST. GILES, February 13th.**—(From our own Correspondent).—Madame Montenegro, Signor Santiago, and his wife, Montelli, and others, commence a series of operas here on Friday, the 22nd inst. From the very favourable impression left by these artistes last year,

it has made an unusual stir in the musical circles of this quiet town, and an excitement prevails which is quite unusual. I will send you an account of their proceedings after the first representation, —T. E. B.

**A RANK ASSURDITY.**—Mr. Colburn, the publisher, by way of recommending the naval novel *The Petrel*, recently brought out anonymously, announces in his puffs that it is by "an officer of rank." From this we gather that Colburn imagines that the literary excellence of a work of fiction must be in proportion to the height which its author has attained in his profession. Supposing this to be admitted, the senior Admiral of the Red must necessarily be a better novelist than Marryatt, who was only a Captain, and a better poet than poor Falconer, of the *Shipwreck*, who was only a purser; and a better magazine-writer than the late Robert Douglas, R.N., who died a surgeon. Extending the theory to other professions, we should see Baron Alderson elevated over Warren, and Colonel Sibthorpe preferred to Maxwell and Lever. Our friend Sir Jacob Shovel, K.B., has been swaggering at the Army and Navy Club most atrociously, since Colburn's paragraph appeared,—and sneers at the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, who never held naval rank at all! If, however, we hand over the *Petrel* to Sir Jacob for an opinion,—which we may perhaps do,—he will probably bring the Officer of rank to a private Court Martial, which will assuredly bring the said officer (however high his rank may be) down a "peg or two!"—*Pasquin*.

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**HANOVER ROOMS,**

ON TUESDAY EVENINGS, FEBRUARY 19th, MARCH 5th & 19th,

To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Subscription, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. To be had at the Music Warehouse, or of Mr. W. S. BENNETT, 15, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square.

**M. ERNST will perform with Mr. BENNETT at the First Concert.**

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**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**  
**FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE.**

Fifth Representation of the New Opera Bouffon, the Music by Ambroise Thomas, entitled "LE CAID." Virginie, Madlle. CHARTON.

Mr. MITCHELL respectfully announces that the performance of the French Plays will be continued at this Theatre on

**MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18TH,**

When the Performances will commence at Eight o'clock precisely, with, by Express Desire, the New Opera Bouffon, entitled

**LE CAID.**

Virginie (Hugère et modiste) - - - Madlle. CHARTON.

The Mise en Scène of this Opera by M. Follerville.

To conclude with the First Act of BOILEAU's popular Opera Comique, **LA DAME BLANCHE.**

'Last Week' but one of M. CHOLLET'S engagement.

Heold's popular Opera of "ZAMPA" will be repeated during the week. Adolphe Adam's Opera of "LE ROI-DYVETOT" will also be shortly repeated. The character of Jocelyn by M. CHOLLET.

And during the week will be produced the celebrated Opera of "LE POSTILLON DE LONJUMEAU" in which MONS. CHOLLET will perform the character of "Chapelon," as originally performed by him upon the production of the Opera in Paris.

Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s.

Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven o'clock, and the Performances commence at Eight.

**M. BILLET**

Begs leave to inform the Public that he intends giving a  
**SERIES OF THREE CLASSICAL CONCERTS,**  
**AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**

Further particulars will be duly announced.

**SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI,**

(Professors of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music.)

Beg to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and their Pupils, that their Classes for the Cultivation of the Voice, and for Instruction in the various branches of Singing, will commence in the second week in March, for the Spring Season.

Early applications are respectfully requested, at 54, UPPER NORTON STREET, PORTLAND PLACE.

Signor and Madame Ferrari have vacancies for TWO IN-DOOR ARTICLED PUPILS.

**MR. H. J. WHITWORTH**

Begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to Town for the Season.

10, Osnaburgh Street,  
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Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

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Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

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MR. BRICCIALDI will be happy to exhibit to Professors or Amateurs a Flute, manufactured according to his design by Messrs. RUDALL and ROSE. With the exception of two positions, the fingering is that of the Eight-keyed Flute, but the tone and intonation are very much superior.

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**TWIN POLKAS,**

(JULIE ET MARIE).

BY

**WALTER OSCIL MACFARREN.**

And, Second Edition,

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# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.  
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THIS establishment will open with Weber's *Der Freischütz*, to-day three weeks. Formes will be the Caspar. The recitatives written by Berlioz, for Berlin, will be given. The substitution of *Der Freischütz* for *Gustave III.* is, we think, a decided mistake.

### STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

Op. 21 consists of another set of two impromptus on another melody of Henri Reber (*Deux Impromptus sur une melodie de Reber*—Op. 21)—"La Bergeronnette," a truly charming little pastoral. M. Stephen Heller's partiality to the melodies of Reber is fully excused by the specimens he has chosen for the basis of his caprices and impromptus. There is a freshness about them, which now-a-days is rare indeed. Perhaps "La Bergeronnette" is the best of the three. The theme is first given simply—as in the other pieces we have noticed—in the key of A major. The impromptus are both very short. The first is an *allegretto con moto* in the key of the melody, of which it is a beautiful development. The second, in F sharp minor, also an *allegretto con moto*, is more fantastic and capricious, more lengthened, interesting, and difficult to play. In both impromptus the pastoral style of the subject is well preserved, the gaiety of the first presenting a happy contrast to the melancholy of the last. In their way we know of nothing more attractive than these ingenious bagatelles, which have the merit of perfect originality.

Op. 24 is an agreeable trifle for young performers. (*Petit Bijou sur une romance de la Chaste Susanne*, Op. 24.) The *Chaste Susanne* is unknown to us. The name of the romance is "Helas! comment dans ma jeune Âme?" M. Heller has turned it into a sparkling little rondo in C major, extremely easy to execute. We recommend this strongly to all masters who have young pupils under their care.

Op. 25 is another short piece, but not so easy as the preceding one. (*La Kermesse—Danse Netherlandaise.*) It is a waltz movement in E major, a perfect gem in its way, full of pretty harmonies, and graceful passages, as clever and as interesting as the best of Chopin's *Mazurkas*.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE PIANOFORTE PLAYING OF W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

Who hath not dreamed of bliss beyond the grave?  
Who hath not panted for diviner rest  
Than life's sweet slumber? who hath ceased to crave—  
(When love's quick throbs his quivering feet have prest  
Sprung midst her roses)—for that unknown shore  
Where life is love, and beauty fades no more.

But little such may muse as those who feel  
After Eternity in Tone's pure art—  
Who languish, thirstingly, until there steal  
Some hint of Heaven from her æthereal heart  
Into their's darkling—those with soul on fire,  
Of love which only Music can inspire.

Let them hear Thee, who teachest—let them learn  
The immortal, breathing forth in blissful woe  
From thy deep touch—from hands which seem to yearn  
After some string whose pulses should not flow  
Out into silence—some rich instrument  
With its vibrating answer never spent.

Thousands may be who listen, learning not  
The burden of that never-wearying tale—  
But here and there, some soul without the spot  
Of worldly thought—whose cheek, like thine, is pale  
With pathos of the spirit—heareth, faint  
With extacy, what none can speak or paint.

Oh, master mild, and proud interpreter!  
Who to such music lends such light as thine?  
The sounds that stream, the piercing notes that stir,  
Clear, perfect, keen as starlight, surely shine  
Instinct with prophecy of what is known,  
Where "they who have endured" rest alone.

'Tis of the earth—not earthly!—the strange sorrow  
That into thy white lonely keys doth creep.  
A mood of woe that needs no bliss to borrow,  
For soon song cradles it, her child, asleep;  
Feeds it on dreams of that celestial band,  
Where no strain falters, droops no nerveless hand.

'Tis of the Earth! for even as rain-wash'd flowers  
Smell sweeter, subtler, after the still rain;  
Even so it seems thine high harmonious powers  
Exhale in tears some strength of stormy pain  
O'er-past, but trembling o'er the bright'ned mind  
Like the moist air the storm-cloud leaves behind.

'Tis of the Earth! for round it fall and float  
All fiery-pure and passionate memories;  
The Spirit drinks each mellow-orbing note,  
And writhes with bliss; no oriental skies  
Ere ripen'd fruits rich as the thoughts that break  
Upon the listener when thine hand doth wake.

It is not earthly—for it never stays  
Where spirits crush'd start up at music's call,  
Then sink heart-weary; never it allays  
The thirst at founts that only rise to fall;  
But lifts us surely into golden air—  
The Gate of Heaven, and leaves us list'ning there.

C. R.

## MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CLASSICAL SOIREES.

MR. BENNETT has resumed his performances of classical chamber music at the Hanover Square Rooms. Since 1842, the year if we be not mistaken in which he first established them (at his own residence in Charlotte Street Fitzroy Square) they have been continued without intermission. Performances of this kind have now become very general much (we are not sorry to say) to the detriment of the fashionable concerts, which have diminished in a parallel ratio. But though two pianists out of every three treat their friends and patrons to

concerts of chamber music, classical and unclassical (good or bad) Mr. Bennett's have lost none of their original attraction. Nor are they likely to do so until a better pianist than he shall appear on the musical horizon, an event hardly to be anticipated in our times.

The programme provided by Mr. Bennett for his first performance on Tuesday evening was one in the highest degree attractive. Much better than describing it will be to reprint it entire :—

## PART I.

Sonata in G major, Op. 96, Violin and Pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett	Beethoven.
Solo Sonata in F major, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	Mozart.
Song, "Amor nel mio penar," Miss Dolby ( <i>Mario</i> )	Handel.
Caprice (in B flat minor), Op. 83, dedicated to Mr. Klingeman, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

Diversions, Pianoforte (à quatre mains), Mr. W. S. Bennett and Mr. W. G. Cousins	Bennett.
Song, "I arise from dreams of thee," Miss Dolby	Macfarren.
Sonata in C major, Violin and Pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Sterndale Bennett	Bach.
Selections from the "Lieder ohne Worte," Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	Mendelssohn.

The assistance of Ernst was of high importance to Mr. Bennett, who in the German violinist found one like himself—a thorough artist, a perfect executant, and a poetical interpreter of the inspirations of the great masters. The sonata in G—the grand one (our readers are aware that there are two in this key) is less often played than many of the violin sonatas of Beethoven and was the more welcome in consequence. It is one of the most charming and one of the most fantastic of the wonderful gallery of *chef d'œuvres* to which it belongs. The difficulties of execution which it presents are more than in most of the sonatas. Both violinist and pianist have their hands full. But what are the difficulties that would not vanish before such executive skill as Ernst and Sterndale Bennett possess?—and what are the mysteries of expression of which they are not cognizant? It was indeed a performance in which the highest refinement of style went hand in hand with the rarest perfection of mechanism. Ernst was divine in the *adagio*. It was the song of a spirit "mourning for its mate"—as a poet said of something far less beautiful.

The sonata of Mozart, the *grand* one in F, was a great treat, played as it was by Mr. Bennett. The close points of imitation, in the triplet passages of the first movement, were given with a crispness and a certainty that could not be excelled. The slow movement in B flat was rendered as only a true disciple of the Mozart school could render it; the cadences were rounded with Italian finish, and the *cantabile* phrases sung with the glowing fervour of a *Mario*. The playful *rondo* was deliciously played. In short the entire performance was worthy of the music and the player.

But perhaps the greatest treat of all was the *caprice* of Mendelssohn in B flat minor, a wild and passionate effusion, in which Mendelssohn is as entirely himself as in anything which he wrote for the piano. The three caprices to which this admirable composition belongs\* are less generally known than many of the pianoforte works of Mendelssohn, although few merit better the attention and admiration of his worshippers. The other two are in A minor and E major. If we have a preference it is for the one in B flat minor, which Mr. Bennett introduced on Tuesday night. This consists of an *adagio* and an *allegro agitato*. The *adagio* is a sublime

progression of harmony in full chords, of a solemn and impressive character. The *allegro*, restless and exciting, presents more than ordinary difficulties to the player. But Mr. Bennett knows no difficulties, and both movements were executed by him in a faultless manner. In the *allegro* he strongly reminded us of Mendelssohn himself.

The sonata of Bach is a curious specimen of the music of a time when *sonata* meant a very different thing from what Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven made it afterwards express. It is interesting, but not beautiful. No abundance of melodic phrase atones for the absence of form, while the rhythm is broken and imperfect throughout. It is, like most of Bach's music, as perplexing to execute as it is perplexing to follow. It was, however, played in such masterly style by the two performers, that it was listened to with unabated attention and very much applauded by Mr. Bennett's fashionable and not easily-pleased audience. In the *siciliano* and *adagio* Ernst, by an instinct of *phrase* which is one of the peculiar beauties of his style, managed to make a seemingly continuous song out of a *suite* of fragments in which the ear longed in vain for a definite close.

How Mr. Bennett plays the *Lieder ohne worte* of Mendelssohn needs not be recounted here. He chose, on this occasion, the short one in A from Book 1, those in E and A minor from Book 8, and the one in E from Book 5. At the end he was recalled by the whole audience, and returning, played two more—those in E and A major (the *Chasse*) from Book 1.

The only fault of the concert was that Mr. Bennett gave so little of his own music. The *Three Diversions*, for two performers on the piano, were all he introduced into the programme. These charming bagatelles were admirably played, Mr. Bennett's clever pupil, Mr. Cousins, King's Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music, taking the first part. We were aware that Mr. Cousins was a highly promising violinist,—having studied under M. Sainton, of whom, we believe, he is still a pupil—and we remember his playing a concerto on the pianoforte at one of the Academy Concerts. Since then, however, he has made remarkable progress, and he now exhibits every indication of having equally as good dispositions for the pianoforte as for the violin. We sincerely congratulate him on this double exhibition of talent, which is the more to be admired for its rarity.

The two songs chosen by Miss Dolby were worthy of her choice. That of Handel makes us curious to know more of an opera which owns so exquisite a gem. That of Macfarren was a fit companion, as it could not otherwise be, since it is not unworthy of the words to which it is allied—one of the most passionate and beautiful of Shelley's minor poems.\* Miss Dolby sang them both to perfection.

We have said little of the applause bestowed upon the performances. Let that be understood. Mr. Bennett's audience has by this time become used to his system of education, and knows that the only way to appreciate him is to appreciate the music of his predilection. The concert we have endeavoured to describe contained nothing else; but that it was found neither lengthy nor untasteful may be surmised from the fact that the end of the last piece found the room as full and the audience as attentive and pleased as at the beginning of the first.

\* The song, "I arise from dreams of thee," is one of the "Lyrics"—a succession of vocal and instrumental pieces composed by Mr. Macfarren for his wife, Madame Macfarren, in process of publication by Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.



**MR. WILLY'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS,**

THE sixth and last of these interesting performances took place on Monday evening, in the small music-room of St. Martin's Hall. Between 400 and 500 persons were present. Mr. Willy has conscientiously adhered to the plan with which he set out; his programmes have been strictly confined to music of the highest class, and on no one occasion has he found it necessary to court popularity by the introduction of anything beneath the acknowledged standard. The concerts have been invariably well attended, which proves beyond dispute that a public exists, among the middle classes, capable of appreciating and anxious to listen to that which, for the sake of a distinction, has been termed "classical" music. What the Sacred Harmonic Society has done for choral music, and M. Jullien for orchestral, Mr. Willy has begun to do for the music of the chamber; and perhaps his task is the most arduous of the three, since chamber music, from its refined character, naturally addresses itself to a smaller number than either of the others. The public intelligence once awakened, there is now no means of drawing back. The Philharmonic Society and the Italian Operas will, no doubt, continue to appeal successfully in that favoured quarter where guineas and half-guineas are plentiful. But art is universal, and those intellectual enjoyments which have hitherto been wholly monopolised by a few are, through the spirit of progress, on the point of being thrown open to the multitude. A shilling will now find ready admission where, not long ago, a crown might have stayed begging at the door. The privilege of velvet cushions and easy chairs may remain while there are people willing and rich enough to pay for them, but the privilege of hearing good music is rapidly coming to an end. So much the better for music; so much the better for its professors, great and small, who are likelier to benefit by the hearty cheers of the million than by the chary dispensations of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs. The larger the public, the more employment for the musician, who must indeed be short-sighted if he fail to perceive that his best interests are involved in marching zealously with the times. Music is with us no longer a luxury; it has become a necessity. Where there is a public want, there will always be speculators to satisfy it, at the lowest cost commensurate with a certain amount of profit. That there is now a public want for good music, daily becoming greater and more general, will scarcely be denied; and although Mr. Willy is a distinguished member of our most expensive musical institutions, he has prudently joined the ranks of those who anticipate honour and emolument from supplying the great crowd with substantial amusement, at charges within the means of all who can afford to pay a moderate sum for the agreeable employment of their hours of leisure.

The programme of Monday night's concert was in all respects excellent. Let it speak for itself.

**PART I.**

Quintet (in A major, Op. 18.) two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Zerbini, Westlake, Waud, and Piatti. *Mendelssohn.*

Air, Mrs. Noble. *Mozart.*

Aria, Mr. Land, "O, can I imagine" *Mozart.*

Grand Trio, (in D major, No. 1, Op. 70) Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Piatti *Beethoven.*

**PART II.**

Sonata Duo, (in B flat, Op. 45), pianoforte and violoncello, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Signor Piatti *Mendelssohn.*

Song, Mrs. Noble, "A fire-side Song" *W. F. Wallace.*

Selection, pianoforte, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Genevieve—Romance. Rondo Placevole, (Op. 25) *W. S. Bennett.*

Song, Mr. W. H. Seguin *E. J. Loder.*  
Grand Quintet (in E flat minor, Op. 87) pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and Contra-Basso, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, Westlake, Piatti, and Pratten *Hummel.*

Accompanist, Mr. Land.

Mendelssohn's quintet—one of its author's most refined and ingenious works—was admirably executed, and highly relished by the audience. The *scherso* in D minor, in which the composer has ventured into the realms of fairy, with the success that never failed him, was loudly enjoyed. The marked plaudits bestowed upon the point where the violoncello so unexpectedly introduces the *reprise* of the first theme, was a just and discriminating compliment to the finished execution of Signor Piatti, who as a classical player, no less than as a brilliant soloist, has no living rival. Beethoven's grand and mystic trio, a work in which the later style of the composer is fully developed, was not a bit too much for the audience to understand and to like. It was played with the utmost effect by Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Piatti, and each movement liberally applauded, the solemn adagio in the minor key, on this occasion, proving anything but caviare to the crowd. But perhaps the most masterly display of executive skill during the evening was the sonata of Mendelssohn, by Sterndale Bennett and Piatti, upon whose respective merits it is unnecessary to dilate. We have seldom heard anything more satisfactory and complete than the manner in which this brilliant and difficult duet was rendered by these accomplished players. The selection from Mr. Bennett's own compositions, executed by himself on the pianoforte, and Hummel's clever quintet, were warmly applauded. The vocal pieces, by Mrs. Noble, Mr. Land, and Mr. W. H. Seguin, were well selected and ably executed.

Mr. Willy has announced a series of grand orchestral performances in the large room of St. Martin's Hall. If carried out with the like spirit, they can hardly fail to meet with the like encouragement.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE opening of St. Martin's Hall forms an important event in the musical history of London; for, until now, the greatest city of the world has been without a proper building for music. Whilst every principal continental city has had its Music Hall, it has been the disgrace of the English capital to be left without one; and this disgrace is the more poignant as many of the provincial towns of England have magnificent edifices for this purpose. In London it has been left to private enterprise to supply the deficiency, and to the persevering and undaunted energy of Mr. Hullah are the inhabitants of London indebted for an endeavour to provide them with a suitable erection, constructed on proper principles for musical performances.

The principal buildings that have hitherto been used for music are the Hanover Rooms, Willis's Rooms, the Opera Concert Rooms, Wornum's Store Street Hall, the large rooms at the Freemasons' and Crown and Anchor Taverns, two or three minor concert rooms, and, finally, Exeter Hall. It is with this last building that we propose to show the comparative advantage enjoyed by Mr. Hullah's hall, in its facilities for properly rendering large works, since all the others are on much too small a scale to justify the performance in them of the highest class of orchestral compositions. When completely finished, the proportions of Mr. Hullah's hall will be 122 feet long, 55 feet wide, and 40 feet high—being about 10 feet longer than Exeter Hall, but not so wide by 20 feet; the

height of both being about equal. These proportions are admirably arranged, the height being well adapted to the length and breadth; and it is not only in height that Exeter Hall loses by comparison, but in the utter want of adaption of the roof for sound. This is the more remarkable after having attended a performance in St. Martin's Hall, and then listened to one in Exeter Hall. The perfect acoustic principles displayed in the erection of the former building insensibly present themselves to the ear, whilst in the latter the want of these principles is equally though painfully apparent. The hollow roof is a great cause of this, added to the want of proportionate height. If we compare the height with that of the Birmingham and Liverpool halls, both built on the principle best adapted for conveying sound, we shall find it much below the standard, the Birmingham Hall being 25 feet and St. George's Hall 35 feet higher than Exeter Hall. Again, if we take Westminster Abbey—an arena unmatched for the purpose of a music hall—we there find a height of 92 feet against a length of 240 feet and breadth of 68 feet.

It will therefore be seen that in the important point of height St. Martin's Hall has an immense advantage. Another superiority it possesses is in length, as compared with Exeter Hall, but this advantage would be nugatory were the length of Exeter Hall extended to its limits, instead of, as at present, being limited to the pillars at its eastern boundary. This bad arrangement forms a decided evil in the building; for at present, the recesses, whether used for orchestra or audience, are equally inconvenient. When a chorus is put there, it but indistinctly blends with the general effect of the orchestra; when the audience are there, they get but an imperfect understanding of the performance.

Another point in which St. Martin's Hall excels is in its gallery, uninterrupted by pillars and stretching round the room; and as regards conveniences for concerts and public meetings, the arrangements for the entrances, exits, &c., are vastly superior to those at Exeter Hall. Finally, in its ventilation, the greatest attention has been shewn to produce the most perfect system, whereas in Exeter Hall it is wretchedly deficient. It follows, therefore, from this combination of advantages, that, when finished, St. Martin's Hall must take the lead as the music-hall of London; unless there is some truth in the two rumours that have lately reached us; first, that the directors of Exeter Hall have resolved to make such extensive alterations as will adapt it entirely for a music-hall, and secondly, that a project is on foot for raising a joint stock capital for building a new music-hall for London. Either, or both of these schemes will meet with our hearty support, convinced that the more eligible the buildings that may be erected, so much more is gained towards the advancement of the art. But until these schemes assume a more "embodied idea," St. Martin's Hall must, *par excellence*, remain the best music-room in the metropolis.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE eighteenth concert was the first of the spring series and the first on a new plan. The whole of the opening part of the programme was devoted to selections from the works of Mozart, in the following order:—

Grand symphony in G minor.

Grand aria, Herr Formes (from *Il Seraglio*).

Grand aria, Mrs. A. Newton, "Se merto il tuo sdegno" (from *Il Seraglio*).

Sonata, violin and pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Mr. W. S. Bennett.

Selection from *Il Don Giovanni*:—

Introduction and quartet, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Land, Mr. Drayton, and Herr Formes.

Song, Miss R. Isaacs, "Vedrai carino."

Aria, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Il mio tesoro."

Song, Mrs. A. Newton, "Batti, batti." (Violoncello obligato, Mr. W. L. Phillips.)

Canzonetta, Herr Formes; "Deh vieni alla finestra." (Mandoline obligato, Herr Stehling.)

Sestet, Mrs. A. Newton (Donna Anna), Miss Eyles (Donna Elvira), Miss R. Isaacs (Zerlina), Herr Formes (Leporello), Mr. Land (Don Ottavio), and Mr. Drayton (Masetto).

Overture, *Il Flauto Magico*.

Nor was the selection a mere pretext for stringing together a number of popular and well-known pieces by this universal master. The first piece, the superb orchestral symphony in G minor, was played without curtailment, in a style that reflected equal credit on the band, whose neat and pointed execution was irreproachable, and on the conductor, Herr Anschuetz, who indicated the times with invariable correctness and decision. We have rarely, indeed, heard a band of forty performers play with more decided effect. The symphony was listened to with strict attention, and loudly applauded at the end of each movement. Had Herr Anschuetz been as eager to accept encores as a great many singers we could mention, he would certainly have repeated the slow movement, the exquisite melody and instrumentation of which made a lively impression upon the audience. The two vocal pieces which followed were both good, and both cleverly sung; the first, the gardener's song, "Wein liebchen hat gefunden," from the *Seraglio*, by Herr Formes; the second, a florid cavatina for soprano, from the same opera, by Mrs. A. Newton. After this Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett played one of the finest of the sonatas for violin and pianoforte—that in E flat. The performance was worthy of the music, more than which need not be said. The sonata, long as it is, unobtrusive in style, and offering few occasions for the display of brilliant execution, was received with distinguished favour, and in repeating the parts of the different movements according to the composer's directions, Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett displayed more confidence in the taste and feeling of their audience than Herr Anschuetz, who, to save about three minutes of time, omitted the necessary repeats of the slow movement and minuet of the symphony. A selection from *Don Giovanni*, beginning with the overture, was capitally performed. We have heard Mr. Sims Reeves sing nothing more finely than "Il mio tesoro," which gives full scope to the power and beauty of his voice, and calls into request the best qualities of his singing; but we should have been still better pleased had Mr. Reeves been courageous enough to abandon the Italian alteration of one of the most striking points in this air, where, instead of sustaining a long note through the accompaniment, according to Mozart's intention, the voice is made to sing a passage which belongs to the violins. The pretext for this liberty (originally introduced by Rubini)—the display of a B flat in alt—is a sorry one indeed. It is surely of more consequence that Mozart's music should be sung correctly than that an audience should be convinced by example of the quality of any particular note in the register of a singer's voice, when that particular note is quite beside the purpose. The sestet, "Sola, sola," by Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Eyles, Miss Isaacs, Herr Formes, Mr. Land, and Mr. Drayton, concluded the *Don Giovanni* selection, and the splendid overture to *Die Zauberflöte* brought the first part of the concert—that dedicated to Mozart—to an end, amidst applause the heartiness of which was unquestionable.

The second part consisted of a selection from the *Huguenots*, and a miscellany after the ordinary fashion. The band expended its strength to little avail on the overture to the *Dame*

*Blanche.* Mr. H. Drayton was encored in Knight's ballad, as was also Mr. Sims Reeves in Raoul's song, and Formes in the "Piff, paff." The most enthusiastic encore of the evening, however, was awarded to Ernst in Mayseder's *Air Varié*. This was indeed a marvellous performance, more especially the first variation, played in *thirds* and *sixths* all through (instead of Mayseder's single notes), and the *cadenza*, composed and introduced by Ernst himself, one of the most surprising feats of execution ever accomplished by human hands. On the whole, the last concert was one of the most satisfactory ever given by Mr. Stammers at Exeter Hall.

## GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

ELOGIA I.

*Una parte guardè de tus cabellos  
Eliza, envueltos en un blanco pano,  
Que nunca de mi seno se me apartan ;  
Descholos, y de un dolor tamano  
Enterneceme siento ; que sobre ellos  
Nunca mis ojos de llorar se hartan.  
Sin que de allí se partan,  
Con suspiros calientes,  
Mas que la llama ardientes,  
Los enaugo del llanto, y de consuno  
Casi los paso y cuento uno á uno :  
Juntándolos con un cordón los ato ;  
Tras esto el importuno ;  
Dolor me dexa descansar un rato.*

## TRANSLATION.

O my lost love, Eliza ! still I hold  
One dear, dear ringlet of thy raven hair,  
Twined up in silk with care—alas ! with care.  
I wear it near my heart, but when unrolled  
It lies before me, big tears of despair,  
Wild mournful melancholy fill my eyes.  
O'er the loved tress my involunt'ry sighs,  
Weak as an infant, and I muse in sadness,  
The victim of a lonely solitary madness.  
O my lost love, Eliza ! see me weep—  
Behold me wildly kiss this cherished tress,  
Torn from thy locks of raven loveliness.  
In tears of blood the relic still I steep—  
Still to my lips thy dear, dear hair I press.  
I fold it as a love-knot, and I bind  
It round my neck, dear love ! This lulls my mind ;  
I taste a short forgetfulness of sorrow,  
But wake to keener anguish on the morrow. E. K.

## THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NO. IV.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

THE name of this Journal having been taken in vain in a letter headed "Rossini and the *Morning Post*," and signed "Senex," which appeared in a recent number of a contemporary periodical, called the *Musical World*, we presume some reply will be expected from us. We will, therefore, although we have "no devotion to the deed," bow to custom, and consent, by our notice, to give an importance to the effusion which it would not otherwise possess.

It is an ungrateful task to fight with shadows, or to enter into a contest, the contemptible nature of which robs enthusiasm of its fire and victory of its exultation. It is equally disagreeable to be forced to drag imbecility into the broad glare of day and expose its infirmities. Pity prompts us to leave it in its native obscurity ; but our duty, as public critics, tells us we must not allow opinions to go abroad which may tend to mislead the public mind on an important subject, however silly they may be, for silliness is contagious.

The *Musical World* has recently done us the honour to reproduce our articles on "The Progress and Influence of Music," and has acknowledged the obligation. It has, at the same time, stated that it does not pledge itself to any of the opinions therein advanced or principles advocated ; at which we much rejoice, for it is our happiness to differ on most points from our contemporary, and, were our ideas of art by any accident to coincide with his, we should begin to feel some anxious misgivings respecting the state of our musical mind.

The letter to which we would call attention is quite a curiosity. The pseudonym of "Senex" is admirably characteristic of its style, for evidence is to be found in every line of its having been indited by some very old man or woman. It possesses every attribute of childhood except ingenuousness—all the greenness of extreme youth without its freshness. Its satire is as cutting as a down-bed, and its scorn as withering as the newly-budding spring flower.

We cannot undertake to wade through the two columns of twaddle with which the *Musical World* has favored its readers, but shall content ourselves with giving a summary of the writer's remarks upon the *Morning Post*. We stated in our article No. 2 (Dec. 27, 1849), upon the "Progress and Influence of Music," that the Italian Opera was brought to perfection by Mozart, and that with Rossini, his immediate successor, commenced its degeneration ; that is, that Rossini was but a degenerate successor to Mozart ; to which the venerable "Senex," makes the following reply, to the editor of the *Musical World* :—

"SIR,—I have read in your journal two papers on the 'Progress of Music,' extracted from the *Morning Post*, containing opinions in which I cannot suppose you entirely acquiesce. The writer has evidently written earnestly, but I apprehend he has fallen into a great mistake when, in his remarks upon the Italian school of operatic music, he says that with 'Rossini commenced its degeneration.' This implies that there were composers of opera in Italy greater than Rossini before his time, and that at the period when Rossini commenced writing Italian opera had reached its culminating point."

None but "Senex" could have arrived at so thorough a comprehension of our meaning !

"Let us consider who were the composers and what were their operas. I am not learned enough to know anything about the *Dafné* and *Euridice* composed by Peri and Caccini, in 1590 [we believe this], but I know something of the operas of Paesiello and Cimarosa, and am old enough [we doubt it not] to remember the *Arnida* and *Montezuma* of Sacchini, produced in London about the year 1793. From that period to the present time, partly from choice, partly from professional occupation, I have attended the Italian Opera House every season, and may be allowed to know something of the different operas produced, and the reputation gained by the several composers. In vain I search my memory to recall the great composers for the Italian opera who brought the lyric drama to such perfection, and to whom Rossini was but a degenerate successor. I know all their names but I know nothing of their superior merit."

We believe this.

"Who could the writer mean ? The favourite composers at the Italian Operas, previous to Rossini's time, were Sacchini, Sarti, Martini, Piccini, Portogallo, Bianchi, Salieri, Nasolini, Guglielmi, Paesiello, and Cimarosa, amongst the Italians ; and Glück, Paer, and Winter amongst the Germans. I omit Mozart [1] as his operas were not performed at the King's Theatre until somewhere about Rossini's time. More shame for the King's Theatre !"

Now, really, with all due consideration for the infirmities of age, we cannot allow our venerable friend this liberty. We are aware that the name of Mozart is extremely inconvenient to him ; that it is necessary to remove it before his argument can obtain even a shadow of plausibility ; that it opposes an insuperable barrier to his attempted attack upon us—but still we are inflexible ; and although we cannot but smile at the

unceremonious simplicity with which "Senex" proposes to omit him from the list of Italian opera writers who preceded Rossini, he must assign some better reason for displacing the "Cavaliere Philharmonico," who was the idol of the Italian public and the wonder of his own time, as he will be the admiration of succeeding ages, than the bare fact of his operas not having been performed at the King's Theatre, London, until "somewhere about Rossini's time," before he can hope to be listened to with patience.

We stated that Rossini was a degenerate successor to Mozart, whose name represents the highest glories of Italian opera. "Senex" flatters himself that he has confuted our "extraordinary statement," by asserting that Rossini's works are better than those of Portogallo, Nasolini, &c., and observes, triumphantly, that we have "fallen into a great error" in not supposing that Rossini brought Italian opera to perfection, because the old King's Theatre acted shamefully in not producing the works of Mozart as soon as it ought to have done. But enough of this.

The writer, subsequently amongst other things, observes, that Paesello was a "most charming and fanciful writer," and "full of melody which is remarkable for its simple and touching beauty, and which has survived"—that Piccini wrote a pretty and sparkling opera—that Pucitta's *Caccia d' Enrico* is light and amusing, &c. These singular remarks afford additional evidence of the extreme senility of the writer. His memory plays him false, for the above much-lauded composers belong to those antecedents of Rossini of whose superior merit "Senex" knew nothing at the commencement of his epistle. Perhaps, however, he will not admit a "most charming and fanciful writer," whose works are full of beautiful melody, touching, simple, and enduring in its character, to have any claim to "superior merit," and pretty and sparkling, or light and amusing operas, find no favour in his eyes. He then proceeds to remark that Cimarosa's *chef d'œuvre*, the admirable *Matrimonio Segreto*, is dull and spiritless; and respecting Glück, whom he classes amongst the Italian opera writers, he gives us the following information:—

"With great musical feeling and much dramatic power, there is an evident want of variety and contrast in Glück's music; and the subjects he has chosen appear to point to a particular state of mind. Nor do I think that the invention of this composer was always remarkable. At any rate, whatever he may have been, his works have gone the way of all flesh, and Cimarosa is the more fortunate of the two, for while he has left one work which is occasionally raked from the ashes of oblivion [this is a new figure!] poor Glück has not one! Surely it is not too much to assume that, what has not survived the lapse of time must needs have been deficient in extraordinary merit."

We were also of that opinion until we became aware of the existence of "Senex," who affords a striking instance to the contrary!

It is thus that the *Musical World* correspondent presumes to speak of one of the greatest dramatic composers of any age or time! whose wonderful and accompanied recitatives are sufficient to immortalise him, to say nothing of the lovely melodies and powerful choruses with which his works abound. Our superannuated critic appears also to be ignorant of the fact that Glück's operas are stock works on the German stage, where they are constantly performed. He then attacks Winter, calling him a "hen finch," a "chip," and "the white of an egg without salt." Mayer, the author of *Medea*, comes next, and receives much abuse for being "dull and heavy;" and, after bestowing many blows and buffets upon every composer whose name he can recollect who had the misfortune to precede Rossini, the writer indulges in a high flown panegyric upon his idol; after which he says,

"I trust I have proved satisfactorily that, antecedent to Rossini's time, the Italian opera had not arrived at perfection, by showing that there was no composer of sufficient genius to have achieved that object."

So far he is consistent in his ignorance or disingenuousness. No composer but Rossini finds favour in his eyes. Mozart is quietly dismissed, as though he had had nothing to do with the progress of Italian opera, and his thoughts have an *air de famille*, which appears to proceed from what the writer calls, when speaking of Glück, "a particular state of mind;" but anon comes a somewhat startling announcement. Towards the conclusion of a long letter, in the course of which "Senex" informs us that in one night Rossini "fluttered away the reputations of all his predecessors," and that his genius alone brought Italian opera to perfection, he says—

"It is not my intention here to maintain that Rossini's genius was of an order superior to those who had gone before!"

The gist of his argument, then, appears to be that the Italian school of opera was brought to perfection by the superior genius of Rossini, who eclipsed all his predecessors, but whose genius was not superior to "those who had gone before;" and this he terms "confuting our extraordinary statement" that, with Mozart, Italian opera reached its highest point. We have nothing to add to this; the writer's own words are sufficient for our purpose. We can only marvel that, in the nineteenth century (the first half), one man could be found so weak as to scribble, and another to print, such rank nonsense. There is, however, another paragraph which we must not pass over. It is the following:—

"Having, on this point, differed from him [the writer in the *Post*] *in toto*, I shall, with your permission, in an early number, join him hand in hand in endeavouring to expose a grievance under which our own opera labours at present. This grievance is nothing more nor less than the predominating influence the music publishers have established over the composers.—I shall lend him all the assistance in my power."

This is worse than all. On our knees we beg of "Senex" not to endeavour to help us, for we feel convinced that such assistance as his would be fatal to any cause. We now take leave of this subject, informing our would-be critics that for the future we shall take no notice whatever of such ridiculous attempts as the letter of "Senex," but that any rational objection to the principles we advocate addressed to this journal will meet with attention, and be duly answered.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

The Third Chamber Concert, under the direction of the Committee of this society, took place on Saturday evening, the 9th inst., in the small music room of St. Martin's Hall. The programme was as follows—

##### PART I.

Quartet in E flat, No. 4, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. N. Mori, E. W. Thomas, Weslake, and Guest. *Mozart.*  
Aria (La Partenza), "Taci in van," Mr. Ferrari. *W. Lovell Phillips*  
Song, "Ah! why do we love," Miss Leslie (Don Quixote). *G. A. Macfarren.*  
Trio, "Up, quit thy bower," Miss Thornton, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Ferrari. *Erinley Richards.*  
Duetto, piano-forte, two violins, tenor, violoncello, contra-bass, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, Messrs. J. H. Griesbach, E. W. Thomas, N. Mori, Weslake, Guest, A. R. Rowland, Nicholson, J. H. Maycock, C. Harper, and W. Chisholm. *J. H. Griesbach.*

##### PART II.

Quartet in D major, No. 2 (MS.), two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas, N. Mori, Weslake and Guest. *C. E. Horsley.*

Aria, "Batti, batti" Miss Thornton; violoncello obligato, Mr. W. L. Phillips (*Don Giovanni*) . . . *Mozart.*  
 Sonata in A, pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Robert Barnett, and E. W. Thomas . . . *Mozart.*  
 Song, "The sunny dreams of childhood," Mr. Herbert . . . *Edward Land.*  
 Septuor, Op. 20, violin, tenor, violoncello, contrabass, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Weslake, Guest, Rowland, Maycock, C. Harper, and Chisholm . . . *Beethoven.*  
 Accompanist, Mr. W. Cecil Macfarren. Director, Mr. James Calkin.

The Fourth Concert took place on Saturday, the 16th. We quote the programme:—

## PART I.

Quartet in G. No. 81, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Thirlwall, J. Banister, Trust, and Hatton . . . *Haydn.*  
 Aria, "Nobil Donna," Miss Clara Panchaud (*Huguenots*) . . . *Meyerbeer.*  
 Ballad, "She shines before me like a star," Miss Pyne (*King Charles II.*) . . . *G. A. Macfarren.*  
 Quartet in E flat, Op. 23, pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Miss R. M. S. Read, Messrs. Thirlwall, Trust, and Hatton . . . *Dussek.*

## PART II.

Quintetto, pianoforte, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Westrop, Banister, T. Westrop, Trust, and Hatton . . . *H. Westrop.*  
 Romance, "Spento ancor ritornerò," Miss Mira Griesbach (her first appearance in public) (*Leonora*) . . . *Mercadante.*  
 Ballad, "Constance," Miss Clara Panchaud . . . *Linley.*  
 Trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," Miss Mira Griesbach, Miss Pyne, and Miss Clara Panchaud (*Elizah*) . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
 Septuor in D minor, Op. 74, pianoforte, flute, horn, oboe, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. Brinley Richards, R. S. Pratten, Horton, Calkott, Trust, Hatton, and F. S. Pratten . . . *Hummel.*  
 Accompanist, Mr. Jewson. Director, Mr. W. Lovell Phillips.

The Fifth Concert will take place to-night.

The attendances have been tolerably good, and the performances excellent of their kind. We shall further allude to the society very shortly.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

## DRURY LANE.

THE performances during the week present nothing novel or striking, if we except the *Beggars' Opera*, in which Miss Eliza Nelson has succeeded in making a decided hit in Polly. The *Beggars' Opera* was given for the fourth time last night. The piece on the whole is but indifferently cast, especially in the leading parts, Mr. Rafter being anything but irresistible in Captain Macheath, and Miss Huddart making but a questionable Lucy; but this only serves to render Miss Eliza Nelson's talent more conspicuous, as the diamond becomes more refulgent when placed in contiguity with the turquoise. We were exceedingly pleased with the Polly of this young lady, not that we had found all we could have desired in her acting and singing—that was impossible to expect, Miss Eliza Nelson being comparatively new to the boards—but that, in addition to so much that was really excellent in accomplishment, we discovered so much promise in the fair vocalist as to lead us to anticipate for her a brilliant future. Miss Eliza Nelson sang all her songs in a style of unusual excellence. "Virgins are like the fair flowers," and "O ponder well," were evidences of her taste and expression, while the "Cease your sunning" showed a charming *sautez*, combined with great warmth of feeling. She was most enthusiastically applauded in all her songs, and encored several times.

A new five-act comedy is in rehearsal, and Fletcher's *Elder Brother* is in the bills.

## PRINCESS'S.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge honoured the performance of *King Charles the Second*, with their presence on Tuesday evening. The theatre was crowded in every nook and corner, and the opera went off with brilliant *éclat*. It was the benefit of the inimitable Flexmore, and the pantomime of *King Jamie* was more thoroughly enjoyed than ever. Flexmore's imitations were delicious, especially that of the unrivalled Carlotta Griesi.

Loder's *Night Dancers* was produced last night, the first time this four years. \* Mr. Allen played his original part. The other leading characters were novelties. Mademoiselle Nau appeared in *Giselle*—poor Albertazzi's original part; Mr. Corri was substituted for Leffler; and Madame Macfarren officiated for Miss Sara Flower.

Not having time to enter into particulars, we shall merely say that the revival was eminently successful, and that the performance in general was excellent. Mademoiselle Nau achieved a brilliant success. Mr. Corri was inferior to Mr. Leffler, but Madame Macfarren was a decided improvement on her predecessor. Full particulars next week. The opera will be repeated on Tuesday. Mr. Loder was enthusiastically summoned before the curtain.

## ADELPHI.

A NEW farce, called *My Precious Betsy*, was produced on Monday night, with success. The hero, Mr. Bobtail (Wright), a respectable tallow-chandler at Southampton, has a wife rejoicing in a legacy left her by a certain Dr. Brown, in whose service she has lived. He determines to enjoy himself on his wealth, but he has unpleasant neighbours, who destroy his happiness. Mr. Wagtail (Mr. P. Bedford), using the "Southampton Paul Pry" as an organ, insinuates that the defunct Brown has been too familiar with Mrs. Bobtail (Miss E. Harding), and also turns to scandalous account the mysterious visits of Mr. Langford (Mr. Worrell) who has an infant, the offspring of a clandestine marriage. The jealousy of Bobtail, affording a good opportunity for the humour of Mr. Wright, is the grand feature of the piece. In the ecstasy of his rage he smashes crockery, and perpetrates other destructive acts, and at last, by way of reprisal, makes love to the wife (Mrs. F. Matthews) of Wagtail. The farce, which was evidently written for the purpose of bringing out this one part, was quite successful, and Mr. Wright was called.

## OLYMPIC.

The production of a new tragedy by a gentleman so well known in literary circles as Mr. G. H. Lewes, attracted a numerous audience on Monday night. By divers works of a critico-historical character, the author had rendered himself celebrated as a connoisseur of the drama of Spain and France, and the style of the programme seemed to promise a favorable result of his peculiar studies.

THE *Noble Heart*, as his play is called, may possibly be borrowed from a Spanish play. Whether it be so or not, we do not know as a fact, but it rather seems to us as an original combination of the Spanish tone with the construction of the French classical drama. The principal character is Don Gomez de la Vega, an old noble with the high notions of honor so well known to the readers of the Spanish theatre, and so admirably transferred by Victor Hugo to the veteran in *Ernani*. Love proves too strong for his starchy principles. He becomes smitten by a merchant's daughter, and she,

though she loves another, accepts his hand to save her father from ruin. When the marriage is just celebrated, the son of the noble returns from the wars, and the bride finds, to her horror, that he is her first love, who, to test her affection, had wooed her under a feigned name. An interview between the young pair, who are both in a state of agony, excites the jealous rage of the father, but on learning the true state of the case, he joins their hands and retires to a convent, in compliance with the advice which has constantly been given him by his friend, the monk Herman. The position of this monk strongly reminds us of that of Balthazar in *La Favorite*, and, indeed, throughout the drama, a vision composed of Donizetti's opera and Hugo's tragedy seems to float before us.

The great merit of Mr. Lewes's tragedy consists in the clearness of his plan, and the sharpness with which he has defined his characters and their mutual relations. His division into three acts is, like his tone, taken from the Spanish dramatists, who divided their plays into three "*jornadas*," but the simplicity belongs to the professed admirer of Racine and Corneille. The fault of the piece is an over predilection for controversial dialogue. The personages often stand still to discuss when the audience want them to act, and in one place there is a regular debate on the comparative merits of the world and the cloister, which becomes somewhat fatiguing. Here, we think, we may see the influence of Pierre Corneille in particular. The first two acts, which, after all, merely lead up to the third, may be shortened, with advantage. The real action of the piece takes place in the third act. Here the sympathies of the audience are first really moved, and the skill of the author is displayed in the concentrated force of his collision. The language throughout is powerful, and when need requires passionate, an occasional appearance of bombast being by no means inconsistent with the Spanish atmosphere in which the action takes place. The whole piece gives evidence of the man of thought and literature, who has yet something to learn in the practical knowledge of the stage.

For the subtleties of acting the characters of this piece afford no great scope. They are telling, but they move in a straight course. Mr. G. V. Brooke displayed much force and pathos as Don Gomez; the dreamy sorrows of the lady were beautifully and poetically rendered by Mrs. Mowatt; Mr. Davenport looked, moved, and spoke in a style fitting the chivalric, single-minded young noble; and Mr. Ryder was sufficiently austere as the monk. The costumes and scenery were magnificent.

The call for the principal actors was followed by a call for Mr. Lewes, who crossed the stage amid loud applause. Mr. Davenport then announced the piece for repetition.

#### STRAND.

*Woman's Revenge*, an agreeable *petite comédy*, by Mr. Howard Payte, originally produced at the Olympic during that early period of Madame Vestris's management when Mrs. Glover was a member of the company, has been revived here with great success; the character of Miss Flashington, in which Mrs. Glover exhibits a combination of austere manners with goodness of heart, displaying the admirable actress in an aspect new to the playgoers of the day.

#### SURREY.

THIS house, so long the stronghold of nautical melodrama, has of late been making strenuous efforts to join the ranks of the "young legitimates." A few relapses have indeed taken place in the course of the struggle, but still the

lessee, Mr. Shepherd, has shown a will to take the path towards elevation; if possible, and Mr. Creswick, his chief actor, has, since he has joined the Surrey corps, been gaining a firm hold on the Surrey audience.

The acceptance of a five-act play in blank verse, by a gentleman so well known as Mr. H. F. Chorley, is a new indication of an attempt to elevate the amusements of a populous neighbourhood, hitherto for the most part dieted with coarser food. The play itself, which is entitled *Old Love and New Fortune*, is no specimen of dramatic construction. The author, in tracing out the tale of a purse-proud gentleman and his haughty daughter, who are cured of their pride by the humble Templar they have despised, has gone to work like a novelist. His language is extremely polished, and his dialogue abounds in excellent wholesome sentences, all tending to the enhancement of inner worth as opposed to external fortune; but he has not yet learned the art of marking out the progress of action by palpable situations, and an obscurity prevails throughout the production such as we do not remember to have seen in any acting drama. Though we have carefully watched the piece, we would not venture to explain its details; but at the same time we are anxious to pay our tribute of commendation to the grace and elegance of the writing. The author, more inured to the profession of poet than to that of playwright, has written not so much a drama as a dramatic poem.

The manner in which the work is acted shows the existence of a great deal of histrionic talent, little known on this side of the Thames. Mr. Creswick, who plays the Templar, and forcibly represents a passionate interior, veiled by a show of reckless sarcasm, is, indeed, familiar to Westminster audiences. Not so are Madame Ponisi, who feelingly depicts the contrition of the haughty lady; Mr. Mead, an excellent reader and careful representative of the chilly father; and Mr. Fitzroy, who plays a veteran servant, and is a most able actor of "old men"—all these performers work well together, and we see in them the nucleus of a good practical company. The scenery and costumes, which illustrate the end of the seventeenth century, show that Mr. Shepherd is emulous of the fame of his more northern competitors in the art of decoration.

Notwithstanding its success, the new play has been withdrawn, owing, we are given to understand, to some oversight about the acting licenses.

#### SADLER'S WELLS.

MISS EDWARDES, from the Bath Theatre, made her *début* here on Friday se'nnight, as Mariana, in Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Wife*. She is young, and in person thin and slight, with an animated and intelligent countenance. Her conception was delicate and impassioned; her voice, when within its ordinary compass, is melodious, but becomes somewhat harsh when she exerts it. She was most successful in the touches of tenderness and pathos in which the character abounds; and though the energetic passages wanted neither force nor discrimination, we suspect that Miss Edwardes's strength will be found in delineating the gentler passions of her sex, as depicted in the *Deademonas* and *Mirandas*, *et hoc genus*. But we will wait, and see more of this lady, who, at all events, is a valuable acquisition to Mr. Phelps.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*Opera Comique*.—On Wednesday last, Adolphe Adam's opera of *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, was produced for the first time before an English audience. Few



works have been more popular in Paris than this. It had a run of a hundred and fifty nights, and still continues to be one of the most attractive stock pieces of the Opera Comique. We should say that this success is mainly to be attributed to the amusing character of the libretto, and to the admirable singing and acting of M. Chollet, for whom the part of Chapelou, the postilion, was expressly written. The music, which is generally trite and common-place, is more suited to the better class of vaudeville than to opera. This, however, does not detract from the merit of the performance at Mr. Mitchell's theatre, which was highly satisfactory, and afforded the utmost amusement. The piece was well got up, M. Chollet playing the part of the hero, Madlle. Guichard that of the heroine, with much discrimination and talent, and Messrs. Buguet, Chateaufort, and Devaux, contributing their best efforts in the other characters.

The book, the joint production of M.M. Leuven and Brunswick, is cleverly and neatly put together. It is divided into three acts. The first act passes at the village of Lonjumeau, where Chapelou, the postilion, is married, and deserts his wife, almost immediately after the ceremony, to follow the Marquis de Corcy to Paris. The Marquis is the minister of Louis XV.'s "*menu plaisirs*," among which the Opera stands as number one, and holds out to the astonished Chapelou golden dreams of fortune and honours, to be acquired by a cultivation of his *si di poitrine*. The second act is taken up with an intrigue between St. Phar, as the postilion is now called, being primo tenore in the King's troupe, and a Madame de Latour, no other than Chapelou's wife, who has inherited a rich fortune from an aunt in the colonies, and has become a lady of high fashion. The third act treats of the marriage of St. Phar with his first wife, whom he is far from suspecting to be the real Madelaine, his horror at the idea of being hanged for bigamy with his accomplices, and the clearing up of the plot—explanation, moral, and reconciliation of everyone to everyone.

The characters of the different personages are broadly caricatured and well sustained throughout the piece. M. Chollet was inimitable both in his acting and singing, and proved how much can be done by art to counteract the influence of time. His first appearance as the postilion was hailed with loud and continuous applause. His making-up was admirable as the joyous, light-hearted French post-boy of the last century; his acting was most appropriate and in keeping with the character; and his first song, "*Mes amis, écoutez l'histoire*," was enthusiastically applauded. The metamorphosis in the second act, where he is transformed into the first tenore of the king's operatic company, was complete and happy. His acting was in excellent keeping with the traditions handed down to us of the coxcombry and pretensions of the singing gentlemen of that period, and his delivery of the romanza, "*Assis au pied d'un hêtre*," furnished us with a most amusing caricature of the style of singing then prevalent on the continent. It was received with shouts of laughter, and unanimously encored.

Madlle. Guichard came in for her share of well-deserved applause, and gave the song, "*Mon petit mari*," with much vivacity. Her acting was excellent throughout this act. She also played the part of the titled lady in the second and third acts with much natural grace, and was particularly good in the scene where she combines the two personages into one, uniting the characters of Madelaine and Madame de Latour. The part of Bijou, alias Alcindor, the original "*Boreas*" at the Grand Opera, was capitally rendered by M. Buguet, whose jealousy of his comrade, although tempered by the most vehement admiration of his gifts and his impudence, was really

amusing. The trio for MM. Chollet, Buguet, and Devaux (Bourdon, the sham priest,) "*Pendu, pendu, pendu*," when, the plot being discovered, they all expect to pay the last penalty of the law, was highly effective, and went to perfection. M. Chateaufort's part was out of his usual line, but he infused much humour into it. The *Postillon de Lonjumeau* was decidedly successful, and the principal artistes were recalled to receive the congratulations of the most crowded house we have seen this season.

The opera was preceded by a vaudeville, entitled, "*Le Débutant*;" in which the part of an aspirant to theatrical honours was well played by M. Léon, who evinced signs of talent and a good deal of humour. J. DE C-

#### MR. MACREADY IN LIVERPOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Tuesday evening Mr. Macready took his final leave of the Liverpool stage. The performances having concluded, the calls for Mr. Macready were loud and continuous, and after a few minutes had elapsed, he made his appearance in front of the stage, and addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been equally agreeable to me to attend with pleasure and alacrity the complimentary summonses with which you have so often heralded me; but now I must confess I obey your call with reluctance and regret. I might count back many years from the date of my first appearance before you, but time has not weakened my recollection of the cheering welcome with which you greeted my more youthful essays; and well do I remember the many successive occasions when, my humble efforts have been favoured with your liberal approbation, and when my endeavours to bring before you the genius of our great dramatic bard have found a ready response in the intelligence and sympathy of my audience here. What more have I to say? The exercise of my art I relinquish at somewhat an earlier period of my life than many of my more distinguished predecessors have done, and I willingly yield the scene to younger, but, I must say, scarcely less ardent aspirants to your favour; not, indeed, from any consciousness of enfeebled powers, but because I would not risk the chance of lingering there to deprive others of what I know they may enjoy. And even at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, I prefer to submit to you the representation of Shaksperian character illustrated as a proof impression, rather than offer to you an indietified and worn-out plate. ('No, no!' and loud cheers.) It has always been a gratification to me to appear before you, and therefore it is painful to me now to reflect that it is a pleasure I shall never again enjoy. Ladies and Gentlemen, I take my leave of you with a sense of your long-continued kindness, and with sentiments of great regret I bid you, in my profession as an actor, a last farewell."

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. JOSEPH STAMMERS, the director of the London Wednesday Concerts, gave a grand concert in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening. The announcement of the performance caused an unusual stir in our classical town, and every seat was taken almost instantly. I have seldom witnessed so much excitement at Cambridge. The vocalists were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Eyles, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Herr Formes—all importations from the London Wednesday Concerts. The instrumentalists were Herr Anschuetz (pianist), Mr. T. Harper (cornet-a-piston), and Mr. Richardson (flautist)—performers appertaining alike to the London Wednesday

Concerts. In short the concert at Cambridge was a London Wednesday Concert in every respect but the day, and the absence of Ernst and a grand orchestra. In Ireland they would have called it a Wednesday Concert, in spite of the day.

The programme reminded me forcibly of some of the programmes of the London Wednesday Concerts. The first part was devoted to a selection from *Sonnambula*; Mrs. Alexander Newton singing Amina's music; Mr. Bridge Frodsham that of Elvino; and Herr Formes that of the Count.

Mrs. A. Newton has a clear, bright, soprano voice, of great brilliancy. Her executive powers are considerable, and, to my thinking, she sings more like a musician than any English singer I have heard of late years. Be this as it may, Mrs. Newton produced a powerful impression in both her songs, the—cavatina, "Come per me seleno," and the final rondo. She sang both in English. This was a mistake. She should have sung them both in Italian. I acknowledge that Mr. Stammers is right in the main, in having his operatic selections interpreted in the vernacular; nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Italian songs, and *bravuras* especially, suffer greatly from their union with "Our harsh, northern, grunting guttural."

The new English tenor, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, was received with high favour. He appears a quiet, unassuming person, without the least pretension; although his fashionable moustache might incline one to the idea of his having a good opinion of himself. The likeness to Sims Reeves is unmistakable. It was universally acknowledged. A friend of mine, an Irishman, told me the likeness was so strong, that even those who had never seen Sims Reeves must have allowed it. Mr. Bridge Frodsham has a high tenor voice—I should almost think, a counter tenor voice—of a nice pleasing quality. His singing is like his appearance, without any pretension. He gave the grand scena, "All is lost now," with much feeling and expression, and was loudly applauded.

The great German basso, Herr Formes, was received with thunders of applause. A high reputation had preceded him, and immense expectations were raised in consequence. Never were expectations more fully realized. Herr Formes has one of the most powerful bass voices I ever heard; almost as powerful as Lablache's, and at the same time sympathetic in quality, and admirably in tune. He sang the count's song, "Vi vivas," in English, pronouncing the words with clear and perfect articulation. It was a fine specimen of vocalization. He subsequently gave the "Drinking Song" from *Der Freischütz*, and Shield's "Wolf," with more effect, as they were better suited to the vigour of his style than Bellini's domestic strains. He also joined Mrs. A. Newton in a duet of Donizetti, and sang Schubert's "Wanderer," and "The Bay of Biscay." Schubert's romance was a magnificent performance, and "The Bay of Biscay" carried away the audience like an electric shock. Herr Formes was encored several times.

I was much pleased with Mr. Richardson; he is a most brilliant flautist. He played a Scotch tune, and varied it in a most ingenious and fanciful manner. Never was simple ballad so diffused into showers and sparkles. But all was done pleasingly and surprisingly. Mr. Richardson played also the flute obligato in the "Lo! here the gentle lark" to Mrs. A. Newton's singing.

Mr. T. Harper played two solos; one on the trumpet, and one on the cornet. The one on the trumpet, Dr. Arne's "The Soldier tired," was more to my fancy: the one on the cornet appeared to be better relished by the majority.

Miss Eyles must not be forgotten. It would be unjust to pass by this charming artist, without a word. Miss Eyles sang four times. We liked her most in Sterndale Bennett's "May Dew," and Balfe's "Merry Zingara."

After the concert, a grand supper was given to Mr. Stammers by several members of the different colleges and influential men of the town, and the evening passed away in the utmost hilarity and friendly intercommunion. The director of the London Wednesday Concerts has set an example to the inhabitants of Cambridge, from which the most beneficial results are likely to spring. He has shown them that entertainments conducted in a first-rate manner cannot fail of proving attractive and remunerative, and that, consequently, popular Concerts will not in future be such a sealed book as they have hitherto been in this town. I am certain Mr. Stammers will be most cordially welcomed when he comes again to Cambridge.

## BEETHOVEN AT THE PIANO.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

At first the fingers of the player seemed to frolic over the keys, as though they toyed with the vibrations of the strings. The sounds were sportive and jocund; they rippled like laughter; they were capricious as the merriment of a coquette. They then merged into a sweet and warbling cadence—a cadence of inimitable tenderness, the very suavity of which was rendered more piquant by its lavish variations. The measure changed, with an abrupt fling of the treble hand; it gushed into an air quaint and sprightly as the dance of Puck—comic, old, sparkling on the ear like zigzags: it threw out a shower of notes; it was the voice of agility and merriment; it was grotesque and fitful, droll in its absurd confusion, and yet nimble in its amazing ingenuity. Gradually, however, the humorous movement resolved itself into a strain of preternatural wildness—a strain that made the blood curdle, and the flesh creep, and the nerves shudder. It abounded with dark and goblin passages; it was the whirlwind blowing among the crags of the Jungfrau, and swarming with the cries of the witches of the Walpurgis; it was Euridice traversing the corridors of hell; it was midnight over the wilderness, with the clouds drifting before the moon; it was a hurricane on the deep sea; it was everything horrible, weird-like, and tumultuous. And through the very fury of these passages there would start tones of ravishing and gentle beauty—the incense of an adoring heart wafted to the black heavens through the lightnings and lamentations of Nineveh. Again the musician changed the purpose of his improvisation; it was no longer dismal and appalling, it was pathetic. The instrument became as it were the organ of sadness, it became eloquent with an articulate woe; it was a breast bursting with affliction, a voice broken with sorrow, and a soul dissolving with emotions. Then the variable harmonies rose from pensiveness into frenzy, from frenzy into the noise and the shocks of a great battle; they swelled to the din of contending armies, to the storm and vicissitudes of warlike deeds, and soared at last into a paean such as that of victorious legions when—

"Gaily to glory they come,  
Like a king in his pomp,  
To the blast of the trumpet,  
And the roar of the mighty drum."

As the triumphant tones of the instrument rolled up from its recesses, and filled the apartment with a torrent of majestic sounds, as the musician swayed to and fro in the enthusiasm of his sublime inspirations, and enhanced the divine symphony by the crash of many and abrupt discords, the Resurrectionist gazed with awe upon the responsible grandeur of his countenance. The impetus of his superb imagination imparted an inconceivable dignity to every lineament, to his capacious forehead, to his broad and distended nostrils, to the fierce protrusion of his under lip, to the mobile and generous expression of his mouth, to the tawny yellow of his complexion, to the brown depths of his noble and dilated eyes. There was something in unison with the glorious sound that reverberated through the chamber even in the enormous contour of his head, and the grey disorder of his hair. He seemed to exult in the torrent of melody as it gushed from the piano and streamed out upon the dusk of the evening. While Cagliostro was listening in an ecstasy of admiration, he was startled by a sudden clangor among the bass notes—the music seemed to be jumbled into confusion, and the ear was stunned by a painful and intolerable dissonance. On looking more intently, he perceived that the composer had let one hand, fall ab-

stratedly on the key-board, while the other executed, by itself, a passage of extraordinary difficulty and involution. Then, for the first time, the thought struck him that the musician was deaf.

Alas! the supposition was too true; Beethoven was cursed by the loss of his most precious faculty. Those who appreciate the full splendour of his genius—who worship his memory with a devotion inspired by his compositions, can sympathise in that terrible deprivation of hearing, by which his art was rendered a blank, and the latter days of his life embittered.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERA IN AMERICA, (From *Saroni's Musical Times*.)

DON GIOVANNI at the Astor Place Opera House. If any one had ever doubted the growing taste of this community for music of an elevated character, a visit to the Opera House on Tuesday night would have convinced him of his error. The parquette and amphitheatre were crowded, while the boxes were by no means indifferently filled. We are gratified that it was *Don Giovanni*, an opera by Mozart, which called together so vast an assemblage. We are gratified, because, if such music be appreciated properly, a beneficent influence cannot fail to arise from it, and we are gratified, because the superiority of truly dramatic music, over the superficial and flashy style of the modern Italian school, is nowhere so well established as in *Don Giovanni*. We do not speak now of *Don Giovanni* Beneventano, or even *Don Giovanni* Tamburini, but of *Don Giovanni* as a work of art, unrivalled in all its component parts, and unrivalled as a whole.

We do not intend this article as a criticism on the evening's performance, and we may, therefore, be permitted to give our impressions of this first representation briefly, and subject at any time to be modified by future consideration.

The cast of the Opera seems to us injudicious, to say the least of it. Beneventano's acting is too vulgar, his singing too boisterous and too rough. Truffi, as Donna Anna, acted very well, as she always must, in fact, but her singing bore but too ostensibly the stamp of superficial method to satisfy us in this part. Sanguorico, as Leporello, mistook his part completely, in trying to make up in buffoonery of the grossest kind, for what he lacked in voice. Novelli, as Masetto, sang correctly, but the music is of a character altogether foreign to his style, and in his acting he displayed but little of that surly stolidity of the jealous peasant, which serves so much to animate the whole opera. Bertucca, as Zerlina, was indifferent in her acting and singing; and the only one of the whole troupe, manager, leader, and all, who seemed to have understood the music of the composer, was Signorina Patti, as Donna Elvira. She sang correctly, and felt comparatively easy in her part, while the well-worked score of the opera seemed to sit like a straight jacket on all the rest of the performers.

Here an impertinent *roulade* was cut short by the dissonant interval of a clarionet; there a brilliant cadenza came to an untimely end by the unmerciful blast of a red-hot republican trumpet. Wherever the frightened singers turned, abysses and precipices met them, and it required on the part of the leader all the skilful guidance of a practised rouleteer, to preserve a sure footing for those entrusted to his charge.

But we will consider this first performance as a least rehearsal, and give credit at least for the able manner in which the Terzetto of the first act, and the Sextetto of the second act were performed. This deserves the more appro-

bation, since a former attempt of the same composition was so complete a failure.

But to return to the opera. To give an analysis of the different pieces in this opera would be but one continuous panegyric, which we are the less reluctant to omit, since so many abler hands have anticipated us; but there remains one point to explain, which has rarely been touched upon by all the various writers. We refer to the strange mixture of dramatic, melodramatic, and comic effect in this opera.

Hoffman, the German Hoffman is the only one, who, with his well known satire, attempts to throw some light upon it. He says: "I recollect that at a representation of *Don Giovanni* some one complained bitterly, that it was so terribly unnatural to introduce the statue and the devils!—I asked him, smilingly, whether he had not perceived that in the marble man a confoundedly cunning police commissary was hidden, and that the devils were nothing but masked constables, that hell was nothing but a house of correction in which Don Giovanni was imprisoned for his crimes, and I advised him to consider the whole as an allegory. Complacently he snapped his fingers, and laughed and pitied the others, who allowed themselves to be deceived. Ever after, when conversation turned upon the powers which Mozart called from the subterranean regions, he smiled at me most knowingly, and I looked at him in a similar manner. We thought 'we know what we know!' and he was right.

There is really something more than caricature in this little anecdote; it approaches but too near the truth, to permit us merely hastily to glance at it. Actors and audience, singers and orchestra, often fall into the same error. This accounts then for the buffoonry *extraordinaire* of some Leporellos, for the vulgarity of some Don Giovannis, for the flippancy of many other artists engaged in this opera, and—for the applause and approbation of the audience at times when nothing but the exaggeration of these comic efforts could give rise to it. The intellectual mind cannot fail to discover in *Don Giovanni* the pendant to Goethe's *Faust*. The two masters agreed to call the mysteries and superstitions of bygone ages to their aid, the better to represent in strong colours the contrasts between vice and virtue, to make the allegory complete at which Hoffman but slightly hinted.

P.S. Since writing the above we have attended the second representation of *Don Giovanni*, and we are delighted to have it in our power to state, that the performance was in every respect superior to that of Tuesday night. All the artists moved with much more freedom, sang more correctly, and acted with more dignity; in short, the whole performance was as good as we could expect at a first representation, for we still insist that the one of Tuesday night was only a last rehearsal. The "Fin ch'han del vino," of Beneventano met with an encore, and was repeated this time without those blunders which marred a previous encore. "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata," was well sung by Signorina Patti. "La ci darem" was correctly sung, but much disturbed by that disagreeable mouthing of Beneventano, which he always introduces when attempting to be sentimental. Forti, as Don Ottavio, pleased us very much. He sang the music in an unpretending style and with much expression. Truffi, as Donna Anna, has improved much since we last saw her, and we do not doubt that with a little careful study she will make that part completely her own. But now one word to Leporello. Is it absolutely necessary that the disgusting buffoonery of that gentleman should intrude upon the audience in even the most sublime passages of the Opera?

The orchestra "a bien marché," as our friend of the *Revue du Nouveau Monde* would say.

## MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 106.)

## Plagiarism the Thirtieth.

*The quick ardent Priestess, whose light bound  
Came like a spirit's o'er the unechoing ground.*

I never yet knew a woman who did not believe she walked  
as lightly and gracefully as a spirit:—

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* (*I feel too lazy to see which book.*)  
*Illa per intactas segetes vel summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras curtis læsisset aristas.*

The same notion is propounded in "*Wit Restored in several  
Select Pieces*," an old work re-published in 1817, by Long-  
man, and plundered fiercely by this short-man.

O! lull me, lull me, charming eyr,  
My senses rockt with wonder sweet,  
Like mow on cool thy feelings are  
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet.

## Plagiarism the Thirty-first.

*Vases filled with Kishmee's golden wine  
And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine.*

Our little friend did never think that I would have hunted  
after him in the mazes of

COWLEY. *Sylva, or divers copies of verses.*  
*Et risum ritis lacryma rubra move.*

But he was not born to elude me.

## Plagiarism the Thirty-second.

*Soon at the head of myrinds, blind and fierce  
As hooded falcons, through the universe  
I'll sweep my darkening desolating way,  
Weak man my instrument, curs'd man my prey,*

I am not surprised that a bird of prey, like our Tommy,  
should clutch in his claw this simile of the hawk. It is quite  
a common one. Not only men, but even swords have been  
compared to falcons; and Byron thought he achieved a won-  
derful miracle when he bawled out—

And fast and falcon-like our vessel flew.

SHAKSPERE.

He shakes aloft his Romaine blade  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies.

MASINGER. *The Bashful Lover*, act iii. sc. 2.  
See with what winged speed they climb the hill  
Like falcons on the stretch to seize the prey.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*. A. 325.  
Pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,  
From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.

In the Eastern history of Nader Shah, chap. ii. (Sir W. Jones,  
vol. v. page 29.) we find that warrior compared to a falcon.—

*Il ressembloit à un faucon qui met en pieces ses ennemis avec les serres  
sanguinales du courage.*

## Plagiarism the Thirty-third.

*Ye, too, believers of incredible creeds,  
Whose faith inshrines the monsters which it breeds;  
Who, bolder ev'n than NEMROD, think to rise  
By nonsense heaped on nonsense to the skies.*

This is but a lame imitation of the blasphemies of my Lord  
Byron, and reminds one of the mimicries of Falstaff's page.  
The figure and speech about Babel is a very old one.

LORD BROOKE. *Mustapha*. Chorus Quartus.

Whence man from goodness stray'd  
And wisdom's innocence,  
Yea, subject made to grave and hell  
By error's impotence,  
Labours with shadowed light  
Of imbecillity  
To raise more towers of Babel up  
More the truth to be.

POPE.—*Epistle IV. On Man.*

Oh, sons of earth attempt ye still to rise  
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies?  
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys  
And buries maddened in the heaps they raise.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold. Canto iii., st. cv.*  
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim  
Was Titan-like on daring doubts to pile  
Thoughts which should call down thunder.

## Plagiarism the Thirty-fourth.

*Nay, shrunk not, pretty sage, 'tis not for thee  
To scan the mazes of Heaven's mystery.  
The steel must pass through fire ere it can yield  
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.*

How interesting to manufacturers is the discovery con-  
tained in the two last lines; and how appropriately is it whis-  
pered to a young lady who "never meddled with hot iron,"  
as Hudibras says. The notion is, however, purloined as usual  
from—

PETER PINDAR.

*To bend a piece of iron to our will  
You always make the iron hot,  
But then it asks but little force or skill,  
It's sturdiness is quite forgot.*

There is something very like it also in—

BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

*The rugged metal of the mine  
Must burn before its surface shine,  
But plunged within the furnace flame  
It bends and melts though still the same,  
Then temper'd to thy want or will  
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill—  
A breast plate for thine hour of need  
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed.*

## Plagiarism the Thirty-fifth.

*Aronya's cheeks, warm as a spring day sun,  
And lips that like the seal of SOLOMON  
Have magic.*

Oh! Thomas! Thomas! Thomas! Into what dark bourne  
had thy gallantry fled, when penning this most base compari-  
son? It is true, that thou hast stolen the thought from an  
Oriental poet, as is attested by—

SIR W. JONES.—*As. Poes. Com.*, vol. ii., 445.

Fult autem puella, grati pulchritudine, venustate, perfectione prædita;  
egregiam habens et æquam staturam, oculos vero nigros somni plenos,  
fascino Babylonio imbutos, et supercilii tanquam arcus vibrantes sagittas  
aspectum letale, nasum ensis mucroni similem, os verò Solomonis  
sigillo.

But the said poet was assuredly a wag of the first brilliancy  
Misled by him, thou hast compared the lips of a handsome  
girl (which are in my humble opinion, the portals of Paradise),  
to the seal of Solomon. And what will the ladies say, when  
they learn to what base uses this very seal was applied?  
Josephus relates an instance of its being used to pull a devil  
through the nostrils of a man possessed. And to this filthy talis-  
man thou hast likened the mouth of a sweet, laughing, kissing,  
blushing, tempting Eastern damsel. Shame, I say; shame,  
Thomas Moore.

To avoid all cavil and to save some trouble, I transcribe  
the original passage from the Jewish historian, with old Sir  
Roger L'Estrange's quaint and clear translation for the benefit  
of the girls.

JOSEPHUS.—*Antiquit. Judæe*, lib. viii., chap. 2.

Ιστορικῶς γὰρ τινὰ Ἐλεῶσαν τῶν ὁμοφυλῶν Οὐεσπασιανῶν παρόντος, καὶ  
τῶν υἱῶν αὐτοῦ καὶ χιλιάρχων, καὶ ἀλλοῦ στρατιωτικοῦ πληθους τοὺς ὑπο  
τῶν δαίμονων λαμβανόμενους ἀπολύνοντα τούτων. Ὁ δὲ τῆς θεραπείας  
τρόπος τοιοῦτος ἦν. προσφέροντας αὐτοῖς τῆς ρίζης τοῦ δαίμονος (ἀμμένου τοῦ δακτυλίου)  
ἐχόντα ὑπο τῆ σφραγίδος ρίζας ἐξ ὧν ὑπεβείκε Ὁλομῶν, ὑπεῖτα ἐξείλκεν  
ὁσφρανομένῳ δια τῶν μυκτῆρων τὸ δαίμονιον, καὶ πέσοντος εὐθὺς τοῦ

ανθρώπου μηκέτι εἰς αὐτὸν ἐπανέλθει ὥρκου, Σολομῶνος τε μνησθέντος, καὶ τὰς ἐκείνου ἀς συνέθηκεν ἐκεῖνος ἐπιλεγών. I saw one Eleazar, a countryman of mine, dispossessing of people, in the presence of Vespasian and his sons, officers, and soldiers, and his way was this: He applied a ring to the nostrils of the person possessed, with a piece of a rock conveyed under the seal of it, being a secret of Solomon's. The Demoniac did but smell to't, and the Devil was drawn out by the nose. The spirit threw the man down; but Eleazar adjured it never to trouble him any more, making frequent mention of Solomon's name in the time of the operation, and reciting charms and incantations of his invention.—Fol. 1702, page 220.

### Plagiarism the Thirtieth.

*Through whom all beauties beams concentrated pass,  
Dazzling and warm as through Love's burning glass.*

I often pity the ladies when they fall into the meshes of such rhymers as Tom. Here we have the poor dears compared to burning glasses, as hot and as destructive as those with which Archimedes burned the Roman ships. But the thought is a grey-haired one.

THOMAS STERRE.—*The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, 1599.*

*As on a burning glass, or little space,  
Dispersed sunbeams oft united are;  
And in one point beams infinite appear,  
Innumerable rays dissected farre,  
From th' oblique circle, that glorious starre;  
So like that instrument I now begun  
To unite the favours of our earthly sun.*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

*Wondering long, how I could harmless see,  
Men gazing on those beams that fired me;  
At last I found it was the crystall love  
Before my heart that did the heat improve,  
Which by contracting of their scatter'd rays  
Into itself did so produce my blaze.*

SHIRLEY.—*The Maid's Revenge, Act iii. iv.*  
*Now you appear all nobleness, but collect,  
Draw up your passions to a narrow point  
Of vengeance like a burning glass that fires  
Surest i' the smallest beam.*

COWLEY.—*David's Book, iii.*

*Merab appear'd like some fair princely tower,  
Michael some virgin Queen's delicious bower;  
All beauty's stores in little and in great,  
But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.*

YALDEN.—*The Insect.*

*In a small space the more perfection's shown,  
And what is exquisite in little's done;  
Thus beams contracted in a narrow glass  
To flames convert their longer useless rays.*

### Plagiarism the Thirtieth-seventh.

*Whose gentle lips persuade without a word.*

Pretty lips do in sooth persuade us to we know not what,  
But it was a lady first noted the fact.

MRS. TIGHE.—*Psyche, Canto ii.*  
*These lips divine that even in silence knew  
The heart to touch.*

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE OLDEN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct an error which Mr. Monk has allowed to creep into his prefatory remarks to "The Anglican Chant Book" reviewed in your number for the 6th instant.

Mr. Monk writes, that the Gregorian Chants were banished from the English Cathedrals soon after the Restoration, and in another place remarks that the olden mode of singing the Psalter did not long survive the attempt to maintain it.

The evidence that the olden chants were used from 1549 to 1740 is beyond all controversy; every printed Cathedral use has them

up to 1730 and no others. Dr. Nichols, the learned commentator on the Prayer Book, says of the chants in use in his day:—"The common tunes which are at this day in use are said to be composed (or at least settled) by Gregory the Great." Bishop Wetenhall adds his authority, thus:—"In our vulgar Quires there are two kinds of singing, the Gregorian or Common Chants, and that more curious kind of counterpoint music in which our Services and Anthems are composed."

I presume that you are aware that the Gregorian Chants to the responses, versicles, and suffrages, are sung at this day in every Cathedral in England. The Chants ascribed to Tallis, Byrde, and Farrant, are forgeries, as are those ascribed to Handel, Haydn, and Spohr. Dr. Child's Chants are harmonized Gregorians.

The Gregorian music is not dead. It cannot die, unless Bach dies—unless Handel and Mendelssohn die. You have printed Forkel's life of Bach, pray reprint the page respecting Bach's use of the olden modes. I can send you pages of Handel and his use of the Gregorian. The hymn for *Corpus Christi* is not dead yet, unless Mendelssohn and the Exeter Hall choir have killed it in the *Lauda Sion*. The "O sol salutis" is not dead yet, unless Mendelssohn, Mr. Costa, and the men of Exeter Hall have killed it in the *Athalie*. The fifth Tone is not dead yet, unless Handel's *Coronation Anthem* be dead, and the opening of the overture to *Athalie* be dead also, and the "Sleepers awake," in the St. Paul, be so. Look into Mendelssohn's Psalms (the 2nd and 22nd), and you will find some life yet in these noble strains.

The truth is, the Gregorian Chants are the foundation of all melody, as the Gregorian or Church modes are the foundation of all form and structure. I recommend Mr. Monk to study the first movement of Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, wherein he may find what the Church modes taught Mendelssohn. After which he may look at the Duet in A minor, in the *Esther*, written upon the music to the "Sursum corda," the oldest Christian music extant, and he will then, perhaps, have lived long enough to write another preface, and edit another Psalter Chant Book.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

3, Newman Street, February 20, 1850.

### A RATING FOR OURSELVES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—What interest can the majority of your subscribers take in the numerous quotations you give, in order to prove that Moore was a plagiarist. I believe it is scarcely possible for a writer on any subject not to fall into the same train of thinking, and adopt the same images and expressions which have been already used by other writers on the same subject. Why, you who condemn the practice are yourself the chief of plagiarists! How often have you stolen the language of others, and even repeated the very expressions you have used a hundred times on similar occasions; but to the purpose. The *Musical World* being professedly a record of music, we have a right to expect fair and impartial notices of the Concerts which from time to time take place in the Metropolis. This, however, is not the case. In your last number, the first concert given by the British Musicians is passed over in the following cursory manner:—"The Society of British Musicians rose from its sleep on Saturday evening week, and commenced a series of chamber concerts in the old style but in a new room;" but not a word is said in reference to the manner in which the music was rendered. Surely such artists as Lockey, Kate Loder, Blagrove, Lazarus, Nicholson, &c., are not altogether undeserving notice.

I am, Sir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

[Having an abstract reverence for copy, we accept the strictures of our correspondent with many thanks, and publish them eagerly.—ED.]

### HAYDN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—You would extremely oblige by informing me in your next publication, whose arrangement is the best I can procure

of Haydn's symphonies, arranged as pianoforte duets, with orchestral accompaniments for two violins, a flute, two tenors, a violoncello, and double bass.

A CONSTANT READER, ÆSCULAPIUS.

Oxford, Feb. 12th, 1850.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Could you inform me, through the medium of the *Musical World*, the names of the singers engaged each season at Her Majesty's Theatre, from the year 1839 to the year 1846 (inclusive). Should your time be too valuably occupied, perhaps, at your request, some of your numerous readers would be kind enough to give the above information.—I remain, Sir, yours, &c., A. B.

1844 Feb., 1850.

#### REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"Peace to Thee," *Ballad*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"Beneath thy Casement," *Serenade*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"No form but thine," *Canonnet*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"Gay Lark," *Ballad*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE.

"Adieu, ye Woods," *Ballad*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE.

"Let us be joyous," *Ballad*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE.—ADDISON and Co.

THE above six songs were sung in Mr. Arthur Wallbridge Lunn's "Literary and Musical Evening," given at Blagrove's Rooms, about a fortnight since, and noticed by us at the time. The very favourable impression which these songs then made upon us has been more than confirmed by subsequent examination. They are all distinguished by a melodious flow which must render them general favourites.

"Peace to Thee" is a pure melody—simple, but full of meaning. It is a ballad which we can imagine Miss Dolby singing, and charming her hearers with.

"No Form but thine" is a *canonnet*, somewhat formed upon the model of Haydn's, and characterised by a musician-like treatment throughout. The second part, in E minor, breaks the *legato* melody happily, and the return to the original subject is contrived with artistic skill. The pianoforte part requires a delicate touch; and, indeed, much of the effect of the composition depends upon the refinement with which it is treated, both by vocalist and pianist.

"Beneath thy Casement" is a serenade, melodious, and cleverly accompanied. The modulation into D minor is unexpected, and the *staccato* quavers at the conclusion to the word "awake!" would be heightened if scored for an orchestra. We should be pleased to hear this serenade in a concert-room, with orchestral accompaniments.

"Gay Lark" is a ballad with a catching melody; although addressed to a bird, it has none of the clap-trap in the accompaniment so often found in songs of this class. A *soprano* voice would make this song most effective, and we can recommend it to amateurs who do not rest their claim to attention upon mere display.

"Adieu, ye Woods" is a pleasing *cantabile* melody, in which pathos is attained by simple means. In the second part, the flowing accompaniment is effective.

"Let us be joyous" is a sparkling melody in waltz time, in which the world's ears are defied, and implicit reliance placed on the faith of some fair one unknown. This song was encored on the evening of performance; and we have no doubt that a similar honour will await it in most concert rooms. It is something in the style of "Vadasi vi pi qua," which has so often sent away audiences in a state of exhilaration.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* was given last night, for the first time this season.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio of *Deborah* was performed on Monday night.

MR. LUMLEY is expected in town to day. His first concert in Paris has been highly successful.

MR. LUCAS will shortly renew his annual series of musical evenings, for classical chamber compositions.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The rehearsal of the first concert took place last night at the Hanover Square Rooms. The concert will come off on Monday evening.

A COOL SOPHISM.—The Temperance Members of the Admiralty pretend that the crews of the New Arctic Expedition ought, above all others, to be deprived of the hitherto usual allowance of grog, as they are sure to have lots of "cold without."—*Pasquin*.

MADLLE. VERA is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera to replace Madlle. Corbari.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—This gifted singer is turning the heads of the Mexicans, and in several cities she has been crowned on the stage with wreaths ornamented with ounces of gold. We learn with pleasure that she will, with her director, Mr. Boehm, pay us a visit this month.—*Boston Museum*.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN's benefit is announced for the 11th of March, under the distinguished patronage of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The talented artists will appear, for the first time in London, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Mr. Charles Kean playing Benedict, and Mrs. Charles Kean Beatrice.

NO WONDER.—We understand Mr. Keeley has given deep offence to Lord Roden by his performance of *Orange Moll*, in Jerrold's comedy of *Nell Gwynne*. His lordship considers any allusions to an old woman in the orange line—personal.—*Pasquin*.

HER MAJESTY, Prince Albert, and the Royal children, attended the performance at Drury Lane on Saturday evening. The entertainment consisted of *The Spider Child*, the pantomime *Harlequin Queen Bess*, and *Charles XII*.

HER MAJESTY and Prince Albert honoured the performances at the Haymarket on Tuesday evening.

PASQUIN.—We are pleased to see our sharp and merry friend, Pasquin, restored to life again, with much better health and spirits than he enjoyed before his recent demise. Our present cotemporary did not die outright, he merely fell into a slumber, from which being awakened, he is now brisk and full of blood. In short, Pasquin appears other than his former self—though his former self was sufficiently pleasant, and merits the support of all true lovers of wit and humour, satire and small talk—squibs and caricatures. The fifth number, just come out, is heavy with good jokes, genuine fun, and pure drollery. The illustrations, by Kenny Meadows, are worthy of Kenny Meadows.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert honoured the French Plays with their presence on Monday evening. The Royal suite consisted of the Countess of Mount Edgcombe, the Hon. Miss Stanley, the Marquis of Ormond, Colonel Buckley, and Colonel Gordon.

SONTAG AT PARIS.—(From the *Times Correspondent*).—The concert of Madame Sontag, given last night (Tuesday) at the Conservatoire, may almost be reckoned a political event, from the mixture of parties and the really splendid assemblage of high personages who congregated on the occasion. The little theatre, in former days an appurtenance of the Crown, was crowded to excess, every box containing some *célébrité* of the present, but far more of the past régime, the noble Faubourg St. Germain contributing its full quota. I was informed by a French gentleman that he had seldom or never seen so many of the old nobility in public during the eighteen years of the reign of Louis Philippe. The President of the Republic was not present, being detained by unexpected public business, but his box was occupied by the Princess Mathilde and a party.

LEICESTER.—The last of the Monthly Subscription Concerts was given on Tuesday evening last, with complete success. It will readily be believed that, as no periodical concerts have been given in Leicester for the last sixteen years, numerous difficulties must have arisen during this series, which, however, have all been over-



come by the spirited exertions and judicious management of the projectors. Tuesday evening's programme was, perhaps, the best that has been presented, the chief exponents being Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Leffler (both of whom made their first appearance in Leicester), Mr. Nicholson (flautist), Miss Wykes, and Master Weston. Mrs. Sunderland was encored in two of her songs, viz. Spörle's "Wishing Gate" and Bishop's "Echo Song," the flute obligato in the latter being finely played by Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Leffler was in capital voice, and sang "Non più andrai" and "The Lads of the Village." Mr. Nicholson performed a new sole (written by himself) upon Siccama's Patent Diatonic Flute, in which he displayed a mastery over all the difficulties of his instrument, united to a very full, pure tone: the solo was loudly encored. Benedict and De Beriot's duet for piano and violin, on themes from *Sonnambula*, was effectively rendered by Miss Wykes and Master Weston; their performance took the audience by surprise. Our meed of praise is due to Mr. H. Gill and the orchestra who acquitted themselves in excellent style.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, honoured this theatre with their presence on Thursday evening, to witness *He Would Be An Actor* and *The Island of Jewels*.

Miss MURRELL gave a concert at St. Martin's Hall on Tuesday week last, in which she was assisted by several vocalists. Miss Murrell is a pupil of Mrs. John Roe. Mr. John Roe conducted.

**TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.**—Verdi, as well as Halévy, is writing music to a *libretto* founded on Shakspeare's *Tempest*.

**BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The third Ladies' Concert took place on Friday week evening, and was attended by a numerous and fashionable company. The Marquis of Thomond presided. We cannot but express our opinion that the last concert was not so satisfactory as many of its predecessors; nor can we understand what particular charm there is in pianoforte fantasias to induce the managers to place two on the programme of one evening. Of the two fantasias played on Friday evening, we preferred that of M. Jaques; one reason for our preference being, that the band took part in it. In itself, also, it was a highly satisfactory performance. Mr. George Field ably performed a solo in the second part, and was rewarded by an encore. The *sostato* in the second act, "Stay, prithee, stay," was effectively sung by Miss Stanley, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. W. Pyne, and Messrs. G. Temple, E. Lansdown, and Thomas. Mrs. K. Pyne, in the "Savourneen dhelish," obtained an unanimous encore. Miss Stanley, in the trio from the *Barber of Seville*, acquitted herself well for so youthful an artiste. We might also speak in laudatory terms of Miss Gilbert, Messrs. Rogers, and Mr. B. Taylor, in the pretty trio by Balfe, "Thro' the world." Miss Gilbert's tones are sweet, but too weak as yet for so large a room. The madrigals were, as usual, most effectively sung.

**BATH.—CLASSICAL QUARTET CONCERTS.**—The first of a series of concerts, having for their object the reproduction of the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and Mozart, but more especially their instrumental quartets, was given at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday morning; Mons. Jaques being the *entrepreneur*. The enterprise was a test of the feeling of our musical circles; but, nevertheless, it was attended with a marked success, the room being crowded with the *élite* of our city and neighbourhood. The programme had been edited entirely from Beethoven's masterpieces. Two of his quartets had been selected—that in A, No. 5, Op. 18, and another in F, No. 1, Op. 18. The interpreters were Mons. de Kontski, first violin; Mons. Jaques, second violin; Herr Rahles, tenor; and Herr Hausmann, violoncello. Agreeably interspersed with the instrumental performances, were a few vocal pieces. The most striking of these was the scena and aria, "Ah! perfido," which was sung by Miss Ley, with feeling and effect. The pathetic musical declamation, entitled "Repentance," was rendered by Mr. Millar in a style which merited the applause he received. Between the parts, M. de Kontski played one of his solos for the violin—a performance abounding with the most startling difficulties. It will be seen by advertisement, that the second concert is fixed for Saturday morning next.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The Societa Armonica gave their third dress concert at the Royal Assembly Rooms, Great George-street, on the 15th instant, to a full and fashionable audience.

### ● TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. D. (Athenæum Club).—The Royal Italian Opera will open, we believe, before Easter week.

Q.—Certainly.

J. STERLING (Middle Temple).—Perhaps not.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Our City Correspondent was engaged elsewhere. We cannot afford to pay half-a-dozen contributors, to notice concerts that are never advertized in our columns, and have no general interest or artistic importance.

AN AMATEUR.—Perhaps.

INQUIRE.—H. B. Richards, not H. R. Richards.

X. Y. Z.—Certainly not.

EPIGRAMMATICUS.—Mr. Morris Barnett, beyond question.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### JUST PUBLISHED.

"LET US BE JOYOUS;" "PEACE TO THEE;"  
"BENEATH THY CASEMENT;" "GAY LARK;" "ADIEU, YE WOODS;"  
"NO FORM BUT THINE."

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(To be continued.)

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J. A. Owen, "O'er Desert Plains," cantonette, 2s. 6d.

"The Farewell," poetry by Byron, 2s.

H. Esner, "My Angel, a Pearl of Love is mine," translated by Mrs. Eliza Darby, 1s. 6d.

L. Van Beethoven, "Adelstein," by Mathiasen; "Lonely wanders thy Friend," a new translation, by Eliza Darby.

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Tickets One Guinea each.

EXETER HALL.

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THE SECOND CONCERT of the SPRING SERIES will be held on WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY the 27th, when SIRS REEVES, EHNST, and other Artists of Eminence will appear. Full particulars will be duly announced.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. BALFE retains his post as Musical Director at Her Majesty's Theatre. This announcement will, we are sure, be heard with general satisfaction, and may serve to set at rest all doubts, conjectures, guesses, and speculations on the subject.

Mr. Sims Reeves is secured for the season, as one of the first tenors of the establishment. The engagement was settled on Tuesday. Another wise step.

Carlotta Grisi has been here for some days, and is already engaged in the rehearsal of a new *ballet*, by M. Paul Taglioni, which will be produced on the opening night.

## BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

WE announced last week that Mr. Rousselot had determined upon the renewal of these interesting meetings during the present season. His arrangements are now complete. The quartet will consist of Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot. The three first meetings will be confined exclusively to the works of Beethoven. The three last will include specimens from other masters.

M. Stephen Heller, the celebrated pianist and composer, will play the grand trio in D major at the first concert.

With the liberality and truly artistic feeling which have ever distinguished Ernst, that eminent violinist, who will lead at the six concerts, has entirely forgone his terms, depending upon the success of the undertaking for his chance of remuneration. We are pleased to hear that the subscriptions are already nearly full.

## A NEW MUSICAL CELEBRITY.

The *Athenæum* has found out a new musical genius, and makes public its discovery in sentences short and mysterious as the enigmas proposed by the Sphinx to the devoted inhabitants of Thebes. Without pretending to the sagacity of Œdipus, and without aspiring to the reward that awaited him who unravelled the meaning of the monster's riddles, we are ready to offer a solution of the problem. The *Liverpool Journal* has published the following:—

"Towards the latter end of the past year the name of Mr. Silas, a young artist of Amsterdam, was mentioned to Mr. W. Sudlow, the honorary secretary of the Philharmonic Society, by a resident Dutch gentleman of this town. So exceedingly strong were the terms of eulogy in which the young musician's name was introduced, both as a composer and pianist, that Mr. Sudlow hesitated even to hope that so rare a jewel was to be picked up within the dykes of the Dutch capital. A short time since, however, a series of five romances in MSS., the composition of Mr. Silas, came into the hands of Mr. Sudlow through the agency of the gentleman alluded to. After a careful examination of these compositions, Mr. Sudlow, himself an amateur of refined taste, and an acknowledged high authority and impartial judge in such matters, now pronounces them to be equal to the best compositions of Mendelssohn in the same style. They are written in a somewhat similar form to the

great maestro's *lieder ohne Worte*, and are shortly to be published, we believe, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. An engagement to appear at an instrumental concert on the 9th of April, being the third in the subscription, has been forwarded to Mr. Silas, at Amsterdam, and accepted by that gentleman. He is to arrive here a fortnight previous to the concert to superintend the rehearsal of a MS. overture, also his own composition, and which he will conduct. At this concert his power of extemporizing upon a given theme will be tested in the presence of the audience. It will be seen by the annexed translated extract from an elaborate critique which appeared in the *Handelsblad* (Amsterdam newspaper) of the 24th December last, that he possesses wonderful facility in this respect, and is otherwise a fertile and promising genius. In giving the following extract, we may premise that the Amsterdam criticism is not to be classed with the inflated *feuilletons* issued by the Paris press:— "At a concert given at the Felix Meritis, on the 21st instant, a young pianist, Mr. E. Silas, a native of this town, made his *début*, and produced a sensation which for a long time has not been equalled. He played a concerto of his own composition, which for depth of conception and elegance of style may be placed at the side of any of the principal composers of our time. Its execution was a perfect model of all we could wish to hear, and was received by a crowded audience of the first families in this town with rapturous applause; but the enthusiasm was at its height when, on being recalled, he extemporized on a theme given to him by an eminent professor present in such a wonderful manner that the delighted audience could not rest satisfied without giving him an unanimous and enthusiastic third recall to continue, which he did on another melody. Indeed we cannot find words sufficiently strong to express the admiration we felt, and which seemed to prevail with every one present. The orchestra also executed an overture of his composition, which showed equal merit, and gave evidence of what may be expected from so accomplished a musician. He received his principal education in Germany, and finished at the Conservatoire de Musique, in Paris, where he gained, last month, the first prize for a performance on the organ."

We venture to guess that the new musical genius, pulled out of the depths of obscurity by the rod and line of the cunning fisherman of the *Athenæum*, is no other than Mr. Silas the Dutchman.

Although our contemporary has not absolutely delivered his enigma in the words of the Sphinx, his hints have been disclosed in such vague phraseology that we shall not be doing him injustice in thus translating his hieroglyphs:—

*What musician in the morning walks upon four feet, in the noon upon two, and in the evening upon three?*

SOLUTION.—Mr. Silas in the morning of life walked upon his hands and his feet. Mr. Silas, in the noon or manhood of life, walks upon his two feet. Mr. Silas, in the evening or decline of life, will in human possibility walk with the aid of a stick. Answer—MR. SILAS.

As we have no desire that the *Athenæum*, mortified at this early divulgement of his secret, should dash his head against the rocks and perish, like his predecessor Sphinx, we will let him off the penalty in consideration of our own indemnity from another—that of becoming Kings by marrying our own mothers; whereby we shall be spared the pains of putting out our own eyes and the shame of expatriation at the hands of our own offspring.

The *Athenæum* may now speak out about Mr. Silas, without let or hindrance.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

Before proceeding to the next number of Messrs. Wessel's collection, it will be as well to state a few particulars which we have been enabled to obtain in relation to those compositions of M. Stephen Heller not comprised in the publications of that enterprising firm.

Ops. 1 to 6, of the works of M. Heller, consist of sundry *Airs Variés*, the themes selected from popular operas, and the whole of which were composed between the ages of twelve and fifteen. From a glance at these effusions we come to the conclusion, that, although not without considerable promise and a certain feeling of originality, they do not evince any decided indications of that peculiar and distinguished talent, which was later evinced by the composer. They should, nevertheless, be included, if possible, in every complete collection of M. Heller's works, as illustrating a particular point in the progress of his talent as a pianist and composer.

Op. 7 consists of Three Impromptus, in which the originality hinted at in the *Airs Variés* is further and happily developed. In these pieces a boldness of progression is occasionally evinced, not observable in the previous works.

Op. 8, is a *Scherzo*. Here already the deep sentiment and largeness of outline which subsequently became prominent characteristics in the style of M. Heller, are strongly shadowed forth.

But the first remarkable effort of M. Heller's genius is incontestably the sonata, Op. 9 (*Première Sonate, pour piano seul*), in which the style of the young composer exhibits a complete and unexpected transformation. What was before merely hinted at, and regarded by the critics as a momentary caprice of the fancy, becomes a prominent feature. The evidence of a recent and enthusiastic study of the works of Beethoven and other great masters is too positive to admit of doubt. The ideas, formerly treated with the minute elaboration of a *petit maître*, are clearer, simpler, and made to depend more often on their unadorned simplicity. The outlines become wider, and at the same time more consistent, while the general style evinces a feeling of decision which is not impaired even by the profuse manual difficulties that spring from the young writer's unlimited command of the instrument. Altogether this sonata is a work of high interest, as containing the seeds of those peculiarities which have since become such attractive characteristics in M. Heller's manner.

Ops. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15 seem to have been written to order. M. Heller's fame had by this time reached Paris, and his music was already considered a marketable commodity by the publishers of that *soi-disant* centre of modern civilisation. The influence of Paris upon M. Heller was what the influence of Paris has invariably been upon all young composers when they have first experienced it,—deleterious and abasing. We can, indeed, see little in these works beyond a certain readiness in appealing to what is styled so complacently the "popular" taste. They are easy and sometimes elegant, but there is nothing in them that any one capable of writing with facility might not have written with facility. They obtained much popularity, however, and for a time their vogue rested as a check upon the original genius of the composer, who did not emancipate himself from the dangerous position in which he stood, until "one fine morning" he produced the *Andante*, 24 *Etudes*, op. 16, one of the most charming and ingenious of his earlier works. But this collection of

studies is too deserving of serious attention to be dismissed in the brief space we are at present enabled to afford.

(To be continued.)

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE directors have issued their prospectus for the approaching campaign. The Royal Italian Opera will open for the fourth season, on Saturday, the 16th instant, with an Italian version of *Der Freischütz*, to be entitled *Il Franco Arciere*. The *Free Archer* was, we believe, one of the many titles intended for the piece by the author of the book previous to its present designation having been fixed upon.

The company differs materially from that of last year. Many of the old names will be recognised with pleasure; some of the omissions will be heard with regret.

The soprani are Grisi, Castellani, Madlle. Vera, and Pauline Garcia.

Three of these are too well known to demand a moment's consideration. Madlle. Vera will make her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. The season before last she played at Her Majesty's Theatre, but was then a more novice. She is young, and is, we learn, greatly improved. Her late success in Paris, according to the Journals, was undeniable. If she prove but half as good as is reported she will do. We question much, however, whether she can satisfactorily supply the place of Madlle. Corbari, whom we, like many others, have always considered the very best of *seconde donne*.

The *contraltos* are Madlles. de Meric and d'Okolski. This looks as if the directors this year intended to shelve *Semiramide*, *Donna del Lago*, and other operas in which the *contralto* holds a prominent position. Madlle. de Meric has a charming voice, but she is yet too young and inexperienced for the great parts of such dramatic singers as Alboni and Angri. She will, no doubt, however, fill very satisfactorily parts of less superior importance, and in the mean time we must hope for the best.

Of Madlle. d'Okolski we know nothing further than she is English and married to a Pole; and even of this we are not certain. She may be merely a namesake of the lady we have heard of.

The list of tenors differs materially from that of last year. Mario remains. The Royal Italian Opera could not well do without Mario. Salvi is omitted. The Royal Italian Opera may flourish without Signor Salvi. Sims Reeves has gone over to the opposite house. But, in revenge, Luigi Mei, Soldi, and Lavia are faithful to their posts. These artists are all very useful in their way.

Two new tenors supply the places of Salvi and Sims Reeves. Signor Enrico Maralti is from the Theatre La Fenice, in Venice. He makes his first appearance in this country, and his *début* in Max in *Der Freischütz*. Of Signor Enrico Maralti we know nothing; but he must be a good singer and actor to perform so arduous a part as that of the hero in Weber's opera effectively.

Signor Tamberlik, the other new tenor, is an importation from the San Carlo at Naples, and the grand opera at Barcelona. He, too, makes his first appearance in this country. Of Signor Tamberlik we have heard most promising accounts, and we shall not be surprised if he turns up a trump card.

The basses are stronger and more efficient than ever. The old hands are Tamburini, Massol, Ronconi, Tagliafico,

Polonini, Rommi, and Rache. The additions are Formes and Zelger.

The re-engagement of Ronconi will prove a source of high gratification to the subscribers and the public. Herr Formes's engagement will also be hailed with general satisfaction. The great German *basso* will appear in all his principal parts, including, among others, Caspar, Leporello, Marcel, and Mosé.

M. Zelger comes from the Académie Royale and from the operas of Brussels and Ghent, and will be remembered as the Marcel of the Brussels company at Drury Lane when the *Huguenots* was first produced in this country. He performed the leading bass parts in the French operatic company, at the St. James's Theatre, at the latter end of last season. Thus much for the vocal troupe.

The band, chorus, and conductor are the same as heretofore, with two slight exceptions—Mr. Platt resigns the post of first horn into the hands of Mr. C. Harper, and Mr. Thomas will be succeeded by Mr. G. Cooper among the first violins.

A list of eight operas are given, five of which will be produced for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera. The eight operas are *Der Freischütz* (Weber), *Guido e Ginevra* and *La Juive* (Halévy), *Parisina* (Donizetti), *Fidelio* (Beethoven), *Iphigenia in Tauris* (Glück), *Il Bravo* (Mercadante), and *Mosé in Egitto* (Rossini).

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* will, of course, form one of the most attractive features of the season. Its productions last year was, from unavoidable circumstances, postponed to the end of the season, and the opera could only be performed ten times. "It may therefore be regarded," says the prospectus, "as a new opera." In fact, those few representations have served merely to whet the public appetite about Meyerbeer's new *chef d'œuvre*.

The cast of *Der Freischütz* for the opening night will include Madame Castellan and Mademoiselle Vera (sopranos), Signors Enrico Marali and Luigi Mei (tenors), M. Massol (barytone), M. Zelger and Herr Formes (basses). Caspar is one of the greatest parts of Herr Formes.

The entire management of the theatre, before and behind the curtain, is in the hands of Mr. Frederick Gye.

The whole of the musical arrangements will be as heretofore under the direction of Mr. Costa.

The *ballet* will continue to be confined to *divertissements* incidental to the operas.

#### ERNST AT MANCHESTER.

[In an article on the first classical chamber concert of Ernst and Hallé, the *Manchester Examiner* has so justly appreciated the merits of the German violinist that we have much pleasure in transcribing an extract into our own pages.—*Ed. M. W.*]

The first of four chamber concerts announced by the two eminent artists, Herr Ernst and Herr Hallé, took place on Thursday evening, at the Assembly Rooms. A more agreeable musical evening could scarcely be imagined. Ernst has no rival in power of tone, depth of expression, or brilliancy of fingering—he is a true artist in every sense of the term, and carries with him the sympathies of his audience, be it a popular or a learned one. His playing possesses a character which has truth for its foundation; there is a meaning in all he executes; a story is told, or a feeling expressed, in a manner that cannot be misunderstood: he is really the poet of his instrument, uttering a language peculiarly his own. His execution, however brilliant and extraordinary in the accomplishment of difficulties, is at all times forcibly marked, defining the melody

or strain which runs through the elaborate ornament with a clearness that keeps up attention to the subject, where others of less talent and genius would only bewilder. Take for instance the "Allegro energico" in the "Grand Trio" by Mendelssohn, where the wild energy seemed to inspire and hurry him along with its impetuosity, yet the outline was never lost in the midst of the gorgeous colouring with which the subject is overlaid. The fine feeling thrown into the "Andante espressivo" of the same trio, tremulous in its intensity, was never excelled even by the master to whom all superiority is now referred. Herr Hallé and Herr Lidel were not behind the leader in this beautiful musical feature; we may say, without exaggeration, that both exhibited the highest feeling for their art. Perhaps a still greater treat was, the Beethoven "Sonata," so exquisite in melody, so full of eccentric and brilliant fancy;—the character of the work was admirably sustained by Ernst and Hallé, the latter surpassing himself,—the *adagio* might be called the perfection of playing. The quartet in which Messrs. Seymour and Baetens were engaged, is perhaps of too erudite a character to meet with general appreciation, but it is a splendid composition, and found executants who fully comprehended its meaning. Three pleasing trifles, entitled "Pensées Fugitives," the joint composition of Stephen Heller—who, by the way, is now in London—and Ernst, concluded a performance of instrumental music such, we venture to say, as Manchester before has scarcely witnessed. The second of these interesting meetings is fixed for Thursday, the 7th of next month.

#### ZINGARELLI AND ROSSINI.

THE following edifying anecdote, extracted from a book called *Memoranda of a Musician*, has been going the round of the provincial papers, who, like ourselves, it would appear, have an abstract reverence for copy.

ZINGARELLI.—On one of Rossini's visits to the Conservatorio at Naples, the seminary of the world's greatest musicians, he is said to have rather abruptly demanded of Zingarelli, that master's opinion of his music. "Sir," replied the director, with his accustomed frankness, which did honor to him, "your music may please at the theatre, but it will never do at our schools. I have, therefore, considered it my duty to forbid your scores being placed in the hands of my pupils!" Rossini carried this rebuke off with a laugh, but he was evidently mortified.—*Memoranda of a Musician.*

That the music of the composer of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*, was not considered good enough for the *Conservatorio* at Naples, we may believe, on the oath of an honest historian; but that such being the case, the pupils of so severe an academy should be satisfied to gather precepts and examples from the meagre scores of the author of *Romeo and Julietta*, we cannot believe, on the oath of any historian whatever. A carefully drawn comparison between Zingarelli and Rossini would; we imagine, make the former look even smaller than he appears from the evidence of that precious opera, of which the last act is considered so dull, even by the Italians, that an act from the weakest opera of Vaccaj is invariably substituted when it is performed.

#### CARLOTTA GRISI AT DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

I HAVE not written you since Jullien was here, with Jetty Treffz. I have had no theme. It was not easy to get rid of

the impression produced by Jetty. Nor have I rid myself of that impression. Nor do I wish to rid myself of that impression. But I have been newly delighted. I have been newly impressed. Carlotta Grisi, with her wings of light, has been floating in the midst of us.

Carlotta was expected in Dublin on the 5th ult. But a tempest arose, and forbade her crossing the seas. She remained 24 hours at Holyhead. Holyhead is a dull place. Carlotta rested at the hotel with her wings folded, like a golden insect hiding from the wind and rain, under the protecting shadow of a leaf. At length the clouds dispersed, the storm fled, the winds were dumb and the sun rode out in the skies. He smote the sea with his beams, and the waves danced with delight. He kissed the hills with his light, and the shadows ran away. The plains were bare, except where the trees and the hedges cast a gentle darkness upon the grass—a darkness which was light mellowed into softness. And Carlotta came over, on the waters, while the storm fled far away to the south, till at last only his skirts were seen, and after that nothing. He had dived under the ocean that flows beyond the horizon.

Carlotta arrived on the 7th, and, after two days of rest, and two days of rehearsing, she appeared at Mr. Calcraft's Theatre Royal. The ballet was the *Filleule des Fées*, a French ballet. It is a tale of enchantment. An old fairy is refused a seat at a birth-feast, on the pretext of "no more room." All the other fairies are hospitably entertained. Each fairy bestows on the newly-born child some precious gift. Angered at the slight paid to her power, the rejected fairy inflicts a malediction which nullifies the blessings of her sisters. The action of the ballet is the development of the antagonistic fairy influences, and the ultimate triumph of the good over the evil.

Carlotta was the god-daughter of the fairies. She looked like an ethereal thing, and as she glided along the scene, amidst the plaudits of her entranced beholders, she seemed as though she had never touched earth, but, like the sky-lark, scorned the ground.

"Thou scorner of the ground."—SHELLEY.

All that I had seen of dancing was nothing—absolutely nothing—to Carlotta's. On this occasion she flew, on unseen wings, as though the air were lighter than herself, and bounded as though it would persist in snatching her from the ground, every time her feet touched it, jealous of so dear a burden. She floated like an unrooted narcissus upon the bosom of a swiftly-running stream. I know not the technicalities of her fascinating art. I never danced in my life, not even on my wedding-day; but the sight of Carlotta, dancing as though to dance were to live and love together, produced so powerful an effect that my feet moved in spite of me. I never was more touched by an exhibition of mimetic art. But the art was so concealed that it was very nature that sparkled before my eyes, like a star too beautiful to be near. The audience applauded to the echo at the end of each of the variations, every one of which was more graceful, more wonderful, than the last. Yet while Carlotta danced the universal breath was suspended, and had it been possible, one could have heard the motions of her noiseless feet. But as well might you listen to catch the sound of a butterfly's wings. Carlotta's feet, which twinkle till the eye is dazzled, emit no sound but a visible music. They fall to the earth as silently as the snow.

The success of the ballet—that is of Carlotta, for Carlotta was the ballet—was prodigious. It was repeated on the 12th, the 14th, and the 16th, and on each occasion the enthusiasm went on increasing.

On the 18th, the *Diable à Quatre* was the ballet. Carlotta's mazurka has been too often and too glowingly described by one of your excellent critics of the Italian Opera, for me to think of attempting a word in illustration of what I felt on seeing it. A more natural and enchanting impersonation I never witnessed. It was not merely dancing, but acting through the medium of dumb gestures, which equalled the highest eloquence of language.

On the 19th the incomparable *danceuse* took her benefit, and her leave of the Dublin public, among whom I am proud to say she numbers as many admirers as there are play-goers. The first act of the *Diable* and the first act of the *Filleule* were represented, besides two charming *Pas de Deux*—the *Ménola* and the *Styrien*. Carlotta was in high spirits throughout the evening, and danced to perfection. She was applauded till the audience was tired of applauding and she acknowledging their favours. The whole evening was a triumph of agility, grace, and exquisite *finesse* on the part of the *danceuse*, and a triumph of heartiest enthusiasm on that of her beholders. Prince George of Cambridge, Col. Macdonald, and all the *élite* of Dublin were present.

I must not forget to mention in terms of high praise the dancing and acting of Mdlle. James and M. Silvain in the ballets. The lady is a gentle modest-looking girl whose very appearance is in her favor, to say nothing of her talent which is graceful and *distingué*. In the *Filleule* she played the principal Fairy, and in the *Diable à Quatre*, the Countess. She was excellent in both. The gentleman is a countryman of ours, an Irishman who has known how to make himself famous on the continent. M. Silvain is a dancer of strength, agility, and ease. His deportment is manly and prepossessing, and the practised artist is evident in all he attempts. A better or more natural representation of Mazurki, the basket maker, could not have been desired.

Carlotta's stay at Dublin has, as usual, been a round of *fêtes*. When not practising or rehearsing at the theatre she was seeing "sights," and when not seeing "sights" she was practising or rehearsing at the theatre. Carlotta is never idle. To stand still is, with her, impossible. She is a living and a lovely illustration of perpetual motion. She went to the Queen's Theatre, to see the officers play the comedy of *Charles II.*, for the benefit of the poor. A box was placed at her disposal, by the managing committee of the performance. She went to the Phoenix Park, in an open car, and narrowly escaped being overturned. The crazy vehicle, driven by a crazy coachman, and drawn by a crazy quadruped, jolted and jolted, till out fell poor Silvain and Mr. Levy, the clever leader of our Theatre and Philharmonic bands, *nez en avant*. These were Carlotta's companions. Had Carlotta fallen out she would have floated. The caressing air would have grudged the earth the pleasure of supporting her.

There was also a charming pic-nic, of which Carlotta was the life and soul. You know the County Wicklow. Well, the pic-nic was not in the County Wicklow, but on the way to it, a few miles past the atmospheric rail-road, near the sea-shore. The house at which she stopped was kept by three sisters—peasants, but such models of cleanliness that Carlotta will never henceforth believe in Irish dirt. It was well furnished and prettily situated. But the provisions being scanty, the guests had to send for eight pennyworth of whiskey, two pennyworth of cheese, and one pennyworth of what in courtesy shall be termed sugar. Carlotta paid for every thing, being the only one in the party who had not forgotten her purse. The fine weather, the pleasant prospect, the good but simple cheer, the rich brogue and racy talk of one of the



sisters—which made Carlotta laugh till the tears came in her eyes—caused every thing to pass off delightfully. A pleasanter day was never spent. Mind I did not say that I was present; so do not jump too readily to that conclusion.

On the 20th Carlotta left Dublin. We—that is I, and some more of her Irish adorers—accompanied her (unknown to herself) as far as the boat, which sailed swiftly from Kingston Harbour and was soon lost in the outskirts of magnificent Dublin Bay. I and my companions stood gazing, till nothing but a speck was visible. At last the speck vanished, and there was nothing but the broad sea, with one white skiff upon its bosom. But that skiff did not contain Carlotta, and so we left off gazing. The sky then became less and less clear. At length dark clouds came from the west, and lowered above our heads, till the sun's light was quenched. The rain came down, the wind rose and smote the waters, the billows writhed in dismay, and the heavens were black. Though persuaded that this was nothing but a storm which, angry at the departure of Carlotta, had left its home in the hills to wreak its ill-humour upon the innocent fishermen of the coasts, and that "our own Giselle" was still sailing along in smooth water, under the protection of a loving sun, our spirits were a little dashed by the grumbling of the elements, and we returned home by the railroad, melancholy enough. It was not till the third tumbler of whiskey "toddy" had been quaffed to the health of Carlotta, and her speedy return to "Old Ireland," that we were quite ourselves again.

JACQUES.

#### MR. BUNN ON THE STAGE.

A crowded and fashionable audience attended the St. James's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, to hear the long announced "literary and dramatic monologue," to be delivered by Mr. Bunn, the popular lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Bunn was received on his entrance with the heartiest applause. Such a reception plainly indicated that the manager of old Drury was still in as high favour as ever with the public. Mr. Bunn appeared deeply sensible of the warm reception he obtained, and returned his select but significant acknowledgments accordingly. The audience was applauding lustily, and the lecturer bowing graciously, for several minutes.

Mr. Bunn commenced his monologue with an introduction, in which he very modestly set forth his own claims to public consideration. He who had so often put words into others' mouths, by which they had gained a livelihood and a name, was now about to present himself before the public with the hope of ensuring something of the same kind for himself.

The introduction passed, Mr. Bunn took a rapid view of the stage, from its earliest time to the present—from the epoch of Thespis the Attican down to Morton the Box-and-Coxican. The audience were treated to some amusing and interesting anecdotes *à propos* of the subject. But the most pleasing and instructive part of the lecture was that relating to the birth, genius, and time of Shakspeare. Here Mr. Bunn put forth all his strength, and became unusually elevated in his rhetoric. The details of the poet's early days were given in a satisfactory manner, and several particulars of his latter days were touched upon. These were illustrated by a series of admirably-painted pictures, representing in succession—"The Exterior of Shakspeare's Birthplace"—"The Interior of the same"—"Anne Hathaway's Cottage"—"The Blackfriars Theatre"—"The Globe Theatre"—"Shakspeare's Last Residence"—"Church of Stratford-on-Avon," and

"Shakspeare's Monument." All this part was highly interesting, and was received by the audience with due appreciation.

Mr. Bunn next alluded to the conflicting opinions regarding Shakspeare, and rendered a very amusing account of the multifarious callings which had been attributed to him by his biographers and commentators. The actors next came under Mr. Bunn's animadversions, but he was very gentle with them, and pointed out their faults with a tender hand. Garrick is evidently Mr. Bunn's dramatic idol. We confess he is none of ours. While we subscribe to his undeniable talents as an actor, his profane alterations of Hamlet and Lear renders him odious in our eyes. The first part of the lecture concluded with examples of various readings of Shakspeare, which were curious and laughable.

Mr. Bunn was enthusiastically recalled at the end of the first part.

The second part was devoted to a miscellaneum. It commenced with a reference to the interdiction of stage entertainment in the time of the Protectorate. Mr. Bunn amused his hearers much with a succinct account of Prynne's "Histriomatrix," and reading the title-page therefrom. He interspersed this part of his discourse with some shrewd remarks on the old writers; and was very happy in his quotations and anecdotes. The different schools of acting were descanted on with a freedom which showed that the speaker had his own peculiar notions of histrionic excellence.

A few minutes were devoted to the "duties of a manager," in which Mr. Bunn proved satisfactorily that the blame which attached to him, in his management of Drury Lane, for not upholding the legitimate drama, must fall upon the public who would not support it. And this we always felt assured was the case. Mr. Bunn upheld Shakspeare, until the public grew wearied of him. Mr. Bunn perceived that a taste for novelty and spectacle was prevalent, and would be gratified, and accordingly he provided novelty and spectacle. Mr. Bunn, finally, perceived that a taste for music was springing up in the minds of the public, and springing up so fast as to threaten to uproot all other passions for amusement, and straightway he converted Drury Lane into an opera-house. Mr. Bunn was perfectly justified in doing so. A good manager, he was endeavouring to please the many:—a politic manager, he was striving to put money in his own purse.

The discourse finished with an expression of a fervent hope for, and a firm belief in, the regeneration of the stage. We fervently hope Mr. Bunn may live to see it.

#### MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

AFTER a passage as smooth as the most fastidious amateur sailor could wish, I landed just in time to hear Madame Montenegro, who has been here, crowned with English laurels, to give a few representations to the good people of Boulogne. The present performance was her last. In consequence of Montelli not having arrived from England, the opera of the *Barbiere* was changed for that of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the last act of the *Favorita*. The tragic powers of Madame Montenegro are shown to considerable advantage in the *Lucrezia Borgia*. Her acting and singing are really admirable. I think her voice has more power than when last I heard her, which is now some months since, in England. Madame Santiago, the contralto, received a hearty encore in Alboni's popular air, "Il segreto per esser felice." Santiago has materially improved. When he first sung in England, he was, compara-

tively speaking, a novice; at present he has gained strength of voice by practice, and his taste is unexceptionable. Baillini, who, when I last saw him, wanted cultivation, has now a powerful voice, which he uses with skill and judgment. The last act of the *Favorita*, by Madame Montenegro and Santiago, created a *furor*. The famous duet was received with deserved applause. Bouquets were liberally distributed to Madame Montenegro from the boxes.

February 28th. *Calais*.—Being *en route* to Paris, and hearing the same party were to sing last night at Calais, I could not resist following them to hear the *Sonnambula*, never having heard Madame Montenegro in Amina, I expected great things, and was not disappointed.

The sensation created by the fair cantatrice in this character, was of the most flattering kind. Her performance was really a display of talent of a high order. Santiago was an excellent Elvino, and sung with taste and feeling. We rarely have seen the Count more effectively represented, out of London or Paris, than by Montelli. The whole opera, indeed, was well performed; and great praise is due to Mons. Hénin, conductor of the orchestra, for the careful manner in which the band and chorus has been trained. The house was crowded, and the principal artistes were loudly called for at the fall of the curtain.

T. E. B.

## GIAMBATTISTA ZAPPI.

Quando io men vo' verso l' Ascrea montagna,  
Mi si accoppia la gloria, al destro fianco,  
Ella di spirti al cor, forza al piè stanco,  
E dice, andiam, ch' io ti sard compagna,  
Ma per la luna d' inospita campagna  
Mi si aggiunga l' invidia al lato manco,  
E dire; anch' io son teco; e il labbro bianco  
Vagga 'l oculo, che nel suo cor si stagna.  
Che far degg' io? se indietro io volgo i passi  
So che invidia mi lascia, e m' abbandonna,  
Ma poi fia, che la gloria ancor mi lasci.  
Con ambe andar risolve alla supremu  
Cima del monte. Una mi dia corona  
E l' altri il veggio, e si contorca, e fremu.

## TRANSLATION.

When to the fair Ascrean heights I climb,  
Glory, like some bright star, walks by my side,  
My heart she cheers, my feet she stoops to guide,  
Onward with me, she cries with voice sublime;  
O'er the inhospitable hills we wend,  
When at my left foul Envy grimly stands  
With pale envenomed lips and blood-stained hands,  
And says, I too shall on thy course attend.  
What shall I do? If back my steps I trace  
Foul Envy leaves me, and I walk alone,  
For star-like Glory too, alas! is flown—  
Onward with both, and with unflagging zeal,  
I'll seek the loftiest heights till Glory grace  
My brows, and Envy writhe, and still with torture groan.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

\* HAYDN'S *Creation*, under the direction of Mr. Costa, attracted the usual crowd to Exeter Hall on Friday night, the 22nd ult., and was performed with the usual effect. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Machin. Herr Formes being indisposed, Mr. Machin took his place at a very short warning, and acquitted himself with the ease of one quite familiar with the music. Miss Birch sang very well, but introduced some irrelevant ornaments in the air, "With verdure clad," which displeased the audience,

who, in several quarters, testified their disapproval audibly. Italian *cadenzas* are unsuited to the simplicity of Haydn's melodies. Mr. Reeves was encored in the tenor air, "In native worth;" and Mrs. A. Newton, who seldom appears at these performances, made so favourable an impression in some of the music that fell to her share (especially in the duet "Graceful consort") that it is likely for the future her services may more frequently be called into request. The choruses all went admirably, except the final one, in which there was a false start, that took some time and pains on the part of the conductor to remedy. Such errors can scarcely be avoided while the English habit of presenting works of magnitude, however well known to the executants, without previous rehearsal, continues.

The *Creation* was repeated last night, with the same performers.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE OLDEN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—There is a misprint in my letter of last week, which I beg your readers to correct. "In our vulgar Quires" should stand thus: "In our regular Quires."

In addition to the instances I quoted of the use of the phrases found in the olden chants, I should have mentioned the name of Mozart, who has a chant in *Figaro*, and an olden melody in the *Zauberflöte*, which, I believe, was sung in Germany to the "Jesu corona virginum." Beethoven, in his *Benedictus* (Mass in C), uses a beautiful form of one of the olden chants; whilst Weber uses the pure and simple Prayer tone for his Incantation scene in the *Freyshütz*. Mendelssohn, in the chorus, "He that keepeth Israel," adopts a close imitation of the 5th tone, merely inverting the last part of the chant. The commencement of his *Lobezesang* scarcely need be alluded to.

The chants of the olden church have been sung upwards of 1500 years in the Christian church, and as they are of Oriental birth, it is the opinion of many that they are as ancient as the days of David and Solomon. At all events they work well, for where they are sung, priests sing. I fear no one can prevail on our English priests to sing our Anglican chants.

When we consider that our ordinary speech takes only three tones, and that, without cultivation, few persons have more than five good notes in their voices, the wisdom and philosophy of the ancient system of chanting becomes very clear and apparent. To which may be added the fact, that chanting the psalms seven times a day, unless conducted upon some true and great principle, would have driven many of the singers into their graves. Nor is it probable that the men who were so skilled in architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry, should have been so ill informed with respect to the laws of elocution and melody.

I am not one of those who defend the mis-shapen things which have so repeatedly been published under the title of Gregorian chants, nor do I wish to appear as an advocate for the barbarous harmonies to which they have been allied. There is much cant afloat in this day with respect to harmonising the chants in their respective tones. I can find nothing of this in great and accredited composers. Handel and Bach did nothing of the kind, and I am quite content to receive and treat them as did Mozart and Beethoven. I presume much of Mr. Monk's indignation has arisen from the unhappy shape and harmony in which this music has been presented to him.

It is undeniable, however, that the attention bestowed on the older gamuts has opened the door to a new structure in composition, and to the revival of forgotten harmonies and bearings of the scale. Perhaps the theory of Vogler brought these things into prominent view, and it is possible his articles led to the change in Beethoven's mode of structure. Look at the symphony in C minor, and at that

in D minor; the turning points are all different: and whilst in the former the older peculiarities are lost sight of, in the latter all their salient characteristics are brought most prominently forward, and form the mode of his progress.

Whilst writing on the subject of Cathedral music, I cannot elope this communication without testifying my approval of your animadversions on the misplaced adulation bestowed on Purcel's works, which appeared in one of your late numbers. Henry Purcel was a most extraordinary genius, and, for his day, an admirable harmonist and incomparable contrapuntist. But, sir, people cannot build houses and palaces with mere brick and mortar, iron and wood. Some one must find them a *plan*, an architect must be employed who shall lay down the necessary proportions of the building. The greater portion of our cathedral music seems to me mere brick and mortar—of a good, sound, and excellent character, it may be, but used up without the slightest attention to order or beauty. Henry Purcel killed his school; he did so much with it that none could touch it again with success. But, surely, no man in his senses can compare the mis-shapen and strange house of Purcel to the systematical structures of Handel, or the models of more recent times? I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

3, Newman Street, 26th February, 1850.

#### HAYDN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—“A Constant Reader, *Æsculapius*,” is informed, in reply to his enquiry of last week, respecting Haydn's Symphonies, that presuming he means the twelve which are known as Solomon's or the English Symphonies, the best arrangement he could have approaching his desire would be, first, the edition done by Czerny as piano duets (four hands); to this add the arrangement of the symphonies, by J. P. Saloman, as quintetts for two violins, flute, tenor, violoncello, and double bass *ad lib.*, and he would have a very effective combination of these glorious old works. I am not aware that any arrangement *precisely* corresponding with *Æsculapius*'s statement exists.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

W. C. HEMMINGS.

Penzance, 25th February, 1850.

P.S. I had hoped that the author of the Essay entitled “Stephen Heller” would, agreeably with your suggestion, have “enlightened” me a little on the remarks I made a week or two since, respecting his criticism of the works of the composer of the great Septuor in D minor, Hummel, as well as Kalkbrenner, and Reissiger, these being neither men of genius nor contributors to the pianoforte, according to his statement. I certainly expected, however, that this gentleman would have brought forward something better in proof of the superior position as a composer of him whose name heads the Essay to those already mentioned, than a few impromptus and other trifles of this sort, and these founded on borrowed melodies too!

[Our Correspondent is in a very great hurry. He really must have patience. The Essay upon Stephen Heller must necessarily appear in fragments. Were we to devote the whole of our pages to it, it would fill nearly a dozen consecutive numbers. We entirely disagree with our Correspondent about the merit of Czerny's arrangements. Beethoven, it is well known, despised them.—Ed. M. W.]

#### TO AMALIA CORBARI.

O! I would I were only a spirit of song!  
I'd float for ever around, above you:  
If I were a spirit, it wouldn't be wrong,  
It couldn't be wrong, to love you!

I'd hide in the light of a moonbeam bright,  
I'd sing Love's lullaby softly o'er you,  
I'd bring rare visions of pure delight  
From the land of dreams before you.

Oh! if I were only a spirit of song,  
I'd float for ever around, above you;  
For a musical spirit could never do wrong,  
And it wouldn't be wrong to love you!

S. G. O.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE Fifth Chamber Concert, under the direction of the Committee of this society, took place on Saturday last, in the small room of St. Martin's Hall. The programme was as follows:—

##### PART I.

Quintet in D, two violins, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. Blagrove, Watson, R. Blagrove, Lucas, and F. S. Pratten . . . *H. Leslie.*  
Duet, “The thorn is white with blossom,” Miss A. and Miss M. Williams . . . *G. A. Macfarren.*  
Song, Mr. Frank Bodda . . .  
Song, “The Warrior,” Miss A. Williams; trumpet obligato, Mr. T. Harper . . . *Kloss.*  
Trio in D minor, Op. 49, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. S. Bennett, H. C. Cooper, and Lucas . . . *Mendelssohn.*

##### PART II.

Quartet in G, Op. 23, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Watson, R. Blagrove, and W. L. Phillips . . . *Mayseder.*  
Serenade, “I arise from dreams of thee,” Mr. Williams . . . *A. Mallon.*  
Selection from Pianoforte Works, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett (Lake—Millstream—Fountain) . . . *W. S. Bennett.*  
Vocal Quartet, “When the west,” Miss A. and Miss M. Williams, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Bodda . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
Double Quartet in E, Op. 87, four violins, two tenors, and two violoncellos, Messrs. Blagrove, Watson, R. Blagrove, Lucas, H. C. Cooper, Wheatley, T. Westrop, and Guest . . . *Spohr.*  
Accompanist, Mr. Oliver May.  
Director . . . Mr. Alfred Nicholson.

The sixth and last concert takes place to-night.

#### AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE following was the programme of the first concert held on Monday evening in the Hanover Square Rooms.

Overture, “Oberon” . . . *Heber.*  
March, “Camp of Silesia” . . . *Meyerbeer.*  
Glee, “Lovely Night” . . . *Chwatal.*  
Glee, “Lutzow's Wild Hunt” . . . *Weber.*  
Symphony “No. 7, A” . . . *Beethoven.*  
Festival Overture, “MS.” . . . *Benedict.*  
Selection, “Lucia di Lammermoor” . . . *Donizetti.*  
Overture, “Les deux Aveugles” . . . *Mehul.*

Conductor, Mr. L. Negri.

The amateurs were in great force. The room was fashionably attended, and everything went off with *éclat*.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### DRURY LANE.

THE tragedy of *Ion* was revived on Wednesday night, with Mr. Anderson and Mr. Vandenhoff in the principal characters. Mr. Anderson, if we remember rightly, took the part of Ion shortly after the first production of the piece, although it was originally played by Mr. Macready. The youth and extreme gentleness of the young Argive greatly adapt him to a female artist, and hence Miss Ellen Tree probably made the most impression in the part. In Mr. Anderson's declamation there was too much monotony, but the art with which he subdued his naturally masculine manner to an almost feminine mildness is much to be commended. Mr. Vandenhoff was the

original Adrastus, and plays the character admirably; the touches of deep feeling by which the better qualities of the tyrant are revealed to the audience, though concealed from his subjects, being introduced with touching effect, and without sacrifice of the fitful temper of the despot.

#### HAYMARKET.

Great discernment has been shown by the manager of this house in reviving, one after another, the short dramas of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, which may be looked upon as so many gems in modern theatrical literature. The performance of the *Housekeeper* at Windsor Castle seems first to have directed attention to these works. The *Housekeeper*, witnessed at Court, became once more a stock piece at the Haymarket. A few weeks ago *Nell Gwynne* was revived, and still keeps possession of the stage. On Saturday, the *Prisoner of War*, originally produced at Drury Lane in 1842, under Mr. Macready's management, was again brought before a London public.

The *Prisoner of War*, representing the life of the English *détenus* at Verdun, with a pretty domestic story to concentrate the interest, is one of Mr. Jerrold's happiest productions. The language is less studiously epigrammatic than that of *Nell Gwynne*, but it greatly excels that fine specimen of brilliant writing in animation and hilarity. No pains have been spared to produce it with every effect at the Haymarket, nearly the whole strength of the company being employed upon it. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, with a feeling for the common weal that cannot be too highly lauded, have not scrupled to descend from their elevation, the one appearing as the frank, spirited Basil Firebrace, the other as the gentle, contrite Clarina. The Cockney brother and sister, Pallmall and Polly, are played by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, as on the first production of the piece at Drury Lane. The self-complacent swagger of the gentleman and the true London sentimentality of the lady are perfect, Polly's sobbing perusal of her sweetheart's letter being the *ne plus ultra* of the comical pathetic. The old Admiral Channel was admirably made up, and effectively acted by Mr. Webster, though not with all the pathos of which the part is susceptible. As the midshipman, Tom Heyday, young Mr. Vandenhoff displayed less insipidity than usual. Mr. Selby, who acted Chenille at Drury Lane, gives a gentlemanlike tone to the character, and the fact that a comparatively trivial part like that of Madame La Rose is assigned to so eminent an actress as Mrs. W. Clifford shows the laudable desire of the manager to strengthen the cast in every particular.

The manner in which the piece is put on the stage is not only liberal but remarkable. The personages are all dressed after a peculiar fashion, which has not been revived for many years. The mania for "short waists" is supposed to be at its height, and the dresses of the ladies, while most unbecoming, are excellently characteristic. Mrs. Keeley's short waist and huge bonnet take us back to the caricatures of about forty years ago.

The call for Mr. Webster at the conclusion was a deserved compliment to the able manner in which the piece was produced.

#### PRINCESS'S.

THE revival of Edward Loder's *Night Dancers*, on Friday night in last week, was eminently successful. This most charming opera, and *chef d'œuvre* of the composer, was first produced in 1846. It ran for a considerable number of nights, and became the popular opera of the day. The music

was in great request, and the barrel organs, in more than usual numbers, dealt it in retail about the streets.

In the original cast, Madame Albertazzi played Giselle; Miss Sara Flower, Bertha; Miss G. Smythson, Mary; Mr. Allen, Albert; Mr. Leffler, Fridolin; Mr. Frank Bodda, the Duke of Silesia; and Miss Marshall, Myrtha, Queen of the Willis. In the distribution of Friday last, Mr. Allen alone retains his original character. Mademoiselle Nau fills the place of Madame Albertazzi; Madame Macfarren of Miss Sara Flower; Mr. H. Corri of Mr. Leffler; Mr. Latter of Mr. Frank Bodda; Mrs. Weiss of Miss G. Smythson; and Mademoiselle Auriol of Miss Marshall. We have our predilection for old faces and old feelings, and cannot help thinking that in the main the original cast was the best. We must, however, make one exception: Madame Macfarren is in every respect superior to Miss Sara Flower.

But whatever the drawbacks to the performance, we have seldom derived more pleasure from hearing an opera than we did on the first night of the revival of the *Night Dancers*. From first to last we were alternately charmed and surprised. The audience were quite as charmed and surprised as ourselves, for they applauded vociferously and encored repeatedly, and recalled everybody; Mr. Edward Loder being honoured with a special summons at the end of the first act. In short, the performance was a series of successes, commencing from the first scene.

When first played, the *Night Dancers* was divided into three parts—an induction and two acts. The induction is now run into act the first. This we consider an improvement, as the induction was too short, and the curtain fell in an unimportant place.

The second act is decidedly the best. The poet has not done as much as he might with the first act, and the composer could not hold off certain heavinesses of situation and incident. Nevertheless, there are abundant beauties in the first act. The trio, "Laugh, my girls," is full of fancy and animation. The serenade from the lake with chorus, which Albert and his companions sing under Giselle's window, is well known. It is extremely graceful and flowing, and is one of the most popular pieces in the opera. Giselle's first song is a highly characteristic bravura, and requires great capabilities in the vocalist. Mr. Loder has written all Giselle's music with great poetic tact. He has infused into it a romantic, almost a superstitious feeling, giving it a somewhat visionary and sombre colouring. This to us is one of the principal charms of the opera, and concurs in rendering the heroine more intensely interesting.

The only objection—an unimportant one—we find to the music in the first act, or, more properly, to the music from the end of the induction to the end of the first act, is, that, with the exception of Giselle's part, it is not so dreamy nor supernatural as that of the second. It may be said that the *willis* appear only in the second act. This is true—but the whole of the action here passes in a dream, and etherealities in the music, we fancy, would not seem out of place. The chorus of villagers is bold and striking, and the concerted piece beginning with the accompanied recitative for Fridolin is admirably dramatic. Some delicious snatches of melody are introduced. The grand scena for Giselle, "I dreamt we stood before the altar," is finely descriptive. We cannot, however, say we much admire the idea of a dream-song being sung in a dream. Albert's pleasing ballad, "I cannot flatter if I would," is too well known to require a word of praise. Mary's bacchanalian song is misplaced: it is not particularly striking. The concerted piece, "A noble train all green and gold," is

all good. We think the finale should have commenced here. There is much extraneous dialogue in this act, which should be cut. The opera would be considerably improved thereby. Fridolin's talk is not always comic, and he has a good deal more to say than is necessary. The finale is constructed with great skill. The duet, "He loves me, loves me not"—the bacchanalian chorus; "Long live our vintage queen"—the dances, especially the waltz—one of the best we know—and the closing prayer, which form portions of the finale, are all excellent.

The second act contains the most beautiful and poetical dramatic writing of the composer. Nothing can be more picturesque and fanciful than the Willis' music. The bright and aerial character of the instrumentation, and the plaintiveness of the melodies, are quite fascinating. Fridolin's best song occurs in this act. "Pretty sprites, where are you hiding?" is deliciously comic. The duet between Albert and Bertha, "Peace to the dead," is extremely graceful and flowing, and is voiced to perfection. This duet was one of the popularities of the opera when first produced. Albert's song, "Wake from the tomb, Giselle," is very charming, and is full of feeling. The music between Giselle and Albert partakes of a quietly passionate character, and is highly effective. The duet, "Thou hast call'd," is perhaps too long. One of the loveliest things in the opera, if not the loveliest, is the morning hymn to the Virgin, "Ave Maria." The rondo finale, "On me crowds such joyous fancies," constitutes a dazzling termination to this most delightful and captivating opera.

Mademoiselle Nau pleased us more in Giselle than in any part she has yet assumed at the Princess's. The brilliant character of the music suits her capabilities and style. She sang with considerable effect, especially the bravura songs.

Mr. Allen was as good as ever in Albert. He always sings like a musician, and always pleases by his style and artistic method.

Madame Macfarren, although she had but a small part to play in Bertha, improved her position considerably with the public. She sang the *morceaux* in the first finale with excellent taste and judgment; and in the second act, in the recitative, "What is the charm dwells in this mournful spot?" and the duet, "Peace to the dead," showed herself a real artiste in skill and feeling. Madame Macfarren was in fine voice during the evening, and made a unanimously favourable impression.

Mr. H. Corri was amusing as Fridolin, and gave the music with better vehemence than expression. His dancing scene with the Willis, and his disappearance in the water amongst the bulrushes, was capitally acted.

Mr. Latter is but a sorry substitute for Mr. Frank Bodda, whom we should like to see once more in his old part.

Mrs. Weiss made the most of the thankless part of Mary; and Mr. Wynn was funnier than usual in Godfrey.

The chorus was good, and the band tolerable. Some of the choruses of the Willis, however, might have gone better. The effect produced at the end of the second act was something unusual. A unanimous call was raised for Mr. Loder, who appeared amid loud and continued cheers.

We have no doubt that *Giselle* will have a second prosperous run.

On Tuesday, a new farce was brought out with very equivocal success. It is called *My Wife shan't Act*, and is but another idea of the *Manager in Distress*, in which certain of the actors go into the front of the house, interrupt the performance, and squabble with each other, endeavouring to make the audience

believe it is all serious. This was all very well when the first piece of the kind was produced, and had the gloss of novelty; but even then it was never highly relished. Had the piece produced on Tuesday been well written, it might have been endured; but it was sad trash, and met the fate it deserved. It was received with more hisses than cheers at the end.

On Thursday, a really good farce was produced. It is called *Hot and Cold*, the terms applying to two portable baths, in which an elderly beau (Mr. J. W. Ray) and his man servant (Mr. Forman) perform their ablutions on a certain morning, when the former is about to be married. When they are immersed in their separate baths, a vindictive lodger, a milliner, (Miss Saunders), smarting under the wrong of a notice to quit, carries off their clothes, and as the two victims are thus rendered fixtures, a difficulty is placed in the way of the wedding. A new torture is inflicted by restoring the clothes, so that the master has the livery and the servant the habiliments of the master, in which strange guise they are made to appear before the bride. There is originality in the subject of this farce, which is, moreover, smartly written, while it occasionally borders on the broad. It was capitally acted, and took amazingly with the audience.

*King Charles the Second* was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, and will be performed again this evening.

#### OLYMPIC.

It is recorded of the poet Camoens, author of the *Lusiad*, that when in a state of extreme misery he was supported by his slave, a negro boy, whom he had brought from the West Indies, and who earned a pittance by playing music in the streets. By altering the negro boy into a Gitana girl, the author of a little piece produced on Wednesday night under the title of the *Poet's Slave*, has made the subject more susceptible of dramatic interest. The Gitana has fascinated the King, Don Sebastian, much in the same way as Maritana charms the King of Spain in *Don Caesar de Bazan*. He promises to grant a pardon to any one she may name, on condition that her master, whose name is not revealed, will grant her liberty. The terms of the contract are fulfilled, and Camoens, who is liable to capital punishment as a returned exile, is pardoned; but Don Sebastian, finding the master and slave in love with each other, is magnanimous enough to forego his pretensions, and to take into his favour a poet, who, notwithstanding his lowly condition, is the glory of Portugal. This piece lacks striking situation, but is very prettily written, and produces a pleasing impression, which may in a great measure be attributed to the neatness of the acting. Mrs. Seymour, as the Gitana, displays much mild tenderness; Mr. Conway, as the poet, puts forth a more forcible degree of pathos; and Mr. Belton, an actor whose worth is not sufficiently recognized, plays the King with much ease and gentlemanlike bearing. For the comic relief there is an innkeeper full of extreme terrors at the thought of harbouring a criminal, who is represented with great humour by Mr. Meadows.

At the fall of the curtain, there was a general call for Mrs. Seymour, who announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause.

*Love's Sacrifice*, one of Mr. Lovell's earliest and best plays, was revived here on Wednesday night. Its melodramatic situations told exceedingly well, and the characters of the father and the daughter bring out some very powerful acting by Mr. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining. Mr. James Johnstone, as the villain of the piece, gave a representation of oily hypocrisy which, in its way, could scarcely be surpassed.

## EXETER HALL.

(From *Pasquin*.)

["The directors of Exeter Hall having objected to the further use of the Hall for the purpose of *Shakespeare Readings*, the series announced by Mr. Nicholls will be given in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre."—*Advertisement*.]

Oh, Exeter Hall is a structure rare,  
Mighty, yet meek withal,  
Its front unassuming, straight, formal, and square,  
While within it is spacious, and lofty, and fair:  
The large-hearted, cold-visaged men who met there  
Well typify Exeter Hall.  
Narrow-browed—gloomy—and frowning on all,  
A most orthodox building is Exeter Hall.

And good men meet there on the woes to debate  
Of suffering human kind,  
To abuse, with a Christian-like, orthodox hate,  
Those vile outcasts whose creeds from their own deviate,  
To curse an old lady (who's drest, as they state,  
In scarlet), with fury blind;  
Or leaving our own poor in want and in sin,  
For the poor anthropophagi kick up a din,  
Forgetting where Charity ought to begin,  
While Want at our doors we find;  
But Wisdom may reason, or Charity call,  
For Bigotry governs in Exeter Hall.

Concerts are held there; but concerts are pure—  
Music can injure none;  
And the good men listen with looks demure,  
And they smile, and are pleased, for they feel secure,  
So long as they worldly joys abjure,  
Laughing, and pleasure, and fun;  
Basses may grumble, and tenors may bawl,  
For music can't desecrate Exeter Hall.

Oh, the Bard of Avon was England's pride,  
Chief in a mighty age;  
And his magic pen, as the poet plied,  
Nature's own spirit its point would guide,  
While virtue and truth ever sanctified  
The genius-inspired page;  
But the poet in Exeter Hall denied,  
He's polluted by the stage;  
And the good men hoot, and the good men bawl,  
For Shakespeare would desecrate Exeter Hall.

So the Hall's still pure: The good men still meet  
Heretics still to curse;  
Still storm away, with intolérant heat,  
At the lady who has seven hills for her seat,  
Still go to concerts by way of a treat;  
They're saved from Shakespeare's verse,  
Bigots may bellow, and singer's may squall,  
But Shakespeare is hooted from Exeter Hall.

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The concert reported (by a misprint of the word *took* for *takes*) in your last number but one, as having commenced Hallé's Second Series with Ernst, came off as announced on the 21st instant. The following is the programme:—

PART I.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in D Minor, Op. 66) Mendelssohn. Song, Mrs. Thomas, "The Chapel," P. B. Czapek, sonata, pianoforte and violin, (in F, Op. 24) Beethoven.

PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in E flat, No. 16, Op. 74) Beethoven. Song, Mrs. Thomas, "Sono il Sile," Capadori Allan. Pensées fugitives, pianoforte and violin, Romance, Intermezzo, Lied, Heller and Ernst.

Hallé's classical concerts have always been of the very highest order; but if they had wanted anything to give the crowning grace or to render them as near perfection as seem to be possible, they

have now, by the coming of Ernst, been rendered complete. We have no hesitation in saying, without fear of contradiction, that there never was a concert given in Manchester before, so rare in talent, so excellent in selection of the works performed, or as faultless in execution. Ernst was always highly appreciated here since he first appeared at one of Mr. Peacock's grand concerts, some six years ago, at the Free Trade Hall. And last year he created quite a sensation in the same hall jointly with Hallé in a sonata of Beethoven; consequently, there was no slight degree of interest amongst the warm admirers of these kindred spirits, to hear Ernst with Hallé in a moderate-sized room like the one used for these concerts at the Assembly Rooms. When Ernst made his appearance on the slightly-raised platform, he was most warmly greeted by the select yet crowded auditory; and the performance of Mendelssohn's difficult, yet beautiful trio in B minor, was listened to with most intense interest, a burst of rapturous applause at the termination of each movement giving vent to the pent-up feelings of delight and wonder held in thrall during the performance. Anything more exquisite than this was we cannot imagine, or ever desire—it was perfect. Ernst and his instrument were in the happiest vein; he played with energy and spirit, as though he felt he had an audience before him who could enjoy the beauties of Mendelssohn's wonderful work, and as though he knew he had in his two countrymen, Hallé and Lidel, co-adjutors on whom he could depend on playing up to and with him in giving effect to the performance, and, last, as though he himself not only felt all the beauties and had mastered all the difficulties, but thoroughly enjoyed and relished playing such music. In the highest stops there was the greatest purity and singing quality of tone imaginable, added to which there was that nervous sympathetic quality which gives to Ernst's violin playing its peculiar charm. Lidel and Hallé were evidently excited and on their mettle, and a most brilliant *ensemble* was the result. The scherzo (*molto allegro quasi presto*) is a most extraordinary movement—one that can only be safely placed in such hands as on this occasion—it is so grotesque and bizarre, difficult yet beautiful. The applause at its close was most enthusiastic, and was repeated until the three executants had once more to go through this most fantastic scherzo. The finale was no less a display of the like character, only more impassioned, and Ernst must have felt that his first reception in Manchester at a Chamber Concert had been most cordial and enthusiastic. There is something in his personal appearance which immediately strikes you, that in Ernst a master mind is before you; his high intellectual forehead, and grave, thoughtful, ever pensive cast of countenance; his dark hair; his expressive eyes, which seem to emit sparks of fire when he is warmed with his subject; his slight, yet well knit, frame, and easy dignified deportment, all bespeak a man of no ordinary mould; and to hear him in classical music at a concert like this at once raises him to the very highest rank of living violinists. His next effort was with his able assistant Hallé, in Beethoven's sonata in F. What fit intelligences to give expression to Beethoven's wonderful inspirations! What perfection of execution! We cannot describe it. You sometimes have had talk it as great in such works in London, but here we should say never until now. We cannot make a selection of any one movement where all was so perfect, and powers of pen, and intellect too, more than we pretend too, are required to describe Beethoven's sonatas. The applause at the talented pair—worthy of each other—left the platform was again most enthusiastic. The second part opened with a stringed quartet, the first ever given at Hallé's concerts (Beethoven's, in E flat, No. 10). Here we had Ernst in, to us, a new character, as leader of a quartet. Mr. Seymour also in a new part, as second, M. Baetens and Herr Lidel being the tenor and violoncello respectively. It was the most complete quartet, the most equal in all its parts, we ever yet heard. We could scarcely think more highly of Ernst than we did before, yet were we surprised, and delighted too, to hear how well so great and eminent a solo violinist could mix, and blend, and subdue his instrument, as one may say, into harmony and brotherhood with the rest, without being at all too prominent, as might so naturally be looked for or expected. Seymour was, indeed, and most truly, a "competent second violin," which is no slight praise where Ernst is first. He raised himself in our estimation, as also did Baetens and Lidel, by the performance of this quartet. Lidel was first rate,



and Baetens' tone more oily and unctuous—that richness so desirable in a quartet. Again, we cannot make selections where all is so good, and describing Beethoven is beyond us. The third movement, "Adagio ma non troppo," was, perhaps, the most remarkable for the refinement and delicacy of the four strings, *pianissimo*; but how little idea does this give of the delight which kept the whole audience listening with "bated breath!" The last appearance of Ernst was once more with Hallé, in some elegant bagatelles by Heller and Ernst—a romance, intermezzo, and lied—and most exquisite "fugitive thoughts" they all three were. A regular storm of applause both preceded and followed this last of intellectual banquets, and thus ended Ernst's first concert (in Classical Chamber Music) in Manchester. It is said the "appetite grows by that it feeds on," and in our growing love for the classical we shall be inclined to eschew and have little relish for solo performances (written for—and calculated merely for—individual display) in future.

It is stated that Ernst did but arrive in Manchester three hours before the concert commenced. If so, the merit of all concerned is greatly enhanced, when, with so small a space of time for rehearsal, the three grand desiderata in those performances was exhibited so remarkably,—viz., delicacy, precision, and refinement. Mrs. Thomas was the vocalist on the occasion, and she showed great taste in the choice of her songs: one called "The Chapel," in the modern German or Schubert style, by Czapek (otherwise J. L. Hatton), the other a pretty Italian song by Madame Caradori, in both which she acquitted herself very creditably. We are sorry to learn that the Assembly Rooms are likely to be sold, and most probably (like two of the chapels formerly in the same street) converted into warehouses! It will be a great pity for Mr. Hallé to be moved out of so desirable a "chamber" for his unique and unrivalled concerts. It appears to us to possess those just proportions so favourable to acoustics. We do not know the exact dimensions, but, at a guess, should say about 72 feet long by 40 wide, and 24 feet high,—at any rate, these are about the proportions; and we never heard chamber music to such advantage in any other public room in Manchester. The next concert, we see, is fixed for the 7th of March.—We still hear occasionally of murmurs and discontent amongst the Concert Hall orchestra at the recent changes and additions, and so many Germans and other foreigners being introduced into it. We trust, however, these rumours are magnified, and that the new conductor will not, at the outset of his labours, have to preside over disunited forces, but that, from the eminent talent evinced by the artists lately imported (as shown at these chamber concerts), they will take the position such talent entitles them to, and that the old members will be induced to work harmoniously with them. From the well-known taste of M. Hallé, and his feeling for art—in the highest significance of the term—we are led to hope that he will not only do credit to his recent appointment as conductor, but acquit himself successfully in his difficult and somewhat ungracious task of re-modelling the Concert Hall orchestra, so as to raise its already high character without doing injury or injustice to any of its old members. We hope it will now rank second to none in this country, except the Philharmonic or Opera bands—which must always retain their pre-eminence, not only from the numerical force, but from the fact of so many of their individual members being professors of the highest attainments on their respective instruments. Imperfect as the Concert Hall band confessedly has hitherto been, it has frequently been admitted by Sir George Smart, Sir H. Bishop, Benedict, and others, to be the first in the provinces.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I much regret to inform you that Herr Ernst and Hallé's Chamber Concerts are for the present withdrawn. At the first, which took place at the Royal Assembly Rooms on Friday night, there were not present sufficient people to pay for the expenses. The principal cause of this was, I think, the high prices. If the charge for admission had been more moderate I am certain the speculation would have been in every way successful. You may retort that we have given a guinea here to hear Jenny Lind, True—but that was

under the influence of an excitement of which there has never been a precedent and to which there will probably never be a parallel. Ernst is certainly as great in his peculiar walk as Jenny Lind, but he has not been half so much puffed; in addition to which the "Swedish Nightingale" did not, like Ernst and Hallé, appeal exclusively to the lovers of classical music. But it is no use attempting to give an excuse for my townsmen. They did not go to hear Ernst and Hallé. They lost a treat which has never previously been offered them. The programme of the performance was as follows:—

PART I.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in C minor, Op. 66,) Mendelssohn. Song, "The first violet," Mendelssohn. Sonata, pianoforte and violin (dedicated to Kreutzer), in A minor, Op. 47, Beethoven. PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in E flat, No. 10, Op. 74,) Beethoven. Song, "The red rose," Fresca. Pensées Fugitives, pianoforte and violin (Romance, Intermezzo, Lied), Stephen Heller and Ernst.

Executants:—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Ernst; second violin, Mr. Seymour; tenor, M. Baetens; violoncello, Herr Lidel.

A cotemporary local paper, the *Albion*, in commenting on the performance, makes the following just and forcible remarks:—"The above programme was presented on Friday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms, Great George Street, before the smallest audience we ever remember to have seen within those walls. Dictation to the public as to whether they shall or shall not attend a particular place or performance is out of the question; but, at the same time, we do not think we shall be stepping but of our province in saying, that it is seriously to be regretted that expectants of so acknowledged and universal celebrity should have been treated with marked neglect in a town which ought to be second to none in the liberal fostering of musical art. And should the high price of admission be urged as the reason for the attendance being so small, we answer, that, on occasions when an eminent vocalist has been announced, the public of Liverpool have not hesitated to pay for a single admission the entire price of Herr Ernst's three concerts. We feel that a stigma has been cast on the musical character of the town. We state, on authority, that the two concerts advertised to take place are withdrawn; but we earnestly hope that the thirty-eight people who were present on Friday evening may not have heard Herr Ernst for the last time in Liverpool. They will, at any rate, agree with us that so admirable and perfect a musical performance has never before been heard in this town."

What a difference between Liverpool and Manchester! At the last-named town the vogue of Hallé's chamber concerts is so great that it is a positive favour to be permitted to purchase a ticket, high as is the price of admission. It is not because Manchester is a richer place than Liverpool, but that the Manchester people are really musical, and the Liverpool people are not.

Macready has left us positively for the last time, and we are never to see his artistic performances again. We have to console ourselves with a Mr. Barry Sullivan, who is at present acting at our Theatre Royal, and upon whose shoulders some of our local critics will have it that the mantle of the eminent tragedian has fallen. I have frequently spoken highly of him in my communications to your pages, and I think that he is certainly one of the most "rising" tragedians of the day. He has a good voice, is a scholar and an original actor, and only wants more physical power. He created a great sensation here when he played Othello to Macready's Iago. He is at present studying hard in the provinces, having refused many offers from metropolitan managers. His time is not yet come to tempt the ordeal of a London tribunal. A local contemporary speaks in high terms of his Hamlet, one of his most finished performances decidedly.

To-morrow night Mark Lemon's new play of *Hearts are Trumps* will be produced for the first time in Liverpool.

The Philharmonic Society announces a concert next Monday, at which Mendelssohn's *Elia* will be given, it is hoped with good effect, the band having been greatly increased, and the following vocalists being engaged: the Misses Williams, Miss Stott, and Miss Parsons; Messrs. Lockey, Sandys, Wait, Armstrong, and Herr Carl Formes. The third concert (which will be chiefly instrumental) takes place on the 9th of April. For this concert a new musical "prodigy" is engaged, of whom we have a full account in the *Liverpool Journal*.

\*I am glad to inform you that we are to have Mr. Mitchell's opera company here at our Theatre Royal shortly, as they are engaged to perform in the *Domino Noir*, *Diamans de la Couronne*, and *Ros Diavolo*. The delightful Mlle. Charton, whose exquisite singing here, a week or two since, created so great a *furor*, is of course to be the *prima donna*, but the tenor is not named. I hope it will be Chollet or Couderc. The affair is sure to be successful if well managed, and the success that the company have met with in London is a guarantee for their triumph. As I have already said, we have had all sorts of operas—good, bad, and indifferent, but never the *Opera Comique*. If all that you and your contemporaries say be true, we have a treat in store of the most piquant and delightful character.

J. H. N.

#### DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our Correspondent.)

On Monday evening last, the performances were for the benefit of Mr. Newcombe, and under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Morley. The benefit of our popular manager would have been quite sufficient to have filled the house without the additional attraction of such high patronage to add to the overflow. The theatre presented a brilliant display. The military and naval authorities with their officers gave a striking effect to the dress boxes. The pieces were *Trevelyan*, *Brother Ben*, with *This House to be Sold*. I must particularize Mr. J. F. Young with Mrs. Dyas in the first piece. The former is an actor of more than common ability; and the latter in pathetic scenes is always successful. Mrs. Garthwaite, as Mrs. Langford, displayed considerable dramatic intention, and altogether the piece went off well, Mr. Newcombe, who played Brother Ben, was on his *entree*, received in a manner which must have been most pleasing to him, and played with his usual spirit throughout, keeping the audience in roars of laughter until the fall of the curtain, when he was unanimously called for. *This House to be Sold* was capital played, especially the character of Mr. Chaterton Chopkins, by Mr. Milles who displayed good comic ability; and to judge from the applause he received, gave entire satisfaction.

T. E. B.

#### TO CARLOTTA GRISI.

She comes—the spirit of the dance!  
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,  
Where passion speaks in every glance,  
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, gazing breathless there,  
Lost the celestial dream should go,  
You'd think the music in the air  
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow  
Within the radiant creature play'd,  
And those soft wreathing arms of snow  
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,  
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost;  
Now motionless, with lifted face,  
And small hands on her bosom cross'd.

And now with flashing eyes she springs,  
Her whole bright figure raised in air,  
As if her soul had spread its wings  
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not: but so richly fraught  
With language are her glance and smile;  
That, when the curtain fell, I thought  
She had been talking all the while.

F. S. O.

#### THE FAIRY LADY OF CALDERON.

*The Fairy Lady* is a drama full of life, spirit, and ingenuity. Its scene is laid on the day of the baptism of Prince Balthazar, heir-apparent of Philip the Fourth, which, as we know, occurred on the 4th of November, 1629; and the piece itself was, therefore, probably written and acted soon afterwards. If we may judge by the number of times Calderon complacently refers to it, we cannot doubt that it was a favourite with him; and if we judge by its intrinsic merits, we may be sure it was a favourite with the public.

Donna Angela, the heroine of the intrigue, a widow, young, beautiful, and rich, lives at Madrid, in the house of her two brothers; but from circumstances connected with her affairs, her life there is so retired, that nothing is known of it abroad. Don Manuel, a friend, arrives in the city to visit one of these brothers; and as he approaches the house, a lady strictly veiled stops him in the street, and conjures him, if he be a cavalier of honour, to prevent her from being further pursued by a gentleman already close behind. This lady is Donna Angela, and the gentleman is her brother, Don Luis, who is pursuing her only because he observes that she carefully conceals herself from him. The two cavaliers not being acquainted with each other—for Don Manuel had come to visit the other brother—a dispute is easily excited, and a duel follows, which is interrupted by the arrival of the other brother, and an explanation of his friendship for Don Manuel.

Don Manuel is now brought home, and established in the house of the two cavaliers, with all the courtesy due to a distinguished guest. His apartments, however, are connected with those of Donna Angela by a secret door, known only to herself and her confidential maid; and finding she is thus unexpectedly brought near a person who has risked his life to save her, she determines to put herself into a mysterious communication with him.

But Donna Angela is young and thoughtless. When she enters the stranger's apartment, she is tempted to be mischievous, and leaves behind marks of her wild humour that are not to be mistaken. The servant of Don Manuel thinks it is an evil spirit, or at best a fairy, that plays such fantastic tricks; disturbing the private papers of his master, leaving notes on his table, throwing the furniture of the room into confusion, and—from an accident—once jostling its occupants in the dark. At last, the master himself is confounded; and though he once catches a glimpse of the mischievous lady, as she escapes to her own part of the house, he knows not what to make of the apparition. He says:—

'She glided like a spirit, and her light  
Did all fantastic seem. But still her form  
Was human; I touched and felt its substance,  
And she had mortal fears, and, woman-like,  
Shrunk back again with native modesty.  
At last, like an illusion, all dissolved,  
And, like a phantasm, melted quite away.  
If then, to my conjectures I give rein,  
By heaven above, I neither know nor guess  
What I must doubt or what I may believe.'

But the tricky lady, who has fairly frolicked herself in love with the handsome young cavalier, is tempted too far by her brilliant successes, and being at last detected in the presence of her astonished brothers, the intrigue, which is one of the most complicated and gay to be found on any theatre, ends with an explanation of her fairy humours and her marriage with Don Manuel.

\* We have inserted the article from the *Liverpool Journal* in our first page.—Ed. M. W.

## CHURCH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—May I, through the columns of your valuable paper, address a few words to the public, and especially to those who have influence in such matters, on the subject of church music?

The neglect and indifference so long exhibited to this most important part of public worship, have produced evils which call for vigorous efforts to redress those abuses which now cause our church music to disgrace the very name of harmony.

Our clergy, as well as the laity, should interest themselves in this work. Music should be made a branch of instruction in our theological seminaries, in order that the graduates may be qualified to superintend the choirs of the churches wherein they are to officiate, that our temples may not be desecrated, as they too often are, by music which is anything rather than devotional. Thus the selection will not be left to the professional singers who form the choirs; the province of the choristers being but to lead, not to perform alone, the musical portion of the congregation.

The love of music is one of those strange, universal sympathies that in every degree of civilisation, in every phase of human life, intimate the immortality of the soul; it can touch hearts insensible to all other influences; it can cause the eyes to fill with tears, and wake in the soul unutterable visions of purity and holiness, of light and life, ardent longings for that freedom which shall be hereafter. Why should so powerful an agent be neglected in our churches?

From the earliest days of public religious worship, music has invariably formed an integral part thereof, and has been considered one of the highest, holiest exercises. The days of the Jewish dispensation bear abundant testimony to this fact, which also gives rise to many of the most sublime invocations to be found in the prophetic writings: "Sing, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth;" "Break forth into singing, ye uttermost parts of the earth;" "Sing unto the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song." Every mind can supply innumerable instances, did the fact require proof. Is this great duty and privilege to be forgotten in "these latter days" of our more blessed covenant?

Neither let any say, "It is not necessary for me to waste my time about it." The greatest and best of the human race have left enduring monuments of the high estimation in which this exercise should be held. Moses and Miriam, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, Isaiah, and the prophets of old time, have given utterance to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in strains of immortal melody. Even the blessed spirits in heaven "cast their crowns before the throne," and "sing a new song" to "Him that sitteth thereon." Shall we refuse to join in the holy strain, or shall we, whose most strenuous efforts are so feeble, consider "any thing" good enough to echo back the eternal hymns that resound through the courts of heaven.

"Arise! sing! for the year of thy redemption is come, saith the Lord." Awake, priests and people, take away the reproach; let music resume its appointed place, its high prerogative in the sanctuary; as the wings of the prayer let it rise upward from the lips of the congregation, and devotion shall be quickened, hearts that the words of man have reached shall bow beneath the words of inspired truth uttered by many voices, and the dark spirits that infest and trouble the souls of men shall flee before the harp of David as in the days of old.

New York, Jan. 26th, 1850.

L. A. S.

SIEMON MONTELLI has been in London for a few days, but has since left to fulfil a Continental engagement.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. MACREADY.—The provincial engagements of the great tragedian have met with a sudden interruption, in consequence of the death of his eldest and favorite daughter, who expired this week at Hastings. Mr. Macready was on his way to Newcastle, to fulfil his last engagements there, when he was stopped by the melancholy information, dispatched by electric telegraph, of his daughter's death.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.—We are compelled, from an unusual press of matter, to confine our notice of the nineteenth concert to a very few words. Ernst played twice—his fantasia on *Ludovic*, and a new one on *Air Hollander's*. He was in great play, and was encored in both. For the latter he substituted the *Carnaval*. Thalberg also played twice, and was twice encored. A selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophete* was the feature of the vocal department. A clever new song by Mr. Anschuetz, the conductor, with a horn *obligato*, was finely sung by Formes, and the horn accompaniment, beautifully executed by Jarrett, had its share in obtaining the encore. The grand orchestral performance of the evening, was Beethoven's first symphony in C, which was given by the band, under Mr. Anschuetz, with the same excellence we had occasion to remark in the G minor of Mozart at the preceding concert. The vocalists were Mr. Sims Reeves, who made the usual sensation in several songs and other well known favourites of the Wednesday Concerts.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* is to be repeated on Friday next, the 8th inst., when Herr Formes, who has recovered from his late indisposition, will sustain the principal bass part—Miss Birch and Mr. Sims Reeves singing the soprano and tenor.

MADLLE. COTTI.—This agreeable and intelligent artist, who has been so favorably noticed at Mr. Mitchell's *Opera Comique* has been engaged by Mr. Frederick Gye for the Royal Italian Opera. Madlle. Cotti will be found, we are sure, very generally useful.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The rehearsal for the first concert (on Monday evening) takes place this morning, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme of the concert does not contain a single novelty.

M. SZEPANOWSKI, the celebrated guitarist, who also appeared as violinist at several concerts in London, two seasons ago, has arrived here, after an absence of two years on the Continent, where he has been giving concerts with the greatest success.

MR. W. THOMAS, one of our best violinists, having been appointed leader of the Philharmonic Concerts at Liverpool, will, for the future, reside entirely in that town.

MR. RICHARDSON'S CONCERT.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. Richardson, evidently anxious that his own brilliancy of execution should not surpass the general effect of his concert given on Tuesday evening, associated with himself, a few musical exotics that have survived the winter, reviving our torpid nerves, and anticipating the coming spring, when musical nature will shed forth her varied blossoms from all germs. The concert opened with Beethoven's Grand Symphony (C. No. 1.) which was admirably played by the band, consisting of the most eminent players, led by Tolbecque; the Minuet, as played by the violins, was a neat specimen of concerted skill. Miss M. Williams was encored in a pretty ballad "My childhood's happy home." Miss Birch sang "The Warrior," with a trumpet *obligato* played by Mr. T. Harper. An air from *Puritani* ("Qui la voce") was given by Miss Lucombe, who still improves. Miss Dolby delivered Balfe's song: "The hopeful heart should banish care" with great pathos, her distinct enunciation enhancing materially the effect of her lovely voice, and offering a laudable example to aspirants for future excellence. The male vocalists were Sims Reeves, W. H. Seguin, Frank Bodda, and Marras. Mr. Reeves sang a scene from *Brani*, "Come Rugiade" with immense energy. The instrumental soloists were Sinton, Miss Kate Loder (an able substitute for Madame Dulcken, who was prevented by indisposition from attending), Lazarus, Richardson, Piatti, and Miss M. Collins. M. Sinton executed his airs from *Lucresia Borgia*, with consummate skill, delighting all with his

beautiful tone and rapid but effective execution. But the great feature of the evening was, of course, Mr. Richardson's solo variations on the "National Russian Hymn," played with the precision and refinement of one who has had few if any rivals on his difficult instrument. The double tonguing on the lower notes was clear and effective, eliciting continued applause from the whole audience. Miss M. Collins played a solo on the concertina with a good deal of cleverness. One of the grand points of execution, during the entire evening, was a M.S. by Bochs, for flute and clarinet, executed to perfection by Messrs. Richardson and Lazarus, accompanied by the orchestra. Another great performance was a fantasia for violoncello and orchestra, clever and effective as a composition, and marvellously played by Piatti, *le roi des violoncellists*: this was, like the former, received with uproarious applause. The band also played Weber's overture to *Obéron*, Beethoven's to *Leonora*, and Mozart's to "*Il Flauto Magico*." Messrs. Benedict and Brinley Richards conducted. In closing this notice, we cannot help praising Mr. Richardson's discrimination in selecting such suitable music for the display of his band, and so much in accordance with the prevailing taste of his numerous patrons. The concert was altogether one of the most interesting we have for a long time attended. The interest felt generally in the accomplished and amiable *beneficiaire*, was enhanced by the excellent musical treat he had provided.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—Mr. Willy gave his first orchestral and vocal Concert in the great room of this new building on Monday evening. The attendance, we regret to say, scarcely numbered 300 persons. The symphony in F of Beethoven and the overtures to the *Naiades* and *Athalie* were performed, Mr. Willy leading and Mr. Sterndale Bennett conducting the band. Mr. Blagrove played Spohr's 8th concerto for the violin, and a number of vocal *morceaux* were executed by Miss Lucombe, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other popular singers.

**MADAME SONTAG'S** second concert in the *Conservatoire* at Paris was even more successful than the first. The vogue of these performances is now so great that tickets for a single concert cannot be purchased. The whole series must be subscribed to or admission is positively denied. The president of the republic and all the *élite* of Paris, noble, diplomatic, and literary, have taken up the gauntlets in the cause of the amiable and accomplished Countess of Rossi.

**BEETHOVEN ROOMS.**—Mrs. Bennett's concert took place here on Thursday evening. It was given under the most distinguished patronage, the name of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge heading a long list of fashionables. The vocal department was filled by the Misses Messert, Von Milligen, and Julia Shergold, and Mons. Drayton, Signor Marras and Signor Luigi Mei, from the Royal Italian Opera. The instrumentalists were Messrs. Sainton (violin), Rousselot (violoncello) and Billet (piano), Signor Biletta conducted. The concert went off with *éclat*.

**CARLOTTA GRIST.**—The great *tenneuse* visited Bath on the 28th January, Bristol the 29th, Bath 30th, and Bristol 31st. She performed in both places in the *Pas de Deux* from the *Diable à Quatre*, the *Cracovienne*, the *Truandaise*, the *Pas de la Peri*, the *Manolatho Syrien*, &c. &c. M. de la Perle and Mademoiselle James accompanied Carlotta Grist on the piano.

**A GOOD WORD FOR SIMPLE MUSIC.**—The perception of pleasure in the equality of sounds is the principle of Music. Unpractised ears can appreciate only simple equalities—such as are found in ballad airs. While comparing one simple sound with another, they are too much occupied to be capable of comparing the equality subsisting between these two simple sounds, taken conjointly, and two other simple sounds taken conjointly. Practised ears on the other hand, appreciate both equalities at the same instant—although it is absurd to suppose that both are heard at the same instant. One is heard and appreciated from itself—the other is heard by the memory; and the instant glides into and is confounded with the secondary appreciation. Highly cultivated musical taste in this manner enjoys not only these double equalities, all appreciated at once, but takes pleasurable cognizance, through memory, of equalities, the members of which occur at intervals so great that the uncultivated taste loses them altogether. That this latter can pro-

perly estimate or decide on the merits of what is called scientific music is, of course impossible. But scientific music has no claim to intrinsic excellence—it is fit for scientific ears alone. In its excess it is the triumph of the *physique* over the *morale* of music. The sentiment is overwhelmed by the sense. On the whole, the advocates of the simpler melody and harmony have infinitely the best of the argument:—although there has been very little of real argument on the subject.—*E. A. Poe, Rationale of Verse.*

**THALBERG** is going shortly to Vienna, where he will remain till May. There was no truth in the report that the great pianist had accepted, or had been offered, the post of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre.

**ERNST AT KENNINGTON.**—At a concert held on Monday last at the Horns Tavern, Ernst was the great attraction. He played his *Otello* and *Carnaval*, was enthusiastically received, and encored in both. In place of the *Otello* he substituted some of his variations from Paganini's "*Nel cor piu*." The grand violinist produced an immense sensation. The first part of the concert was conducted by M. Farquharson Smith, the second by Mr. William Wilson. The rest of the concert was made up of an endless succession of popular songs and duets, by Misses Wells, Mrs. W. Wilson, J. Wells, Thornton, Messrs. Genge, George Ford, Turner, Herr Hermanns, and Mr. Henry Smith, who was encored in one of the extravaganzas of John Parry. The programme was diversified by solos and duets on the concertina, by Mr. A. Sedgewick and his pupil, Mr. Barton, and a solo on Prowse's "*Simplified Boehm Flute*," by Mr. Camus.

**THE MELODISTS' CLUB** held its second meeting of the season on Thursday, at the Freemason's Tavern. Messrs. Richardson and Lindsay Sloper delighted the company by their brilliant performances on the flute and pianoforte, and songs were effectively sung by Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Machin. There was a larger attendance of members than on the last occasion, and the evening passed off with great *éclat*.

**MADLE GRAUMANN'S MATINÉE.**—Madlle Graumann gave her *matinée musicale*, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on Thursday, to a crowded and fashionable audience. An attractive programme was provided, including the names of Benedict, Molique, Osborne, Piatti, and other eminent artists, in addition to that of the concert giver. The Hungarian singers opened the concert, and were encored in the "*Serenade Polka*." We then had the pleasure to hear Herr and Madlle. Molique in two very charming romances for violin and piano. In these trifles we find the masterly completeness and true musical interest which are observable in the majority of Molique's compositions. Benedict and Piatti played the first part of Moudelssohn's duet in B flat, with their usual fine taste and executive brilliancy. Bricialdi's solo on the flute was much applauded. His tone is remarkable for sweetness, and his execution highly finished. Osborne's "*l'Esperance Notturmo*" was exceedingly well performed, and in his *marche caractéristique* the able pianist gave proof of his ample command of "*tour de force*." The duet for two pianos in the *Huguenots*, played with Benedict, was also a brilliant performance. The delicious tone, astonishing mechanism, and elegant expression of the unrivalled Piatti, met with the success they so eminently merit, in a solo of his own composition. Signor Marchesi sang an air from the *Huguenots*, and disclosed a nice baritone voice. Last, but not least, we have to name the fair concert-giver. It was remarked, she sang pieces in four languages; but in none was she more applauded than in that of her own land. Molique's charming "*Gondoliers*," delightfully warbled, obtained a unanimous encore. Another gem among the vocal pieces was Spohr's lied, "*A bird sat on an alder bough*," with an obligato violoncello part, played to perfection by Signor Piatti. This song deserves to be oftener heard at our concerts. Madlle. Graumann sang it charmingly. The concert, which gave entire satisfaction, terminated about half-past five.

**SIGNOR FELICE RONCONI**, chorus master of Her Majesty's Theatre, gave the first of a series of three concerts on Wednesday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. He was assisted by a number of vocalists, among whom were no less than six of his own pupils, all of whom made their first appearance. They were the Misses Noble, Davinci, Leslie, Rooke, and Messrs. Mapleson and

Toulmin. The singing of these youthful candidates for lyric fame reflects much credit on Signor F. Ronconi's teaching. Among the other vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Durlacher, Signor F. Lablache, &c. &c. Thalberg played twice, and Bricciakdi (flautist) played once. The conducting was divided between Signor Bellini, Mr. Maurice Levy, and Signor F. Ronconi.

HERA MOLIQUE.—We inadvertently stated in our last number that the concerts of this eminent composer and violinist were to take place at the St. Martin's Hall, instead of the Hanover Rooms.

GREENWICH (From a Correspondent).—A concert was given here on Thursday evening, the 14th, which attracted a large and fashionable audience, the chief attraction being the performance of the great violinist, Ernst. Sims Reeves was engaged, as was Miss Lucombe, and Madlle. Thoresa Wagner. A selection was given from *Lucia*. Ernst played three times, and at each performance the applause was redoubled. The audience were frantic with delight, and could not contain themselves while he was playing. I do not think so great a sensation has been created in Greenwich within the recollection of any one living. I send you these few lines in haste.

LIMERICK.—Miss Catherine Hayes is engaged to perform in operas for two nights at the theatre on the 11th and 12th of March, when she will be assisted by Miss Poole, Mr. Travers, Signor Polonini, and Signor Menghis. The band and chorus will consist of the Dublin orchestra and troupe, under the direction of Mr. Levey. The operas to be performed are *Linda di Chamouni* and *Norma*. After leaving Limerick, Miss Hayes and company will perform in Cork, upon the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 18th of March; and in Waterford, upon the 20th of March.

THE KING OF HANOVER AND JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind has recently given several concerts in Hanover, one of which was for the benefit of the poor of the city. His Majesty, King Ernst, who was present at one of them, sent the Swedish songstress, we are told, a golden goblet filled with anti's eggs, the food of "nightingales." This may be, and may not be true. If true it was a pretty conceit on the part of old Hanover. If not true, it was a pretty conceit on the part of the penny-a-liner. Not true 'twere pity and pity 'twere not true. For our own parts, although we cannot vouch, we fondly believe it to be true. We have a comfortable credulity as makers and borrowers of paragraphs.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIGNOR FELICE RONCONI.—A notice of the first concert of this gentleman is unavoidably deferred till next week.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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To commence at Seven o'clock.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**

THE Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the FIRST CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, March 4th.

Programme.—Sinfonia (Jupiter).—Mozart. Quartett, No. 1.—Mendelssohn. Messrs Sainton, Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas. Overture, "Les deux Journées,"—Cherubini.

Vocal Performers:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Mrs. Benson, and Mrs. Machin.

Conductor . . . MR. COSTA.

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ANNOUNCES to her Pupils and the Public that her EVENING CONCERT will be given on WEDNESDAY, April 10th, 1850; on which occasion she will be assisted by artists of eminence.

Full particulars will be duly announced. Tickets to be had of Mrs. SCHWAB, 31, Milton Street, Dorset Square.

EXETER HALL.

**WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.**

WEDNESDAY Next, MARCH 8th, will be held the THIRD of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS of the Spring Series, when Miss Lucombe, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Herr Thalberg, and Mr. SIMS REEVES will appear.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing, Aria, "Fra Poco," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Irish Melody, "The last rose of summer" (Moore); and (by desire) for the first time this season, BRAHAM's celebrated Scena, "The Death of Nelson." Full particulars will be duly announced.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. STAMMERS, 4, Exeter Hall, and of all Music-sellers.

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At the First Concert, on Friday, March 8th, M. BILLET will introduce—

- |   |   |   |                 |
|---|---|---|-----------------|
| 1. Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 25                 | - | - | Beethoven.      |
| 2. Suite in F, with Fugue, ("Sulles des Pieces")  | - | - | Handel.         |
| 3. Grand Sonata in E flat, "The Farewell," Op. 44 | - | - | Dussek.         |
| (Study in E flat                                  | - | - | W. S. Bennett.  |
| 4. "La Chasse," Etude in E flat                   | - | - | Stephen Heller. |
| (Andante and Rondo Capriccio in E                 | - | - | Mendelssohn.    |

Tickets, 2s.; Central Seats, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.

Further particulars, with full programme, will be immediately announced.

Under the Patronage of H. R. H. Duke of Cambridge.

**BERNHARD MOLIQUE**

BEGS to announce that his CHAMBER CONCERTS will take place on the 6th and 20th MARCH, and 3rd APRIL next.

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**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**

MR. BUNN will have the honor of repeating his DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE at this Theatre, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY Evenings, until the end of March. To commence at Eight o'clock.

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**UN TIGRE DE BENGALE.**

To conclude with Boisselot's Favourite Opera,

**NE TOUCHEZ PAS A LA REINE.**

WEDNESDAY NEXT, March 6th, AUBER's Popular Opera,

**LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE**

Chef d'Orchestre . . . M. CHARLES HANSEN.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s.

Doors will be opened at Seven o'clock, and the Performances to commence at Half-past Seven.

FRIDAY, March 8th, will be produced an entirely New Opera, in One Act, entitled

**L'ESCLAVE DU CAMOENS.**

The Libretto by M. SAINT-GEORGES. The Music by M. C. VAN DER DOSS.

AUBER's Popular Opera,

**LE MAÇON,**

Is also in preparation, and will be produced during the following week.

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No. 10.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1850.

{ PRIOR THREEPENCE.  
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STEPHEN HELLER.

A MORE than usual press of matter compels us to postpone the continuation of the essay upon the works of M. Stephen Heller until next week.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK.

WE have just received a file of New York papers, from which we take leave to extract a few particulars that will certainly be found interesting. Theatricals appear to be flourishing in the Yankee metropolis. Listen to the *New York Weekly Herald*—

"THE PHENOMENA OF NEW YORK THEATRICALS.—We don't believe there is a city in the world like New York city, for theatrical life and prosperity. We have seven theatres in this city, and night after night all of them are filled, overflowing filled, from top to bottom, from pit to gallery, and umbrellas, who come late, are obliged to retire without obtaining entrance. This rush is particularly the case with some of the most popular, on special evenings, when some great attraction is announced. While, generally every night, they are all of them well filled, now is this phenomenon to be accounted for, because phenomenon it is, it beats Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, all hollow."

Well, how is this "phenomenon" to be explained? Hear the reasoning of our transatlantic brother—

'We have four theories on which to account for this wonderful sight, and they are the following—1st. Our people in this goodly city are doing well and are prosperous. 2nd. Our people are passionately fond of theatrical entertainments and dramatic exhibitions. 3rd. Our managers and actors are skilful, enterprising, and the best of their kind. 4th. The system of low prices, like the English penny-post system, has augmented the consumption in geometrical ratio."

The above interpretation of the nightly "rush" is not to be despised. Though not painfully modest, it is substantially correct. But more follows:—

"We are inclined, however, to believe, on further reflection, that these causes operate in combination, that they are all necessary, to produce the effect we witness; that none of them, separately, would be of force, and if any one was taken away, the others would not produce it. If the people were not prosperous—if they did not love the drama—and if the drama was not made to suit their taste, and if the price of admission was not very low, they would not flock to the theatres as they do. Thus, all these causes unite, and combine to produce the effect. There is another cause which we have not classified with the great causes, because it is only adjunctive and auxiliary—we mean the afflux of visitors from all parts of the Union, travellers and business men, continually coming to and going from New York, who pay the theatres a passing visit on their trip."

We take it that it is not the love of the drama but the low price of admission that does the thing. We have been at New York, and from much observation have arrived at the conviction that the majority of the inhabitants are not lovers of the drama. With all their affectation of liberality, a more thorough race of methodists does not exist upon the face of the earth. The Americans do not love the drama. The

Americans do not love music. Were it otherwise, they could not patiently endure the mediocrity and slovenly character of their dramatic and musical performances. Were it otherwise, that mighty quack, Ole Bull, would not have made a fortune so rapidly among them. Were it otherwise, Leopold de Meyer, the piano-player, would not have dared to employ the means he dared to employ in building a reputation and amassing a hoard. Were it otherwise, they would have appreciated Charlotte Cushman, whose great merits as a tragic actress were first acknowledged in this country, and afterwards accepted in her own, where previously she had been scarcely noticed. Were it otherwise—but we have said enough. The *Herald* has not done yet; having chronicled the fact and suggested the cause of dramatic flourish in the land of tobacco, he discusses the effect with abundant eloquence—

"We have now noticed the fact, and then its proximate and producing causes, let us briefly advert to the effects of this existence of things."

"The effects are generally—speaking of things as they are, kind of society as it is constituted—happy, pleasing, and commendable. An immense number of persons hereby obtain a livelihood; an immense sum of money is daily drawn into circulation, which would otherwise slumber idle and unkindly in the cautious pocket; and last, not least, many idle minds are pleasingly occupied, rationally entertained, and even sometimes instructed, who, if pent up in stiff constraint in some "serious family," would be meditating malice and brooding over spite, uttering scandal, or looking daggers at their fellow-creatures, working up bad blood, or meditating dark and sinister schemes, instead of laughing till their sides crack, or weeping till the tears run, and then going home, after some hours of good humour, to sleep with equanimity far less polluted than if they had been fomenting secret passions, or nursing selfish, austere feelings, on the silent and solemn benches of a conventicle."

To every word and syllable of which we devoutly respond "Amen." We affect the notion mightily of a sum of money slumbering "unkindly," because unspent, in the pocket of a Yankee citizen. We also enter heart and soul into the writer's suggested denunciation of conventicles.

But what has all this to do with Jenny Lind? And what has all this to do with Mr. Barnum, ex-exhibitor of the General Tom Thumb, Major Little Finger, the Mermaid and the Mammoth? Let P. T. Barnum alone; those who remember that loquacious, ready, and amusing individual at Kilpack's comfortablest of cigar divans, some years ago, will believe without having read the following letter, and having read it will be convinced beyond shaking of the truth of their belief, that he (P. T. Barnum) is as capable of writing a puff in the shape of a familiar epistle, a compound of modest assurance and candid expostulation, addressed to the newspapers (and of course not paid for as an advertisement) as the late George Robins himself—the newspaper of public counsellors. P. T. Barnum addresses the *Herald*, in answer to a question which he had asked himself in a previous number.

"American Museum, Feb. 22, 1850.

"Editor of the Herald:—

"In regard to the engagement of Madlle. Jenny Lind, for America, I beg to state that I have this day ratified the engagement made by my agent with this distinguished vocalist. It is true that in engaging Madlle. Lind and the musical associates whom she has selected to accompany her, viz: the distinguished composer and pianist, M. Julius Benedict, and the celebrated Italian barytone vocalist, Giovanni Belletti, my agent went beyond any amount that I had anticipated paying; but after all, the sums to be paid to these persons, enormous as they may appear, are not so much as Miss Lind has been in the habit of receiving for her services alone, nor do Messrs. Benedict and Belletti receive from me more than their distinguished talents are at this moment commanding in London.

"Perhaps I may not make any money by this enterprise, but I assure you that if I knew I should not realise a farthing profit, I would yet ratify the engagement, so anxious am I that the United States shall be visited by a lady whose vocal powers have never been approached by any other human being, and whose character is charity, simplicity, and goodness personified.

"It is well known that Jenny Lind never received less than £400 or 2000 dollars per night, for her own personal services, in Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and the provincial towns in England, and that she frequently received £600 per night. My agent saw an offer to her of £6000, or 30,000 dollars, to sing twelve nights in England, which she declined; also, an enormous offer for the grand concerts at the Imperial Court of Russia, an offer nearly double that of my own, which she, for reason, also declined. She was offered £1200, or 6000, dollars, to sing at one concert, to be given at the Great World's Convention of Arts and Manufactures in Hyde Park, London, in 1851. It was further intimated to her, from Queen Victoria, that her services would be desired at about the same period, in a contemplated grand sacred festival at Westminster Abbey, where the tickets will be held from 25 to 100 dollars each. Both of these last offers she was induced to decline, in consequence of her desire to visit America, as proposed by my agent.

"Miss Lind has numerous better offers than the one she has accepted from me; but she has a great anxiety to visit America. She speaks of this country and its institutions in the highest terms of rapture and praise, and as money is by no means the greatest inducement that can be laid before her, she has determined to visit us. In her engagement with me, (which engagement includes Havannah as well as the United States,) she expressly reserves the right to give charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper.

"Since her *début* in England, she has given to the poor, from her own private purse, more than the whole amount which I have engaged to give her, and the proceeds of concerts for charitable purposes in Great Britain, where she has sung gratuitously, have realized more than ten times that amount.

"During the last eight months, she has been singing entirely gratuitously, for charitable purposes; and she is now founding a benevolent institution in Stockholm, her native city, at a cost of 350,000 dollars.

"A visit from such a woman, who regards her high artistic powers as a gift from Heaven, for the amelioration of affliction and distress, and whose every thought and deed is philanthropy, I feel persuaded will prove a blessing to America, as she has to every country which she has visited; and I feel every confidence that my countrymen and women will join me heartily in saying—"May God bless her."

"The Public's obedient servant,

"P. T. BARNUM."

How much of this is true our readers well know. How much of this is not true might be easily set forth. But as we love the "Swedish nightingale" from the very depths of our souls we hasten to join the "countrymen and women" of P. T. Barnum, and P. T. Barnum himself, who, being a genius, is of no country, in heartily saying "God bless her."

(To be continued in our next.)

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. LUMLEY has at length issued his official programme for the present season. With one exception the principal members of the company of last year remain. Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Giuliani, and Casanovi, and Signori Gardoni, Calzolari, Colletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and the Lablache, hold their usual places. Alboni, the "bright particular star"

of the opera, no longer appears in the constellation of Her Majesty's Theatre. Why the director allowed the Aldeboran of his establishment to decline beneath the horizon, we cannot say. It is more probable that the star persisted in its declination, than that the manager objected to its ascension—in homely phrase, that Alboni could not, or would not, come, than that Mr. Lumley did not desire her coming. However this may be, Alboni's absence will leave a blank in the catalogue of operatic enjoyments.

Madame Sontag must now, indeed, be the feature of the season. Her recent success in the French capital will add new lustre to her previously bright reputation. Madame Sontag, in addition to her repertoire of last year, will add the characters of Norina in *Don Pasquale*, and Angela in *Il Domino Nero*, an Italianised version of the *Domino Noir*, of which we have already spoken. In the former opera she will make her *reentrée*.

Mademoiselle Parodi will open the season in *Medea*, one of Pasta's most celebrated creations. Tutored by the great original in all the dramatic details, and in the stage *finesse* of the part, in addition to her own natural capacities, we entertain little doubt of the fair artist achieving a solid success. We have, indeed, greater hopes of the singer than of the opera.

Two important additions have been made to the soprano—Miss Catherine Hayes and Madame Frezzolini. Of Miss Catherine Hayes, who has already exhibited her talents, and won laurels at the Royal Italian Opera, we need say nothing.

Concerning Madame Frezzolini, public curiosity is much excited. A high reputation has been enjoyed by this lady for several years in Italy, and her engagement in the Russian capital for three consecutive seasons has rather increased than diminished that reputation. Madame Frezzolini appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre some five or six years since, but in consequence of a hoarseness with which she was afflicted during her stay in this country, she failed to produce the effect which was so confidently anticipated by her admirers. The celebrated soprano will now, however, have an opportunity of taking her revenge.

Signora Ida Bertrand will be the first contralto. She is announced in the prospectus as a contralto of great reputation, from *La Scala* and other great theatres of Italy. As a concert singer, in Paris, she has been favourably known.

Signora Lucciola will make her first appearance. Who Signora Lucciola is we cannot say.

Other artists are mentioned, who, as they appear in small type, we may conclude.

Three tenors are added to last year's list; Signor Bocardi, from the *San Carlo*, Signor Michelli, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The first two are new; the latter is universally known, and will prove more in his element at Her Majesty's Theatre than he was at the Royal Italian Opera.

To the *bassi cantanti* of last year is added Signor Lorenzo, of whom having heard nothing we can say nothing. Thus much for the vocal corps.

According to the prospectus, the greatest attention has been bestowed upon the orchestra. Additions of importance have been made, and the whole system has been remodelled. The chorus has been selected with a due regard to vocal and dramatic efficiency, and will be under the direction of Signor F. Ronconi.

Mr. Balfe, as before, is director of the music, and conductor.

The ballet department is on the same extensive scale as formerly. It comprises the names of Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, Carolina Rosati, and Amalia Ferraris (from the *San Carlo*, Naples—her first appearance) with others, among the

ladies; and Paul Taghioni, M. Charles, and M. Gosselin, with others, among the gentlemen. Gerito and her husband are not named.

In the vocal department, we are informed, arrangements are pending with other celebrated artists "of the highest merit;" in the ballet arrangements are also pending with other artists "of great attraction."

Her Majesty's Theatre will open on Tuesday with *Medea*, the principal characters being sustained by Madlle. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Signori Calzolari, Michelli, and Belletti. M. Paul Taghioni's new ballet, called *Les Metamorphoses*, in which Carlotta Grisli will appear in seven costumes, and fight with swords and pistols, will conclude the entertainments. Marie Taghioni will dance, and Pagni has composed the music. Nadaud continues in his old post, as conductor of the ballet.

### JENNY LIND'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

(From the Liverpool Times.)

THERE have been many reports in circulation as to the intended visit of this amiable and gifted lady to the United States. We are now enabled to state the facts and particulars on the best authority—that of a private letter from Madlle. Lind, and a perusal of the documents relating to the engagement, with which we have been favoured by Mr. Barnum's agent. The latter were signed at Lubek on the 9th inst., and are in substance as follows, omitting the sums of money out of delicacy to Madlle. Lind, with the remark that those already specified by some of our contemporaries are quite incorrect. Mr. Barnum, the speculator, agrees to provide Madlle. Lind a waiting-maid, servant to superintend the baggage for herself and party, to pay all travelling expenses, including those of her companion (the amiable relative who accompanied her in England), a secretary, and the professional fees of M. Benedict and Signor Belletti, the musical conductor, and the vocalist whom she has particularly selected; to place at her disposal in each city a carriage and a pair of horses, and to secure her a certain sum for each concert or oratorio in which she shall sing. That after seventy-five concerts, if Mr. Barnum shall have realised a sum named, exclusive of all current expenses, then, in addition to the first amount, a further sum of one-fifth of nightly profits on the remaining seventy-five concerts. We may state that the terms given to Messrs. Benedict and Belletti are very liberal—such as, in reference to Mr. Benedict, could alone have tempted him from his eminent position in the metropolis. Madlle. Lind, on her part, agrees to sing in 150 concerts, including oratorios, within one year, if possible—or if not, within eighteen months; to have full control as to the number of nights or concerts in each week, and the number of pieces in each concert;—the former, as well as the latter, to be conditional on her health and safety of voice. It is further proposed that the life of Madlle. Lind, and that of each of her assistants, shall be insured for the full amount of their engagements; in case of death, half of the sum to be paid to their heirs or assigns, the remainder to Mr. Barnum. The party to leave for America the last week in August or first week in September. During the interim, Madlle. Lind will remain on the Continent, singing for various charities, and will pay a visit of some duration to Stockholm, her native city. The following is a copy of the letter addressed by Madlle. Lind to Mr. Barnum:—

Lubek, 9th January, 1850.

Sir,—At the request of your agent, Mr. —, who is now here, and whose object is, at the earliest opportunity, to advise you, I beg to state

that I have this day concluded to accept the terms made me for you, by him, to the effect of visiting the United States of America professionally, under your auspices, the details of which are set forth in a formal mutual agreement; and I cannot but express my gratitude for the anxiety you and your agent evince to render my intended tour replete with comfort. Trusting the speculation may meet you most sanguine expectations, is my most ardent desire; and no endeavours to secure which shall be wanting (God granting me health) on the part of, sir, yours, most respectfully,

Jenny Lind.

To P. T. Barnum, Esquire, Iranistan Villa, Bridgeport, Connecticut, United States.

(True copy, witnessed by me, Jenny Lind.)

As evidence of the noble spirit which always animates this greatly-gifted lady, we may state, that a further condition in the contract stipulates that she shall be at full liberty to sing for charitable purposes whenever she may desire so to do. That she will have the greatest reception the United States has ever yet given to artistic talent, there can be little doubt; and we venture to prophesy that enthusiasm will increase with the knowledge of her genius and character. Her judgment has been shown in the selection of two such able assistants as Mr. Benedict and Signor Belletti—the latter is a fine baritone, who has sung with her almost through the whole of her career; the former, a gentleman in manner and character, an artist in every sense of the term, one whom she has graced with her friendship, and who knows how to value it.

[The sums which our cotemporary, in delicacy, omits to specify, we can specify without indelicacy, since the affair has become generally notorious. Jenny Lind is to receive £200 for each of the 150 concerts—total, £30,000. Mr. Benedict is to receive £33 6s. 8d. for each of the 150 concerts—total, £5000. Signor Belletti is to receive £16 13s. 4d. for each of the 150 concerts—total, £2500. These sums are ensured. The rest depends on the result of the speculation. We will take odds that Jenny Lind comes back with £60,000; Mr. Benedict, with £10,000; and Signor Belletti, with £5000, in their pockets. It is not generally known that Jenny Lind intends to devote the whole of her gainings in America to the building of a hospital at Stockholm.—Ed. M. W.]

### HAYDN.

The following is a complete list of the works written by Haydn, during his residence in London, copied from his Journal:—

Orfeo, an opera seria; 8 symphonies; sinfonia concertante; "The Tempest," a chorus; 3 symphonies; air for David, Seni; Marone for Galli; 6 quartets; 3 sonatas for Broderip (Broderip); 8 sonatas for P.; 3 sonatas for M. Johnson; 1 sonata in F minor; 1 sonata in G; "The Dream;" 1 compliment for Harring on; 6 English songs; 100 Scotch songs; 50 duos; 2 divertimentos for the flute; 3 symphonies; 4 songs for F.; 2 marches; 1 air for Mistress P.; 1 "God save the King;" 1 air, with orchestra accompaniment; "Invocation to Neptune;" 1 canon—"The Ten Commandments;" 1 march—"The Prince of Wales;" 2 divertimentos for several voices; 24 minuets and German airs for dancing; 12 ballads for Lord A.; different songs; canons; 1 song with orchestra accompaniments for Lord A.; 4 country dances; 6 songs; overtures for Covent Garden; air for Madame Banti; 4 Scotch songs; 2 songs; 2 country dances; 2 sonatas for Broderip (Broderip).

So that English roast-lark, English plum-pudding, and English beer, did not succeed in making "Papa Haydn" gay.

### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first concert for the present season took place on Monday. The appearance of the Hanover Square Rooms betokened a full subscription. We are pleased at this; for, with all the faults that may be laid to its charge, the Phil-

harmonic Society is one of the strongholds of good music in this country. The following was the programme:—

## PART I.

Sinfonia in C, No. 6 ( <i>Jupiter</i> )	Mozart.
Recitative, "Say what reward," and Trio, "Seek not youth" ( <i>A Night in Granada</i> ), Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Machin	C. Kreutzer.
Quartetto, Op. 12, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas	Mendelssohn.
Recitative, "Non paventar," and Aria, "In felice consolato" ( <i>Il Raule Magico</i> ), Miss Louisa Pyne	Mozart.
Overture, <i>Euryanthe</i>	Wübel.

## PART II.

Sinfonia in D, No. 2	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Dearest, let thy footsteps" ( <i>Faust</i> ), Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Machin	Spohr.
Recitative, "Cease, O cease," and Trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains" ( <i>Aols and Galatea</i> ), Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Machin	Handel.
Overture, <i>Les Deux Journées</i>	Cherubini.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The symphonies and overtures were very finely executed. An occasional exception might be made to the time in which certain movements were taken; but to find fault in detail on the present occasion would be hypercriticism, an excess of zeal to which we are not given. The quartet, an early and a beautiful work of Mendelssohn, was well played, and the *canzonetta*, in G minor, encored. The vocal feature of the evening was the song from *Zauberflöte*, which Miss Louisa Pyne sang perfectly well. The young lady was much applauded, and as it was her *début* at the Philharmonic Concerts, her best well-wishers must have been entirely satisfied.

The want of novelty was the chief drawback to this excellent concert. The two overtures have been sadly worn. The introduction of quartets we cannot but think a mistake. They sound comparatively insignificant after the symphonies and overtures, and with all the talent of Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas, this was felt, on Monday night, by the majority of the audience.

The band of the Philharmonic retains its supremacy. Mr. Costa has made one or two alterations, one of which, involving the appointment of Mr. Nicholson to the post of first oboe, is of great benefit to the wind department. Mr. Costa was received, when he entered the orchestra, with flattering tokens of esteem. At present all looks well for the Philharmonic. We recommend the directors, however, not to give concerts for the future without a concerto or solo of any kind. The subscribers will have a right to complain if they do. They can hear a quartet in many places, but a concerto in few.

We regret that an unusually full number prevents us from speaking more at length of the first concert, but, before quitting the subject, we take leave to quote an extract from the notice of a morning contemporary, in which there are some solid remarks:—

"The Philharmonic Society, has now arrived at the 37th year of its existence. The principles upon which it was founded are generally known and clearly understood. The encouragement and effective performance of the highest class of instrumental, or rather orchestral, music, was the professed object of the association. This branch of the art, since the time when Salomon engaged Haydn to write twelve grand symphonies expressly for his London Concerts, had fallen into undeserved neglect. The means of restoring it to public notice existed in the metropolis, and the scattered materials, at the instance of several professors of standing, were gathered together in a body, under the title of the Philharmonic Society. Although orchestral music was the predominant consideration, concertos and solos for various instruments, now regarded as indispensable features, were added shortly afterwards, and, ultimately, vocal music, which was altogether foreign to the original plan. Both innovations, however, were

commendable, since the variety they afforded gave agreeable relief to the grand orchestral plan, which, presented in uninterrupted succession, stood the chance of becoming monotonous. At first, performers of every class attended gratuitously, but the liberal patronage of the public, which far exceeded previous anticipations, very soon enabled the society to pay for the services of every artist engaged in the concert. It is, consequently, to public support that the Philharmonic Society is indebted for the high position it has acquired, and it is to public support that it must look for continued prosperity. The duty of those intrusted with the protection of the public interest is, therefore, to watch the conduct of the seven annually-elected members, who direct the policy of the society, and to comment upon their proceedings without reserve. The history of the progress of the Philharmonic Society, from its commencement up to a recent period, has already appeared in these columns. From this it may be gathered that, although the annual directors have, in a great measure, carried out the proposed intentions of the association with active integrity, they have had many alas to answer for—alas, however, rather of omission than commission. One of the great errors with which we have to reproach them is, that they have not kept pace with the times. While retaining their high prices, and persisting to assume the exclusive position for so many years undoubtedly enjoyed, they have failed to take advantage of what was going on without the pale of their jurisdiction. With the dearest musical concerts in the dearest country of the world, they have not always succeeded in providing their subscribers with the best entertainment. New works of importance have frequently remained unnoticed, until they have been absolutely compelled by the voice of public opinion to produce them. In many instances, compositions that should have been heard years ago have never even been tried by the Philharmonic orchestra. Artists of European eminence have been allowed to visit and quit London without any notice being taken of them by the Society. It is unnecessary to quote the names and enter into minute particulars, since these are matters of notoriety; but we must warn the Philharmonic that a new line of conduct must be pursued, if the continuance of public patronage be desirable. Music has made large advances since the year 1813, and it is to be regretted that a retrospect of the annual concerts would help us to a very imperfect history of the different stages of its progress. Large gaps would have to be traversed, and many eminent and important names, skipped over, without any evidence of the influence they have exercised on the gradual development of the art. But a truce to homily. Let us hope that another season will show that the Philharmonic Society, impressed with the force of circumstances, imbued with the spirit of the age, are ready to march onward, and by fresh energy to keep pace with the events that crowd around them. By these means alone can they hope to consolidate the hold they have so long maintained over the mind of the musical public."

We have a thorough conviction that these strictures, as calmly delivered as they are evidently well meant, will not fall altogether unheeded by those to whose consideration they are addressed.

## SPOHR.

The accident which occurred to this great composer from a severe fall is generally known. In the first reports serious fears were entertained for his recovery. The following extract from a letter of his daughter, which, with the notice of the accident, was inadvertently omitted from our last, will however explain the matter more fully:—

"We are under considerable anxiety about Spohr. We had very slippery weather for many weeks, and, among many others, he fell, and was taken up insensible. When he came to himself, he insisted on proceeding to a rehearsal to which he was bound. He had violent pain in the head before his physician forbade his going out, and conducted an opera, a concert, and rehearsal. At length it became much worse, and now, for a fortnight, he has been confined to his room. His physician persists in treating it as a matter of no consequence; but there are some symptoms which make me feel very anxious about him. He is out of heart about himself, and said to me the other day that there had been times when he felt as if he had been losing his senses, so much had his head been affected. I much fear he will never thoroughly recover, for a fall on the head to a man of his age and bulk is a serious calamity."

We have much pleasure in announcing, however, that Spohr is in a speedy way of recovery.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

The last of the six chamber concerts occurred on Saturday, the 2nd instant, at St. Martin's Hall. The attendance was very numerous and overflowed the room. The programme was as follows:—

## PART I.

Quintet in E minor (MS.), two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, Messrs. Blagrove, Mori, Westlake, Trust, and G. Calkin—first time of performance . . . J. B. Calkin.  
Song, "I arise from dreams of thee," Miss Dolby . . . G. A. Macfarren.  
Quartet, "The maid who'd wish to slumber," Misses Thornton, Rooke, Owen, and Panchaud (*Oracle*) . . . Winter.  
Canonet, "Truth in absence," Miss Rainforth . . . E. B. Harper.  
Sonata Duo in E, for two performers on one pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder and Mr. W. C. Macfarren—first time of performance . . . W. C. Macfarren.  
Song from *Ruy Blas*, Misses Rainforth, Thornton, Griesbach, Rooke, Dolby, Owen, and Panchaud (with String-Quartet Accompaniment) . . . Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

Sestet in A minor, two violins, two tenors, violoncello, and contra-bass, Messrs. Blagrove, Mori, Westlake, Trust, Guest, and Severn . . . Mayerler.  
Song, "The Fairies' Invitation," Miss Owen . . . E. Perry.  
Canone, "Perfida Clori," Misses Rainforth, Rooke, and Griesbach . . . Cherubini.  
Song, "Let me not have this gloomy view," Miss Dolby . . . Miss L. Barker.  
Triple Concerto in D minor, three pianofortes, Miss Calkin, and Messrs. F. B. Jewson and C. E. Horsley (with orchestral accompaniments) . . . J. S. Bach.  
Accompanist, Mr. C. E. Stephens.  
Director . . . Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

The only instrumental piece we were enabled to hear was the *Sonata Duo* of Mr. W. C. Macfarren, a work of remarkable merit. The *scherzo* was encored, and the whole work applauded with much warmth. The only vocal piece we heard was the song from *Ruy Blas*, with which, had Mendelssohn been alive and present, he would not by any means have been satisfied.

It is our intention to enter at length into the "British Society of Musicians question," in a future number. Meanwhile we have reprinted underneath, an article from a contemporary, with the spirit of which we entirely concur.

For many years past, the Society of British Musicians has been almost a dead letter to the great musical public. The association was formed in 1834, for the encouragement of native musicians of all denominations; their production in public, both as executants and composers; and the general advancement of the art, in so far as that could be made subservient to the professed views of the body. The number of members was limited to 150, and the first evidence of their activity was given in a series of six instrumental and vocal concerts, at the Hanover Square Rooms, for which the subscription was one guinea. These concerts, which were on the largest scale, with grand orchestra, and programme according to the Philharmonic arrangement, were prodigiously successful. Unknown talent, by their help, emerged from obscurity. Composers, pianists, violinists, &c., were brought forward, who, but for them, might long have waited for a chance. The concerts became notorious, and were quizzed by the enemies of the "native talent cry," as it was termed, under the sobriquet of "the three-and-sixpenny concerts." The Society of British Musicians, however, in one season, made a step in public favor; their existence was acknowledged by the public, and respected no less than feared by those who had previously enjoyed a monopoly in musical affairs, to the total exclusion of others, who, with perhaps higher claims to distinction, had not enjoyed the same means of obtaining it.

But no sooner had the Society of British Musicians made one step forward, than they retraced it backward. Their number, already too large, was, by the vote of the majority, increased to 350, and the price of the concerts raised to one guinea and a half. It was thought by those who proposed, and those who supported this motion, that the increase of numbers would insure a proportionate increase of interest, and that raising the prices of admission, while not endangering the sale of tickets, might save the concerts from the stigma of being nicknamed the "three-and-sixpenny concerts." (Cheap musical performances were then not dreamt of by our professors and speculators.) But this was only playing into the hands of the enemy. The vast body of members—each of whom had a voice and a vote at the general meetings, when the annual committee of nine managing directors was elected, when accounts were submitted, laws modified, expunged, or introduced, and other important matters considered—the vast body of members soon gave evidence of a proportionate diversity of conflicting opinions. The speedy result was confusion and dissension. Every member had his own private notion of what was the primary object of the Society. Composers urged that it was to bring forward their works—players and singers that it was to give them the means of being heard in public—until it was not easy to explain clearly what really had been the original intention of the founders. From this time forward, the prospects of the Society, which had opened so brightly, began to darken. At every general meeting some law was modified, some new feature in the organization of the body introduced. What to-day was altered, to-morrow was restored to its original shape, and the day after remodelled. As every member could not be allowed to play, as every member's works could not be produced, nobody was altogether satisfied. The orchestral performers, who, at first, gave their services gratuitously, for the benefit of the common weal, finding they derived no immediate advantage from the sacrifice, insisted upon being paid; but the subscriptions having materially fallen off, the Society could not afford this extra outlay, and the grand concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms were abandoned in consequence. By this time, it was apparent to all capable of reflection, that the origin of the Society of British Musicians had been based upon a fallacy, or upon a doctrine not clearly understood. Composers and solo performers who had no other means of making themselves heard, were the only members manifestly benefitted by the public concerts. To the orchestral performers, who had the arduous task of trying, rehearsing, and publicly executing a countless number of MS. compositions—five-sixths of which were, in all probability, of little worth—there was no direct prospect of ultimate reward. To singers and players of eminence, who had contrived to flourish without the assistance of any exclusive association, the Society was equally superfluous, while to known and tried composers the promised advantages were not less illusory. It became, therefore, a fair question why a large body of musical professors should continue associated for the exclusive advantage of a few young and inexperienced composers. The consideration of this question led to a division of opinion, and the Society split into two factions—composers and executants. The former were for limiting the number of members, the latter for extending them indefinitely; each section, of course, having its own particular interest in view—the one glory, the other profit. Meanwhile, the grand orchestral concerts had dwindled into chamber soirées, which were continued with few interruptions, up to last year, in a very small room, in Berners Street. The audience was limited to the members



and their own particular friends; the press took very little notice of their proceedings, and the public almost forgot that a Society of British Musicians existed—when, a month or two ago, a series of six chamber concerts was announced to take place in the small room of St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of the committee.

There can be no possible reason why a body of native artists should not give a series of performances at St. Martin's Hall, at which their compositions may be heard by the public; but it is, we think, somewhat anomalous to style them the "Concerts of the Society of British Musicians"—a title which suggests the conclusion, to those who know no better, that all this country possesses of musical talent and eminence is concentrated in them, while, in sober truth, they are comparatively of minor importance, and have little or nothing to distinguish them from the numberless *soirées* and *matinées* of chamber music now going on in this metropolis. The principal, and, indeed, exclusive object of the Society—as may be seen by a reference to the first books of laws—was to introduce British composers and British performers to the public. Such was the avowed intention of Mr. Tutton, the founder, unanimously agreed to at the first general meeting, and publicly announced as an apology for the association. But so far as composers are concerned this object has been abandoned. Beethoven and Mendelssohn, in respect to advantages derived, are quite as much members of the Society of British Musicians as Mr. Stephens and Mr. Greaves; indeed, their right of membership is more largely exercised, since their works are oftener performed. What plea, therefore, can the association put for retaining its original title? Mr. Dando's quartet concerts in the city, or Mr. Thomas's at the Literary Institutions, might with equal propriety be styled concerts of a "Society of British Musicians," since, although British compositions are carefully avoided, the executants are for the most part British by birth and members of the original Society. It is evident, therefore, that either the Society of British Musicians must remodel itself entirely or dissolve. The latter course would be the wiser. Its further existence, under the present circumstances, is an absurdity.

(From the Times.)

### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE third concert of the spring series took place on the 6th instant, and was crowded to excess. For this the directors owe no little thanks to the fine weather, which has continued for some days past. The programme was quite a Wednesday Concert programme, in the old style; and, with some few exceptions, did not invite a very minute analysis. The ballads outnumbered to a considerable extent the other features of the programme, and became more tiresome as the concert progressed. The encores were even more tiresome than the ballads. However, enough has been said on this subject. We suppose this kind of music pleases the director, and we are not so inhuman as to grudge any fellow-creature a moment's happiness, even if, while patiently contributing to it, we ourselves endure some pain both of mind and body.

The concert commenced with Haydn's symphony in G, which has been nicknamed *The Surprise*. Although one of the smallest and youngest of the composer's orchestral works, *The Surprise* was heartily enjoyed by the audience. It was given with clearness and precision by the band (which, however, was no "surprise"), and was followed by a trio, duet,

and three songs from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. These trio, duet, and three songs in the programme are facetiously called a "selection;" but why a "selection," any more than a life and cymbals are an orchestra, we shall not undertake to show. The various *morceaux* have as little to do one with another as the violins and oboes with the wooden hammers introduced by M. Jullien in his celebrated and easily-heard polka called the "Row Polka" for distinction. But the singers did good service in their interpretation of these well-worn tunes—these venerable and impossible-to-be-forgotten staves. Miss Lucombe gained great applause in the cavatina, "Regnava nel silenzio;" and with Mr. Delavanti in the duet, "My sufferings and sorrow," divided the honours of a "bis." Miss Lucombe was also favoured with an encore all to herself in the Scotch song, "Twas within a mile of Edinbro' town." Mr. Sims Reeves, in first-rate voice, was applauded to the echo in the "Fra poco," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Death of Nelson," each and every of which he was called upon to repeat by the universal lungs of his excited and difficult-to-be-satisfied audience. Herr Forner sang Rossini's "Largo al factotum" like lightning, and Shields' vigorous old song, "The Wolf," like thunder. He was enthusiastically called upon to sing them both again, and obeyed the summons with brisk alacrity. The Misses Williams made their appearance after a somewhat lengthened absence, and were cordially welcomed by the audience. They sang the "Serbani ognor di fido," from Rossini's *Semiramide*, Holmes' pretty duet, "The Swiss Maidens," and Mendelssohn's "O, wert thou in the cauld blast;" Miss M. Williams sang (alone) "Home sweet home," "I've sat in gilded palaces" (Williams), and "John Anderson, my jo." Need we say, that duets and solos were equally well executed by the charming and accomplished sisters. Miss Isaacs was encored, both in Rodwell's ballad about "May," and in Moore's about the "Meeting of the Waters."

M. Thalberg made his last appearance, previous to his departure for a tour on the Continent. The fantasias he selected for the occasion were the *Mosé in Egitto* and the *Masaniello*. These are as popular as they are well known, and it would be superfluous, if it were possible, to say more of them than has been already said. M. Thalberg played with his accustomed brilliancy, and that unfailing certainty which is a mighty charm in his execution. The *Mosé* being redemanded, the great Sigismund substituted his carnival, *viz.*, the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, interspersed with Thalbergian effects. The audience were again electrified, and their surprise was vented in unanimous clappings of hands.

At the conclusion of the first part the band gave Mendelssohn's overture, and *scherso*, and Wedding March to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The overture and *scherso* were played with admirable effect, Mr. Ribba giving the difficult flute part at the end of the *scherso* in a masterly manner. The Wedding March was considerably marred by clumsy and careless playing of one of the trombones. An orchestra of such reputation as the orchestra of the "Wednesday Concerts," should not be exposed to these animadversions; but it is not the first time we have had to make record of similar negligence in the same March. It should not be allowed to occur again. Herold's overture to *Zampa*, and Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, were played with great spirit. But these be no great novelties. Herr Anschütz is an excellent conductor, and deserves great praise for the clever manner in which he conducted the orchestra and vocal pieces.

We hope shortly to see an announcement of one of the "grand nights" promised by the directors in their prospectus,



and look forward to it with the greatest confidence, knowing that the directors have never yet broken faith with the public; and that with such excellent vocalists and orchestra, there is every reason to expect an entertainment something better than the regular miscellaneous concerts.

### BERNHARD MOLIQUE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

HERR MOLIQUE began a series of three evening concerts, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening. The programme was highly interesting as the following will show:—

#### PART I.

Quartet in F minor, Op. 28, two violins, tenor, and violoncello—first time in this country—B. Molique, Master Carrodus (pupil of Molique), Messrs. Mellon and Hausmann *Molique.*

Chaconne, with variations for the violin—Bach, with accompaniment of the pianoforte—Mendelssohn, B. Molique and Mlle. Molique.

Two Sacred Songs, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee," and "Bless the Lord, O my son," Miss Dolby *Molique.*

Trio in C minor, Op. 66, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Mlle. Molique, B. Molique, and Mr. Hausmann *Mendelssohn.*

#### PART II.

Three Melodies for violin and pianoforte—Andante, F sharp minor; Vivace, A major; Moderato, A minor—B. Molique and Mlle. Molique *Molique.*

Song, "The First Violet," Miss Dolby *Mendelssohn.*

Quartet Brilliant in A major, Op. 68, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Molique, Carrodus, Mellon, and Hausmann *Spohr.*

We cannot offer a decided opinion of the new quartet in a single hearing. It would be unjust to a work so elaborate and important. We understood enough, however, to be impressed with the learning and ingenuity which the whole work displays, and to be in love with the beauty of the slow movement, in which the free and melodious part-writing is remarkable. The quartet was finely played. It is unnecessary to say that Herr Molique executed his own music admirably. M. Carrodus, his pupil, is quite a youth. His talent is remarkable, and under such guidance as that of Herr Molique, he cannot fail to become distinguished. Mr. Carrodus played the second violin in the quartet like a master—with equal point and correctness. Mr. Alfred Mellon is almost as efficient on the *alto* as he is on the violin, which is no small thing to say. Every one knows what a thorough musician is Herr Hausmann, and how well he reads the works of the classical masters. A fine *ensemble* in such hands was therefore not astonishing. The quartet was warmly received and will be heard again with pleasure.

The *Chaconne* of Bach is the same which Joseph Joachim played at the *Musical World* concert, in 1847, when Mr. Lindsay Sloper executed Mendelssohn's pianoforte accompaniment. It is therefore not requisite to describe it. Herr Molique excelled himself in the performance of this piece. Fire, expression, and faultless mechanism went hand in hand. A prodigious sensation was produced upon the audience, who applauded so much that the violinist was compelled to return and acknowledge the compliment.

Miss Molique made her *début* on this occasion, and was, in the fullest acceptation of the word, successful. She deserved her success right well. Miss Molique plays the pianoforte like a true musician. While not wanting in expression, she has no exaggeration of style. Her mechanism is exceedingly good, her touch light and crisp, and her general execution very neat. In the superb trio of Mendelssohn, which taxes the

utmost resources of the pianist, as in the same great master's modest and ingenious accompaniment to the *Chaconne* of Sebastian Bach, she was equally at home and equally effective. The audience were indulgent to Miss Molique, but their applause was well bestowed.

The three "melodies"\* are all gems. They are songs without words, and do not at all resemble Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne worte*; they are fugitive thoughts, and do not at all resemble the *Pensées Fugitives* of Ernst and Heller. In other words, they have, among other merits, the highest one of originality. The "Melodies" were charmingly played by Herr and Miss Molique, and pleased unanimously.

Spohr's quartet is light and brilliant, but not interesting enough for its length. We know very many of his infinitely superior; and so does Herr Molique, whose reason for introducing it puzzles us. That it was admirably executed will be readily believed.

The sacred songs of Herr Molique are of a strictly devotional character; the words are aptly illustrated in the music. Of the two, we prefer the last, although it is of a very mournful character. Miss Dolby sang them both most beautifully. In the touching romance of Mendelssohn, Miss Dolby sang with such exquisite feeling that we almost dreamed we saw the "Last Violet" in her hands, and she weeping over its decay. We have seldom listened to expression more lovely and more simple.

Altogether, Herr Molique's first concert was worthy of his reputation, and will lead those who were present to look out anxiously for the second.

### MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.

THE second concert, on Tuesday evening, was attended by a crowded and fashionable assembly. The Hanover Rooms presented a very brilliant appearance—somewhat unusual, indeed, at so early a period of the season. A glance at the programme will show that the company were not drawn together by music of the popular or *au capitandum* school, but by that which Mr. Bennett is accustomed to produce at his concerts:—

#### PART I.

Chamber Trio in A major, Op. 26, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett, Herr Molique, and Signor Piatti *W. S. Bennett.*

Song, "Frühlingslied" (the Charmer), Miss A. Williams *Mendelssohn.*

Preludes and Fugues, pianoforte; Prelude and Fugue in C sharp minor—Seb. Bach; Suite Cinquième (Suite de Pièces) *Handel.*

Duet in A minor, Op. 28, pianoforte and violin, Herr Molique and Mr. W. S. Bennett *Beethoven.*

#### PART II.

Selections, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett—No. 8, Suites des Pièces, Op. 24; Romance, Geneviève (by desire); Rondo Piacévole, Op. 26 *W. S. Bennett.*

Sacred Duets (from a Set of Six), the Misses Williams *W. S. Bennett.*

No. 1—"Remember now thy Creator."

No. 3 (first time)—"And who is he that will harm you."

Song, "My childhood's happy home," Miss M. Williams *W. Williams.*

Sonata Duo in B flat major, Op. 45, pianoforte and violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett and Signor Piatti *Mendelssohn.*

Mr. Bennett was in splendid play throughout the evening. He was encored in the air with variations ("Harmonious Blacksmith") of *Suites de Pièces* of Handel. The same com-

\* From a set of Six, published by Ewer and Co.

pliment was awarded to the pianist in his own exquisite *Rondo Piacevole*, which, however, he modestly declined. In the tranquil and beautiful Chamber Trio he was admirably assisted by his two accomplished coadjutors, Molique and Piatti. This trio is one of Sterndale Bennett's most unaffectedly attractive works, and was played to perfection.

Beethoven's duet with Molique went admirably, as did also Mendelssohn's "Sonata duo," in which Piatti's magnificent Violoncello playing was the theme of universal admiration.

The selection from the "Sacred Duets" could not have been entrusted to fitter hands than those of the fair and accomplished sister vocalists. "Remember now thy Creator," sung by the same artists, with No. 2 from the same set, produced a great effect at the Hereford Festival, last year, and was noticed by us at the time. The No. 3, which we heard for the first time on Tuesday night, is, perhaps, the best of the three.

The ballad sung by Miss M. Williams, and sung perfectly, was the composition, we believe, of her brother. It is very pleasing, but was quite out of character with such a concert as Mr. Bennett's; and this maugre the encore, and with all good feeling on our part towards the composer. We like a good ballad now and then; but we like it in its proper place.

The concert went off with great *clat*.

#### M. ALEXANDER BILLET'S CONCERTS.

If any musical performances thoroughly carry out the aim and meaning of their title the Classical Concerts of M. Billet most assuredly do. There is no compromise in his selections. The pieces he introduces are precisely such as he has announced them to be, and no heaven of less serious matter is introduced to modify their effect or to rob them of their unaided charm. M. Billet's success was so great at the Beethoven Rooms that he has resumed his performances in a larger area—the chamber concert room of St. Martin's Hall. The following highly interesting programme was given at the first concert, last night—

##### PART I.

Military Duet, in the style of an Overture, for two performers, pianoforte, M.M. Levy and Billet	Mendelssohn.
Duet, "Oh blest are young ladies," the Misses Cole ( <i>King Charles II.</i> )	Macfarren.
Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 55, pianoforte, M. Billet.	Beethoven.
Two Part Song, "I would that my love could silently flow," the Misses Cole.	Mendelssohn.
Suite in F (Suite de Pièces), pianoforte, M. Billet—Adagio, Allegro, Adagio, and Fugue	Handel.

##### PART II.

Grand Sonata in E flat, "the Farewell," Op. 44.—pianoforte, M. Billet ( <i>for the first time in public</i> )	Dussek.
Duet, the Misses Cole.	
Two Characteristic Studies—piano, M. Billet	W. S. Bennett.
L'Amabile, in E flat.	
L'Appassionata, in G minor.	
La Chasse, Etude Op. 29—Piano, M. Billet	S. Heller.
Rondo Capriccioso, in E, Op. 14, pianoforte, M. Billet	Mendelssohn.
Conductor, Mr. Levy.	

The room is stated to hold 500 persons, but there could not have been less than 600 present. Such a large attendance, to hear a single pianist interpret a selection of the works of the most classical masters, with only a few duets to break the continuous succession, is worthy of especial note, as a sign of the times. The audience were attentive from the beginning, but their interest increased after every piece, which was equally a compliment to M. Billet and to their own good

taste. We begin to think that the regeneration of good pianoforte music is destined for accomplishment in Mr. Hullah's new hall, by the aid of M. Billet and other zealous workers in the true cause.

The sonata of Beethoven—that tranquil one in A flat, which begins with an air, with variations as beautiful as itself—was chastely given. The *scherzo* brought out the powers of the performers to the greatest advantage, and was much applauded. The *finale* was delivered with neatness and rapidity of finger.

In the fine *suite* of Handel we thought that M. Billet was a little too pedantic in the two *adagios*. Some of the turns and trills and "bites" might have been spared; but this opinion is open to canvas. There was but one feeling about the brilliant style in which the *allegro* and the fugue were dashed off. The *allegro* was unanimously redemanded, and the fugue, one of the most clear and masterly of the composer, loudly applauded. How wonderfully painted are the two principal themes in this fugue, how opposite in character, yet how beautifully combined! and with what ingenuity is a mere fragment of the first theme employed as a counterpoint throughout!

Dussek's sonata, a glorious composition, was decidedly the feature of the concert. In richness of idea, breadth of outline, and variety of interesting detail, "The Farewell to Clementi"—thus was it first entitled by Dussek, who dedicated his work to that intimate friend and rival from whom he learned so much—is inferior to no work of its school. All the four movements are constructed on a grand plan and finely developed. The opening *adagio* in E flat minor, the first part of the *allegro moderato*, the *minuetto* and *trio*, and the whole of the final *rondo*, are *chefs d'œuvres* that would have done honour to any master. And yet this fine work of a fine master, written in the prime and manhood of his genius, has been so neglected by pianists, that thirty-eight years after the composer's death, and sixty years since it was composed, M. Billet announces in his programme its "first performance in public!" What, after this, the reader will say, is the use of composing great works for the pianoforte? We could easily answer the question, had we the space and the inclination.

The *Farewell* of Dussek was, as we have said, the feature of the evening, and M. Billet played it as though he intended it to be so. We have rarely heard a performance in which there was so little to criticise. Execution and style were equally to be praised. The sonata was immensely applauded, made a great sensation, and is sure to be asked for again. So much the better for Mr. Coventry, who has published it, in Sterndale Bennett's "Classical Practice."

The studies of Bennett, the "Chasse" of Stephen Heller, and the *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn, made an interesting chain of "specimens." Each of these is in its way perfect. M. Billet played them all very well, but the *Appassionata* of Bennett, in G minor, was an especially fine example of energetic execution, while Mendelssohn's piece in which M. Billet took the *rondo* rather *prestissimo* than *presto*, astonished the audience by its brilliancy, and made a famous climax to the concert.

The Misses Cole sang their three well chosen duets very charmingly, those of Mendelssohn more particularly. The duet of Macfarren, which is quite a gem, ought to be sung with fewer *rallentandos*. With less expression it would express much more. The Misses Cole are clever and intelligent; they are advancing in public esteem, and are worthy to receive good counsel.

Mr. Levy played the "Military Ouet" of Mendelssohn,\* in which he took the first part, in a musician-like manner, and accompanied the duets with ease and ability.

### ANΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ

Αὐτοὺς μοι στέφανοι παρα δὲκλίσαι ταυσεῖ κρεμαστοὶ  
 Μίμνετε, μὴ προπετὸς φύλλα τινάσσομενοι,  
 ὅθι δακρυοὶς καταβρέξα, καταβρέξα γὰρ ἔμμεται ἔρρωται,  
 \* Ἄλλ' ὅτ' ἀναγομένης αὐτῆς ἰδῆτε θύρης  
 Ἐτάδ' ὕπερ κεφαλῆς ἐμῆς βέτον ὡς ἂν ἀμείνων  
 Ἢ γὰρ ὅτ' ἔχει κόμη ταυσεῖ δακρυα πῆν.

Rest; my bright garland, here, by Psyche's door,  
 Nor rashly strew around thy purple leaves,  
 Retain the tears with which my eyes run o'er,  
 For, rest of her, my lonely spirit grieves;  
 Until the rosy nymph, in beauty drest,  
 Forth from the house, like day's glad star, appears,  
 Then shed about her glittering hair and breast  
 The silver dews of her sad lover's tears.

*Si bene quid memini causa sunt quinque bibendi.  
 Hospitis adventus, precursus illis, atque futura,  
 Aut vini bonitas, aut quaquilet altera causa.*†

If I remember well there are five reasons,  
 Which point to man for drinking proper seasons;  
 Firstly, to greet the coming of some stranger,  
 He may drink freely without dread or danger;  
 Secondly, when he finds that thirst is present,  
 To tippie much he'll find extremely pleasant;  
 Thirdly, he'll learn this way to banish sorrow,  
 To drink to day, lest he be dry to morrow;  
 The fourth cause is the goodness of the liquor,  
 One first discovered by a Roman vicar;  
 Fifthly, 'tis said, no wise man e'er refuses  
 Good drink, but takes his fill, where'er he chooses;  
 These are by Solomon declared the seasons,  
 Which point to man for drinking proper seasons.

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### STRAND.

ON Monday night a dramatized version of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, by Mr. Tom Taylor, was produced.

In this version the original story is followed with accuracy, the omission of the vicar's eldest son being the only important alteration in the skeleton of the plot, and the piece has consequently the faults which belong to every dramatized narrative of any length. There are places where the action does not move with the rapidity which we require in a properly constructed drama, and which therefore produce some tedium. But to a very large portion of the public the charm of seeing visibly represented on the stage a story with which they have familiarized themselves in the closet, is so great that all minor considerations are overlooked. Much as certain portions of the *Vicar of Wakefield* flattered last night, the fall of the curtain was followed by a burst of enthusiastic applause, and there is little doubt that it will have a lasting success. The work of adaptation is, on the whole, ably done, though a little more compression would have been advisable. The dialogue is taken from Goldsmith whenever it is possible, and that which Mr. Taylor has added is appropriate and characteristic. The story is distributed into three acts. The first represents the festivity of the hayfield, and terminates with the dance of Sir Roger de Coverly, executed with admirable spirit. The second comprises the abduction of Olivia, and the cheats prac-

tised at the fair upon the vicar and his son. The return of Olivia and the prison scenes form the subject of the third act.

The entire strength of the company is employed on this piece, and it is admirably played. We do not mean that many very powerful exhibitions of acting are called forth, for this is not in the nature of the subject, but almost all the characters are pictorially represented, so that the work of dramatic illustration is complete. Mr. Farren is the mild philosophical Dr. Primrose; Mrs. Glover, his consequential wife, whose sustained pomp renders the touches of pathos more striking; Mrs. Stirling is the tender and penitent Olivia; Mr. W. Farren, jun., is Mose, and shows much talent in the assumption of "gawiness;" Mr. H. Farren is Ephraim Jenkinson, a sort of personative part which affords him opportunity for considerable tact in rapid change of dress and character; Mr. Leigh Murray is the straightforward Butchell; Mrs. Leigh Murray is the pretended Miss Skeggs, into whom something of sentiment is infused, and acts the part with singular accuracy and refinement; Mr. Norton looks handsome and profligate as Squire Thornhill; Mr. Bender comes out in broad country force as farmer Flamborough; Mr. Turner gives a neat little bit of character as the gaoler; and Miss Ellen Turner, as one of the vicar's younger children, plays with much natural vivacity. The return of Olivia was the situation which told most as a histrionic exhibition. The mute agony of the father, with his face covered by his hands, represented by Mr. W. Farren, the affection of Mrs. Glover bursting through the veil of austerity, and the contrition of Mrs. Stirling, were exquisitely pathetic. The house was fully attended.

A question connected with this piece, but wholly unconnected with its merits, has lately arisen. The statements are thus given by the *Times*, without comment, abridged from a letter of Mr. Sterling Coyne:—

"In the summer of 1847 Mr. Sterling Coyne proposed to Mr. Webster, lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, to write a drama on the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The piece was written in the autumn of that year, and read, confidentially, by Mr. W. Farren, as stage-manager of the Haymarket. Circumstances prevented the production of Mr. Coyne's piece as intended, and Mr. W. Farren quitting the Haymarket, entered upon the management of the New Strand. Shortly before last Christmas Mr. W. Farren applied to Mr. Coyne for the piece in question, but was informed by that gentleman that it was in the hands of Mr. Webster. Application was made by Mr. Coyne to Mr. Webster, but the latter declined relinquishing the piece, alleging that he intended shortly to produce it himself, and this reply was communicated by Mr. Coyne to Mr. Farren. Thus the matter rested until Friday week, when Mr. Coyne received a letter from Mr. Farren, stating that he was about to produce a drama founded upon the *Vicar of Wakefield*. To this he wrote a reply in which he remonstrated with Mr. W. Farren for having accepted a piece on a subject originally suggested by him (Mr. Coyne), and made known to Mr. Farren in his confidential position of stage-manager. Since these events Mr. Coyne has communicated with Mr. Tom Taylor, the author of the Strand piece, who admits that the suggestion came from the stage-manager of the New Strand, but adds that Mr. Albert Smith had an idea of dramatizing the story two years ago, and had transferred to him (Mr. Taylor) his property in the notion, admitting at the same time that he knew of the existence of Mr. Coyne's piece before he wrote his own. Under these circumstances Mr. Coyne, and also Mr. Webster, consider themselves unfairly treated."

With all deference to Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. W. Farren, and Mr. Albert Smith, we can hardly wonder at the conclusion to which Messrs. Sterling Coyne and Webster have arrived.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

**FRENCH PLAYS.—Opera Comique.**—Since our last, M. Chollet has bid farewell to the English public, taking with him the best wishes of all who have had the good fortune to witness his admirable performances. M. Chollet has played in his opera—*Le Val d'Andorre*, *Le Maître de Chapelle*,

\* Published by CRAMER, BEALE, and Co.

† Quand on demandait de venir le Père Simon, qu'il se portait sobre combine il fallait boire de coupe dans un repas il répondait toujours, &c., ut supra.—Menagiana ii., 352.

*Zampa*, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, and *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*—in all of which he has been eminently successful. In advertising to these operas as they were produced, we have frequently inclined to some particular part as that in which the accomplished artist more conspicuously shines; but further consideration has suspended our decision, and we are now farther than ever from coming to a definite preference. Nothing can certainly surpass his easy, confident, modest assurance as the recruiting officer in the *Val d'Andorre*; but at the same time how gravely humorous and earnest he appears in the *Maitre de Chapelle*; what fire and energy he throws into the part of *Zampa*; how interesting and unassuming he is in the *Roi d'Yvetot*; how joyous, and light-hearted as the Postillon, and how sentimentally lack-a-daisical in the part of St. Phar, the tenor of the *Académie Royal de Musique*, in the same opera. We repeat that we are at a loss to decide which is M. Chollet's best part, all being so eminently good. In discussing the merits of an actor, the critic has no right to attach himself to some weak point, and thence draw his conclusions to the detriment of the artist. He should never lose sight of the general intentions of the performance itself, but taking into consideration the objects of both author and composer, he should judge if they have succeeded in a satisfactory manner. It is thus that we have formed our opinion of M. Chollet, as well as of the music of the *opéra comique*. Although, perhaps, not faultless, either as a singer or an actor, he so combines very eminent qualities as both, that he may be said to stand unequalled in his own peculiar line. We may be allowed to express our meaning further by another example: when the *Caid* was produced at the St. James's Theatre, we gave it our unqualified approbation, of course with the reservations we have previously stipulated. But some of our acute contemporaries, condemning the *libretto* as trashy and nonsensical, wished M. Ambroise Thomas a better book for his next opera. Now, the *libretto* is certainly not "trashy;" it had many smart and occasionally witty allusions, besides being decidedly humorous and amusing. That it was a caricature we grant; but such was the aim of the author, or why did he style it an *opéra bouffon*? The *Caid* is simply a broad farce, a burlesque, and we should as soon think of looking for sense in a pantomime as in an opera of this description.

On Friday week, M. Chollet took his leave in two operas—*Zampa* and the first act of the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*. He played and sang with his accustomed success, and was recalled at the end of the performance with Madlle. Charton, who never sang better than on that occasion. Time has dealt leniently with M. Chollet, and we hope that he may continue green for a long time to come. In losing him we should lose one whom it would be no easy matter to replace; and we therefore repeat "*au revoir et au plus tôt*," from the bottom of our hearts.

On Monday Boisselot's opera *Ne Touches pas à la Reine*, was given for the first time this season. As usual, Madlle. Charton was warmly and justly applauded, her singing was most perfect and finished, and her acting replete with grace and dignity: she obtained an *encore* in the romance of the first act, and accomplished the elaborately florid cavatina of the third with extraordinary neatness and precision. The part of Don Fernando d'Aguilar was filled by M. Lac; and here we may venture to express our regret at the absence of Condette, who played the character last year with remarkable and true gentlemanly bearing. Madlle. Guichard, in the part of Estrella, the wife of the court beginning, had her reputation as one of the best was equally well. M. Soyer displayed much humour

as Maximus, the jeweller, ever on the alert between his wife and his interests. M. Buguet was not so good as usual in the Regent—a part, it is true, not quite in his line—but he did not seem to us perfect in his part. On Wednesday *Les Diamans de la Couronne* was given, in presence of a brilliant and crowded audience, among whom were Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who remained till the end, and evidently enjoyed the performance. Madlle. Charton was as delightful as ever in Catarina, and the audience was enthusiastic in its applause. J. DE C—,

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. C. A. SEYMOUR's third quartet concert for the season took place on Thursday, the 28th ult., at the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Town Hall. There was a select but not numerous auditory, who evidently were fond of good music, from the interest and attention bestowed on the performance, and the warmth of their applause. The following programme shows Mr. Seymour's classic taste to be not a whit behind Mr. Charles Hallé's:—

PART I.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello (in A, Op. 13,) Messrs. Seymour, Conran, Jackson, and Thorley, *Mendelssohn*. Song, Mrs. Thomas, "Ere infancy's bud had expanded," *Affad.* Duet, violoncello and double bass (from Sonatas), Messrs. Lidel and Waud, *Corelli*.

PART II.—Trio, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel, *Beethoven*. Ballad, Mrs. Thomas, "Wilt thou not come?" *Benedict*. Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in D minor) Messrs. Seymour, Conran, Jackson, and Thorley, *Mozart*.

The opening quartet (*Mendelssohn's*, in E flat) was given by desire, it appears. It is a very charming composition, and has been repeatedly heard in Manchester. The executants on this occasion were Mr. Seymour, first violin; Mr. Conran, second; Mr. Jackson, tenor; and Mr. Thorley, violoncello; and the performance did them all infinite credit. The second movement (*Adagio non lento*) is very beautiful, opening with a solemn hymnal strain, followed by a quicker phrase affording fine opportunity for Mr. Seymour's pure violin playing and easy smooth style, then closing with the slow movement again. The next (called *Intermezzo—Allegretto con moto*) displays *Mendelssohn* in one of his frolicsome fairy moods—the four stringed instruments might for the nonce be supposed Puck and his merry mates holding a quaint and cosy chat, from the way the *motivo* is bandied about and replied to by each instrument in turn. *Corelli's* duet brought out the new double bass, Mr. Waud, to great advantage; he appears to be quite a young man, yet possesses great command of his instrument. Herr Lidel was the violoncellist, and a great treat the duet was; sound and genuine music of the good old school, in the hands of two masters.

The trio of *Beethoven's*, which opened the second part, was a very masterly performance. The second *adagio* movement, especially, was beautifully played. The *schorzo* is short, but very satisfactory, à la *Beethoven*. The finale (*presto*) might be truly styled *prestissimo*. It was dashed off most gallantly by Mr. Seymour, the subject being worked up and replied to by both the tenor and violoncello in brilliant and perfect style. We never heard Messrs. Baetens and Lidel with more sincere pleasure. After listening to a trio of so high a character, with such demands upon our thought and attention (for you cannot listen intently to *Beethoven's* music without thinking, and deeply too, hence the difficulty of describing it), it was like having a quiet evening with four old and familiar friends, to hear *Mozart's* flowing and graceful quartet—it was soothing and grateful to the ear, after the excitement of *Beethoven's*. The elegant *andante*, the charming minuet and trio, with its peculiar sliding passages, so elegantly expressed by Mr. Seymour's violin; the finale (*allegretto, ma non troppo*), with its conversational responses, and obligati bits for the tenor (famously played by Mr. Jackson), made us quite regret when we found the performance at an end. Mrs. Thomas was the lady vocalist, and again she acquitted herself very respectably. It does but seem the other day that Mrs. Thomas was amongst the ranks as a chorus singer. It is so much

the more creditable to her that she can appear at all successfully as a solo singer before so refined and fastidious an audience as usually attend quartet and chamber concerts. Her first song is one that Miss Maria B. Hawes used to sing so finely, and we thought it a daring attempt, but it was by no means unsuccessful. Her powerful contralto voice was displayed to the utmost—if anything, a little too much, for the size of the room. This and a little more refinement was all that could be desired to make her singing perfect. In Benedict's ballad she did not tell quite so effectively. She was accompanied on the pianoforte, in excellent taste, by Mr. James Isherwood.

The next concert, we see, is fixed for the 11th of April. What is the matter with the Liverpool people? Are classical chamber concerts, with such eminent men as Ernst and Hallé, too refined for their taste? or why is it that the first attempt to give a Liverpool audience a first-rate quartet and chamber performance should be a failure? Such is the fact, we believe; and the remaining three of the series of concerts which Ernst and Hallé had intended giving have been abandoned and given up. This is even a more anomalous state of things than we have in Manchester. Manchester can and does appreciate music of so high an order and talent—of so rare an excellence—as is displayed at these chamber concerts; yet Manchester cannot or does not build a hall for its Hargreaves Choral Society, as Liverpool has done for its Philharmonic Society; yet Liverpool cannot support a series of four classical concerts! Is it that there are fewer German families of distinction and taste resident in Liverpool than Manchester?

The last week's *World* reached us after writing as above, and your Liverpool correspondent, J. H. N., confirms the report, but does not solve the enigma. The last week's number is a good one. "Jacques," your Dublin correspondent, is very amusing. His report of Carlotta's appearance in that city is most playfully, yet capably written. The critique on E. Loder's opera of the *Night Dancers* is excellent also. We agree with the writer in every line.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE second concert in the subscription of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society took place on Monday evening last. The *Elijah* of Mendelssohn was given, and drew a crowded audience.

The Misses Williams and Herr Carl Formes are favourites in Liverpool, and were well received on the present occasion. The original Obadiah, Mr. Lockey, met with a great share of approbation, though we have heard this gentleman in better voice in the same oratorio. An apology was made for Herr Formes, who was suffering from indisposition or hoarseness—not sufficient, however, to destroy the quality of his splendid organ. He sang the beautiful air, "It is enough," with immense power and effect. The latter part of the recitative, immediately before, was equally fine. In spite of indisposition he proved himself a great artist. Dead, indeed, to the power of music, must the soul be which, unmoved, could hear Carl Formes in the recitative and melody, "Open the heavens, &c." We attribute the only thing that seemed to alloy the pleasure of his singing, to the fact of previous suffering from hoarseness. The Misses Williams fully maintained their position with a Liverpool public: we never hear these ladies but we wish to hear them again. They were encased in the trio, "Lift thine eyes," assisted by Miss Stott. Miss M. Williams was similarly honoured in "O! rest in the Lord." The choral force, we noticed, was more numerous than on former occasions; but the choruses were not given with the precision and correctness of which, it is well known, they are capable. Mr. Herrman conducted, and we think the blame, if any, must be divided betwixt the chorus and the conductor. By one or the other the Bass chorus was completely spoiled; nor, indeed, was this the only instance during the evening, though we are sure measures will be taken by the indefatigable secretary to prevent its recurrence. Though the concert was over at a reasonable hour, many persons left the hall before the second part was half over; and we were annoyed, not on our own account, but on account of a fair and distinguished

artistes, to whom greater respect was due. We do not like to see persons leaving the room and causing interruption, while the singers are in the midst of some beautiful air. The musical people of Liverpool should treat the metropolitan artistes with more respect, even if they treat their own chorus with none. Mr. Best presided at the organ with his usual ability.

M. Silas makes his appearance at the next concert, to take place in April. Talking of this gentleman, I think that the *Athenæum* has got hold of the wrong M. Silas; but time will show. I have spoken to several competent judges with respect to his compositions, and they eulogize in high terms his musical knowledge and talent. But I hope to send you a further notice respecting both him and his works in a few weeks.

Our Philharmonic Society are decidedly going a-head! If their new protégé, M. Silas, does not turn out a genius, I believe there is little doubt but that they have discovered a very clever English musician and composer in the person of Mr. Charles Edward Horsley, son of Mr. Horsley the celebrated glaze composer. Mr. Charles Horsley has been for some time employed on an oratorio, called *David*, which has been highly approved of and recommended by M. Benedict. Mr. Horsley has succeeded in inducing the Liverpool Philharmonic Society to be the medium of introducing it to the public; stating that it would stand a better chance of having justice done to its merits than if it were brought out in the metropolis; our chorus being so much superior, in his estimation, to anything of the sort you have in London. The oratorio has been played over by the composer in presence of several of the committee, by whom it was much liked; and I believe that Mr. Addison, of Regent Street, has engaged to publish it. The music is, I believe, of the Mendelssohn school, containing much melody and many highly dramatic and characteristic choruses. The airs for David (a tenor part) are spoken of as exceedingly flowing and full of melody; and the choruses, who deliver "The word of the Lord," as clever and impressive. The oratorio will be produced in the autumn, Mr. Lockey sustaining the part of David, for which his voice and pure style of singing will eminently fit him. It is a curious thing, that of late years oratorios are first produced out of London—*St. Paul* being first heard in Liverpool, and *Elijah* in Birmingham; as also several others which have slipped my memory. How can you explain this?

A detachment of the "Wednesday Evening" vocalists from Exeter Hall, were announced to sing at our Concert Hall last Friday, having been postponed from the Tuesday preceding; but on reaching the Hall, your correspondent and an immense crowd were disappointed at finding that it could not take place in consequence of the indisposition of Mrs. A. Newton and Herr Formes.

Next week Helen Faunt commences an engagement at our Theatre Royal, during which *King René's Daughter* will be produced. In other respects theatricals and music are dull here. The prospects of the *Opera Comique*, speculation are much canvassed. I think, however, there is little doubt of its success. Many are anxiously enquiring who is to be the tenor. I hope we shall have somebody better than Mr. Lac, who seems to be anything but "strong enough for his place," if all your contemporaries say of him is true. While Mr. Mitchell is going to give us the treat of hearing French *Opera Comique*, it will be a sad pity if it is not perfect, for up to the present time we have never seen foreign operas performed in Liverpool, in which each principal character was adequately sustained by a competent artiste. Mr. Mitchell is, I hear, one of the best of managers, and I hope he will give us in Liverpool good reason ever to say so.—Yours, J. H. N.

#### \* ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR WORLD,—Permit me to detain you with a few words.—I would fain ask you why you have ceased to give us those

\* We doubt if Mr. Horsley ever gave or entertained such an absurd opinion.—Ed.



interesting and instructive notices of the symphonies of the mighty "Artist of sound," Beethoven, which, penned by the skilful hand of Macfarren, not long ago filled your pages? Pray continue this interesting subject. It really must be more interesting to the majority of your readers than a collection of the blunders and dribblings of a second-rate poet.

And I confess that, for my part, I care not to find in your pages, day after day, a chapter or two of that glorious old historian, Herodotus. I appreciate his excellence, I am familiar with him, nay, I almost know him by heart, but I can't help wishing him at the antipodes when I see him occupying space in the paper which I read (and, I suppose, all others too) for instruction and information in music; and, if you will, the fine arts generally. If you wish to give us history and serious articles, give us the history of music—the lives of eminent musicians; give us articles of the style of that interesting series headed "Stephen Heller." Surely there is no lack of material—you don't really want "copy," though you jokingly pretended to want it last week. There is abundance to pick and choose from in the articles of the foreign as well as the English press, not to mention the produce of those talents which are at your command, and which do, when you choose it, interest and instruct us.

Pardon my freedom in making this friendly remonstrance, which I venture to hope may be thought worthy to be attended to.—I am, dear World, your well-wisher and constant reader,  
Chelsea, March 2.

Y.

[We like the tone of our correspondent's remonstrance, but he is wrong about Herodotus. It is not *Euterpe* the chosen book? Let Y. search, and Y. will find that the *esoteric* significance of *Euterpe* has reference to music. Y. must not be literal. He who can appreciate Macfarren's essay on the symphonies of Beethoven should be above being literal. Y. is also wrong about Moore. But what matters? Which of us is always right? V. is equally wrong about ourselves. That we have "an abstract reverence for copy" may be believed since this is the third time we have avowed it in print. The sentiment is stereotyped at our office.—Ed. M. W.]

#### BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—When I ask the following question, I feel assured that I ask one in connection with a subject which much interests a great number of your readers, viz., Beethoven's Symphonies. When do you intend giving us a continuation of Mr. Macfarren's interesting and instructive critical remarks on these gigantic inspirations? He has left us at the end of the adagio in the B flat Symphony (No. 4), in your number of October 13, 1840. A few weeks after this date his *Charles II.* was produced, and I supposed that Mr. Macfarren's modesty would not allow him to write in a paper engaged at that time in recording its great and deserved success. Be this as it may, I hope that, after an interval of four months, we shall not have to "Wait a little longer."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
March 5, 1850.

G. R. C.

[The papers on Beethoven's Symphonies will shortly be resumed.—Ed.]

#### CORELLI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR EDITOR.—With all due deference to the concoctors of modern musical programmes, and to the zealous advocates of the modern composers, may I presume to ask the reason (if it be a fair question) why so scrupulous an omission, in the present programmes, is everywhere observed of the memorable name and works of that incomparable Bolognese master of the divine art Archangelo Corelli, whose genius (in the early part of the 17th century) supplied to the leading violinists of the day some of the most classical and erudite solos known to exist, and whose detect-

• "Poet of sound."

able harmonies were ever regarded by the critics as infinitely specimens of contra-puntal severity. Albeit, there is no man in the musical world who entertains a more consummate veneration than myself for the instrumental sublimities of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, and many other modern composers, I really cannot imagine for a single moment a good and scientific reason why Corelli should now be so uniformly omitted in the classical chamber, as well as in every other modern concert in the Metropolis, where the practical genius of the artists of all nations is almost invariably to be found in its most accomplished form. This omission, to me, is rendered somewhat the more remarkable, by the recollection that Corelli was a master, without whom the programmes of the celebrated "ancient concerts," conducted and led by Grotto and Cramer, were considered incomplete. In modern literature, as in modern painting, we have not (I rejoice to say) similar causes of complaint: for whilst the public is at all times disposed to see and to patronize the pictorial labours of Etty it does not, consequently, banish from human vision the sublime creations of Raffaele, nor does it, in paying due honour to the histrionic literature of Sheridan Knowles, ever think for a moment of cancelling the imperishable dramatic labours of William Shakspeare!

PHILOMUSOS.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I had the pleasure of attending the last concert of the Society of British Musicians, March 2nd. It was the first I have ventured to go to since I had the honour of being black-balled, and I felt quite small in the presence of those who considered themselves too great to have me as a brother member; this sensation, however, wore away after hearing one or two of the members' compositions. Many of the followers of Mendelssohn tread too close on his heels, though they cannot reach his head. It is easy to copy the peculiar mannerisms and set passages of an original composer, but they who do so should know what Shakspeare wrote over his bookcase—"To authors: *Thou shalt not steal.*" I own that there is a degree of cleverness in being able to call together certain passages of another, and upon them to construct a composition or sonata; but they who do this, are fully aware of their own incapacity to compose, and they trust the un-discerning public will not discover this unpleasant fact. I was sorry to find the programme of this concert containing long foreign compositions; no doubt some of the members of the society would have been too glad had pieces of theirs been performed instead of them. The reason for introducing foreign works is (I was told), to please the public. Surely if this be the reason, there are members who could compose the trifles that amuse them. If for example, a *dance sonata* were written, would not the public be delighted with the ingenuity of it? All the movements of a sonata could be adroitly maintained in this *fig. conda*. If the public wish the society well, they would be better pleased to hear the works of its various members, than the compositions of foreigners; and if they do not wish the society well, it had better cease to exist. Supposing at an exhibition of pictures of the Royal Academy of Arts, those of Rubens, Claude, &c. were shown to the public, would not our artists have good cause to complain. But this would not be worse policy than that adopted at the British Musicians Society.

The time occupied in the performance of foreign works last Saturday would have given five more members an opportunity of having their works publicly heard, and on this ground injustice was done them. I will only add that members of less merit should share the same advantage as those of great merit, or otherwise societies are in themselves injurious to the majority of the members. If every member could have his or her work performed without the interference of the committee; that is, if either alphabetically or numerically, each took his or her turn to pass through a public ordeal, then goodwill and more prosperity would follow the society. For my own part, I wish this society right well, and with a little more frankness of bearing and gentlemanly feeling, the compositions of its members will elicit more sun-like (for our private feelings have an influence on our public works) and assume a more natural art



than they do at present. I was, however, pleased with what I heard of the works of the members of the Society, but the style of vocalization pleased me less. Miss Owen has a noble voice, and I hope her master will do it justice, but let her be careful not to strain it by practising notes out of her natural compass, or it will be valueless to her in two years. I am, Sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S. 1. In my observations on the Royal Academy of Music I alluded to its singing master, not because his services are less meritorious than other singing masters in England, but because he is most worthy of notice, having, at any rate, produced a greater number of good singers than any other master in this country.

P.S. 2. I have a few words to say respecting Dr. Gauntlett's late letters.

### BOLOGNA.

BOLOGNA is one great monastery or convent, and you walk in cloisters from morning to night. During heavy rain, or when summer heats elsewhere are intolerable, these porticoes have certain advantages of shelter and shade which are obvious at first sight; but they give the city a most sombre aspect, and it is impossible to imagine anything more dull and death-like. A short turn in Westminster Abbey is refreshing, and in the Burlington Arcade there are many objects, as the French say, of "distraction;" but what do you think of walking from one end of the year to the other in never-ending cloisters, where not only literally "each alley has its brother," but where all are united in one great family of doleful despair? Every now and then a cart of merchantree, or a gentleman's carriage, wakes up the echo in the middle of the street; but from the first of January to the end of December there is everlasting gloom, at each side, and, as the shops are necessarily all in the shade, even the best assorted look in mourning. I have seen many a place where sorrow seemed to have set up its nest, but I have never met any more decidedly afflicted than this; and I would rather pass my time in making the journey I did last night from Florence to Bologna, than live in this city of silent and never-satisfied sorrow. Still Rossini, the great *maestro*, until lately, occupied a fair dwelling here, and counted over his money-bags, an occupation to which, it is said, he is particularly partial; and there are, no doubt, many lively and amiable people within its gates; but I speak, you know, from first impressions, and the colour of the ink in which they are described alone expresses the darkness of my thoughts.

The only two things that vary from the strict line of propriety are two towers which stand, or rather are inclined to stand, in the middle of a market-place. Both are narrow, tall, and formal, and I believe the learned are puzzled to account for their square shape, and dimensions unsuitable to any garthy use, but even these are not their greatest peculiarity, for they are renowned for possessing similar defects with the leaning tower of Pisa, or having, like a bad judge, a leaning to one side. The principal tower is three hundred and seventy feet high, but it varies from the centre of gravity only four feet; the other, which has only half the altitude, droops more than eight, which shows you that on all occasions little fellows take much upon themselves. Both, I believe, fall short of the inclination of the tower at Pisa; but, nevertheless, they are not to be passed by with indifference, though you may not be able to determine whether the foundation has given way, or the architect made a needless display of skill. The picture gallery of Bologna is its greatest treasure; and those who love the masterly proportions of the Ottocci can here have the opportunity of seeing their best productions, as they are the founders of the school. The best picture of the collection is, however,

said to be the "St. Cecilia" of Raphael, and, according to some enthusiastic admirers, his greatest effort; but I will not wrong the "Transfiguration" in that manner; and I even think that, in composition, grade, or even colour, there is not a comparison to be made between them. The principal figures are all three in the same line, and the lyre, more like Pandean pipes, which the saint holds, is most ungracefully placed. I see nothing inspired in the expression of the face, and unless I were convinced by undoubted evidence, I should not believe that this was the celebrated "St. Cecilia" of Raphael. The sky, they say, was retouched at Paris, but that is the only part of the picture where the learned allow there is anything like fault, and therefore I must set myself down as an insufficient judge, and pin my faith to that of the great virtuosi. The "Samson" of Guido is a splendid creation; but there again my ignorance comes into play, and I doubt much if it be not misnamed. Samson slew the Philistines in the power of his full strength, and his strength was said to have lain in his hair; but this Samson's hair is closely cropped, and his face and person are more of the Apollo than the slayer of ten thousand. In any case the picture is magnificent, and nothing can be superior to the perfection of the outline, and the warm richness of the colouring in which the flesh is clad. There are several other Guidos in this gallery of rare merit, such as the "Murder of the Innocents," "The Crucifixion"—all of which display the powers of that great master. In addition to the museum, Bologna contains two hundred churches, in which are found works of high merit; but, as I am a dealer in pictures of living life, and not in those of the dead masters, I must refer the curious to hand-books and similar authorities.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ERNEST left for Manchester on Wednesday, to play at Charles Halle's second chamber concert, which took place on the following evening. Ernest returned yesterday.

MASSOL, ZALZER, AND ROMMI, all members of the Royal Italian Opera company, have arrived in London. Massol sang one of the grand airs of Gluck at a recent concert of the *Société des Concerts*, in the *Paris Conservatoire*. He was in fine voice, and his success was immense. He was encored by the whole audience.

ARSONI is still reaping honors and wealth in the French provinces. Her next destination is Marseilles.

SOCIETY OF ANCIENT FREEMASONS.—The anniversary of this Society took place at the Freemasons' Hall on St. David's-day. The Earl of Powis presided, and a large party of the aristocracy and gentry connected with the principality attended on the occasion. The evening was agreeably enlivened by the presence of some excellent artists, who contributed a very entertaining selection of vocal and instrumental music. The Misses Williams sang some popular duets and solos. Mr. Sims Reeves, who generously volunteered his services, sang with great effect Beethoven's *Adelaide*, accompanied by Mr. Brinley Richards. Mr. Reeves was enthusiastically applauded. In addition to these, we may mention the names of Messrs. Farquharson Smith, Buckland, Genge, Welsh, and Shoubridge. Mr. Ellis Roberts, during the evening, varied the proceedings by a solo on the harp.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Creation* was repeated last night with the same effect as before, with the exception of Mr. Machin, who retired, to make way for Herr Förster, the great German bass, having sufficiently recovered from his late severe indisposition to resume his duties at Easter Hall. Herr Förster created an immense sensation in Haydn's music.

M. TRACANNA left London on Wednesday for Paris, en route for Vienna. The celebrated pianist will return to town in about six weeks.

**THE PULPIT & THE THEATRE IN CALIFORNIA.**—A correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes from San Francisco, under date of the 1st of December:—"The clown in the circus receives a salary of 10,000 dollars a year; and the parson of the first Baptist church has just been voted by his congregation a salary of 10,000 dollars a year, payable monthly, in advance! Think of that, ye poor preachers, who exhort, Sunday after Sunday, at the rate of from 500 to 2000 dollars per annum. The stated preaching of the Gospel is as profitable here as anything else."

**ALARMING OCCURRENCE AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—On Tuesday evening, about eight o'clock, much consternation was excited in the immediate vicinity of the Olympic Theatre, in consequence of a dense body of smoke and volleys of sparks rising, apparently from the top of the stage. In the course of a few minutes, several hundred persons congregated around the theatre, and a general shout of "Fire" was raised. Had it not been for the admirable precautions of the lessee and other parties connected with the theatre, it is quite probable that a similar calamity to that which took place some time back at the Glasgow Theatre would have happened. As it was, the management at once ordered the whole of the upper windows and ventilators to be closed, which prevented the audience from hearing the noise in the streets. Messengers started, in sundry directions for the firemen; and, in the course of a few minutes, numerous Brigade and the West of England engines were taken to the place, but fortunately their services were not required. The cause of so much alarm and confusion was owing to some workmen using fire to solder a pipe on a roof near the stage of the theatre. Fortunately, no one in the house was aware of what was going on in the street.

**LINLEY.**—The following paragraph has been going the rounds of the provincial papers:—"The admirers of this unequalled violoncellist will learn with deep regret that he has sunk into a state of imbecility. The magic touch that has entranced thousands of delighted hearers is now powerless; and the science has lost one of its chief ornaments. We never may look upon his like again." We are well pleased to say that there is no foundation whatever for the rumour. Mr. Linley is in excellent health, as sound in mind as ever, and still retains his post of principal violoncellist of the Royal Italian Opera band.

**M. SZEPAKOWSKI.**—In our last number M. Szepekowski was, by an error of the type, mentioned as a violinist, instead of a violoncellist.

**SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.**—A foreign newspaper states that the King of Hanover lately presented Jenny Lind with a gold goblet (which must have proved very acceptable) containing ant-eggs, (which must have proved the reverse.) At first we could not imagine what His Absurd Majesty could have meant by the "ant-eggs;" but it appears that they constitute the food of nightingales, and that he was labouring under the impression that Jenny Lind, in consequence of having been nicknamed the "Swedish Nightingale," would like to have them for dinner. A goblet, in any case, if it contained anything, ought to contain something to drink; otherwise we think it would have been quite as sensible to have filled it with Swedish turnips, as with the aforementioned ant-eggs. May we suggest that, as a return for the elegant gift, King Ernest be offered a leaden vase containing the species of food most in request among geese.—*Parquin.*

**BATH.**—The third and last of Mons. Jaques's Classical Quartet Concerts took place on Thursday, in the Octagon Assembly Room. The selection included Haydn's quartet, in B flat, No. 78, played by Messrs. De Kontski, Jaques, Mellon, and Haasmann; Mozart's trio in E flat, for violin, tenor, and violoncello; and Haydn's quartet in G, No. 80. The quartet in G was especially admired. Mr. and Mrs. Miller sustained the vocal part of the concert with much applause. Mr. Miller sang "O mio tesoro," and took part with Mrs. Miller in the duet, "Come ti piace." Mrs. Miller sang Haydn's beautiful canon, "My mother bids me bind my hair." Between the pairs Herr Haasmann performed on the violoncello Rameau's *Petit Pourri*; and Mons. De Kontski played on one string a cavatina from *Robert le Diable*. He was encored, and then substituted "Pizz-Arco." Mons. Jaques, as pianist, gained general estimation. These concerts have done much towards

elevating the standard of musical taste to some of the public in Bath.

**LEEDS.**—The members of the Harmonic Society enjoyed a good concert at the Assembly Room on Friday Evening. The programme included examples of our best masters, effectively sung. Some encores were requested, viz., the serenade by Benedict (sung by all the choir), "Blest be the home," "When wearied wretches sink to sleep" (Bishop), and the duet by Balfe, "Think a sailor is faithful," very well given by Miss Patton and Mr. B. Taylor. The trio of Cimarosa, "My lady the countess," was executed with effect by Miss Patton, Mrs. K. Pyne, and Mrs. W. W. Pyne. This and the glee by T. Cooke, "Oh, fair are the flowers," by Mr. G. Temple, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. B. Taylor, were applauded, as was also Webbe's "When winds breathe soft," sung by Mrs. K. Pyne, Messrs. Bell, Pyne, B. Taylor, and Thomas. The room was well filled. The noble President being absent, the chair was taken by Henry Harford, Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents. The next "Members' Night," on the 22nd, and the "Ladies' Concert," on the 12th of April, will close the series of concerts for this season.

**DONCASTER.**—The third concert of the Philharmonic Society for the season, took place at the Guildhall, on Monday evening last, and was attended by a crowded audience. The vocalists were Miss Whitnall (of the London and Liverpool concerts), and Mr. Inkersall (of Sheffield)—both strangers in Doncaster. Mr. Rogers, sen., acted as conductor; and the band was led by Mr. Seale. The first piece was a symphony of Haydn. Mr. Inkersall sang "The Captive Greek Girl" (Hobbs) in a gratifying manner and received loud applause. Miss Whitnall sang a duet with the gentleman just mentioned "I've wandered in dreams" (Wade). It was very cleverly sung. The voice of Miss Whitnall is of superior quality, bright, clear, and harmonious. Her intonation is remarkably accurate, and her articulation distinct, with much expression. Indeed her whole style of singing, which by the way is divested of all extraneous ornament, produced the impression that she is an admirable musician. Mr. Seale played a solo on the violin by De Beriot. This was succeeded by the song, "We may be happy yet" (Balfe). The first part concluded with the overture to *Prometheus* (Beethoven), which was well played and much applauded. The second portion opened with the overture to *Figaro*. This went capitally. The band, augmented by Mr. Rogers (of Sheffield), Mr. Skelton (Blyth), Mr. Kemp (Swinton), and Mr. Whittaker (Sheffield), played the overture so well that they received a rapturous encore. Miss Whitnall was encored in the "Irish Emigrant" (Barker), which she sung with feeling, and on her return she substituted "Erin, my country. These were followed by a duet, "List, dearest, list" (Balfe), which was well received. Then came the song, "Oh! sing that melody again," by Miss Whitnall,—her own composition. The air is simple and affecting. She accompanied herself on the piano-forte. Kalkbrenner's quintet followed; the piano-forte obligato being taken by Mr. J. Rogers; the violins, Messrs. Seale and Dodgson; viola, Mr. Rogers; and the violoncello, Mr. Skelton. The style of the whole performance reflected much credit upon the performers. Mr. Inkersall, in "The Pirate's Serenade," (Thompson) met with a loud encore. Miss Whitnall sang "Sandy and Jenny," and confirmed the impression she had already produced. On being encored, she substituted "Bonnie Prince Charlie," which she sang amidst applause, the heartiness of which we have seldom heard surpassed. After the overture in D minor, by Romberg, the performances of the evening terminated with the national anthem. The managing committee of the society, after having thus produced the third of the series of concerts to larger audiences, and given, we believe, more satisfaction and gratification than have ever before been witnessed and experienced in Doncaster, have good reason to congratulate themselves on the success which has hitherto accompanied their exertions,—a success which should stimulate them to increased exertions for the future, and produce from the stores of novelty and excellence those pieces, which, efficiently performed, will mainly contribute to the increasing popularity and vitality of the Philharmonic.—*Doncaster Paper.*

**MUSIC IN DISSENTING PLACES OF WORSHIP.**—A circular of more than ordinary significance and interest has been laid before us. From this we learn that one of the most influential dissenting

congregations in London,—that of the "Weigh House," has admitted into its services the use of "chanting the words of Holy Scripture" and further, in enforcement and recommendation of its own practices, is countenancing courses of lectures, in which the question is set forth for the consideration of other dissenting ministers and their congregations. This is a sign of the times to be noted without reference to orthodoxy or heterodoxy—without argument as to the finality of the service-music of this or the other epoch—but as an assurance that the culture of art and the recognition of beauty are more and more allowed their right place, and that becoming functions are more and more apportioned to them, among those very bodies who so long and loudly pronounced an ascetic condemnation of their existence. "The poetry of earth it ceaseth never;" and here is another proof of it, worth laying to heart and improving by all legislators, whether lay or priestly.—*Athenaeum*.

THE BARONESS BRAYE held a *conversazione*, on Wednesday, at her residence in Stanhope-street. The musical arrangements were illustrated by Mlle. Annichini and some very clever amateurs. Mr. Brinley Richards performed several solos on the pianoforte. The assembly comprised a select number of the *haut ton*, including Lady Forbes, Lady Beccham, Lady Morgan, Sir William Abdy, Lord Strongford, and also the hero Lord Gough, who was accompanied by Lady Gough and a numerous party.

BRISTOL.—The feature of the week at the theatre has been Morris Barnett's comedy, *The Serious Family*, played by a company of Bath amateurs on Thursday evening, exceedingly well. Between the pieces (the *Tipperary Legacy* being the farce) Miss Beaufort and Mr. Callaghan danced, a burlesque *pas de deux*, for which there is but one designation—a technical one—"a screamer," the encore being peremptory; and the recent memory of Carlotta Grist and Silvain aiding the *esprit* which gained from the audience genuine applause and the heartiest laughter.—*Felix Farley*.

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. Stammers, director of the London Wednesday Concerts, gave a musical entertainment at the Corn Exchange, on Thursday evening week. The vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Eyles, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Herr Formes. The instrumentalists were Herr Anschütz (pianist) and Mr. Richardson (flautist). Mrs. Newton's clear, brilliant, soprano voice was heard to great effect in the arias from *Somnambula*, "Dearest companions" and "Do not mingle." She was encored in the cavatina, "Lo! here the gentle lark," with Mr. Richardson's beautiful flute accompaniment, and in the Scotch song, "And ye shall walk in silk attire," for which she substituted "Bonnie Prince Charlie," which elicited rapturous applause. Miss Eyles was also highly successful—her songs being always admired, and often encored. On a repetition of "Pretty dove" being called for, she substituted "Charming May," both being most effectively sung. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, the new English tenor, was well received, and much applauded in several of his songs. Herr Formes, the German basso, was too unwell to sing more than two songs at the commencement of the concert, but those were sufficient to exhibit the immense power of his rich bass voice. Mr. Richardson, who is an old favourite in Maidstone, performed two solos on the flute in his usual excellent style, and received very great applause. Herr Anschütz ably presided at the pianoforte.—*Maidstone Gazette*, Feb. 26.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### NEW SONGS,

LET US BE JOYOUS;" "PEACE TO THEE;"

GENEATH THY CARMENT," "GAY LARK;" "ADIEU, YE WOODS," "NO FIRM BUT TRINE."

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{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

We are again compelled, by press of important matters, to postpone the continuation of these articles.

## CORBARI.

THE following paragraph has appeared in almost all the papers:—

"Grisi, Mario, and Corbari will leave St. Petersburg on the 17th inst., and arrive in London about the 28th. They do not sing, as has been announced, at any intermediate places."

Grisi and Mario, it is true, will arrive at the end of the present month; but, as we have already stated to our readers, Corbari does not come to England this season, not being engaged either at Her Majesty's Theatre, or at the Royal Italian Opera. *Tant pis pour tous les deux.*

## LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

A PARAGRAPH has gone the round of the American press, to the following effect:—

"Leopold de Meyer, who created such a *furor* in this country, is said to be completely disabled. No longer able to play the piano, he is now leader of a small provincial military band in Italy."

There is not one word of truth in this, nor the shadow of a foundation for the report.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This establishment opened, according to promise, on Tuesday evening, with Mayer's opera of *Medea*, revived for Madlle. Parodi, and a new ballet for Madlle. Carlotta Grisi, called *Les Metamorphoses*. The house was full in every part, aristocracy and fashion predominating among the audience.

That *Medea* was a highly popular opera in its day is well known. That its popularity was chiefly indebted to the genius of Pasta is verified by the fact of its having been altogether laid aside since the retirement of that great tragedian and singer from the London Italian stage, the scene of her latest exertions. That, independent of the *prestige* it obtained by these means, the opera of *Medea* would be now unremembered, even by name, was, we think, pretty clearly shown on Tuesday night, in the face of Madlle. Parodi's undoubted talent, and other excellent points in the performance.

The little periodical brochure entitled *The Opera Box*, which again appears as an agreeable synopsis *raisonné* of the evening's entertainments, gives the following interesting particulars, which will serve, better than anything we could say, to explain all that is necessary to be explained about the *libretto* of *Medea*:—

"The *Medea* of Euripides—the tragedy on which all subsequent dramatic versions of the story are founded—was first performed at Athens, together with the lost plays of *Philoctetes*, *Dictyn*, and *Messores*, in the year B. C. 431. By these four plays Euripides gained the third prize.

"In the Greek *Medea* Jason marries Glauca, daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. *Medea*, highly indignant at being deserted by a man who is

under such great obligations to her, is ordered by Creon to quit his dominions; she, however, obtains permission to remain at Corinth for a single day, and is promised an asylum at Athens, by *Ægeus*. Having thus secured a retreat, she determines to avenge herself on Creon, Jason, and Glauca. Pretending to submit to her doom with patience, she sends Glauca a crown and robe, which being impregnated with a deadly poison, destroy the bride in a most fearful manner. Creon, who embraces his daughter, shares her fate. *Medea* then kills her children, after a struggle between her love for them, and her hatred of Jason, and at the end she makes her escape in a chariot given her by the sun.

"This argument scarcely differs at all from that of the Italian *libretto*. The love of *Ægeus* for the daughter of Creon, and his appearance as an open defender of *Medea*, are the only variations of importance."

"The substitution of the name of '*Creusa*' for that of '*Glauca*,' which is adopted by the Italian poets, was made by Seneca, in his tragedy of *Medea*. The story, as treated by this Latin poet, does not materially differ from that of Euripides."

A more unhuman subject could hardly be dealt with, and nothing but the finest dramatic genius could elevate it into musical interest and importance. This was not possessed by John Simon Mayer, or Mayr, born at Mendorf,\* in 1763.

It may be presumed, from its having outlived its seventy-six brethren,† that the opera of *Medea* was equally the best and the most celebrated dramatic composition of Mayer. We have a right, therefore, to build our opinion of its merits upon the materials thus placed at our disposal. It is plain that Mayer was not a genius, and as plain that he was not a very profound musician. Still the long habit of writing had enabled him, at the period when *Medea* came from his pen, to compose with ease—evidence of which is given in the fluency with which he sets down the prevalent common-places of his time, and moulds them into forms, which, though artless, are rarely impeachable. There is also a good flow of tune, if not a decided originality of melody, throughout the work. Add to these a knowledge of the most effective way of writing for voices, and a method of scoring for the orchestra at once clear and brilliant, and we have adduced enough to render Mayer's reputation during his life-time no longer an enigma. The surest means of obtaining a temporary celebrity are derived from that facility of presenting common-places in an agreeable form which we have said Mayer possessed, and which he most likely acquired from his long residence in Italy, the Italian musicians, from all time, having been the chief masters of this ephemeral school. But that which makes popularity endure beyond a certain period, and brings with it the assurance of immortality—too often the recompense for a long neglect—was not possessed by Mayer. Nevertheless he must not be classed among those to whom the art owes, and can possibly owe, nothing—of whom in the present age we have so many illustrious examples. Mayer was a composer of merit, though not of genius; he pleased almost universally, and though he rarely elevated his art he certainly did not debase it—and this is higher praise than many can lay claim to.

\* A small hamlet in Bavaria.

† Mayer is said to have composed seventy-seven operatic works.

The best portions of the *Medea*, in our opinion, are the recitatives, which are always natural and sometimes noble. The choruses are weak and colourless; the airs and duets, have much of the character of the modern Italian school, barely concealed under the already antiquated style of melody of which they are made up. The overture is an ordinary production, though superior, we believe, to the generality of contemporary works of the sort. The overtures of the Italian school, then as now, were by no means famous. In the instrumental accompaniments of the *Medea* there is a plainness which amounts to monotony; it is true they are well written, but they offer few proofs of ingenuity, and none of a feeling for rich combination or striking effects of contrast. Where Mayer has most completely failed is in the more terrible scenes of the drama—the despair of Medea; her invocation to the spirits of darkness, when she poisons the robe for Creusa; the scene with her children, destined to be murdered by her hands; and her flight on the dragon—to these, which Gluck would have made impressive and Mozart sublime, Mayer has given little intensity, and but a pale and sickly colour, which by no means atones for the translation of the verse of the Greek Euripides into doubtful Italian doggerel.

The performance of *Medea*, on Tuesday, had, as we have said, some excellent points, foremost among which was the excellent and great improvement of Madlle. Parodi. Whether this clever young artist has been tutored in the part by her mistress, Pasta, or by the impulses of her own feeling, it little matters. There was that in her acting which raised her far above the common herd, and stamped her indisputably as a genius. Her gestures, always dignified and natural, were sometimes of the highest order of classic beauty, and her general conception of the part was equally impressive and true. In her singing, Madlle. Parodi has made so great an advance that we are apt to believe she must have zealously employed her time during the recess. Where before there was hesitation, there is now the most pleasant certainty; the high notes are clearer and more powerful, the intonation is more uniformly correct, the execution more energetic and brilliant than before—a result of the confidence which invariably accrues from a good method of delivery, a requisite in which Madlle. Parodi was manifestly deficient last season, but which she now appears to be rapidly acquiring. The impression she produced upon the audience, who gave her a hearty welcome, was unanimously favourable. She was recalled, with Calzolari, in the “grand” duet, “*Ab d'un alma generosa*” (original type of the *Semiramide* duets)—where Medea and Ægeus lay out their plans for revenge on Jason—and made several other hits during the opera, especially in the first act. Towards the end of the second act she lost a little of her power, and did not seem quite so much at home in the music. But this will be remedied after another performance.

Calzolari was an excellent Ægeus; but his singing was sufficiently attractive, we think, without the necessity of introducing a modern *cavatina*, to show the audience, what the audience, already knew, that he was a thorough master of roulades. Bellotti's Creonte was unexceptionable throughout. Nothing could be more correct and artistic than his singing. Both these favourites of last year were well received. Signor Micheli, a *débutant*, appeared as Jason. His chief characteristic is an animation of gesture which belongs to the Duprez school. Signor Micheli did his best with the music. His voice is a tenor, not powerful. He has yet to acquire the favour of the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre, which we hope he may succeed in obtaining. Madame Giuliani was labouring under a cold; but she played the part of Creusa, daughter of

Creonte, very nicely, and sang the music, though not too loudly, gracefully. The small part of Tideo, Creonte's confidant, and the smaller part of Ismene, Creusa's confidant, were confided to Sig. Dai Fiori and Madlle. Malpasuta—the latter a *débutante*, the former an old acquaintance. The children of Medea were played by real children; but the little darlings did not assume the semblance of terror, when their mother is about to immolate them to her wrath, with sufficient reality.

The orchestra was good—nay better. Balfe's appearance was hailed by loud and long continued plaudits from every part of the theatre (not forgetting the orchestra)—a sign that his reinstatement in the office which he holds with such ability, and which it was feared he would abandon this season, was the cause of unanimous satisfaction. Mr. Balfe's abilities were manifested in a remarkable manner during the performance of the opera. In addition to the usual decision and judgment that always mark his beating, when any of the singers were out (and that was occasionally) Balfe sang their parts for them so well, that, except ourselves and the “Lions,” nobody knew anything was wanting.

In spite of Madlle. Parodi's success, and the other attractions of the opera—among which not the least are the classic *tableaux* from the pencil of Mr. Marshall, so severely simple and so appropriate to the drama—*Medea* is not likely to endure. Its former popularity is not to be revived, even were a new Pasta to appear, with a new Rubini to support her.

After the opera all the artists appeared before the curtain. The curtain then rose again, discovering the entire company, who at once gave vent to their loyalty in the strains of the National Anthem. The solos were delivered by the principals; we care not to remember the precise manner of their distribution.

The new *ballet* was thoroughly successful, and never was success better deserved. The *ballet* itself is a light and ephemeral production, but it was the framework for some fanciful and exquisite *tableaux*, in which Carlotta—Carlotta Grisi—was the principal and animating figure. With such an object before him, with such an artist in view, it was natural that M. Paul Taglioni, the skilful ballet master of Her Majesty's Theatre should put forth all his strength, and succeed beyond all his former successes. We borrow from the *Opera Box* a synopsis of the argument of *Les Métamorphoses*, as we borrowed from it the argument of the *Medea*.

“The plot of this ballet is founded upon one of those old Teutonic legends that seem a natural growth of the picturesque ‘Fatherland,’ and of the peculiar mystic and dreamy spirit of its inhabitants. Karl, a student and an enthusiast, has made himself an abode amongst the ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg. He divides his time between love and study—his betrothed, Ida, and learning—each with him, is equally a passion. Not satisfied with literature, sacred and profane, he has passed the bounds of hallowed knowledge, and has endeavoured to dive into the mysteries of the shadowless beings of perdition. One of those good-humoured elf or sprites, who mix, invisible, in the haunts of men, and laugh at their follies, discovers the peculiar tendency of Karl's mind, and determines to disgust him with the dangerous pursuit, by a practical exemplification of the evils of magic power. Assuming every shape in turn, he makes the student fall in love with him, in the form of a lady; he renders him furious from jealousy, by making love to his betrothed, in the shape of a handsome gallant officer, &c., &c. And thus, thanks to a little wholesome mischief, Karl is corrected, and becomes wise and happy at last.”

Fancy, reader—fancy Carlotta, the incarnation of good natured mischief, representing the person, and feigning the gambols, of this half malicious, half benevolent elf. That she did it to perfection you will readily believe; but as she did so many things quite new, and, as we previously thought, out of her particular line, we feel called upon to explain them at length.



In the first scene the sprite—Carlotta—is discovered in the study of Karl (M. Paul Taglioni), conning over some mystic and unfathomable folio. Doubtless he has arrived at the passage which has taught him to penetrate into the secret of his *protégée*, Karl, whom he loves to torture. He tears away the leaf, and bounding from the table, disappears. The dress of Carlotta in this scene, which she acts with infinite *aplomb*, is that of a page. She looks like the prettiest *gamin* that ever imagined mischief, and answered the hearty recognition of the audience by a nod of the head, which seemed to say—"Ah! you know me, do you—although this is the first time you ever saw me in male attire?" When she vanished, with the magic leaf, she seemed to melt into the air like some white ghost. No one could tell which way she disappeared.

Karl comes back, and first takes up his book, and then thinks of his betrothed, his Ida, and then resumes his book, and is about to study its contents, when in rush a boisterous band of masquers, who, with music and dance, strive to force the solitary student into joining their revelry. In vain. Karl is dreaming of Ida, his beloved—his betrothed—and his dream is mixed with visions of supernatural power and the world of spirits. The masquers leave him to his *reverie*, which is, however, suddenly interrupted by a phantom—a female in a mask and domino, who appears upon the landing place, holding a candle in her hand. The current has extinguished the light, and the domino indicates, by hesitating gestures, her wish to have it re-illuminated. Karl, in mute astonishment, obeys. The mysterious visitor then takes a rapid glance round the room, laughs at the disorder reigning every where, and throwing off her domino, presents to the astonished gaze of Karl a sight as beautiful as unanticipated—a comely rustic maiden, of symmetrical shape, and features that laugh like the sun. Karl's senses ache at the lovely form that flits before him, exclaiming in the most winning manner specimens of the various *pas* that are to be danced at the ball, to which she tempts him to accompany her. Eight o'clock strikes, and all of a sudden the maiden appears to lose her *équilibre*. She must be gone—she beckons to Karl, who accompanies her to the stair-case, at which point she once more disappears, as it were absorbed into the air. The rustic girl is again the sprite—again CARLOTTA, who, in a new shape, delights to tease the melancholy student. The whole of this scene is acted and mimed and danced by Carlotta to a perfection surpassing all her previous efforts, which were nevertheless of themselves perfection.

In the following scene, Ida, the betrothed, arrives, and observing the domino which the sprite has left behind, bursts into tears of jealousy and anger. Karl, however, persuades her that he is not unfaithful, and as a proof, gives her the key of his room. Ida seizes it and locks him in, persuaded that now at least he will not go to the ball. But left alone, he cannot pursue his studies. Glancing heedlessly at his mystic folio, he perceives that a leaf—the leaf—has been torn away. Furious at the loss, which robs him of his supernatural powers, he draws his rapier, and finding no living enemy to strike, aims a blow at a large picture which hangs up near the doorway. The picture divides in two, and discovers the mischievous sprite, not this time laughing like sunshine, but suffering, or apparently suffering, from the effects of the wound. How the sprite continues to tease the poor student, by what cunning devices succeeds in turning his brain dizzy, and, at length, overpowers him with the sleep of fatigue—how admirable, how picturesque, how impish, how irresistible were every gesture, look, and step of CARLOTTA, we shall not attempt to describe. The pen would fail to follow the

exquisite *danseuse*—a human spirit, with more of fascination than all the infernal host combined—in the maze of enchanting evolutions, by which she dazzled the eye and made the senses giddy with delight. To look at Carlotta for an instant together was impossible; she was *never* half a second in one place, and so rapid were her motions that she seemed at times twenty times herself—ten times ubiquitous—everywhere at once.

The whole of the second *tableau* is devoted to the masked ball, where Karl goes after all. Here the sprite, Carlotta, continues to torment Karl—first as the incarnation of folly, when she dances the *Pas Allegorique* of Momus and the Pleasures; then, once more as the domino and the rustic coquette, when she allures him into the circling movements of the waltz; then as a dashing cavalier, when she makes him jealous by her attentions to Ida, his betrothed, in a quadrille, provokes him to a quarrel, and engages with him in a duel; and lastly, as a Will o' the Wisp, into which form she merges at the moment of danger, escaping from her enraged assailant, who wastes his anger on the vacant air. He has received a lesson, however, and no longer regrets the leaf from the folio, that had helped him to a half acquaintance with the goblin-world, which he now fairly wishes at the devil.

Carlotta was as inimitable and volatile in this *tableau* as in the former. How she waltzes, how she moves in the quadrille, need not be told. But how she walked and bore herself as the young officer, was quite another question. Her fencing was the poetry of attack and defence, only that she looked so charming that no hand could have been bold enough to strike her, no heart hard enough to direct the blow. The only great feat of dancing in the *ballet* was the *Pas Allegorique*, with M. Charles. This is taken from Perrot's *ballet* of *La Filleule des Fées*, brought out for Carlotta at the *Académie Royale* in Paris, of which an account has already appeared in the *Musical World*. It is the very essence and perfection of the choreographic art. The variations are *chef d'œuvres* of neat and rapid execution, and the *adagio* combines all that is most grateful in *pose*, all that is most classic in motion of the arms and body. The *Pas Allegorique* was enthusiastically applauded, and each variation loudly re-demanded; but Carlotta is no friend to the *encre* system, and besides, was too fatigued by her incessant exertions to be able to go through any of her feats twice over with ease and comfort.

Since *Giselle* and *Esmeralda* and the *Diable à Quatre* Carlotta Gris has achieved no triumph so complete as in the *Metamorphoses*, in which her unrivalled talent both as mimist and *danseuse* has an unbounded field for display. She has completely resuscitated the *ballet* from the lethargy into which it had begun to fall from the commencement of the Jenny Lind *furor*, which seemed likely to extinguish it altogether. Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself on the result, and we trust that, emboldened by this new success, he will bestow more of his attention to the *ballet*—always one of his great strongholds—than he has been able or inclined to bestow during the last three years. With such a dancer as Carlotta Gris, in the prime of her life and the vigour of her talent, the *ballet*, well managed, needs not fear decline; in short, under such circumstances, decline is not merely improbable, but impossible.

M. Paul Taglioni merits equal praise for the fancy and ingenuity he has displayed in the composition of the *Metamorphoses*, as for the graphic manner in which he represents the vexed and tormented Karl. He is a first-rate artiste in his way. M. Charles, who danced the *Pas Allegorique* with Carlotta, is very young, but already bids fair to be the legiti-

mate successor of the inimitable Perrot. The *corps de ballet* contains Mdles. Rosa (a new comer), Aussandon, Julien, Lamoreux, and other old favourites, who are as efficient and personally attractive as ever.

Before we have done with the *ballet*, we may remark that Mdle. James, one of the most accomplished of all our *seconde donne* of the dance, is in London, and unengaged. She has been with Carlotta in her recent tour, and (as it appears from the poetical communication of our worthy Dublin correspondent, "Jaques,") has shared the triumphs of her incomparable *camarade*. Mr. Lumley could hardly do more wisely than complete his admirable *corps de ballet* by the addition of this graceful and excellent English *danseuse*. M. Silvain also, we hear, is in London, and at leisure. Who could better fill the place of M. D'Or or of M. St. Léon, neither of whom are engaged this season? Marie Taglioni has arrived, prettier and quainter than ever, and a *very little* taller. Mr. Lumley should adopt Vivier's counsel, and place a sentinel at her door, to see that she does not grow any more. She is quite tall enough for all danceable purposes. Mdle. Ferraris, a new dancer of repute, has arrived, and will shortly appear.

The next opera is to be *Ernani*, which will be produced on Thursday—a grand extra night, for the *débuts* of Signor Lorenzo, and our countryman, Sims Reeves.

### CARLOTTA GRISI.

Our contemporaries bear ample testimony to the triumph of Carlotta in the new *ballet* of the *Metamorphoses*. The *Morning Herald* thus quaintly and poetically apostrophises the incomparable Queen of the Dance.

"The new *ballet* called *Les Metamorphoses* is one of the gayest things of the kind that we have seen, containing some pretty tableaux, and some exquisite passages of character dancing by Carlotta Grisi, who, with the exception of Fanny Ellsler, never had an equal in the art of expressing pantomimic sentiment.

"Carlotta's personation of the elf is a matchless piece of *diablerie*. Each of the separate assumptions she embodies with an air of good-humoured mischief, as genial as it is diverting. The athletics of the scene she manages with a spirit and elegance which few of the light-heeled tribe can either feel or demonstrate; while the dramatic meaning with which she enlivens an attitude or a movement, realises the highest conditions of her art. It is not an abuse of words to call her dancing 'poetry'; for there is an ideal beauty in it which gratifies the eye as well as the imagination. Let us cite, as an example of this, the comic abandon of her scene with Paul Taglioni, when, as a 'rustic coquette,' she drags him from his books in spite of himself, and hurries him round the room in a merry and unavoidable whirl; or, as a will-o'-the-wisp, eludes him with cunning conceits of activity. Then again the *Pas Foldre*, with its quick, sharp, twinkling steps! Carlotta, in short, was never in greater force than at present."

Not less enthusiastic, if somewhat less elaborate, is the worthy and talented critic of the *Chronicle*.

"Of such a sprite, mischievous without malice, and fun-loving not for the fun alone, what more choice and happy representative could be found than Carlotta Grisi, with her spirit-like airiness, her buoyant grace, her elfish eye and face? Not since she charmed the world as *Opélla* has a character been hit upon more exactly suited to this fascinating artist. Every true genius combines the elements alike of the tragic and comic; and so it is with Carlotta Grisi; she is as completely elfish and apritlike in this gay, rattling, yet graceful and piquant part, as in the more serious and touching character of the spirit-dancer. One's only regret is, that she should not have the *ballet* all to herself—the incidental scenes and dances, though singularly clever and amusing, seeming only so many obstructions to our enjoyment of such an embodied grace. This *ballet* will not be an ephemeral attraction only. Besides the exquisite acting and dancing of Carlotta Grisi, there are many incidental dances of great merit and originality."

Even the *Daily News*, usually so grave and brief in matters Terpsichorean, waxes ardent in Carlotta's praise. Listen to his eloquent words:—

"There was a new *ballet* called *Les Metamorphoses*, a brilliant and successful affair. Its story, even with the help of the libretto, was beyond our comprehension; but the peerless Carlotta Grisi appeared in it, and that was quite enough. She appeared, too, in the most piquant way possible; for she enacted the part of an elf, or sprite, who, in order to perplex a student of the 'black art,' appeared to him in a variety of fantastical shapes—a young page, a village girl, a will-o'-the-wisp, and a military officer; and in these various disguises she displayed her witcheries in her own inimitable way."

The *Times* calls Carlotta "the most poetic of dancers;" but the *Times* was the first to "symbolise" her talent, as the clever and animated writer in the *Britannia* expresses it.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season commences to-night with *Der Freischütz*. Of the production of this work, and its substitution for *Gustavus the Third*, we have already said our say. Of the managerial policy manifested in the substitution time only can certify as to its soundness or hollowiness.

The directors, we are assured, have spared no expense to render Weber's *chef d'œuvre* entirely worthy of their great establishment. All who have heard the Covent Garden band and chorus must feel satisfied that, as far as they are concerned, *Der Freischütz* will be better interpreted than it has ever been in this country. Respecting the singers, we can only form an opinion, and encourage a hope for the best. It must be remembered that some of the most eminent vocalists of Germany and England have been heard in Weber's opera. Besides Madame Heinefetter, Madame Schodel, Schroeder Devrient, together with Hätzinger and other celebrated tenors, we have had our own Brahm and Mrs. Wood interpreting the principal parts. But "comparisons are odorous," and we must rest content at the present day with Mesdames Castellan and Vera, both of whom possess undoubted talents, and with the expectation that Signor Enrico Maralti may prove a second Hätzinger.

In favour of the Royal Italian Opera, it may be safely affirmed that it possesses the best Caspar the stage has ever produced. Caspar is one of Formes' finest parts, and, we have no doubt, that the great German basso will produce an immense effect in the character.

Again, in behalf of Covent Garden, it may be further shown that the directors have secured the services of M. Massol, for the part of the Head Ranger—a small part, certainly, but an important one—thus giving us a foretaste of what they intend doing with secondary and subordinate characters. For providing so excellent an artist for the Head Ranger the management is entitled to especial commendation. M. Massol is an admirable singer, has a splendid voice, and will materially strengthen the efficiency of the vocal corps.

On the whole, whatever the drawbacks to the complete and perfect production of *Der Freischütz*—as complete and perfect as might be desired—we espy so much that is really first-rate, we incline to anticipate a great success.

The last rehearsal took place yesterday. All is prepared. The dresses will be picturesque and appropriate, and the scenery, as we are told, of the most magnificent description. The great incantation scene will tax to the utmost the resources of the Royal Italian Opera management, and the fancy and ingenuity of Mr. Harris, under whose superintendence all the *diablerie* has been formed and fashioned.

The dances will take place, also, under the direction of Mr. Harris, Signor Casati, the *maitre de ballet*, having been prevented by unforeseen circumstances, from coming to England.

So much for anticipation. The realization shall be forthcoming next week.

## LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional contributor.)

THE fourth of the spring series took place on the 23th. The list of vocalists was strong, and included the names of Misses Lucombe, Rebecca Isaacs, Anne Williams, and M. Williams; Herr Formes, Mr. Henry Drayton, Mr. Land, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. Sims Reeves. With such a vocal force we think it would have been politic had the directors given something of a higher character than the programme presented on this occasion. The directors must not suppose that the public can be led back to twenty years ago, and passively submit to be "planted" in that epoch, from now *ad perpetuum*. Whatever may be their opinion, however, we have strong proof that audiences of the present day are capable of appreciating entertainments of an intellectual order—or so good an imitation thereof as may lead them to suppose they are exerting their faculties of comprehension and enjoyment on music of a serious character. Even when they are thus blinded they are apt to find out their mistake very soon, and visit this offence on their judgment with severity. We advise the directors of the London Wednesday Concerts to awake while they are in good grace, and avoid so unpleasant a visitation from their numberless patrons. In future let them eschew as much as possible such a patch-work selection as was presented on Wednesday night.

The vocalists sang very well, as might have been expected, since they, no doubt, selected their own songs. The sooner the directors take this task out of their hands, however, the better, both for the directors and the vocalists. The applause, with some few exceptions, was much less vociferous than usual, and the encores much less frequent. The latter fact was decidedly an advantage. But it is now time for the directors to present novelty; at present there is a tiresome sameness in these concerts. "Move on," is the actual watchword of the day, and those who do not keep up with the crowd will most likely be trampled under foot.

But for a few details:—Herr Formes sang "Farewell to the Mountain," and "Life is darkened o'er with woe." Herr Formes has sung both these songs a great many times during the season, and without exercising to any extraordinary degree his powers of research, he might have found something better and newer to sing at the fourth of the spring series. Nevertheless, let it be understood, that we do not object to either of the songs above-named; on the contrary, they are both beautiful in their way; but it is of their so frequent repetition we complain, and we cite them as instances of the prevailing vice. The other vocalists must not imagine themselves slighted at our not noticing their various efforts in numerical order, but we have so frequently mentioned the same ladies and gentlemen in the same songs and duets, that we are afraid, should we continue, the *Musical World* would become as tedious as the performances themselves.

The soloists were Herr Ernst and Signor Briccialdi. Herr Ernst gave a solo on "Hungarian Airs," and the *Pirata* Fantasia, and played both in his very best style. The audience were clamorous for an encore for both solos, but after the first Herr Ernst came forward merely to bow his acknowledgments, and for the second he substituted the *Carnaval*.

Signor Briccialdi, a flautist of high continental reputation, made his first appearance at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night. His intonation is as near an approach to perfection as that of any flutist we have heard. His tone is mellow and pure, and he possesses great command of his instrument, both in *bravura*

and *cantabile* passages. His style of playing is remarkably artistic and finished. The fantasia he performed was selected from the *Sonnambula*. Signor Briccialdi was warmly applauded. We hope to hear him frequently.

Mr. Bridge Frodsham made a favourable impression by his unaffected singing in John Barnett's charming ballad, "Can'st thou love, yet coldly fly me," (*Mountain Sylph*), and in a new song, "I saw a brighter eye last night." Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, excellently well played by the band, commenced the concert in a style worthy of a more solid conclusion. Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*, and Macfarren's *Cherry Chase*, were also performed. Herr Anschuetz conducted with clearness and decision.

## MR. DANDO'S QUARTET CONCERTS.

MR. DANDO, the admired violinist, has been carrying on his usual series of Quartet Concerts at Crosby Hall, to the gratification and edification of the City amateurs. Supported by Mr. Gattie, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Lucas, Mr. Dando has performed some of the finest specimens of quartet composition in a manner fully to sustain his reputation; and the concerts have had the additional interest and attraction of the pianoforte playing of Mrs. Anderson, Miss Kate Loder, Mr. Dorrell, and Mr. L. Sloper, who have interpreted some of the grand chamber works of the great masters. The fifth concert of the season, which was one of the most interesting of the series, took place on Monday last. The following was the programme:—

## PART I.

Grand Nonetto, Op. 31, for violin, viola, violoncello, double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, Messrs. Dando, Hill, Lucas, C. Severn, Clinton, Nicholson, Williams, C. Harper, and Baumann	Spohr.
Aria, "Sommo Dio," <i>Zaira</i> , Miss Dolby	Winter.
Quartett, No. 31, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, Hill, and Lucas	Haydn.
Song, "When the children are asleep" (a fire side song), Miss Dolby	Wallace.

## PART II.

Second Sonata in D major, for pianoforte and violin, (dedicated to G. A. Macfarren,) Messrs. W. C. Macfarren and Dando	W. C. Macfarren.
Song, "The Honved's Bride," Miss Dolby	Mulique.
Duet, "May Morning," the Misses Williams	W. V. Wallace.
Quartett, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, Hill, and Lucas	Beethoven
Accompanist, Mr. W. C. Macfarren.	

The Nonetto of Spohr was very finely performed; the choir of wind instruments was particularly admirable, and the effect of the *ensemble* was truly excellent: it is a composition of most ingenious elaboration, abounding in points of great beauty, and the last movement especially teems with genius—one of the very happiest productions of its author. The Quartet of Haydn was a less effective performance; the lovely movement in A flat, *affettuoso sostenuto*, was better rendered and better appreciated than the rest of the work. A very principal feature of the evening was Mr. W. C. Macfarren's Sonata for pianoforte and violin, which, besides its merit as a composition, had the interest of novelty, at least to this audience. This is a work which bears the test of a very severe criticism, and which the better known and more strictly judged, the more fully proves its young composer to be possessed of very high musical qualifications both of nature and study. The sonata is written throughout with fluency and with an evident familiarity with the general principles of construction; much as we like the whole, we prefer, however, the two middle movements, the *scherzo* in D sharp minor and the *adagio* in A, which are eminently original and equally beautiful, and would indeed do

honour to the name of any composer. The playing of Mr. W. C. Macfarren has great merit; he produces a clear, full tone from the pianoforte, and his style is characterised by evident musicianly feeling and great energy. The sonata was very warmly applauded; more so, indeed, than any piece in the programme. The fine Quartet in C minor of Beethoven was excellently performed, but it had the disadvantage of the usual breaking-up of the audience during a last piece to prevent those who wished to hear from paying due attention. Miss Dolby sang most beautifully, and accompanied herself in Mr. Wallace's very charming "Fireside Song." The Misses Williams sang admirably the less meritorious duet of the same composer. The last concert of the series will take place on Monday, the 23th.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the Times.)

THE Royal Academy, it seems, has obtained a renewed lease of the building which was constructed some fourteen years ago at the national expense, for the reception of the national pictures. Another generation, for aught the public is assured to the contrary, will find the daubs of contemporary mediocrity staring against the walls which should have been graced by the standards of ancient perfection. For a period, at present indefinite, Raphael, Sebastiano, and Rubens must give place to Redgrave, Massey, and Uwins. The cultivation of high art, the elevation of the general taste, even the interests of the profession particularly concerned, are to be postponed *sine die*, to suit a convenience which no impartial man regards, or to propitiate a power which no independent man will recognise. No promises, express or implied, no gratitude to public benefactors, no desire to encourage a patriotic liberality, not even the common considerations of expediency, appear to touch the gentlemen who are charged with the official patronage of art. Turning a deaf ear to every reasonable remonstrance, they suffer the institution which boasts its own complete self-sufficiency, and rejects all national interference, on the express ground that it requires no national support, to usurp a public edifice, intended for a public purpose, and to occupy with its puny productions the rightful seat of the genius of antiquity. Such is the apparent position of art in this country, at this moment. Such, at least, are the conclusions to be drawn from the statement of the Prime Minister, in the House of Commons on Monday night.

With the Royal Academy, considered as a society of individuals, agited for their own benefit, we have no concern at present. Whether it be well or ill constituted, honestly or corruptly administered, of good or evil influence upon the profession, we forbear from even offering an opinion. Nor do we wish to be understood as having endorsed the charges against it which have appeared in these columns. Our only purpose is to inquire upon what pretence the Royal Academy is thrust into the National Gallery—in return for what services rendered to the country, a private institution is in part maintained at the public expense—and for what sound reasons of State the Government, as virtual trustees of the national pictures, leaves these to be heaped together as in an auction-room, or stowed away like useless lumber, in order to elevate into a too treacherous light the pretty paintings of their *grands*. "This is all the business we have with the Royal Academy."

The Select Committee appointed in 1835 to inquire, among other things, "into the constitution, management, and effects of institutions connected with the arts," made a report in 1836, which, together with the evidence, may be advantageously

consulted in the elucidation of this subject. It appears, from this document, that the building called the National Gallery was originally constructed in a manner to diminish its utility as a receptacle for the national pictures, and even to endanger its safety in case of fire, in order that space, and other conveniences, might be appropriated to the Royal Academy; that at the time this sacrifice of public property was made to a private society, petitions were lying before the trustees, explaining the injury which must accrue to the general body of artists from such an exclusive patronage of a set, and the opinions of eminent men had been declared upon the point, that the *quasi* amalgamation of the Gallery and the Academy would probably result in the injury of both; and that the joint occupancy which was to produce this disastrous connexion was to be determined by the expansion of the national collection to a size too large for the dimensions of that portion of the national building which was at first allotted to its use. In addition to these simple facts, opinions well deserving of consideration were given, to the effect that the enthronement of the Royal Academy upon the seat of ancient art, would operate to destroy competition, and would give the Academy a virtual monopoly—that even the whole building, as constructed, did not afford more than sufficient space for the complete exhibition of the then national collection, and that the contraction of that space would therefore not only be a direct injury, but would very probably prevent public-spirited persons from bequeathing their pictures to the nation.

Fortunately the prophecy last mentioned has not been fulfilled. In 1847 Mr. Vernon presented his collection of the works of English artists to his country. His name was honoured in the senate and praised throughout the land; but his pictures were put away in a cellar. The event that was feared had come to pass. The casket was not large enough for the jewels, and there was no room without clearing out the mosaic which occupied some of the compartments. In short, issue was joined between the Academy and the nation, and it became necessary to decide which interest was the more important of the two.

That decision has not yet been made, and it is to be feared that unless the public step into the judgment seat, that predominant right which law and custom attribute to possession will continue to favour one of the contending parties. To us, however, the case appears extremely simple. The Royal Academy is tenant upon sufferance of the National Gallery. Even on its own showing it has no right of occupancy beyond the period when its own interests and those of the national collection can be made to harmonize. That period arrived beyond all question in 1847, and since that time the Academy has continued in its place by usurpation and wrong. Even before 1847, it would not be difficult to show that the national pictures were inconveniently crowded. Any one who has penetrated through dust and the throng of gazers into the little room at the top of the stairs, where Hogarth, Wilkie, Canevari, and others are jammed together as in a picture-dealer's shop, must feel the force of the observation. The Vernon donation, however, settled this matter. There is clearly no room for that collection: and the question arises whether the Academy is to remain in the Gallery, or the national pictures are to seek another place. Possibly, in other days, and with the fear of financial reformers before our eyes, we might have embraced the latter alternative, and, having consigned the great relics of antiquity to a worthier museum, have left the Royal Academy to repose for ever under the shadow of the pepper-boxes which crown the "finest site in Europe."

## AMERICAN POT POURRI

(From a New York Correspondent.)

I SEND you a few musical and dramatic particulars, from which you may pick or choose as you please. The last number of the *Musical World* which reached us, informed us that the editor had an abstract reverence for copy. My scraps, therefore, have some hope of finding a place in your journal.

At the Bowery Theatre, *Rookwood*; or, *Richard Turpin the Highwayman*, and the *Gipsy Queen*, a grand equestrian drama of deep interest and thrilling excitement, has been produced, and drawn immense houses. Mr. Dern plays Dick Turpin in a very picturesque and highwayman-like fashion.

*The Serious Family* is being played at the Broadway, and creates roars of laughter. A new song has been introduced, called "The Teetotal Society," which had been better left out.

At Burton's Theatre, the *Serious Family* is also being played, and successfully. This comedy has proved one of the most attractive pieces which have been for some time imported from England.

Great crowds are attracted nightly to Chanfrau's National Theatre, to see Master Murray, who is several inches smaller than General Tom Thumb—some say, several feet. I have not seen him yet; but an editor of a newspaper told me he was so little that he had to get up on a footstool to scratch his head. You may expect him in England before long.

A benefit was given lately at the Italian Opera, for the sufferers of the Hague Street catastrophe. This was managed by Mr. Maretzek, with whom the idea originated, and who took immense pains to procure a bumper house. I am sorry to say this was no bumper. There was a good house, and that was all. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was played, the chief executants being Signorina Bertucca, and the Signora Forti and Benaventano.

A Grand Musical Festival will take place in Brooklyn, in a few days, in celebration of the birthday of Washington. As I don't pretend to understand what is going to be performed, I send you an extract from a New York paper, which may perhaps enlighten the understanding of yourself and your readers on that head.

"The birthday of Washington, one of those sacred festivals which have always been observed in this country, and will be to the end of time, will be appropriately celebrated in Brooklyn by the performance of one of the greatest musical compositions yet produced in this country. It is a grand cantata, entitled *Emancipation*, which was performed a year ago to a crowded and delighted audience in the Tabernacle. In fact, we know not whether to call this an oratorio of freedom, or an opera in the high sense of the term, as used by the Germans, in which, as that term is understood among them, almost every species of touching, grand, and beautiful music, both secular and sacred, is introduced. It was received at the time with great favor, although the arrangements for its public rehearsal were far from being complete. But we are glad to be informed that nothing has been neglected on its second performance; and our only regret is, that it should be executed in Brooklyn rather than in New York; for, although the lovers of music will follow its artists wherever they go, yet it is not a very convenient matter for New Yorkers to undertake a pilgrimage to the State of Long Island at night. In this case, however, it will be done undoubtedly by multitudes of those who listened to this cantata last year in New York. The libretto, written by Horatio Stone, Esq., is designed to illustrate the progress of civil, political, and religious liberty, from the annals of the Hebrews to the last struggle of Hungary; and everything that is significant, touching, beautiful, and heroic in the history of the long struggle of freedom among the nations, is painted with the pen of an artist and the fire of a poet. The music is by Mr. George H. Curtis, the distinguished precursor of music, and celebrated pianist. It will be performed in the Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's), on Washington's birth-day eve (to-morrow) by the entire chorus of the New York Conservatory of Music, and by several of our

most distinguished artists. We have no doubt it will be a grand affair, and our only regret is that its performance in Brooklyn should prevent so many citizens of New York from being present."

Your provincial friends will, no doubt, be glad to learn the following account of Mr. Malone Raymond and his pretty daughters, which I extract from the *New Orleans Daily Crescent*.

"We were sorry that the bad weather of last evening prevented the St. Charles from being filled with the numerous admirers of the Malone Raymond family. Mr. Malone Raymond is an agreeable story-teller, and gave us last night striking illustrations of Irish wit and Irish character, and Madame has a remarkable voice, which she has transmitted, in an intensified degree, to her daughter Fanny. In fact, the voice of Miss Fanny is of so rare and peculiar a quality, that the most careless listener is struck by her tones. It is one of the most powerful contraltos we have ever heard; and the notes are given out from Miss Fanny's throat with an ease and a force which indicate that they are natural gifts and not acquired qualities. Miss Laura appears to have cultivated her voice with more care than her sister, but her powers are not so rare as those of Miss Fanny. On the piano, Miss Emily performed with unusual skill and taste; and those who heard her performance at the Lyceum-hall, a few evenings ago, may imagine how much they missed by being absent from the St. Charles last night. The whole family of the Malone Raymonds has gained the public heart by their gentle bearing and decided talent; and as we understand they are to reside for some time in our midst, we hope they may meet with the success they so eminently deserve."

We have had some Shakspeare readings here of late, by a Mr. H. W. Hewet, who displayed both judgment and taste. He greatly pleased the public.

I shall send you some more scraps when any news turns up.

## M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*.)

M. ALEXANDER BILLET, the pianist, has commenced a new series of three evening concerts of classical pianoforte music. The design of M. Billet is most excellent and praiseworthy—one which we could wish to see adopted with regard to music generally. He proposes, in the course of these concerts, to give specimens from the works of all the great pianoforte composers, inclusive, of course, of many whose compositions are seldom heard in the concert-room. Our knowledge of art in all its branches in this country is so fragmentary, that praise is due to any one that will endeavour to induce a more general and historical acquaintance with it by systematic exemplification. Whether such a plan will succeed, whether the public of this country will "pay to be taught," is another question—the question, in fact, now at issue between those who follow music and the other arts for their own sake, and those mere speculators who only "cater for the public amusement," with a view to their own pecuniary profit. M. Billet belongs to the more honourable class; and we were glad to see, by the crowded state of the room last night, that not merely his known talents, but his object also had been appreciated.

M. Billet's own performances on the pianoforte form, of course, the chief feature of the concert. His style of playing is not calculated to captivate the undiscerning hearer, but it is in proportion pleasing and satisfying to the amateur of the highest and purest kind of executive skill on the pianoforte. Quiet development without affect or exaggeration, a correct touch and graceful flow of expression, are qualities which leave their impress on the mind longer than *force de bras* or mere brilliancy of execution. M. Billet has many of the characteristics of Sterndale Bennett as an executant, but without so much interpretative power or feeling. The pieces played by him at the first concert of the new series were Beethoven's Grand Sonata in A flat (op. 26); Handel's "Suite des Pièces" (in F); Dussek's Grand Sonata in E flat, "The Farewell" (most brilliantly executed by M. Billet); Sterndale Bennett's two studies, "L'Amabile" (in E flat), and "L'Appassionata" (in G minor); Stephen Heller's "La Chasse" (Etude, op. 29); and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso (in E, op. 14). M. Billet also played (with Mr. Levy, the conductor of the concert) Mendels-



The only vocal performers were the Misses Cole, who have vastly improved since their very promising *début* at Exeter Hall. These young ladies have evidently well employed their time in study, and they have already attained a degree of excellence which promises, with still more study and application, future perfection. They sang two duets (one from Macfarren's *Charles the Second*), and Mendelssohn's two-part song, "I would that my love could silently flow," and were much applauded.

Altogether this concert of M. Billet's was of a high character. Whether it would not be expedient to introduce greater variety, so as to relieve the pianoforte playing, will be worth considering. In that case, to accomplish the design announced in the programme, it would be necessary to extend the number of concerts. We should be inclined to think that the amateurs of pianoforte music would support such an extension if it enabled them to hear the most remarkable works of the greatest composers for the pianoforte executed by so accomplished and tasteful an artist as M. Billet. Piani is to play at the second concert Mendelssohn's "Air varié" with M. Billet.

[We reprint this notice of our cotemporary with much pleasure, as a specimen of good criticism of the right sort. We think, however, that an increase in the number of vocal pieces would interfere with M. Billet's design, which is a most excellent one.—Ed. M. W.]

#### ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mrs HULLAH commenced his series of grand choral performances on Wednesday evening with Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabæus*. The choice was good, as this *chef d'œuvre* of the master contains some of his finest and most elaborate choruses, and presented excellent occasions for testing the strength and efficiency of the members of Mr. Hullah's first upper singing school, who constituted the choral body.

The choruses were in general well rendered; but we should select, for particular notice, "O Father, whose almighty power;" "Hear us, O Lord;" "Fall'n is the foe;" "We never will bow down;" "Sing unto God;" and the "Hallelujah." The chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," was also well sung. The good effects of Mr. Hullah's training was evidenced in the chorus, "We hear," in Part Second, in which the *pianos* were given with the most perfect intonation, and the *crescendos* were managed with admirable effect. The chorus displayed their power here to great advantage.

The principal vocal performers were Miss Birch, Miss Gill, Mrs. Noble, Miss Kent, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth.

Miss Birch gave the air "From mighty Kings" with more than usual effect, and was loudly applauded. Mrs. Noble and Miss Gill were both good, and the little Miss Kent had to do made us desire she had more.

Mr. Sims Reeves produced an immense sensation in the exciting air, "Sound an alarm," the applause at the conclusion being vehement and continuous. Mr. Reeves appeared to have gained an addition of power to his voice.

Mr. Whitworth sang the air, "Arm, arm, ye brave," in a very energetic manner, and "The Lord worketh wonders," with excellent effect. We have not heard this gentleman sing with better taste, or in a more musician-like manner. The trio, "Disdainful of danger," was perfectly rendered by Mrs. Noble, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth.

We may also mention the duet, "O lovely peace," by Mr. Noble and Miss Birch; the air, "Rejoice, O Judah," by Mr. Whitworth; and the recitatives, "See you flames," and "O grant it, Heaven," respectively by Miss Kent and Miss Birch, as entitled to notice.

The band, led by Mr. Willy, was complete and effective. The overture was played with vigour and precision, as was also

the march succeeding the chorus, "See the conquering hero comes."

Mr. Hullah conducted the whole of the oratorio in a most efficient manner. He was received with great applause on his entrance into the orchestra, the same demonstration being renewed at the end of the performance.

The hall was well attended.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HEAR ERNST and Herr Hallé's second classical chamber concert here, took place on Thursday evening, the 7th instant. The following was the admirable selection on the occasion:—

PART I.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in E flat, Op. 78, No. 2) *Beethoven*. Song, Mrs. Wood, "Low were the summer woods," *Bennett*. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, Dedicated to Kreutzer, (in A minor, Op. 47) *Beethoven*.

PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in E minor) *Mendelssohn*. Song, Mrs. Wood, "Let me wander not unseen," *Handel*. *Penates Fugitives*, pianoforte and violin, *Heiter and Ernst*.

The room was much fuller than the first night, and it was difficult to find even a standing place for the few who came after eight o'clock. The great treat of the night was Beethoven's very beautiful sonata, so full of melody and playfulness, so exquisitely is it written to display the violin and pianoforte together, and so truly excellent was its performance, we could have listened to such ravishing strains for hours. The second movement (*allegro vivace*) has for its subject or air the well-known Tremolo (that has been familiarised to us as a solo by most eminent violinists). We cannot possibly do justice to its treatment on this occasion by Hallé and Ernst—so refined—so delicately expressed were the minutest shades and graces of expression; the warmest plaudits were the consequence. The *andante* (*con variazioni*) was no less excellent, and was even a greater display of the perfect mechanism and skill of both artists. In listening to them the difficulties were overlooked, because they were mastered and made subordinate to the beauty of the work. The same with the *presto finale*, in which there is an amazing succession of difficult shakes, first on violin, then on pianoforte; yet all was as smooth as oil—not a slip—not a flaw—but on the contrary, a perfect succession of pictures were the four movements of the A minor sonata. We have placed this first, because we were so full of it we could not help it, else, in performance, it opened the second part.

The trio in E flat, which commenced the concert, was a charming specimen of Beethoven's richly stored genius, as shown in these chamber compositions. Lidel, on the violoncello, opened the sostenuto first movement with a few bars solo, very nicely indeed, and all the three played with great taste. The second and third movements (an *allegro* and an *allegretto*) were surpassingly beautiful—full of the most bewitching snatches of melody and fancy, each movement totally different in subject and treatment, yet all formed and linked together so as to make a perfect *ensemble*; we never were more entranced or delighted with Beethoven's music in our lives. Much of this we felt was owing to Ernst himself. He appreciates music of this high character. He feels and enjoys it whilst he is playing, and this gives such an inexpressible charm to the performance. His expression and pathos are quite unrivalled. His *crescendo* is almost painful from its very intensity. He seems to be forcing, as it were, the most ravishing tones from his instrument in spite of itself; and then, how he has subdued his tones to a gentle murmur—a mere whisper—the most piano of pianissimos; but the tone, with these, fine as a gentleman's thread, yet clear as a bell. We could grow quite extravagant about Ernst; but, in sober seriousness, his is a matter of fact; and we never desire to hear more finished excellence on the violin, or expect to hear Beethoven's divine inspirations more clearly interpreted than we have now heard them by Ernst and Hallé. Hallé's performance was quite up to his coadjutors. We could not say more in a column. He adjusted his piano and forte effects very skilfully, and gave that liquid, pearly roundness to his tones, as far removed from ham-



moring and thumping on the one hand, as from wire-drawn weakness on the other. We have no learning in technical or artistic phrase, or musical terms for either fingering, bowing, or playing, on either instrument, but can both feel and express our delight when either are well played. There was one movement, or phrase, in the sonata reminded us of the joyful strain which occurs in the piano-forte accompaniment to *Adelaide*. Mendelssohn's E minor quartet was given at the close of the first part (we believe to accommodate Mr. Seymour, who had an engagement), the same executants as before, and in the same order—Ernst, Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel; and again we had an example of what quartet playing can become in such hands. The second movement, the andante, was most rapturously encored. It is a most singular conceit; if the allegretto, in the quartet in A, at Seymour's concert, was like Puck and the Fairies, and Mozart's like four old friends in conversation, this andante, in the E minor quartet, is like four *Adelguy* friends teasing one another, so restless and uneasy do the four instruments seem as they take up the fantastic strain, aided in this by the tremulous action of the bow. The scherzo and finale, too, were alike admirable for their interpretation and rendering. We might, at times, hear the *rosin* a little, but the conception and execution also was very fine; the pianissimo effects were wonderfully delicate and exact. The concert closed like the last with three of those elegant and graceful trifles, called *Penées Fugitives*, by Ernst and Heller, which are admirably suited to this portion of a chamber concert programme, not to play the audience out (the audience at these concerts know better than to leave before the concert is over), but as making less claim upon the mind and intellect. After a tragedy of Shakspeare we do not want a modern tragedy as an after-piece, so after a sonata and trio of Beethoven's we welcome something lighter and less pretentious, as a relief. As to the performance by Hallé and Ernst of these bagatelles we have already exhausted our terms of panegyric on the accomplished artists. Mrs. John Wood gave general satisfaction in her songs. She was accompanied in Handel's by Hallé, and in Bennett's by Mr R Andrews, of this town. We shall look eagerly for the remaining two concerts of this most interesting series. The third is on the 21st instant; the fourth, and last, on the 4th of April.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent)

DURING the present week Miss Helen Faucit—who justly ranks as one of the most accomplished actresses now left to the dramatic world—commenced an engagement at our Theatre Royal, playing on Monday night with her usual power and effect in her original part of Pauline Deschappelles in the *Lady of Lyons*, in which she was supported by Mr. Barry Sullivan as Claude Melnotte. But all her triumphs in Liverpool were surpassed on Wednesday last by her performance of Iolanthe, in a translation from the Danish of *King René's Daughter*, by Theodore Martin,—so well known in literary circles as a clever and humorous parodist, silent Bon Gaultier. This piece having been more than once noticed in your pages I will not here speak of it, though I think it is one of the most simple and beautiful ever produced on the stage; but rather state that Miss Faucit's embodiment of the blind princess was an extremely graceful, elegant, and poetical performance. The kind, trusting nature of the secluded princess was admirably embodied, and when passion was required the fair artist displayed the true fire of genius. The whole performance, in fact, was a complete triumph from beginning to end. Many a time has Miss Faucit been applauded to the echo in Liverpool, but never before did she create the sensation she did on Wednesday night last. The theatre was much better filled than usual with the *élite* of the town, whose manifestations of applause were only appeased for fear of losing a word of the dialogue. At the conclusion of the play, Miss Helen Faucit was called loudly before the curtain, amidst the uproarious applause of the audience, who gave vent to their delight by waving handkerchiefs, hats, &c., and cheering till they were hoarse. Mr. Barry Sullivan, as usual, was intelligent and graceful as Count Tristram, speaking the poetry with true artistic feeling, and frequently and deservedly sharing the applause with the heroine of the night. Mr. Heller was careful and intelligent as Don Juan, the Moorish physician; but the boisterous sobbing and ranting of Mr. Cham-

berlain, as the tranquil and fond King René, provoked frequent laughter. The actors were not sufficiently careful in forming groups,—anything coarse or common totally destroys the poetic quietness and simplicity of the drama. The scenery was entirely new and characteristic—the painted canvas and properties being in various places supplanted by real grapes, oranges, and flowers. The wine vase and cup were of real silver—forming a vast and pleasing contrast to our old gilt *papier maché* friends of the same species. Taking it all in all, the piece, in almost every respect, was one of the most complete that has ever been seen in Liverpool, and Mr. Copeland well deserves the thanks of those who really love the drama, for his praiseworthy attempts to produce pieces in a style worthy of a metropolitan theatre.

After Miss Faucit's engagement, the winter season will terminate, recommencing after Passion Week with Charton and the Opera Comique company; for whose representations the places are being rapidly taken.

The Amphitheatre re-opens, also, on Easter Monday, redecorated and cleaned.

One of our theatres—formerly a very prosperous one—is now being changed into a large “drapery establishment,” and as many parties now ranking high in the dramatic world (who of course read the *Musical World*) have played in it, a short notice of it here may not be out of place. It is from the *Liverpool Courier* :—

## “THE LITTLE LIVER”

“These were the talismanic words that were wont to awaken in the mind of the play-goer associations of all that was lively, all that was mirthful, all that was brisk, connected with the drama. They have now, alas! lost their charm. This once petted little temple of amusement is no more—the Muses have given place to the muslin, the drama to the drapery. The Liver is to be converted into a mart for the sale of satins, silks, hosiery, &c., &c. Truly, the glory has departed; but so it is.

“Twenty-seven years ago, there stood in Church-street, a large room, let off for public exhibitions, sales, balls, and so forth. Previously to this time there came to Liverpool, connected with a theatrical company, a gentleman named Scott, an enterprising man in his line, to whom the Liverpool public are indebted for the establishment of a minor theatre. Mr. Scott having fitted up and opened a large room connected with the Golden Lion Inn, which stood in Dale-street, on the site of the Royal Bank-buildings, as a place of theatrical amusement. The speculation was found to be a good one, and the ‘minor’ drew amazingly; the premises, however, were required, and Mr. Scott removed to the large room in Cook-street, attached to the King’s Arms, where for some time he catered most successfully for the public amusement. The patronage here bestowed upon him induced him to become the lessee of the room in Church-street, which he converted into a neat theatre, under the name of the Pantheon, well calculated for that for which it was intended—the production of *Vaudrevilles*, &c.

“The success of the speculation was beyond all expectation, and Mr. Scott, by keeping an efficient *corps dramatique*, and all the necessary appliances, endeavoured to render his performances worthy of the patronage bestowed upon them. Unfortunately for him, he did that which many others, not connected with the theatrical profession, had done,—he grasped at too much, and, as in most similar cases, he grasped his own ruin. He became manager of the Circus, in Christian-street,—now the Adelphi,—which he attempted to work as well as the Pantheon. In this he failed, became ruined in his finances, and ‘vanished into thin air.’ Mr. Scott was notable for being a good payer and a most respectable man.

“In the year 1829, a dispute took place between the manager of the Theatre Royal, Mr. Lewis, and two of his performers, Mr. Malone Raymond and Mr. W. J. Hammond. The difference led to a separation, and Messrs. Raymond and Hammond, the same year, became the joint lessees of the Pantheon, which, having been re-decorated and beautified, they opened under the wittling name of the Liver. The speculation took immensely, and the names of Orléans, Strickland, T. P. Cook, and others high in the profession, were given as a guarantee of the talent which was brought to bear. Subsequently disputes arose, which led to litigation between the managers of the Royal and Liver Theatres, and ever after, matters at the Liver became on the wane. Messrs. Raymond and Hammond dissolved partnership, and the charms seemed broken. Other managements endeavoured to make a paying investment of the concern; but either from a want of taste on their part, or from a want of appreciation on the part of the public,—but most likely from the latitude given by the bill for doing away with theatrical restrictions, which induced managers to introduce pieces not suited to the theatre,—all proved failures, and the other week the premises were disposed of to a wealthy firm at Dublin, who intend shortly to open them as an extensive drapery establishment.”

"This being the case, on Monday the sale of the 'properties' took place on the stage of the theatre, by Messrs. F. and J. Hodgson, of Birkenhead. There was a large attendance, if not of buyers, of spectators,—amongst whom were a considerable number of professional gentlemen connected with the other theatres in the town. Mr. Copeland was also present, but bought sparingly, the 'articles' being too small for his theatres. The principal buyer was Mr. Store, a retired tradesman, of Moss-Place, but for what purpose is not known. The gloomy light so peculiar to a theatre by day, threw a sombreness over all around. Things which looked sparkling and brilliant by the aid of gas, lost their witchery, and presented a mass of dust and paint. The articles submitted to competition formed a most heterogeneous collection. Here lay a number of palace pillars in ruins, and there a pair of stocks; an Egyptian mummy was reared in proximity to a turnpike-gate; a 'golden sea' and 'several cloud pieces' were placed together; some angels and a devil were in peaceful companionship; two gas lamps were placed on a rustic bridge; and any quantity of traps, trucks, and stage appointments were available. Although the sums realised were not high, the articles fetched fully their value; for owing to the smallness of the scenery, drops, &c., they are not calculated for other theatres. The bidding was brisk, and the business of the sale was gone through in a very short time."

A squabble is at present carried on, I am sorry to say, between some members of the Philharmonic Society and Mr. Herman, their conductor; but it is to be hoped that all will soon be amicably settled, and the society will, as usual, "go a-head" in peace and harmony. I believe that influential parties are getting up a Philharmonic Society in Birkenhead, where many of the upper classes of Liverpool reside, and that upwards of fifty members have already joined.

What about Albert? Will she not appear in England this season? If not, wherefore?  
J. H. N.

#### MUSIC AT OLDHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

A series of "Concerts for the People" are now being given in the Town Hall, in this town. The second was held on Monday evening last, when near 2000 persons were present, chiefly of the operative classes. The selections were made with good judgment from the works of Bishop, Cooke, Horsley, and others of our English authors. The vocal principals were Mrs. Winterbottom, Miss Battye, Mrs. Lawton, Mr. Meller, and Messrs. Brierley. Mr. Joseph Winterbottom conducted; Mr. John Lees (son of the parish organist,) ably fulfilling the duties of pianist. The band performed several overtures, under the leadership of Mr. James Taylor; the choruses were given with precision throughout the evening, and received the hearty acclamations of the company. A manuscript song, from the pen of the talented pianist, Mr. John Lees, jun., was among the novelties of the evening; it is set to the words "The Ships of England," by Charles Swain, is composed for a baritone voice, and from its hearty reception on this occasion, we should say will become a general favourite. Mr. Meller was loudly encored in it, and we think it is the best thing we have heard him sing. The concert was brought to a close with Bishop's chorus "New tramp."

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### DRURY LANE.

Fletcher's Comedy, the *Elder Brother*; or, *Love at First Sight*, was produced on Monday evening, with a success which has authorised the management to repeat it during the week. It was played well throughout, and put upon the stage carefully and effectively, but it is not likely to have a long run.

Colley Cibber's adaptation of the *Elder Brother*, under the title of *Love Makes a Man*; or, *the Pop's Fortune*, produced at Drury Lane in the beginning of the eighteenth century, superseded Fletcher's play entirely, and remained a stock piece, if not a favorite one, until some five and twenty years ago. Colley Cibber did not improve Fletcher, except in some of the allusions he added, and, perhaps, in his trimming the harlequinades of the misadventured courtiers.

The *Elder Brother* is a favorable specimen of Fletcher's genius. The language is pointed and forcible, the characters well contrasted, and, in two instances, drawn with great dramatic power, and the wit abundant. In his incidents, and the construction of his plot, the author does not display much fertility of invention or skill. Scenes are introduced without which the action would have progressed more naturally, and the *dénouement* does not occur in the most satisfactory manner. The best character in the comedy, also, Charles, the Elder Brother, is open to much objection. His falling in love at first sight we can understand, and Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, has taught us how to feel the possibility and reality of so sudden a day-dawn of the tender passion; but the love of Charles is abrupt beyond credibility—he does not *fall* in love, he *jumps* into it—his love has no dawn, it comes upon him in the full blaze of noon. But Charles is a heroic fellow, and his virtues are manifold, and his erudition deep, and his wit pungent, and so he is a great favorite.

Eustace, the younger brother, is a character in the portraiture of which the poet seems to have confounded all reason, and to have outraged all natural feelings. In the earlier part of the play Eustace figures as a contemptible coward, who falls on his knees at the sight of a drawn sword, and trembles at big words. Pistol and the Copper Captain, are, in fact, lions compared to him. Nothing can be more pitiful than himself and the two courtiers, who would appear to far better advantage in a pantomime or burlesque, than in a sober play. In the end Eustace turns out as undaunted and heroic as Charles himself, and a favourable termination is brought about by this means. Shakspeare manages these things better.

The plot is as clear and simple as plot can be. Charles, the elder Brother (Mr. Anderson) is a student entirely devoted to his books, shut out from the world beyond his library. Eustace (Mr. W. Montague,) is a gay courtier, addicted to pleasure, and devoted solely to himself. Lord Lewis (Mr. Diddear) has an only daughter, Angellina, (Miss Vandenhoff) who will inherit all his wealth, and whom he is anxious to see married. Brisac, (Mr. W. Davidge) the father of Charles and Eustace, is a wealthy gentleman, who wishes to gain Angellina for one of his sons. But as Charles will hear of his books only, and as Lord Lewis will not marry his daughter excepting to the heir, Brisac wishes Charles to resign his birthright in favor of his brother. Charles consents, and is about to sign, when he beholds Angellina and falls in love. Love opens his eyes, shows him the value of money and life; so he flings aside his books and determines to keep his birthright. His father is indignant at the turn affairs have taken, and the lady's father is still more indignant at the fancied insult put upon him; but Angellina falls in love with Charles, almost as soon as Charles falls in love with her, and defying her father and the future, flies with him. The *dénouement* is lamely brought about, and the incidents of Brisac's apprehension, at Lord Lewis's instigation, is not very pertinent to the story. Of course all are reconciled in the end, and Charles marries Angellina.

The acting was in general good. Mr. Anderson had a part that suited him exactly in Charles. The gravity of the scholar was well put on, and contrasted capitally with the subsequent passion of the lover. The scene where Charles is met upon by Eustace and the two Courtiers with drawn swords, and depriving Eustace of his weapon by a stroke of *finesse*, becomes the aggressor in his turn, was admirably acted by Mr. Anderson. This scene, however, would go infinitely better if curtailed of half its length. The business of the Courtiers retiring before the sword of Charles and manufacturing Pantloven's

tricks in a corner of the stage, was repeated *ad nauseam*. This made the judicious grieve. In Fletcher's day, no doubt, this sort of buffoonery had its admirers, but nevertheless we do not find it in Shakspeare.

Misamont, the uncle of Charles and Eustace, a blunt, cholerick old gentleman, who loves learning without knowing anything about it, is a well-drawn character, and was acted with much spirit by Mr. Emery. Miss Vandenhoff made a very interesting Angellina, and the rest of the parts were tolerably supported.

The dresses were new, and the scenery appropriate.

A call was made for Mr. Anderson at the fall of the curtain, when he appeared, accompanied by Miss Vandenhoff and Mr. Emery.

#### HAYMARKET.

A *FARCE*, which seems to bear traces of French origin, but the scene of which is placed in England during some period of the Jacobite panic, was produced on Wednesday night under the title of the *Three Cuckoos*. It is completely a piece of equivoque, and not of the newest kind. Captain Dudley (Mr. Howe) pays a clandestine visit to a young lady named Alice (Mrs. L. S. Buckingham), and being concealed in her room by her servant, Dolly Marygold (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), is locked up by her father, Colonel Cranky (Mr. Tilbury.) Effecting his escape by a leap from the window, he endeavours to save the reputation of his mistress by pretending that Dolly's sweetheart, Perkyn Postlethwaite (Mr. Buckstone), who has been waiting outside the house, is the actual leaper. In the scenes which ensue, Dudley attempts to pass himself off for Postlethwaite, and Postlethwaite, by way of reprisal, assumes the character of Dudley. Some amusing situations arise, but, on the whole, the piece lacks point, and in spite of the goodness of the acting, the verdict of the audience was but equivocal.

#### STRAND.

A *VERY* amusing and smartly written farce, called *Out on the Loose*, has been produced during this week with undoubted success. It is the joint composition of Messrs. Maurice and Benjamin Barnett.

The plot is that of a "fast man," Mr. Clapperton Chisel (Mr. H. Farren) who is married to a lady named Parry (Mrs. Leigh Murray.) Mr. Chisel, disdaining the bondage of Hymen, becomes a thorough go-a-head fast man on town; frequents saloons, walkalls, casinos, &c.; drinks, smokes, encourages a moustache, and wears Joinville ties; ogles young ladies, and keeps a Derby book, gets bills discounted, and, in short, accomplishes or simulates everything which could initiate him in this school of "fastdom." Sundry of Mr. Clapperton Chisel's bills falling into the hands of his uncle, Mr. Capias (Mr. Turner), a member of the legal confraternity, the "fast" man is hunted from place to place by that gentleman and his emissaries, and takes refuge in a strange house, where to his astonishment he finds his wife, and, as he thinks, in a dubious position with a certain Mr. Callon (Mr. Haden), whom he finds with her. Suddenly Capias arrives, but never having seen his nephew, does not know him. The "fast" man discovers that the house belongs to his uncle, and passes himself as an admirer of his own wife. This scene is capitally managed and written, and produced roars of laughter. In the end the "fast" man becomes acquainted with an intrigue of his uncle, and on the promise of secrecy has his peace made, and all his bills restored.

The farce was admirably acted, and will, no doubt, become a stock piece of the establishment.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

**FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE.**—On Wednesday last Mademoiselle Charton took her benefit at this theatre. The house was well filled; her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert being present. Few artistes have obtained such universal and unanimous favour in England as Mademoiselle Charton has done, during the two seasons of her engagement at the French theatre, and we will add that none have better deserved their popularity. Both this year and last she has been the main-stay of the Opera Comique; night after night she has been called upon to perform her arduous duties, and she has never been found wanting; no plea of "indisposition," which in theatrical parlance is not unfrequently another word for caprice, indolence, or indifference, has ever disappointed or trifled with public expectation. This is as it should be, and is equally to the credit of the fair *cantatrice* and the manager. If we add to this, honesty of purpose in the fulfilment of her engagements, and talents of a high order, both as an actress and a vocalist, we shall have discovered the secret of Mdlle. Charton's favour with the English public, and thus account for the enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of her benefit, and the distinguished patronage of the sovereign, and the *élite* of the aristocracy.

On this occasion *Le Maçon*, one of Auber's earliest operas, was produced for the first time in England. The book is by Messrs. Scribe and Delavigne; and the groundwork of the story, although of itself scarcely probable, affords much amusement, and is highly interesting. The dialogue is good, and is enlivened by a fair sprinkling of smart allusions and epigrammatic touches peculiar to the modern French schools, not remarkable for any great degree of profundity, not able to bear very close inspection, and not unfrequently more impertinent than true. They, however, excite a passing smile, and have been judiciously styled "*la petite monnaie de l'esprit*." We are introduced to a wedding feast on the occasion of the marriage of Roger, the Maçon (M. Lac) with Henriette (Mdlle. Guichard); in the midst of the rejoicings Roger and Baptiste, a locksmith, (M. Chateaufort) are carried off by Usbeck and Rica (MM. Nathan and Devaux), two Turkish slaves in the service of Abdallah, the Turkish ambassador, who has need of their services to punish the infidelity of his Greek slave, Irma (Mdlle. Charton), and her lover, Leon de Merinville (M. Killy Leroy). Taken in the very act of attempting to escape, the two lovers are destined to be immured alive in a grotto and left to die of hunger. The mason and locksmith are employed, the former to brick up the door of the grotto, and the latter to rivet the chains of the unfortunate victims; but, their work done, the two workmen return to Paris, and immediately take measures to effect the liberation of the prisoners, which is eventually done by arousing the mob and laying siege to the ambassador's residence. The two lovers are brought away in triumph; Roger explains everything to his wife, and Baptiste has a respite from the trembling fit into which he has been thrown by the preceding events. We are not aware at what period all these circumstances are supposed to take place, but, judging from the costumes, we should say that the fullest latitude is given to the imagination, and you have only to fix your own epoch. The dresses of the women are a mixture of Louis fifteenth and sixteenth, those of the men come down to the Consulate and the Empire. M. Lac might have been mistaken for an *Yacroyable* of the days of the Directory, whilst M. Killy Leroy's dress reminded us of the *Mourguetaines de la Révol.* We must also bear in mind the absurdity of the deed attempted.

by the representative of the Sublime Porte, to which we know of no parallel, except in the murder committed by the ex-Queen Christina of Sweden, who abandoned a crown to enjoy the sweets of literary repose at Rome.

Auber's music is pleasing and pretty; it is not so elaborately finished as some of his later compositions, but there is a continuous and delightful vein of melody throughout. The orchestral treatment is highly judicious and effective, and is full of freshness and originality. Since the production of this opera, Auber has taken a higher flight, and by the composition of the *Mutle* and *Gustave* conquered a position in the first rank of our modern composers; but the *Maçon* will ever stand its ground as a pleasing specimen of the composer's first style, and possessing sufficient merit of itself to command our warmest and unqualified approbation. The principal melodies are a most charming and simple air, "*Je suis en ta puissance*," sung with much tenderness and expression by Mlle. Charton, followed by a most pleasing romance, "*Si tu savais combien il m'aime*," delivered with exquisite taste; the duo between Messrs. Lac and Chateaufort, "*Travillons, travillons*," which created much laughter, and is a masterpiece of dramatic expression; and the duo between the two women, Mesdames Guichard and Mancini, "*Peut on vous demander ma voisine?*" which was highly effective, owing to the acting of Mlle. Guichard, who was excellent throughout the opera, and cannot be surpassed in her own line. The duo between Mlle. Charton and M. Leroy, appeared to us worthy of mention; the lady acquitted herself of her part as she always does, but the gentleman pleased us by his discretion, for we could not hear a note of his in the *ensemble*. A second hearing, will, perhaps, make him more perfect. The acting was good. Madlle. Charton, who had but little to do, did that little so well as to elicit the most enthusiastic applause. Madlle. Guichard proved herself an excellent actress in every respect; and Madame Mancini was good in the small part of Madame Bertrand. M. Chateaufort created quite a sensation; his exhibition of cowardice was admirably ludicrous, and his trembling fits threw the house into convulsions. In the scene in which he produces the broken sword found by him in the pavilion of the garden, he quite took the house by storm, and was rewarded by a round of unanimous applause on his exit. M. Lac took much pains with his part; his acting was energetic and full of earnestness. M. Killy Leroy was very imperfect and tame to a fault.

The operetta entitled *L'Esclave de Camoëns* having been produced at the Olympic, and duly noticed in this paper, we shall not enter into any description of the plot further than testifying to its simplicity and interest. The poem is by M. St. Georges, and the music nominally by a Dutch composer, M. Van der Does, but in reality by no less a personage than the King of Holland, well known as a liberal patron of music and a highly distinguished virtuoso himself. To whomsoever the honour be attributed, the music is pretty and pleasing, and displays a good knowledge of scoring and a certain degree of freshness and originality. The part of Griselda was ably interpreted by Madlle. Charton, and the melodies neatly and feelingly sung, pleased us much from their extreme simplicity. The part of the poet Camoëns was undertaken by M. Henry Dayton, a gentleman from America, who has already been heard at the London Wednesday Concerts at Exeter Hall, and at the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts. M. Dayton was very nervous, but his acting was dignified and natural, and time will improve his naturally good voice, which is a low baritone; and, considering that this was his

first appearance, he got through the music with much credit to himself. His accent is decidedly good for an Englishman or American, but over anxiety betrays him more frequently than would happen if he were occasionally to forget his country and leave his pronunciation to take care of itself. He was well received by the audience, and warmly encouraged. M. Lac was the King of Portugal, and both sang and acted with feeling and energy.

Madlle. Charton was recalled twice during the evening, and literally covered with bouquets and wreaths.

J. DE C—.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nancy, March 12.

AFTER a twelve hours' jolt in the *coupé* of a diligence, which to one like myself, accustomed to the velocity of rail-roads, seemed as many days, I arrived here on Sunday. Nancy has been called a *plus belle ville de France*; and with reason, if the attractions of a town be derived from the architectural beauty of the buildings. Bordeaux and Nantes are both far behind it, and in this respect, Nancy, moreover, possesses charms which, even in these days, when every facility is given to travelling, one does not often meet; it is the least *anglicised* town in France. There are no waiters gabbling in broken vernacular, no hungry commissioners awaiting the traveller to drag him *à rebrousse-poil*, before he has stretched his legs in the *auberge*, into the old churches and new arsenals, which perhaps he may not be disposed to see at all. The place, with its statue of Stanislas and its four gates and fountains, are nevertheless, really worthy inspection, and the Theatre (I am coming to the point) in the corner is one of the most beautiful for its size I ever saw. The orchestra is excellent, and possesses a most able conductor in M. Moulin. It numbers thirty-two performers in all—good musicians and correct executants—a miniature edition of the Royal Italian Opera band.

If I see or hear anything, *en voyage*, worthy of notice in the most remote and deserted town of Italy, or in the more opulent and crowded city of France, it gives me pleasure to publish my impressions in England, where every artist must hope to arrive after having passed the critical ordeal of the Opera Comique at Paris. It is pleasant, too, to discover, as it were, talent expanding like the bud of spring before the genial rays of the summer sun.

The *affiche du jour* stated that Auber's *L'Ambasadrice*, with a vaudoille, were to be the evening's entertainment; so that it was natural to one accustomed to the fascinating Madlle. Charton to enter the theatre with doubt and misgiving. These, however, speedily vanished on the *entrées* of Madame Huré-Romauz, who played Henriette. She is quite young—not yet twenty-two; her voice is a soprano, of sweet quality and unusual flexibility; added to which she has an expressive face, and is an accomplished actress, perfectly lady-like and natural, without the slightest exaggeration of manner. Her *tournure* is symmetrical, and she was *parfaitement bien mise*, even for a Frenchwoman. I learn that she is engaged here (at a very high salary for a provincial town) for a year; but I have little doubt, before that time expires, she will be snatched up by the Opera Comique, and then, perchance, rushed to Mr. Mitchell's *Opéra de la Théâtre*, in St. James's. The husband of Madame Huré is the first bass; and, I am told, possesses considerable talent; but I have not yet heard him. With the exception of Madlle. Lemesle, who played the part of Henriette with much humour, the rest of the troupe is not remarkable. The principal tenor in the midst of his first air, pleaded "*un gros rhume*," as an apology for an incompetence, so that the opera was not by any means played *ad advantage*. The *mise en scène* was as good as could be expected; and as I before stated, the orchestral department was all that could be desired. On Thursday, a new tenor, M. Léon, makes his first appearance, and, no doubt, the pretty Huré (*Auré*) will be in the same opera.

Yours,

T. E. B.

(From a Correspondent.)

St. Omer, 12th March.

MADAME MONTENEGRO, with Santiago, Madame Santiago, Montelli, Baillui, &c., &c., made their first appearance here on Sunday in Rossini's *Barbiere*. Old reminiscences would have ensured them a warm reception, but the impression this talented *troupe* left behind them last year, created an impression not easily effaced. The house was crowded in every part. Madame Montenegro's Rosina is one of her best characters. Her singing lessons and scenes with Bartolo, (uncommonly well acted and sung by Baillui), were capital. Santiago was much applauded as the Count and sang exceedingly well. The best of all the parts I have seen Montelli act is Figaro. He sings the music with great spirit, and in some of the scenes is really comic. Madame Santiago did the old woman, a part which, though small, requires a clever artiste, if only to do justice to the delicious scene in the third act.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIMS REEVES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Can you inform me in what Italian operas Sims Reeves has ever appeared?

The only ones I have heard of his performing in are the *Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, and *Linda di Chamouni*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. D.

Athenæum Club, March 11, 1850.

[We believe that Mr. Reeves has appeared in many other operas in Italy.—Ed. M. W.]

MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As the first patroniser of your paper, and which I very much admire, I venture to contradict a very erroneous statement you have made in your Saturday's journal relative to Miss Julia St. George. You say she made her debut at the Lyceum in the *Island of Jewels*, and is almost a perfect stranger. You must have been greatly misinformed about this young lady. She came from Sadler's Wells to the Lyceum, and from the Olympic to the above theatre, where she played three seasons. Last summer she sang at Vauxhall. She has been three seasons at the Queen's in Dublin, thrice in Edinburgh, and has played at all the country theatres; she has been eight years on the boards.

Yours faithfully,

A SURGEON.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As the Royal Italian Opera season is about to commence, I am induced to trouble you with a few lines respecting what has been found by myself and several other frequenters of that establishment, to be a great inconvenience during past seasons. I allude to the present uncomfortable state of the pit entrance, which is not sheltered, even by an awning, from the rude blasts of old Father Eolus, or the watery salutations of the god or goddess of rain, (whoever he or she may be.) But, to speak seriously, this same pit entrance is a great nuisance, especially for lady opera goers, who, on the occasion of any unusually attractive performance, when the deities and benighted at an early hour, are compelled to stand, in evening costume, "Shoe honest, caps thick shoes, and everything," exposed to the disagreeables in the weather, which our changeable climate frequently presents, or, which is perhaps worse, to the company, and sometimes not very polished remarks and observations of the "mobocracy," who are in the habit of congregating about the entrance, without even the salutary fear of a policeman before their eyes. Surely, at least an awning might be erected; but I am at a loss to understand why the outer door should not be opened at an earlier hour, which would at once remedy the inconvenience.

Apologising for intruding on your valuable space, I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
H. N.  
London, 18th March, 1850.

HOTEL EXTORTIONS IN PARIS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—From having seen in all the principal *cafés* in Paris your valuable journal, it has struck me that if you judge this letter fitting a place in your columns, the statement it contains might benefit other English travellers.

It being necessary for myself and my friend to leave Paris by the early train for Lyons, we thought it advisable to take up our quarters as near the station as possible, and accordingly chose for our night's lodging the "Hotel du Nord," situated close to the terminus of the Northern Railroad. Having been clearly told that the amount we should have to pay in the morning included the remuneration to the servants, candle, &c.—in short, all expenses—we were surprised, when leaving the house the next morning, by the demand of a franc from each of us, for two inches of candle, and the same amount for attendance. Remonstrance was vain, the station bell was ringing, we paid the money, and left. The sleeping rooms were very bad; our slumbers were destroyed by damp sheets, hard beds, and the attack of a monosyllabic insect, whose inelegant name must not intrude on your euphonious pages.

Should this meet the eye of any who may be in the same situation that we were, I hope they will profit by our experience.

I remain, Sir,

MOORE'S PLAGIRISMS.

Plagiarism the Thirty-eighth.

Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd,  
Like unarticulate breathings from a shrine,  
Which our faith takes for graven are divine.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*The Lovers of Candy*, act iii.

Ereto. Nay, but hear me.

Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.

MASSINGER.—*A New Way to Play Old Debts*, act i., scene ii.

There's no syllable

You speak, but is to me an oracle,

Which but to doubt were impious.

MASSINGER.—*The Guardian*, act iii., scene iii.

I am lost in this assurance,

Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in

As in an oracle.

Plagiarism the Thirty-ninth.

As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,  
Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.

Even poor Mother Goose does not escape this rogue:—

DAMP GOOSE'S PROVERBS.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Better a living soldier than a buried general.

No bad pay, three thousand guineas, for such work as this.

Plagiarism the Fortieth.

Where now do Love and now to illa gleen,  
Half mistress and half saint, then hangst as even  
As doth Mother's tomb twist hell and heaven.

This is just what Dryden said of the Trimmers of the past age. They were sensible dogs:—

We Trimmer's are for holding all things even.

Yes, just like him that hung twist hell and heaven.

Plagiarism the Forty-first.

There's no bird so easily may reptiles run,  
The ground once half dead his eyes upon.

IRON—GIGOUR.

A quail is unquell'd and high  
That clings and keeps abundance,  
And like the bird whose plumes quail,  
But cannot fly the quail makes,

With others quail beneath his look,  
Not like the quail they scarce can brook.



### Plagiarism the forty-second.

FADLADEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask his helper he was a *Sheik* or a *Looni*.

In the course of this encomium, the judicious reader must have observed that I have introduced, in several places, plagiarisms, which, if examined by themselves, and without reference to the whole number, of which they form units, would be but of little worth, and perhaps only slightly serve to demonstrate my theory. Examined, however, in conjunction with those of a more glaring and obvious kind, they serve to prove that even the slightest allusions of preceding writers have been caught up by our author, and servilely transcribed into his hodge-podge. And as those fine-strokes of art which give to pictures their most perfect finish and beauty are often imperceptible to an unpractised eye, so these plagiarisms to which I now allude may seem to many irrelevant and far-fetched. Perhaps they will be seized on by uncandid commentators on this trifle, as proof of the weakness of the whole. But for this I care little. My whole object is to show, in as many places as I can, the utter lack of originality of Mr. Moore. And minutiae like the following do so as effectually as imitations far more striking at first sight.

SOPHIST.—*Thalaba, the Destroyer*, note to Book xi.

To think, indeed, of robbing the Simorg's nest, either for the sake of drilling the eggs, or of poaching them, would, in a believer, whether *Sheik* or *Looni*, be the height of human impiety.

### Plagiarism the forty-third.

*The sly stealing splendours almost hid,  
Like nodds half-shed'd, beneath the downcast lid.*

A favourite Eastern comparison:—

SIR W. JONES.—*Poss. Asiat. Com.* vol. ii., p. 414.  
*Obtus oculorum puellæ sagacis (æquum ensis strictus).*

*Ibid.*, p. 416.

*Et acutum aspectus enssem.*

CARLYLE.—*Specimens of Arabic Poetry*, p. 107.

Sure HASUT's potent spells were breath'd  
Upon that magic sword, thine eye,  
For it wounds us thus while sheath'd,  
When drawn 'tis vain its edge to fly.

NORR's *Hafsa*, *Ode iv.*, p. 81.

Glut, the girl whose sword-like eye  
Bids the understanding die.

The simile has been used by our early demigods of English song:—

SHAKESPEARE.—*The Rape of Lucrece*.

Without the bed her other fair hand was  
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white  
Shin'd like an April day on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dead of night;  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light.

BISHOP HALL's *Satires*.

Her lids, like Cupid's bow-case, where he hides  
The weapons that do wound the wanton-ey'd.

(To be continued.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSICAL UNION.—The new members of the Musical Union for 1850 are upwards of seventy, and the exceders, chiefly from illness and going abroad, are under twenty. This prosperity of the Institution is the just reward of a liberal and judicious management. Kate Loder plays at the first meeting on Tuesday, a compliment to her talents she has reason to be proud of, since Mr. Ella is not swayed by interest or private feelings in selecting artists for his Union. Ernst and Sterndale Bennett play at the second meeting, and Stephen Heller and Hallé during the season.

NEW VOCAL STARS.—It is stated from Palermo that Mademoiselle Anna ... well known in ... circles under

the name of Nanny Bockholtz, is creating quite a sensation in *Beatrice di Tenda*. A young basso, named Sebastian Ronconi, has also made a successful *début* in *Maria di Rohan*.

LOUIS SPORHA has quite recovered from the effects of the accident he lately met with on the ice at Cassel; he is now enabled to follow his usual avocations.

Mrs. T. H. TOMLINSON has lately been giving some soirees, at which several of his vocal pupils have assisted, giving promise of future excellence.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have laid Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Spohr under contribution for matter for their next performance (on Friday, 22nd instant). The *Imperial Mass* of the first, the *Lauda Sion* of the second, and the *Last Judgment* of the last of these composers are the works selected, neither of them having been performed since the accession of Mr. Costa to the conductorship of the Society.

SIGNOR RONCONI's second *soirée musicale* was given on Wednesday at the Beethoven Rooms, as before. The programme was of the most popular kind, and was varied popularly. Bellini, Donizetti, Balle, Verli, Jewson, Meyerbeer, Gabussi, and Ronconi, were in the ascendant. It must not be forgotten, however that Mozart appeared once, and Mendelssohn *dito*. So that, at all events, there was a dash of the classics in the concert. Signor Ronconi was assisted on the present occasion by some new hands and some old hands. We observed Miss Durlacher, Balfe's fair pupil, Miss Leslie, Miss Rooke, Mademoiselle de Vinci, Miss St. Marc, and Miss Noble, together with the Messrs. Hallen, Toulmin, H. Mapleson, Signori F. Ronconi, and F. Lablache—two *f's* (*ff*), which proved the entertainment was doubly strong. Mr. P. B. Jewson, the talented pianist, played two pieces with excellent effect. Of the vocal performances we need not speak; they were far above average merit. Signori Bellini and F. Ronconi conducted.

MADAME SONTAG.—Adolphe Adam, in a recent *feuilleton*, appears to have been much astonished at the evergreen qualities of Mme. Sontag, and has put forth a theory of his own. He says that the personage who is now delighting the Paris public is not the Madame Sontag of former days, but Madame Sontag's daughter. Madame Sontag, who married young, had a daughter, not only the image of her mother, but the heirress to her talent. The daughter, finding that money matters were not going on well with the family, declared that she would re-establish the fortunes of her parents, by going upon the stage. Mr. Lumley, after hearing her, agreed that she had all the qualities of her celebrated mother, with the exception of the *prestige*. It was then settled, for the consideration of a certain number of English guineas, that the daughter should appear, not as the daughter of Madame, but as the *cantatrice* herself. London was fairly caught by the trick, and Paris is at the present moment carried away with the same deception. M. Adam admits that his idea of the matter is liable to cavil, but cannot arrive at any better solution of the fact that the Sontag of five-and-twenty years ago should now re-appear as young and as fresh as when she last played the part of *Rosina* at the Italian Opera, in the time of Charles X. The question is one of too delicate a nature to discuss, and no one has yet attempted to upset M. Adam's theory.

PALACE'S CONCERT ROOM.—The concert on behalf of Mrs. Elizabeth George, whose desertion by Mr. F. N. Crouch, we have already noticed in the *Musical World*, took place last evening in the above *locale*. There was a full attendance; and we trust Mrs. George has realised something handsome by the proceeds. The programme was attractive, and contained the names of some of our first native artists, all of whom tendered their services gratuitously. Among others, we may mention Miss Kate Loder, Miss Birch, the Misses Williams, Miss Bassano, Miss Mount, Miss Mansford, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Bodda, Mr. Richardson (*flute*), Mr. Chatterton (*harp*), Messrs. Cooper and Patey (*violin*), &c., &c. Master John Lee, and Rockstro, conducted.

JERRY LEE AT BRUNSWICK.—The celebrated songstress had again been the centre of a serious *émouvant* the night before last at Brunswick, where she had given a concert. On returning to her hotel a large concourse assembled to cheer her, and to hear a serenade, which was proposed to be given her by the band of the Hussars and choral societies. Some accident having delayed the arrival of the serenaders, the mob became impatient, and filled the



air with very unharmonious vociferations; whilst others, thinking they had been deceived, and kept out of their beds for nothing, made show of attacking the hotel, and breaking the blinds and windows. A party of Hussar officers being inside, however, drew their swords, and declared they would use them should the slightest aggression be made. This, it appears, frightened some, but exasperated others; and might perhaps have led to very disagreeable consequences had not the troops been called out, who, with some difficulty, cleared the streets. At length harmony was restored by the arrival of the bands, and by the blonde Jenny appearing at the balcony. Jenny Lind has since arrived at Berlin, where she will sing at some concerts.

**MEYERBEER.**—The committee of the Concordia Musical Society, at Vienna, have presented a silver medal to M. Meyerbeer, one side of which bears the likeness of the composer.

**DREYER.**—This celebrated pianist will arrive in London early in April, and intends giving a series of concerts.

**THE DISTIN IN LIVERPOOL.**—Mr Distin and his three sons appeared at the Concert Hall on Saturday evening, being assisted in their entertainment by Miss Moriatt O'Connor, a young lady of promise, and Mr Willy, jun., who gave the accompaniments on the pianoforte. The attendance has not been so good for some time past, the hall being crowded in every part. Costa's teizetto a canone, "Vanne à Coloi," by the brothers Distin, was beautifully executed. The fantasia on airs from the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Figlia del Reggimento* by Messrs Distin, on the sax-horn, was very effectively given, and was fully appreciated by the audience. The "Echo Hunting Duet" was also given with much effect, and was repeated at the express desire of the company. Miss O'Connor, who possesses a sweet voice, but wants power and confidence, was very successful in the ballad "Kate O'Shane," and, on the piece being encoired, substituted the "Irish Emigrant," which she sung with much pathos. Mr. Willy, jun.'s solo on the pianoforte in the second part was very well executed. —*Liverpool Albion*.

**MADAME SONTAG.**—A French journal says—"Two leaders of fashion, at Paris, the Princess Demidoff and the Princess Lieven, have refused to allow Madame Sontag to be presented at their receptions, on the ground, that though she is the wife of Count Rossi, and has been an ambassadress, she is now a public performer on the stage." We believe there are no grounds for this report.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W.—We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent. News is always welcome.

A CONSTANT READER had better make his complaints and his jokes to his bookseller, who perhaps may listen to the one and laugh at the other, with better relish than ourselves.

E. L. (Osheltenham).—We do not print music, or should be happy to oblige our correspondent gratis. The song shall be noticed shortly.

R. E. (Polka).—A little patience. We are overrun with pruning matter. Better late than never, especially when late is sooner than ordinary.

J. H. N. (Liverpool).—We have spoken to Mr. M. and our correspondent will find "all right" when the time comes.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 12.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1850.

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STAMPED FOURPENCE

## STEPHEN HELLER.

THE papers on the genius and compositions of this accomplished and admirable musician have been unavoidably laid aside, to make room for the Italian Opera notices and other matters of more immediate if not of greater interest. In answer, however, to numerous inquiries that have reached us, we beg leave to assure our readers that it is our intention to continue them immediately. A paper is already in type, in which the *Art de Phraser* and other works of M. Stephen Heller are elaborately investigated. This will positively appear in our next.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

AT each of the three performances since our last Mr. Lumley has presented a novelty to his subscribers and the public. This is good management, and can hardly fail to produce successful results.

On Saturday *Medea* was repeated. We have little to add to our criticism of the opening night. Parodi's improvement was confirmed, which proved that her performance on Tuesday week was not one of those chance inspirations that sometimes happen to mediocre artists. All the fine points we noticed in our last were again prominent, besides a more general excellence. The trying scene of the invocation did not, on this occasion, exceed the physical force of Mdlle. Parodi. But we think it a pity that, in the last scene, she has to sing so far away from the audience, where, had she twice the power of voice, she could scarcely make herself heard with effect. Moreover, we object to the dragon upon whose sides *Medea* is borne into the clouds. It is un-classical, mythological, un-everything that it ought to be. Ask the learned editor of the *Opera Box*, who will tell you that *Medea* makes her escape in a chariot given her by the sun—dragon, no doubt, by hypogriffs.

Madame Giuliani was in better voice, and sang better than on the first night. Belletti was careful, correct, and efficient, as usual, and Signor Micheli did his best to acquire importance in the music of Glazone. Signor Micheli, however, is too little a man for so great a hero (though Jason, by the way, was a very equivocal hero according to the modern acceptance of the word), and his action is too pompous and redundant for his stature. This comes, as we have already said, from his French education. Duprez himself, the king of his school, was eminently given to superfluous gestures. Signor Micheli has been soundly pumelled by all the papers; but we think the powder and shot of our valiant contemporaries of the *Bery* pens might have aimed at a higher mark. Signor Micheli was scarcely worth so many hard knocks, in the shape of words.

*Medea*, as we have said before, can never regain its popularity. Its day is dead. Nevertheless, we are glad to have seen Mdlle. Parodi in the part, which has been to her a source of great success.

*Les Metamorphoses* has confirmed our first impressions. Carlotta Grisi never achieved a greater triumph, and M. Pau Taglioni never succeeded as well in carrying out a happy idea. *Les Metamorphoses* is a little fairy drama of an interest quite human. True, no other than Carlotta Grisi could have embodied the imaginary sprite with such a happy mixture of reality and ethereality (real-reality and ether-reality). In her hands—or, shall we say, in her feet—the many-figured sprite is *on ne peut plus* fascinating and irresistible. That Carlotta was a perfect actress, as well as a dancer wholly without a rival, we have all along known and said; but that her pantomime was so plastic—so capable of infinite metamorphoses, or, not to borrow a word from M. Taglioni, *transmigrations*—we have hitherto not had reason to chronicle, although we knew it instinctively. Who can look at Carlotta's face and not at once own, that as many emotions can be expressed by its exquisite and varying play of features as evolutions by her small and twinkling feet. Perhaps of all the metamorphoses in the *Metamorphoses*, we prefer that of the "rustic coquette," which suits Carlotta's face and figure to the life. Shelley's simile of an "unbodied joy," can alone do justice in language, to this airy and inimitable assumption.

The ballet received a reinforcement on Saturday in the person of Marie Taglioni—no longer "little Marie," but "tall Marie," no longer pretty Marie, but "handsome Marie." Marie is now, indeed, as homely a lass as ever stirred up a fire in the heart of an enthusiastic youth. The first thing she ever danced in London—in 1847, when she was barely sixteen—was the *Pas de Roses*, in her father's first London ballet of *Rosida*. Every one will remember how the then "little Marie" won the honours of the evening, even in the presence of another *débutante*, the accomplished Rosati. She did win them, and she wore them well, and she has kept public favours ever since, and is likely to keep what she has got, and add a great deal more to it. We have too often described the excellencies of Marie Taglioni to make it necessary that we should describe them now. Suffice it that she has gained additional *aplomb*, which, added to all the other commendable points of her execution, ensured the usual warm reception from her many admirers. The approving step was the signal for the loudest plaudits, as of old.

On Tuesday Signor Lorrain, the new baritone, made his debut, in Verdi's *suite de ballet*, in three acts, *Nina, Nabucco*. Of Signor Verdi's music we have only to say that we dislike it more than ever. Of the new singer we have a more agreeable impression. Signor Lorrain, de Montemerli has a tall and imposing figure, a good stage face, half hidden under a magnificent black beard, and a manly grace of deportment that at once placed him on good terms with the audience. He played *Nina*, and looked every inch a king; indeed we doubt whether, from all we have read of him of Babylon, in Justin and other historiographies, the Assyrian unbeliever was of comelier

ould than Lorenzo de Montemeri. But in his gestures and his recitative voice, Signor Lorenzo occasionally recalls Tamburini—the young Tamburini—to our memory, so strongly that we frequently asked ourselves how it could be—since the *debutant* is seemingly a young man, and could not have had occasion (this being his first visit to England) to study the great actor and singer whom he at times so much resembles. As an actor Signor Lorenzo exhibits much that is to be admired amidst much that may be criticised. The general impression, however, is decidedly favourable. Signor Lorenzo exhibits a great deal of energy, and is by no means deficient in passion. He sometimes even approaches the highest impressiveness by means of action and look combined. Witness his attitude, and the vacant dismay stamped upon his physiognomy, when the crown is stricken from the head of Ninus in the obstreperous *finale* to Act II. His passion was best shown in the dismal duo with Abigail, when the crown-smitten monarch is crushed under the heavy weight of his despair. His energy came out in the after scenes, where, having expiated his transgressions, he imagines to have conciliated the angry and circularly-revolving gods.\* The voice of Signor Lorenzo is, we have pre-said, a baritone. Its tone is very pleasant and a certain softness is about it which delights the ear. In power, however, it is wanting, and also in flexibility; but much of this may be laid to what a contemporary boldly styles "the nervousness incident to a first appearance." We shall look with confidence to future progress. Meanwhile Signor Lorenzo was received with high favour, was recalled several times ("à maintes reprises") during the evening, and his success was unquestionable.

The proud and perverse Abigail (how is it that *femmes de chambre*, in after times, came to be familiarly styled Abigails?) was impetuously personated by Madame Parodi, who in more than one of the scenes displayed a vigour and dramatic intensity which, if they do not ultimately make her a great tragic lyricist, ought. Madame Giuliani was the soft Fenena and was encored in the air of the ultimate scene. Who has forgotten that it was in this part Corbari made her first appearance in London, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the season of 1846, Balfe's first year of conductorship? Who has forgotten that it was in this air Corbari obtained her first applause, her first encore? The "best of *seconde donne*," as the *Athenæum* styles her—the "Queen of *seconde donne*," as the *Times* calls her—the "most charming of *seconde donne*," as every body called her, and as we called her ourselves, until, at Dublin, we saw her play the heroine of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, as we never saw it played before, and heard her sing the music, as we never heard it sung before (we make no exceptions), which caused us to acknowledge in her one of the most accomplished of *prime donne*, second no longer—the "best of *seconde donne*," the "Queen of *seconde donne*," the "most charming of *seconde donne*," was then in her eighteenth year,† and inspired the audience with that delightful feeling which youth and beauty and great promise combined have never failed to create in civilised minds. Mad. Giuliani was not precisely Amalia Corbari, but she was a very good Fenena, nevertheless, and gave general satisfaction.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present on this occasion, and headed a list of aristocracy and fashion that made the theatre look unusually brilliant.

The Queen remained for the *ba'let*, and as well as Prince Albert, appeared heartily to enjoy the acting and dancing of

the incomparable Carlotta Grisi, who, if possible, was more *spirituelle*, agile, graceful and enchanting, than before.

On Thursday, an extra night, *Ernani* was given for the first appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, an event of no ordinary interest, the house was exceedingly full, and there was evidently great curiosity and strong feeling excited to witness the *entrée* of the celebrated English tenor on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, from which he had so suddenly and unaccountably vanished last season, after making his *début* in *Linda di Chamouni*. Why Mr. Sims Reeves quitted Her Majesty's Theatre, we do not exactly know; and knowing, perhaps, we should not tell, since the public has nothing to do with the matter. It will be much more interesting to our readers to read of the unquestionable success achieved by our popular countryman.

The reception accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves was enthusiastic. Hands clapped, hats and kerchiefs waved, and throats vociferated. Every species of active demonstration was evidenced in favour of our "own dramatic tenor," who continued bowing his acknowledgments for several minutes. Nothing could be more unanimously boisterous, nor could anything more plainly exhibit the position in which Mr. Sims Reeves stands before the London public.

If Mr. Sims Reeves chose *Ernani* for his re-appearance, we can hardly compliment him on the choice. We think he might have found some opera more abounding in tune, and in which the fine quality of his voice would have a wider opportunity of display.

If, on the other hand, he aimed at exhibiting his dramatic powers rather than the excellence of his singing, he could hardly have selected a part more favourably adapted for that purpose—for which, however, he has Victor Hugo and not Verdi to thank. Be this as it may, Mr. Sims Reeves produced an extraordinary sensation in *Ernani*. He was in great voice, and sang with unusual energy and dramatic feeling. His first cavatina, "Come rugiada al cespite," was rendered with intense expression, and brought down the loudest applause. In the *cabaletta* he managed the *pianos* and *fortes* with the best effect. The delicacy and purity of his singing in the duet, "Ah! morir potessi adesso," (with Elvira,) evoked a unanimous encore, maugre the absence of all kind of merit in the composition. In the two "grand" *finales* to the first and second acts, Mr. Sims Reeves displayed all that breadth of style, power of voice, and manly vigour, for which he has been celebrated. The audience, pleased beyond measure, applauded to the echo, and recalled the singer vigorously. The greatest hit, however, during the performance was in the last scene, where the composer has given a sentimental passage, à la Bellini, to the tenor, followed by an important and noisy trio, the whole concluding with an elaborated death scene. Mr. Sims Reeves acted and sang with decided power in this scene, thus finishing a very excellent performance with a climax which set the seal upon it and confirmed the singer's triumph beyond all doubt.

Thus an important event in the season terminated most prosperously. Mr. Lumley has now no reason to complain of his strength in the tenor department. With Gardoni the graceful, Calzolari the flexible, and Sims Reeves the energetic, he will be able to satisfy the most exacting *Asiatic* of stalls and boxes.

Mlle. Parodi's Elvira was full of good points, although an unequal performance. In the first air, "*Ernani involarmi*," she exhibited a great deal fire and more clearness in the upper notes than usual. In the last trio she was highly dramatic and earnest and obtained a round of hearty applause.

\* Vide some of the Greek philosophers.

† Corbari is at present in her 32nd year.—Ed. M. W.

at the point when she throws herself into the arms of the devoted Ernani. We scarcely admired, however, her rush upon the stage at the commencement of this lively trio. It was overdone.

Sig. Lorenzo was Carlo, and again looked every inch a king, and when in the catacombs he appears an emperor elect—he looked every inch an emperor. Some of his recitatives were delivered with great emphasis, but he did not make so much effect in the air in the catacombs (the only one allotted to Carlo) as we anticipated. His voice sounds more powerful in declamation than in singing. We remember that this air (although transposed—a matter of very small consequence to Verdi's music, by the way) was the great effect when Alboni played the part at the Royal Italian Opera, and even Superché in 1847 made an impression in it. Sig. Lorenzo, however, fully confirmed the favourable opinion derived from his first appearance, and will prove a decided acquisition to Mr. Lumley's troupe.

Belletti's Silva was as satisfactory as everything he attempts. His first air was encored. It is quite a treat to hear a singer so invariably correct, pains-taking, and efficient, as Signor Belletti.

The band went better than we could have supposed. See what it is to have a first rate conductor, like Balfe, always at his post and thoroughly accomplished! The advantage is incalculable. The chorus, both in Ernani and the other *suite de bruits* of Signor Verdi, is not strong enough for his peculiar style of instrumentation; but in the unison tune, "O sommo Carlo," which is quite out of keeping with the words, the chorus followed the orchestra, and obtained an encore.

At the fall of the curtain, Madlle. Parodi, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Sims Reeves, came forward twice. A call being then raised for "Reeves," that gentleman reappeared alone, and was cheered for several seconds.

The *Metamorphoses* followed, and the usual enthusiasm was created by Carlotta Grisi's performance. Marie Taglioni again introduced her *Pas de Rosières*. The ballet is fast regaining the hold it was wont to exercise upon the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre. The house is no longer half vacated at the conclusion of the opera, as during the Jenny Lind furore, but the very last of Carlotta's feats, where, in the costume of a *Mousquetaire*, she fights with Karl (M. Taglioni), finds boxes and stalls crowded with delighted spectators.

Next week being Passion Week the theatre will be closed. The week following, however, Madame Sontag makes her *réentrée*, as Norina in *Don Pasquale*.

To-night *Ernani* is repeated, and the new dancer, Madlle. Ferraris, makes her *début* in a *pas* between the acts. Being Saturday night, we suppose Mr. Lumley will cut out an act of the opera, to conciliate the views of the Lord Chamberlain, who, we hear, has been very particular of late. It would be a pity to cut so beautiful a ballet as *Les Metamorphoses* when the abundant superfluities of Signor Verdi's music so evidently court the pruning-knife. Let Balfe look to this if he values his reputation as a man of taste.

#### CARLOTTA GRISI.

THE success of this admirable *dansuse* in the new ballet of *Les Metamorphoses* has been so decided that the "great press" has unanimously accorded a second review of the performance. We republish a few of the notices.

(From the Morning Herald.)

"The new ballet was received upon its second performance with the loudest testimonies of approbation; and, indeed, it could not well be

otherwise, for Carlotta Grisi, in whom the interest is entirely lodged, is more than capable of sustaining the responsibilities thus devolving upon her. She dances supremely, and individualises the several characters which she assumes in this fantastic invention with an histrionic ability that places her high among the few who are entitled, *par excellence*, to be called artists."

(From the Morning Post.)

"Carlotta Grisi more than confirmed her high reputation and the addition which she had made to it on the first night. Her performance of the Sprite was in the purest taste of perfect comedy. It was a union of histrionic and saltatory art which was, perhaps, never before achieved in the same degree. Marie Taglioni was introduced for the first time this season. Her reception was enthusiastic, and she fully justified its warmth. She executed a *pas seul* of infinite complexity with consummate grace. She fairly sustained the honours of her name."

(From the Times.)

"The ballet, already attractive by the beauty and variety of its grouping, and the charming performance of Carlotta Grisi, is strengthened to an important degree by the accession of Marie Taglioni. As for Carlotta's dancing, nothing can surpass it as a combination of the highest Terpsichorean art with the most consummate power of histrionic interpretation. So completely is she mistress of the mechanical part of her profession, that the most elaborate movements have an air of thoughtlessness which gives them an irresistible charm. All corporeal difficulties being thus subdued, the intellect of the artist has free scope; and with that brilliant fancy and quick perception of character which belong to Carlotta Grisi, the variety of expression becomes boundless. The little *pas* which she executes as the rustic coquette is not a mere exhibition of joyous dancing, but a fine piece of acting, in which the attributes of the actual elf and the pretended villager are blended in accordance with a profound conception of the part."

(From the Examiner.)

"This ballet, in the execution of it, is charming. Carlotta Grisi never danced better. Every movement was full of grace, lightness, and expression. The *épiquerie* of her face was admirably in keeping with the character of the Sprite, loving fun, but not mischievous; and her pantomime was of the highest order. Which of her many costumes became her best it would be hard to say."

Praise like this, from the accomplished pen of the critic who first anatomised the ballet, and to whom almost as much as to Mr. Lumley we owe the famous *Pas de Quatre* of 1845, cannot be over-estimated. Now that Perrot has terminated his labours at St. Petersburg, it is to be hoped he will pay us another visit, and compose another *Pas de Quatre*—for what four dancers we may state by and by.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season commenced on Saturday with an *éclat* which, we confess, far surpassed our expectations. We had our misgivings respecting the success of *Der Freischütz* on the Italian stage and in the Italian language. We have been most agreeably disappointed. *Der Freischütz* opened the present season of the Royal Italian Opera as triumphantly as *Masaniello* did the past, and the directors have added to their list another splendid achievement. The success of Weber's opera on Saturday was decided and complete, and has been acknowledged by the entire press of London.

Much curiosity naturally prevailed to witness the performance of *Der Freischütz* at the Royal Italian Opera, and the doors were besieged at an early hour. The outside doors of the pit, which last year were invariably opened at seven, were kept closed on Saturday evening for full a quarter of an hour past that time, and great and loud were the murmurings consequent thereupon. The night was bitter cold, and it was not without good cause that complaints were made. If the directors do not provide a proper waiting place for the visitors to the pit by means of a piazza or an awning over the entrance, they are bound to open the outer doors as soon as possible, if they have any regard for the health and lives of the public.

It is no joke to see ladies, thinly clad, standing for half-an-hour in the open air, with the thermometer nearly down to freezing point. Some evening a shower of rain will send the visitors all home, and the pit of the Royal Italian Opera will be left to the renters and officials, who may enjoy a night's holiday, and witness the performance. A letter appeared in the *Times* of Monday, *apropos* of this question, which we have re-printed in another part of our columns. We trust the directors will have this remedied in time. The wet season is coming on, and it will be a very serious inconvenience if either no covering be provided at the pit entrance, or the doors be not opened much sooner.

Talking of the "renters," we never witnessed anything more disgraceful than their conduct on Saturday night. Scavvy butchers at a bull-bait would have behaved with more decency. If these persons—we cannot call them gentlemen—desire to bring the theatre into disrepute, they cannot have taken a more effectual means of obtaining their end. They are the only enemies to the establishment—the plague-spots on its success. But we must hasten to more agreeable matters.

The house was exceedingly full. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, were in the royal box. We believe it was the first visit of the Prince and Princess to the Italian Opera. A numerous *suite* accompanied the royal party. A host of fashionables were also present, and the theatre presented a very brilliant and animated appearance.

M. Costa's entrance into the orchestra was the first event of the evening. It was signalled by an instantaneous and vehement cheer from every part of the house, which was kept up for a considerable time, and was followed by two more rounds of applause, if not so long, quite as energetic as the first.

The overture was enfolded in a perfect hurricane of plaudits. We never heard this magnificent composition performed in a more complete and masterly manner. The conductor and band achieved an immense triumph.

Of Weber's *chef-d'œuvre* it is unnecessary to speak to the readers of the *Musical World*, who must be fully acquainted with its grandeur, power, and sublimity. Nor is it needful, however pertinent it might seem on this occasion, to add a word about the genius of the composer. These are recognised wherever music is known. Our immediate business is with the production of *Der Freischütz* at Covent Garden. To ascertain how much has been effected in the production, we must cast a glance at the best performances which have been given in this country.

The first performance of *Der Freischütz* in England took place at the English Opera House, in 1824, with Miss Stevens, Miss Povey, and Mr. Braham. The other characters are undeserving of notice. Braham was immense in Max, and Miss Povey good in Anchen; but Miss Stevens was out of her line in Agatha. The band and chorus were tolerable.

In the same year, *Der Freischütz* was produced at Covent Garden, when Miss Paton made a great hit in Agatha, and Miss Love made a charming Anchen. Mr. Pearman was the Max, and Mr. Keeley Kilian. In both these casts, Caspar was played by Mr. Bennett, of whom tradition has left us no account.

Drury Lane produced the opera the same year as Covent Garden and the English Opera House. Miss Graddon, Miss Povey, Mr. T. Cooke, and Mr. C. Horn, sustained the chief characters.

Horn's Caspar found favour in the eyes of many; he had no voice, but made amends for the deficiency by gesture and

attitudes. He danced the famous drinking song with much spirit. It will be acknowledged that this was not a superior cast.

Dismissing a few more of these English performances, of small account, we come to the German Operas at Her Majesty's Theatre, commencing with 1832, when Madame de Meric played Agatha; Haitzinger, Max; and Pellegrini, Caspar. The tenor was splendid, but the great Italian *basso* did not add to his laurels by his representation of Caspar. The chorus was better than any that had previously been heard in London, and the opera had a great success.

In 1840 a new German company performed *Der Freischütz* at the St. James theatre with no great *éclat*.

The following year another German company appeared in the same opera at Drury Lane, when Madame Heinemann, Hers Haitzinger, and Staudigl sustained the principal parts. This was, perhaps, the most complete performance yet submitted to a British audience. Madame Heinemann was very effective in the heroine, and Staudigl achieved a triumphant success in Caspar. In 1842 a good company, drafted from the former, and filled up with new importations, gave *Der Freischütz* with excellent effect.

Of the German opera of last season at Drury Lane, the one great feature was the Caspar of Herr Formes, a performance which made amends for a thousand deficiencies. As we shall have much to say of Formes directly, it is enough to state here, that the Caspar of the great German *basso* transcended by many degrees all former Caspars, and produced a most powerful and lasting impression.

Admitting the general excellence of the German chorus singers, which has become a tradition in the history of *Der Freischütz*, and the individual excellence of many of the German vocalists, in reviewing the different casts above noticed, we do not hesitate to award the Covent Garden performance the palm of superiority to all previous performances of the opera which have taken place in this country. The perfect completeness of the Covent Garden band cannot be questioned, while the merits of the chorus, if not equally remarkable, are equally undoubted. The German singers were better trained in the action of the scene, and were in fact, better actors. The Royal Italian Opera chorus, in regard to voices, are, we contend, superior to the Germans, more especially in the case of the females. They are also of greater numerical force.

With respect to the getting up of the opera, to its scenic details, to the *mise en scène*, to the dresses and appointments, and still more, to the management of the incantation scene, and all its rich variety of *diableries*, Covent Garden has made great advances on all former productions of *Der Freischütz*. The dispensing with explosions and parti-coloured fires, gun-powder and blue lights, is alone a sterling proof of a move in the right direction. Weber's music required no such noisy and flaming additions, and the management of the theatre is entitled to praise for the restoration of the poet's and composer's intention.

In alluding to the entire strength of the cast, we shall find a further superiority manifested in the Royal Italian Opera performances above all others. Every subordinate character is adequately filled, by which means the ensemble is rendered in the highest degree satisfactory and imposing. The single instance of a singer of such repute as M. Massol sustaining the small part of Kilian, is enough to show that nothing has been left undone to render entire justice to the music of *Der Freischütz*.

Of the principal singers we can speak in high terms of praise, with, perhaps, the exception of the tenor, who has not



reached our utmost expectations. Nevertheless, Signor Enrico Maralti, *alias* M. Merelt, is by no means an incompetent artist. If not a Braham or a Haitzinger, he is a meritorious vocalist, and in the present dearth of tenors is a useful member of the company, and can be turned to good account. The music of Max, or Giulio, as he is called in the Italian version, is too low for Signor Maralti, who has a high tenor voice, and this of course must militate, to a certain extent, against the effect of his singing. It is but just to state that an evident improvement was demonstrated in the second and third performances of this singer.

Madame Castellan's Agatha is interesting in every respect. She looks the character to the life, and sings and acts with real sentiment. On Saturday, the fair artist was not in her best voice. She appeared nervous—the music was new to her—and not being able to render it in her best style, she most unwisely had recourse to cadences and passages of embellishment, which sounded anything but agreeable in Weber. Madame Castellan, on Tuesday, had entirely recovered her voice, but did not dispense with her flourishes. Everybody, however, was pleased with Madame Castellan, who sang as well as ever we heard her, and acted with unusual spirit.

Mademoiselle Vera has made a decided hit at the Royal Italian Opera. Her Annchen is the best we have yet seen. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano* of a clear, ringing quality, perfectly in tune, and managed with admirable effect. The improvement made by Mademoiselle Vera since we heard her two seasons since at Her Majesty's Theatre is remarkable. Her timidity, which used so painfully to mar all her efforts, has disappeared, and given way to perfect self-possession. Her first air, "Vien un giovin" (*Kommt ein schlanker*), at once impressed the public in her favour. She sang it with charming ease and simplicity, and acted it, moreover, as well as she sang it. The song was cheered with much applause, being the only solo of the evening which received the compliment. Mademoiselle Vera's Parisian success has been confirmed—if we were in a punning mood, we should say *verified*—by the fiat of a British public. The fair artist will prove a great acquisition to the Royal Italian company. But Madlle Vera also requires to be told, very plainly, that Weber's music stands in no need of ornaments and alterations.

Herr Formes' Caspar is one of the grandest and most impressive performances we have ever witnessed. Off the Italian stage, we have seen nothing to approach it: on the Italian stage, we have seen nothing to surpass it. This is saying a great deal, but it is not saying a word too much. The Caspar of the drama is a splendid creation, which none but a singer of a high poetical temperament could understand and embody. What the poet created and the musician vitalised in magic sounds the artist has illustrated with almost supernatural power. The instant Formes enters upon the scene, he rivets attention. The assumed recklessness and gaiety of his deportment, in the first scene, while subject to observation; the internal workings of despair shown in his starts and broken actions, or in his eyes, fastened in the dust, when unnoticed; the jovial fits which flash up amid his sullen gloom and despondency. Like lightning on a dark night, rendering the darkness more obscure; in short, every motion, attitude, and look, is instinct with vitality, and exhibits the consummate artist. All this is entirely apart from Formes' vocal efforts; and yet what a magnificent organ, and what splendid singing are combined in this artist. Harkon to the deep thunder of his voice in the revenge song; hear the very spirit of hoisterous hilarity infused into the drinking song; mark with what art he softens his voice into a demoniacal whisper, when he addresses Zamiel; how

cajoling and natural, by turns, are his tones, when speaking to Max, as he pours the poison into his ears, or wishes to impress him with friendly sympathy! The incantation scene, by Formes, is a magnificent display of histrionic and vocal skill. He makes several great points in this scene. His supplication to Zamiel to prolong his life is terribly real and full of humanity. Like a profound artist, Herr Formes so blends the human with the supernatural as to make his Caspar far more interesting than ever Caspar was made before. The death scene is finest of all. The workings of despair and revenge in the agonies of death were never portrayed with more earnestness and power. The convulsive manner of drawing his sword, supporting himself on it for an instant as nature gives way, then gathering redoubled energies, the rushing forward and defiance of Zamiel at his sword's point, and falling dead on his back, may be compared to the last scene of Kean, in *Richard the Third*, or of Macready, in *Macbeth*. Never was success more complete than that of Herr Formes on Saturday night. He was recalled after the first act, and received with enthusiastic demonstrations. He also appeared, at the end, with Mesdames Castellan and Vera, and Signor Enrico Maralti.

We need hardly observe that M. Massol is the best Kilian we ever heard in *Der Freischutz*. He gave the inimitable song with the laughing chorus admirably, and was loudly applauded. Massol is an artist in every way. His costume is always appropriate and picturesque; and in the business of the stage he is a thorough adept. Massol exhibited a new accomplishment on Saturday night. In the waltz he danced with ease and grace.

Signors Rommi and Luigi Mei fill up the minor parts of Cuno and Ottakar as well as can be desired; and a Signor Gregorio as the Hermit (*Gery*,—is not this our old Drury Lane friend, Gregg?) is strong and effective.

Madlle. Cotti, as chief bridesmaid, sang the solos in the Bridesmaids' Chorus very neatly, and looked very interesting.

The Zamiel of M. Doering is striking and picturesque. The high shrill tone of voice in which he speaks is singular; but it has an unearthly effect, and is, consequently, more in unison with the feeling of the drama than the traditional O. Smith bass growl. M. Doering dressed the part of Zamiel on Saturday as the Wild Huntsman of the Black Forest, which may be seen in the national pictures, and superstition has handed down in German legends. The following day, as we learn, several English gentlemen called upon Mr. Gys, and represented to him the absurdity of M. Doering's costume; whereupon, despite of M. Doering's protestations, and Mr. Costa's faith in Mr. Doering's notion of the dress, the Wild Huntsman's exceedingly striking and picturesque attire was laid aside for a black Spanish cloak lined with scarlet, which made M. Doering look particularly like a huge vampire begot between a flamingo and a Russian bear. We cannot offer an opinion as to which is the correct costume; but this we do know, that one looks a reality, the other an absurdity. We should like much to learn the names of those gentlemen who had power sufficient to change the devil's apparel at Covent Garden. We are firmly convinced that M. Doering and Mr. Costa are right after all; if not, they ought to be.

The band was perfection from beginning to end. The soloists distinguished themselves eminently on their different instruments. Mr. Hill played the tenor obligato accompaniment to Annchen's song in E flat with faultless execution and the purest tone. Mr. Barrett's oboe was no less admirable in Annchen's first song, in C. Nor must we forget Mr. Lazarus's part in Max's grand scene, "Thro' the forest, thro' the

meadows," nor Mr. Ribas's flute on several occasions, wherein both artists distinguished themselves in a manner which elicited applause from all parts of the house. The band, we repeat, was perfection from beginning to end, nor did we ever hear them in greater force.

The chorus were better than ever. The ladies especially distinguished themselves. Nothing could be more perfect than the singing of the Bridesmaids' Chorus. The Hunters' Chorus was encored. It was a very fine vocal display.

The scenery was exceedingly striking and beautiful. The two forest scenes were perfect specimens of woodland, and the Wolf's Glen was a masterpiece of scenic painting and stage ingenuity. We have only two faults to find with the "getting up." We dislike any curtain drapery behind the proscenium when the stage represents an out-of-door scene; and we pray the Covent Garden authorities to put a man in their moon, if it were only for the sake of novelty. At present, like all stage moons—which, by the way, are eternally either full or crescent—the moon in the Wolf's Glen, although a very good moon, is like a well-cleaned brass plate on which the sun is shining. These are the only faults we have to find with the production of *Der Freischütz* at the Royal Italian Opera.

We have much more to say of the performance, but our notice has already extended itself to an unusual length. We must, therefore, postpone all further question and discussion until next week.

One thing, however, cannot be passed over, viz., the recitatives to which Hector Berlioz has adapted the sparkling dialogue. Never was task more ably accomplished, and never did one great composer imitate the manner of another with greater ingenuity and skill. Hector Berlioz has written the recitatives in the very spirit of Weber, and the effect is as if Weber himself had composed them. We find in them nothing incongruous or discrepant. They are in perfect harmony with the original music, and to all, but those acquainted with the opera, might pass for Weber's own writing. M. Berlioz deserves the highest praise for what he has achieved; he is entitled to no less praise for the modesty and inobtrusiveness with which he has fulfilled his task. He has evidently thought of nothing but Weber, and has never aimed at exhibiting, for one instant, his own way of thinking and original turn of mind. All has been effected with a deep reverence for, and an instinctive appreciation of, the genius of the composer.

*Der Freischütz* was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, and will be given again this evening, it being the last performance before Easter.

#### WEBER.

(From the Times.)

A QUARTER of a century has nearly passed away since the death of Carl Maria Von Weber, on the 5th of June, 1826, before he had attained his 40th year, during his only visit to England, and scarcely two months after the triumph of his *Oberon* at Covent Garden Theatre. A sufficient period has consequently elapsed to test the solidity of his fame, and to insure a dispassionate consideration of his merits. Weber has triumphantly passed the ordeal, before which so many reputations have crumbled into dust. Time has failed to shake that popularity which, even during his life-time, had become European, and the keenest investigations of criticism have been unable to assign him a lower place than had already been awarded him among those who have best distinguished themselves in the conscientious exercise of their art. A new

generation has confirmed the verdict of its predecessor, and Weber is enshrined among the classics of music. His faults may now be spoken of as unreservedly as those high qualities which made him eminent. The want of universality alone denies him a place by the side of the greatest masters. Weber did not, like some musicians, approach with equal success, and illustrate with equal power, every established form in which genius can be made subservient to the ends of art. He wrote two symphonies for the orchestra, but these were unworthy association with the works he composed for the theatre. He produced a mass, equally unfit to bear the test of such companionship, but never attempted an oratorio, or anything for the church, of length and importance; while, with the exception of his pianoforte sonatas (four in number) and some smaller compositions for that instrument, his contributions to chamber music are not more likely to conduce to his ultimate fame. Wherever, therefore, in the dramatic works of Weber—upon which his name must rest—deficient construction or the evidence of labour are to be found, they must be attributed to the want of that facility which is rarely to be acquired without the studious and universal application that enables its possessor to bring all forms under his control, and to excel as much in one as in another. This was the secret of Mozart—this was the secret of Beethoven; but in Weber this was wanting. On the other hand, Weber's genius was essentially theatrical, and, indeed, in whatever he wrote the dramatic element is perpetually showing itself. Of a romantic turn of mind, overflowing with a sentiment which sometimes bordered on the morbid, he had no patience for those dry contrapuntal studies, about which, though he talked and wrote much, he actually knew little in comparison with many, his inferiors; nor had he the large grasp of genius which enabled Beethoven in a great measure to dispense with them. Moreover, Weber's attention was not always exclusively devoted to music. At one time he dabbled in painting. At another, he was so engrossed by lithography, that it became his sole occupation, and for a considerable period he neglected his musical studies altogether. Even when most eager in his favourite pursuit, like Hoffmann, his contemporary and rival, he was at once musician and reviewer, and spent almost as much energy in criticising the works of others as in the composition of his own, besides setting forth with great pains a number of theories and systems of harmony and counterpoint, which, one after the other, he abandoned as untenable. But worse than all, perhaps, when at Vienna in 1803, Weber availed himself of the advice and instructions of the most unfit counsellor in the world for one of his poetical temperament—the Abbé Vogler, (also the master of Meyerbeer) about whose musical superficiality those inclined to doubt may consult the opinion delivered by Mozart, in one of his witty and instructive letters. There are many, indeed, who think that, had Weber learnt composition under another and a more congenial master, he would have been another man. But, although Vogler, with his unintelligible systems, may have had a considerable influence on the early studies of Weber, he could not quench the splendour of his genius, nor prevent him from inventing a style of dramatic music which, besides its intrinsic merits, was entirely his own, and has since found numberless imitators, not one of whom, however, has approached, within a long distance, the illustrious original. The dawn of this new style was first discovered in the comic opera of *Abou Hassan*, and afterwards more glowingly exhibited in the well-known musical drama of *Preciosa*, the subject of which was borrowed from one of the novels of Cervantes; but it only reached its full meridian some years

later, in *Der Freischütz*, which was brought out at Berlin, on the 18th of June, 1821, with a success that very few operas have achieved, before or since. In this remarkable production, the genius of Weber is conspicuously eminent. The most salient characteristics of his style, and above all, his originality, and the dramatic force with which he painted scenes and emotions peculiarly German, are exemplified with vigorous truthfulness. The melodies, spontaneous and beautiful, are admirably fitted to the personages of the drama and the mysterious events that control them. The orchestra, employed with graphic power in strengthening and developing the incidents that mark the progress of the story, and the positions under which the various characters are placed, presents effects of combination and contrast which have no precedent in former works, and are as beautiful and appropriate as they are new. In short, the popular German tradition of the "Free Shooters," so charmingly embodied in the *Sprache und Geschichte* of Apel, was just the sort of thing to excite Weber's interest and attention. The manner in which his friend, Kind, had turned it into a lyrical drama, enchanted him, and he never set about the composition of an opera with such a happy conviction of success. How rapidly the fame of Weber spread over Germany, how his *Der Freischütz* was presented in every town and city with equal success—and how shortly after it acquired the same popularity in England, which subsequently led to an engagement to write the opera of *Obéron* for Covent-garden Theatre, is too well known to need recounting. Paris, as usual, was latest in the field. We pass over the disgraceful *rifacimento* which M. Castil Blaze had the bad taste to bring out at the Odéon, under the title of *Robin des Bois*; but it was not until 1843 that the real *Der Freischütz* of Weber was produced in Paris, at the Académie Royale de Musique, the spoken dialogue being turned into musical recitative by Hector Berlioz. Now that this celebrated work has been given at every theatre in Europe, large and small; now that it is as familiar to the world as Mozart's *Don Juan* itself, a new interest is created by its production on a stage to which it has hitherto been a stranger, and to which, few would have thought it could be effectively applied. An adaptation of *Der Freischütz*, with the recitatives of Berlioz, has been recently brought out at the Italian Opera, in Berlin, with complete success, and it is this version, we believe, which was represented on Saturday night, at the Royal Italian Opera

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert took place on Monday. The programme was highly interesting:—

##### PART I.

Sinfonia, Letter Q	Haydn.
Romance, "Que je suis!" and "Une fête, un bon ange" (Les Diamans Noirs), Madlle. Charton	Auber.
Introduction and Polonaise in A, violin, Mr. Blagrove	Moskoff.
Recit. "Non, non, sermons Pordille," and Air, "A toi, j'ai recours" (Les Diamans de la Couronne), Madlle. Charton	Auber.
Overture, <i>Leonora</i>	Beethoven.

##### PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 2	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Scene, "Stille noch dies Wuth-Verlängen" (Faust), Herr Formes	Spohr.
Concerto in G minor, Op. 87, pianoforte, Mr. Charles Salaman	Beethoven.
Aria, "O! wie will ich triumphieren" (Die Entführung aus dem Serail), Herr Formes	Mozart.
Overture in D	S. Romberg.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.	

Haydn's Symphony, Letter Q (in G major), must be known

to most of our readers. It is perhaps the best of all out of the Salaman set. The *allegro* is on a large scale, bold and energetic—the *adagio* one of the composer's most lovely inspirations—the *minueto* and *trio* as usual—the *rondo* (a pastoral) perfect—perfect in conception and perfect in development. Never was contrapuntal leaping more happily exercised on a happier theme. The symphony was finely executed. Mr. Costa took the minuet in the "good old time"—not too quick—whereby its true character was retained. The *adagio*, in which some delicate points for the wood instruments were beautifully played, was encored unanimously.

Madlle. Charton was warmly received, and sang the lovely air from the *Domino Noir* with unexceptionable taste. The charming *prima donna* was applauded as she deserved.

Mr. Blagrove was cheered by audience and orchestra, on making his appearance. His playing was as perfect as mechanism could make it. The *Polonaise* of Moskoff is sorry music nevertheless.

Madlle. Charton's second song was as captivating as her first; music and singing being equally good. We hope soon to hear this clever singer again at the Philharmonic. She would do well on another occasion to sing one of Mozart's airs. "Vedrai carino," or "Voi che sapete," would admirably suit her voice.

The overpowering overture to *Leonora* was overpoweringly executed. It was not encored, however, which may be traced to the fact of its very frequent performance of late. With Weber's *Euryanthe*, the *Leonora* might reasonably be laid by for a while.

Of Mendelssohn's symphony, the gem of the concert, one of the greatest works of the master and of music, we cannot do better than quote the opinions of a writer in the *Times*, with which we fully agree.

"Mendelssohn's symphony in A," says our contemporary, "was spoken of at great length on the occasion of its performance at these concerts in 1848, after having been laid aside unnoticed for some years. Its reproduction gave so much satisfaction that it was played a second time during the same season by command of Her Majesty. This symphony, the property of the Philharmonic Society, was first performed about 16 years ago, under the direction of the composer, during his second visit to this country, but was not appreciated according to its merits. The critics of the day decided it to be the work of an able musician, and nothing more. This movement was found too long, that too short, another too intricate, and so on. Nor, on one or two subsequent occasions, did it make any great sensation, and when the third symphony, in A minor (the "Scotch symphony"), first executed under the direction of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, in 1841, obtained such universal favour, its predecessor was quite forgotten, and but for circumstances unnecessary to particularize, might have reposed in undisturbed tranquillity upon the shelves of the Philharmonic library. After the death of Mendelssohn, however, in 1847, all his compositions, whether in manuscript or in print, were eagerly sought after, and the symphony in A major was resuscitated: its reception now was quite a different matter. All its beauties were appreciated; it was unanimously pronounced a masterpiece, and some went even so far as to say that it was a finer work than the symphony in A minor. The first, second, and fourth movements are certainly in no way inferior, but the *minueto* (the only movement of this kind ever written by Mendelssohn), which might almost have appeared in one of the symphonies of Haydn or Mozart, cannot be compared to the exquisite *minueto* in F, which forms so striking a feature of the later work. The great charm

of the symphony in A is its freshness. It was written not many years after the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is full of the glowing fancy and dreamy reverie that give to that remarkable production its peculiar and enchanting character. These are eminently conspicuous in the first movement, an *allegro vivace*, in six-eight time. The next movement, an *andante con moto*, in E minor, has perhaps never been surpassed in its way by Mendelssohn, or any other composer. Its style is tender and passionate by turns; the melody, distributed among the various instruments with consummate knowledge of effect, flows on in one uninterrupted stream; the principal subject is supported by a continually moving bass, *staccato*, which imparts a certain mysterious character to the whole; this is only modified by the occurrence of the second theme, a *cantabile* of exceeding beauty, which affords relief to the gloom of what precedes and follows it. The *coda*, made up of broken fragments of the principal theme, closes the movement with impressive solemnity. The *finale*, in the *tarentella* style (*Presto Saltarello*) is a characteristic movement, suggestive of the bustle and excitement of an Italian carnival, a subject often attempted, but never, we think, so thoroughly well accomplished. The command of all the contrivances of counterpoint displayed in this movement, is prodigious; but this is employed as the means, not the end, and instead of wearying the attention, like a dry display of learning, it excites it from first to last by the extreme art with which it is made to heighten the effect, and vary, by delightful contrasts and dexterous combinations, the melodies which stand as principal themes. The execution of this symphony, distinguished alike for delicacy and force, was highly creditable to the band and its accomplished conductor. The whole work was received with the warmest enthusiasm, and the *andante* repeated by unanimous desire.

We have nothing to add to this except that when Mendelssohn conducted the symphony in A, he was accustomed to take the "Allegro" *vivace*, the "Andante" *con moto*, and the "Saltarello" *presto*. We hardly think that what is gained in accuracy makes up for what is lost in spirit by taking these movements, the first and last especially, slower than the indicated time.

Mrs. Formes sang the noble scene from *Faust* in splendid style, and the fine air of Mozart with infinite spirit. She was greatly applauded in both.

Mr. Salaman meant well when he put down the concerto in C minor for his solo at the Philharmonic, and the directors meant well when they engaged Mr. Salaman to play; but we think both Mr. Salaman and the directors made a miscalculation. Mr. Salaman is a capable pianist, but the Philharmonic Concerts and the concertos of Beethoven are, we say it with diffidence, somewhat above his calibre.

The fine overture of Romberg (Bernhard Romberg, brother of the well-known Andreas, played with great spirit, made a worthy conclusion to a very satisfactory concert.

How about novelties?

#### THE MUSICAL UNION.

Mr. Ella began his fourth season on Tuesday, and began it well. He has wisely retained William Rees as his arena. Both for convenience of position—Mr. Ella's subscribers being for the most part artists—and for the disposition of the room for sound, the locale is all that need be desired. Too small for a grand orchestra, it is precisely the thing for a quartet.

As the programme presented no novelty, we may briefly

dismiss the performance. The order of selection was as follows:—

Quintet, in E flat minor, Op. 92, piano, viola, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso	Hummel.
Quartet, in D, No. 7	Mozart.
Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14	Mendelssohn.
Septet, in E flat, Op. 20, violin, viola, violoncello, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and contra-basso	Beethoven.

Executants.—First Violin, M. Sainton; Second Violin, M. Deloffre; Viola, Mr. Hill; Violoncello, Sig. Piatti; Contra-Basso, Mr. Howell; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Bassoon, M. Baumann; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; and Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder.

The only fault of this programme was, that the three large pieces were too much of a color. A later work of Beethoven would have better contrasted with the beautiful quartet of Mozart and the very clever quintet of Hummel. The quartet was finely played. M. Sainton is a perfect adept in this kind of music. Besides being a great mechanic, he has a large and open style, susceptible of the utmost variety of expression. His tone and phrasing in the slow movements were unimpeachable. We know of few more competent to hold the second violin than M. Deloffre, an artist who displays the elegance and neatness without the exaggeration of the French school. Hill and Piatti were perfect. The septet, of which the whole was played—two minuets, two slow movements, and all, except the repeats of the first *Allegro* and *Finale*—went to admiration. Sainton brought all his fire into requisition, and was energetic, tasteful, and brilliant by turns. In the trio to the second minuet, the violoncello of Piatti was heard to eminent advantage. In the first minuet, the difficult horn part, with its detached passages, was faultlessly rendered by Jarrett. Lazarus, Baumann, and Howell played like Lazarus, Baumann, and Howell—in other words, as well as the clarinet, bassoon, and double-bass parts in the septet could possibly be played by any artists whatever. It was altogether an admirable ensemble, and excited the warmest expressions of satisfaction.

Kate Loder played in her best style. Her execution of the brilliant passages in Hummel's quintet was neatness itself. In Mendelssohn's very original and beautiful *Andante* and *Rondo*, she was remarkably energetic, and lost sight of none of the intended effects of contrast, of none of the *essences* indispensable to produce the proper effect. In the *rondo* she gave the true modern *prag*, which, however, deprived her mechanism of none of its clearness and decision. She was much and deservedly applauded.

The performance, as usual, began at half-past three and finished a few minutes before five. Almost all the audience remained until the last note was played.

We understand that one hundred new members have joined the Musical Union this season. We are glad of it. Few institutions have done so much in promoting a taste for the highest order of chamber music and performance among the aristocratic and wealthy classes of society. The Musical Union was established by Mr. Ella, in 1845, and he has directed its affairs ever since with spirit and ability. We intend, when we have a little more space at command, to devote a portion of our columns to a consideration of its organisation and the influence it has exercised upon art and artists. The subject is well worthy attention.

Ernst and Sterndale Bennett are to play at the next meeting. Meanwhile, the question of when will Stephen Heller make his first public appearance in London? arrests us on every side. Mr. Ella can best afford the answer.

\*The same which M. Bilet introduced at his second concert in St. Martin's Hall.

## LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

ONE more of the "Spring series" has taken place, with the disadvantage of not differing from its four predecessors. The selection was from *Fra Diavolo*: Mr. Land sang "Vainly, alas! vainly;" Miss Isaacs, "Oh, hour of joy," and "On yonder rock." Both were applauded. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the charming serenade, "Young Agnes, beautiful flower," so well, that it occurred to us Mr. Lumley might get up the opera of *Fra Diavolo* expressly for him, whereby he would be likely to please the public and fill his treasury. Mr. Sims Reeves would do well to propose this himself. We will back him. Miss Lanza acquitted herself with great credit, and obtained an encore in the well-known BALLAD, "Alice Gray," and substituted instead thereof "John Anderson, my jo." She would have been more prudent had she omitted Donizetti's popular song, "Il segreto," as it is not endurable with anything short of the spirit infused into it by Alboni, and singers like Alboni, who are nowhere to be found—singers of no less volume than beauty and flexibility of voice. Miss Lucombe obtained great applause in Weber's difficult Scene, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and a composition of a very different character, "Little Jane of the Mill." The latter we have heard described as a "comic song." Mr. W. H. Drayton was well received, and encored in Balfe's BALLAD, "The Blighted Flower," and sang the fine scene, "Rage, thou angry Storm," (Benedict) exceedingly well. The band performed a symphony by Haydn, (letter R); the overtures to *Fra Diavolo*, *Italiana in Algeri*, and the *Crown Diamonds*; and also took a prominent part in Martin's chorus "Vadasi via di qua." For their performance in the pieces allotted to them in the programme they deserve the utmost credit, but their gratuitous services in the title were neither acceptable nor commendable. If they forget the respect due to the public they ought not to be surprised that the public should cease to pay them any in return. The "joke" (if joke was intended) was much too practical to be pleasant, and was equally a slight to the directors and the audience.

Several pieces were given with effect by Mrs. Newton. Mr. T. Harper, and Mr. Richardson played solos respectively, on the trumpet and flute, in their best style, and Miss Woolf, (K. S. at the Royal Academy of Music) played a fantasia of Döhler in *Guillaume Tell*, so brilliantly that we wished to hear her on something better. Our wish was soon gratified, for the audience encored Miss Woolf, and Miss Woolf responded to the compliment by playing one of the beautiful *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn (in A), which satisfied us much more. Miss Woolf is one of the most promising pupils of Mr. Cipriani Potter. Herr Anschuetz conducted. The hall was well attended.

## HERR MOLIQUE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

THE second of these classical meetings took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, in presence of a numerous and select audience of amateurs. The programme was quite equal in interest to the first. The selection was as follows:—

## PART I.

Quartet, E minor, Op. 69, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, B. Molique, Master Carrodus (pupil of Molique), Messrs. Mellon and Piatti } *Beethoven*  
German Songs "Was hör' ich rauschen im Walde," and } *Eckert and*  
"Ach Betty deiner Augenstrahl," Madlle. Schloss } *Lundblad.*  
Adagio, Fugue and Bourrée for the violin } *S. Bach.*  
With pianoforte accompaniment by Messrs. Molique }  
and W. S. Bennett. } *Molique.*

Trio in B flat major, Op. 27, pianoforte, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Bennett, Molique, and Piatti.

## PART II.

Three Melodies, book 2, viola and pianoforte, Allegretto, C minor—Andante, E flat—Vivace, G major—Messa. Molique and Bennett } *Molique.*  
German Song, "Schifferlied," Madlle. Schloss } *Molique.*  
Quatuor Brilliant, B minor, Op. 61, two Violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Molique, Carrodus, Mellon, and Piatti } *Spohr.*

The E minor of Beethoven, one of the Razumovsky set, was well played. Besides the admirable talent of the concert giver, and the unequalled violoncello playing of Signor Piatti, we had again to remark the rising ability of Mr. Carrodus (Molique's young pupil), and the clever tenor playing of Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The Bach selection was highly interesting. The pianoforte accompaniment to the fugue, added by Herr Molique, was worthy association with the music to which it was allied. The execution was all that could be desired on the part of both performers. Nothing can be more perfect than Mr. Sterndale Bennett's performance of Bach's music.

Of the trio in B flat major (the first of Molique's trios), we have formerly spoken as a masterly work, and the fine execution of Mr. Bennett, Signor Piatti, and the author, gave us no reason to change or modify our opinion. The intermingling of the *adagio* and *schizzo*, quite a new idea—is carried out with the happiest effect.

The three melodies, Book 2, are as charming as the three, Book 1, which were performed at the first concert. The *andante* in E flat, quite a gem in its way, was encored. The playing of Mr. Bennett and Herr Molique equally poetical and finished, was calculated to give the most complete effect to these charming bagatelles.

Spohr's quartet, like the one in A introduced at the last concert, is chiefly serviceable as a means of displaying the capabilities of a brilliant performer on the violin, and of this Herr Molique took the best advantage, elegance of style and the neatest execution going hand-in-hand. We must confess, however, a decided preference for Spohr's *real* quartets, where every performer has an equal share of the work.

The German songs introduced by Madlle. Schloss, are all good of their kind, and were charmingly rendered by that excellent artist. Herr Molique was the accompanist, and showed himself a ready and able pianist. His own "Schifferlied," a flowing melody in E major, with a graceful accompaniment of arpeggios, beautifully carried through, was much the best of the songs.

The performances gave unanimous satisfaction, as was plainly manifested in the frequent and hearty applause bestowed upon the various pieces of the programme. The third and last concert is announced for Wednesday, the 3rd of April, when we hope to have the pleasure of hearing Madlle. Molique renew the success she so well achieved at the first.

## MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CLASSICAL SOIREE.

THE last of these intellectual, and we are glad to say, fashionable, entertainments took place on Tuesday at the Hanover Square Rooms. There was a very crowded audience. The following was the programme:—

## PART I.

Sonata, No. 3, in A major, Pianoforte and Violin, Mr. W. S. Bennett and Herr Molique } *Bach.*  
The Moonlight Sonata (by Beethoven), C sharp minor, Op. 27, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett } *Beethoven.*  
Aria, "Parto se vuoi con," Miss Dolby } *Bach.*  
Selection from the "Kriegs- und Liebes-Weite" (by Beethoven). Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett } *Mendelssohn.*



## PART II.

Sonata Duo, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), Pianoforte and Violin Mr. W. S. Bennett and Herr Molique. *Beethoven.*  
 Lieder, "Vöglein, wohin es schwebst" and "Aus dem Wälder" Miss Dolby. *Mendelssohn.*  
 Selections from Pianoforte Works, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett.

The duets of Bach and Beethoven were both admirably played. The former was a very interesting specimen of the master. Molique and Bennett are well matched. Both are great musicians, both ardent devotees of the really great music, and both accomplished executants. Mr. Bennett played the "Moonlight Sonata" (the C sharp minor, Op. 27) as we have rarely heard it played. His expression in the slow movement was equalled by his energetic brilliancy in the last. The selection from the *Lieder* (in B flat, A flat, and C major) was encored, and the three picturesque sketches—the "Lake," the "Millstream," and the "Fountain"—exquisitely played, delighted as much as ever.

Miss Dolby sang all her songs beautifully. That of Bach is elegant, but it is not by Bach. That of Moscheles is pretty; that of Mendelssohn (from Miss Dolby's album, in which it was written by Mendelssohn's own hand) is as lovely a thought as ever flowed from the abundant mind of the composer.

The third concert was equal in all respects to the two others.

## MR. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET gave his second concert at St. Martin's Hall, last night, to an audience as numerous and attentive as the first. The following admirable programme was performed:—

## PART I.

Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 39, pianoforte, M. Billet.	<i>Weber.</i>
( <i>Le Joueur de Jarche</i> ), "Non, non, non, ce n'est point un crime," Madrigal, Shergold.	<i>Mozart.</i>
Allegretto et Fugue in G minor (Suite de Pièces), pianoforte, M. Billet.	<i>Scarlati.</i>
Quintet, "May Bells," the Misses Cole.	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
Sonata in A major (by desire), from Op. 8, pianoforte, M. Billet.	<i>Pinto.</i>

## PART II.

Quintet, "Would that my Love," the Misses Cole.	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
Fantasia in F sharp minor, dedicated to Moscheles (first time in public), pianoforte, M. Billet.	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
Quintet, "The Wandering Wind," the Misses Cole.	<i>Leder.</i>
Air Varié, in D, pianoforte and violoncello, Sig. Piatini and M. Billet.	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
Pianoforte, M. Billet.—Pastoral in G.	<i>Steibelt.</i>
Etude in E.	<i>Chopin.</i>
Etude in G.	<i>Moscheles.</i>
Etude in G minor (by desire).	<i>W. S. Bennett.</i>

Conductor, Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren.

The grand movement was the fantasia of Mendelssohn; but we must reserve a detailed notice of the performance for our next number.

## MR. R. HOFFMAN ANDREWS.

This young pianist is now settled at New York, where it appears he is acquiring fame and money. A local paper speaks in extravagant terms of his performance at a recent concert. We quote the article entire.—

Mr. Richard Hoffman performed the solos, and a duet with Mr. Burke. The first solo, a Fantasia by Schubert, an air from *Norma*, is remarkable only, as a composition, for the enormous difficulties which are crowded into the short space of five minutes. How Mr. Hoffman could be so able to bestow the pains necessary to get by rote so tedious a piece of mechanical work, we cannot imagine; however, the labour, mental and physical, seems to him nothing, for every-

thing in his art is instinctive to him. He played the piece superbly, and displayed an increasing force and vigour, which we were glad to observe. The second piece, the Marche Macabre, was performed by him by desire. It hardly needed this sort of apology for the masterly way in which it was executed was ample apology for Mr. Hoffman's playing it, even after the composer, De Meyer. We confess that we were almost what doubtful of his possessing the necessary force, but when we heard his first piece we were satisfied that the Marche would excite astonishment and delight in all present. He played it most brilliantly; the passages of power were thundered out with full De Meyer strength, and the light and delicate passages were beautifully distinct and fairy-like in their exquisite lightness. There was nothing obscure in Mr. Hoffman's performance; the composer's intention was manifest throughout. This piece was loudly encored, and Mr. Hoffman interpreted the wishes of the public by repeating the piece, on a second course, now, & days. In our opinion, New York should feel proud in the exclusive possession of so admirable an artist as Mr. Hoffman, and for our own sake we sincerely trust that he may long remain with us.

Extract the Yankee hyperbole from this, and quite enough remains to lead the friends of Mr. Andrews to entertain a lively notion of the real impression he produced.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[As we entirely agree with the arguments of a clever and well-informed writer in a great morning paper, who is now discussing a topic of high importance in relation to this anomalously placed institution, we shall continue to re-produce the articles as they re-appear. The following was among the "leaders" on Wednesday.—Ed. M. W.]

In our recent remarks upon the Royal Academy we briefly described the false position which that society occupies in relation to the National Gallery. We now propose to treat the subject more in detail, and to inquire somewhat closely into the origin, progress, and present condition of an institution which, although charged with no public functions, and subject to no public control, is, from its connection with the state of the arts, an object of great public interest and importance. If this enquiry should lead our readers to conclusions somewhat hostile to the proceedings of the Royal Academy, and even to its very existence as a society fostered by the highest official patronage, that result must not be attributed to any enmity on our part, but rather to the imprudence of the Academy itself, which has usurped a national building designed for another purpose, and thereby provoked a discussion which may not improbably terminate fatally to the interests of monopoly. If a man, or a set of men, are indeed anything to be found out of place, there is no avoiding the vulgar questions—"What does he here?" "Who is he?"

The Royal Academy was constituted on the 10th of December, 1768, under the patronage of George III and the presidency of Reynolds, who, in return for the lustre which he lent to the society's birth, received a substantial reward in the shape of knighthood. The Academy itself was the offspring of an incurable dissension among the Society of Incorporated Artists, who were themselves but an offshoot from a larger body previously existing, and which in its turn had succeeded from, or at best was but the development of, an older institution. Thus the seeds of discord and intrigue, which presided at the conception of the very idea of an Academy, nursed its wayward infancy, directed its fitful growth, and inaugurated its maturity. Their evil influence is to be seen in the rules which were originally framed for the government of the Academy, and have, with slight alteration, continued to govern it to the present day. By these the number of members was limited to forty, and that of associates eligible as members to twenty. Engravers were at first totally excluded, but subsequently admitted, to the number of six, to the rank of associates: all artists who chose to exhibit their



pictures at the Academy's annual exhibition were eligible as associates, but an absolute prohibition was placed upon their simultaneous exhibition of any other picture in any other society: the selection of works for exhibition was vested in the Council of the Academy, who assumed an absolute power of rejection, and the arrangement of the works received was in like manner intrusted solely to the Academicians themselves: the public were to be admitted to view the pictures upon payment of a shilling, which was demanded not as a right belonging to the Academy, but on the genuine aristocratic principle, and, as the phrase is, "to keep the place respectable."

Such were the regulations of an institution which was ostensibly designed for the noble purpose of raising the standard of British art; but which seems to have been directed chiefly to educating the artist in his profession, and to teaching the public duly to appreciate it; to fixing pictorial skill in an high social position, and to maintaining it there by the distribution of honours and the support of royalty. That these results have, in a great measure been attained, and that the Academy has so far answered the end of its foundation, cannot, we think, be denied; but this partial success is the slightest possible proof of its claim to be considered in the light of a public body, entitled to the support of Government, and to the money of the people. A society for the promotion of the arts is a very different thing from a society for the benefit of artists. There is no reason why the two objects should not be combined under favourable circumstances; but in such a combination the second must always give way to the first. Otherwise art will be starved and its professors enriched, the national taste will not be instructed or elevated, a general level of mediocrity will be preserved in which many will obtain a comfortable living and a few rise to social eminence, but above which, none will sustain a venturous flight upon the wings of genius—in short, an Academy will be produced with all its consequences, such as we find them now in the society called Royal. For, if the Academy is to be judged by its fruits, what judgment shall be pronounced? Before it arose there lived Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, Gainsborough, West, Bacon, Nollekens, Chambers, Stuart, Strange, Woollett, Earlom, and others. These flourished without external support, and by their own innate vigour; warmed not by the sunshine of a Court, but by the fire of their own genius. The rolls of the Academy may, perhaps, contain as many names of equal distinction; but how many quite as great as these, or greater, can be found who have since existed in independence of Academic distinction. If art, before the Academy, languished, for want of corporate honours and cumulative reputation; now, since these advantages have been obtained, art should appear to have grown with the Academic growth, and to have attained that full blown maturity to which the Academy has itself risen. But no one, we believe, can see these large dimensions in the straightened form of the modern mass.

It would not be safe to affirm that an Academy of some sort is not a useful, perhaps even a necessary instrument for promoting the study of true art. The experiment has not yet been tried. The Academy which has existed since 1768, whatever may have been the purpose of its Royal patron and founder, has not elevated the art, but has simply produced a personal benefit to certain artists. It has not improved the public taste, but has merely ministered to the taste which it found. It has not placed the profession above the dictates of fashion and caprice, but rather, by bringing the professor into closer contact with the votaries of those transient deities, it has tended to produce in him a servile habit of imitation and an

artificial mode of expression. True, it has raised the artist in the social scale of his own country; but it has not begotten any heirs of the world's inheritance of fame.

Here then we pause to repeat the question—What right has the Royal Academy to a joint possession of the National Gallery? That building was designed to receive such standard works of art as should be capable of serving as models for professional imitation, and as objects for general admiration. It was to enshrine a collection by which the national taste might gradually be educated to understand the language of genius in the painter's alphabet. It was to serve as the silent instructor of the youthful eye, and, by constant familiarity with the highest models, might, even unconsciously to himself, be brought to avoid the meretricious examples of vicious schools. Such is the grand moral purpose of a national collection of pictures—such the noble design which seems to be, in part at least, abandoned, to favour a society which has failed to serve one useful public purpose. Instead of spacious galleries, where the public might receive instruction by viewing the works of the great masters, claimed according to their age or style, we are condemned to the confusion of an auction room, in order that a rival establishment may exhibit its wares for money, and receive its shillings at the door. It is under these circumstances that we think our readers will be induced to ask the vulgar question—"What is the Royal Academy, and what does it in the National Gallery?"

[If our able contemporary were to turn his eyes to Hanover Square, he perhaps would find something to say about another Royal Academy, which might be equally pertinent and appropriate we mean the Royal Academy of Music.—Ed.]

#### CATHERINE HAYES AT LIMERICK.

(From a Correspondent.)

MISS CATHERINE HAYES made her appearance on Monday (11th), as ANITA, in *La Sonnambula*. Such a scene of excitement was never before witnessed in Limerick. For many days previous to the night of performance, tickets were selling at enormous prices, and were it not for the excellent arrangements of Messrs. Corbett and Son, speculators would have reaped a rich harvest, they having invariably refused to sell tickets, except to persons known to them.

It is now exactly four months since Miss Hayes made her first appearance in her native city. Since her return from the Continent, her many friends and admirers upon that occasion could not but feel gratified at the success of the gifted contralto, but that gratification was not without alloy, for Miss Hayes appeared to be labouring under physical debility, and many thought that the fatigue attendant upon over work was but the precursor of something worse. These too-anxious friends, however, were greatly disappointed by her improved looks and energy on Monday night. Upon her appearance on the stage, Miss Hayes was received with bursts of enthusiasm. The house rose en masse, and for the space of ten or twelve minutes the fair singer had to keep almost prostrate before the audience, who still kept cheering, whilst the waving of hats must have proved highly beneficial to the tenders of such necessary articles. At last silence ensued, and the blindness of the opera proceeded.

I really think that Catherine Hayes could not have given her opening recital so exquisitely had she not been anxious to embody her acknowledgments to her enthusiastic audience by a more than usual display of excellence. Greater feeling could not have been infused into the following beautiful passage:—

"Car! compagni, e voi  
Tanti amori, che alla siele mia  
Tanta parte prendete, oh come  
Dolci, scordati d'Amina el core  
I canti che v'ispirano il vostro amore!"

And never, I am sure, did audience respond more willingly in their hearts:

"Vivi felice! a questo  
il tuo amore è destinato?"

Any detailed criticism upon Miss Hayes' singing and acting would be superfluous, but we may be allowed to particularise certain points, which commanded especial attention.

All the scenes where she is discovered in the Count's chamber bore the impress of more than common talent—it was equally truthful and affecting. The points were delicately contrasted, and the transition from joy at sight of Elvino, to astonishment at his goodness, was effectively managed. The words—

"O mio dolor!  
D'un pianto, d'un accento  
Rea son, no il fui giammai."

were delivered in accents that penetrated into every heart. Miss Hayes was repeatedly called forward at the conclusion of this act, and received the compliment of a shower of bouquets. Throughout the rest of the opera the incessant shouts and plaudits attested the delight of the audience. The final rondo, "Ah! non giunge," was twice encored, and upon each repetition Miss Hayes varied the air, introducing new cadences and ornaments, concluding the last time with a shake which, commencing with ease, she sustained for a long time, increasing gradually in loudness, until she finally ended with the full power of her voice. She was repeatedly called upon the stage, which in a short time presented the picture of a flower-garden, so profusely were bouquets showered upon the gifted and amiable songstress.

The chorus and band were efficient. Mr. Travers, the tenor (Elvino), laboured under so severe a cold that an apology was made for him. Polonini, in Rudolpho, proved himself a most excellent singer and actor to boot.

After the opera Miss Poole delighted everybody by her musical and piquant acting in the *Daughter of the Regiment*. Miss Poole's voice is peculiarly sweet and rich, and her roll upon the drum would do credit to the most efficient drum-major in the service. Signor Menghi, as Salpicio, was satisfactory.

Tuesday night's performance brought Miss Hayes out in a very different kind of opera—*Norma*—one of the strongholds of the admirable Grief. To the surprise of the majority of the audience, who, considering Miss Hayes, from her natural feelings and education, to be exclusively fitted for such characters as Amina, she proved herself scarcely less efficient in the deeply-inspired priestess; and while she infused womanly tenderness into the character, she retained sufficient dignity not to lose sight of the proud and slighted druidess. Miss Hayes' Norma created a sensation even in Dublin, where the impetuous acting of Grief may be fresh in their recollection—no small tribute to our young and talented countrywoman.

Signor Menghi took the part of Pollione, a few hours passing. Mr. Travers' absence was again the trouble. It is about two years since this gentleman made his appearance in Liverpool, when he was considered a fair tenor. It was there, so very unfortunate that he should be attacked with so severe a cold as to prevent his doing himself justice on the present occasion. Signor Menghi's voice is serviceable, since it serves either for tenor or baritone, being both or neither, or

half of each. He can easily sing A in his natural voice. Miss Poole, as Adalgisa, contrived to make herself a general favourite. Signor Polonini was very efficient in Osvaldo. Altogether, the company was decidedly good, and the arrangements reflect credit upon the management.

Miss Hayes' admirers in Liverpool are determined upon presenting her with a testimony of respect for her virtues, and appreciation of her talents, in the shape of a service of plate. Already subscriptions to a large amount have been received. She left for Cork on Wednesday, T. D. S.

Liverpool, March 15.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

### HAYMARKET.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S excellent comedy, *Time Works Wonders*, was revived on Wednesday night. It was originally produced at the Haymarket in 1846, and was then very strongly cast, including the names of W. Farran, Stuart, Charles Mathews, Strickland, Buckstone, Tilbury, Mrs. Glover, Miss Fortescue, Madame Vestris, Mrs. W. Clifford, and Mrs. Humby. Of these the present cast retains only Buckstone and Tilbury. Keeley plays Farran's original character; Webster, that of Charles Mathews; Miss P. Horton, that of Mrs. Glover (!!); Mrs. Keeley, that of Madame Vestris; and Tilbury, that of poor Strickland. The last is the worst substitution in the piece, and Mr. Webster's all to nothing the best.

The comedy was well played on the whole, and was received with roars of laughter. The scene where Felix (Mr. Webster), in presence of his father, who does not know him, simulates the toothache to escape detection, was exceedingly amusing. Buckstone's Bantam is formidable; but it is not an important part.

A new Grand Burlesque, by Hough Brothers, will be produced at Easter, with great magnificence.

### ADELPHI.

A DRAMA, in two acts, by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, which was brought out at the Haymarket, some ten or twelve years ago, under the title of the *Mother*, was revived on Monday night at the Adelphi as the *Mother's Dream*. The leading purpose of the drama is to show the feelings of a young wife, who has given birth to a child during a period of temporary insanity, and has lost it before she has recovered her senses. She is made to believe that a gipsy child, who has attracted her notice, is the result of an illicit amour of her husband with a frail sister of the tribe, and a jealousy of a most peculiar nature is awakened. Under the influence of this passion she has a fit of *sympulism*, and wanders into the gipsy tent, where she learns, from the lips of the dying chief, that the child is her own, and has been stolen by gipsies, who have harboured a grudge against her husband's family. The bereaved mother is a character to bring out the pathos of the talent of Madame Collette, who originally played it at the Haymarket, and who employs all her power of manipulation to give it effect. A cunning villain of the tribe, commissioned to inspire the lady with jealousy, is played with finished activeness by Mr. Wright, who stands in contrast with the ruler villain of the tribe, personated by Mr. Or Smith. The chieftain, a well-observed character, who recites a poetical exposition and his more glib brethren, is acted by Mr. Hughes, with a great deal of picturesque feeling, though without enough indication of his own.

As a whole, the piece is well written, a pretty

anecdotes being set forth with a pleasing background of gipsy life, but it is of a kind rather too simple to furnish the chief entertainment of an Adelphi audience.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nancy, March 10:

Our Opera Comique very much improves on acquaintance. The troupe has been strengthened by two important additions, in the persons of Mons. Huré, possessing a bass voice of considerable compass, and Mons. Vincent, one of the best French tenors I have ever heard. In addition to this, they are both good actors. Halevy's *Val d'Audorre*, first introduced them to my notice, and stamped them as valuable acquisitions to our most fastidious director. Mons. Huré, who played the part of Jacques Sincère, sang the music with artistic precision; his low notes, which are round and mellow, were peculiarly effective. Mons. Vincent, as Lejoyeux, was excellent. I have seen the original, (having sent you an account of the first representation of this opera in Paris,) and also the admirable Chollet in London, and with the recollection of these, Mons Vincent, whose voice has the freshness of youth, and whose bearing throughout is in every sense of the word *joyeux*, gave me the highest satisfaction. He was much and deservedly applauded. George, the coquette, was charmingly impersonated by Madame Huré. She would, however, have made a delicious Rose de Mai, in which part her dramatic as well as vocal powers would have been called into action. Her singing manifested all that ease which was so remarkable in the *Ambasadrice*, and her execution of some of the difficult passages in the first cavatina was brilliant and finished. Madame Huré made her first appearance on the stage at this theatre, in *La Dame Blanche*; and although fêted by all the aristocrats of the town, and having more teaching and singing than she can well attend to, has declared her intention to resign at the end of the year, to the regret of all the frequenters of the theatre. *L'Ami en Peine*, an opera by Flotow, was played last night; and again Madame Huré, M. Vincent, and M. Huré shared the plaudits of a well-filled house. To-morrow we have *Le Juvénat*, with all its stage effects, as the English playbills say. I cannot close this without repeating that the orchestra, conducted by M. Moulin, is in every respect admirable.

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT BATH.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. JACQUES, a resident pianist in this city, of ability, deserves praise for his spirit and enterprise in giving a series of concerts that, diverging from the common provincial attempts in matters of this kind, tend to elevate the taste and excite a relish for really genuine music. If left to ourselves, we would renounce every species of modern music, for one such a treat as that presented to us on Thursday week. Haydn's famous quartet, op. 74, in B flat, and the beautiful trio of Mozart in E flat, were played in excellent style by De Kontaki (the violin), Jacques (and violin), Mellon (cello), and Hausmann (violin). It would be impossible to particularise the merits of one where there is as great a variety in the difficulties, but we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction at seeing a player like De Kontaki showing such enterprise, and lending his energies to that school which alone makes, and alone proves the artist, and distinguishes him from the mere charlatan. M. Jacques played the *Adagio* and *Andante* movements of Haydn's Sonata, op. 70, and fully sustained the attention entitling of him as a pianist of no ordinary calibre. In the G minor piano quartet of Mozart he was equally successful. Mr. and Mrs. Miller

added to the other attractive features of the concert by their vocal talents, and Hausmann and De Kontaki gave solos on their respective instruments. To M. Jacques we desire to pay our tribute of respect for an attempt to raise the musical taste of our fair city, and we trust that, having experienced a hearty response to his praiseworthy efforts, he will be stimulated to repeat them.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLD CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR, I have perused with great attention Dr. Gassiot's letter of the 20th of February, published in your No. of the 22nd ult., wherein he endeavours to maintain that the greatest masters of the musical art stand indebted to the Gregorian Chants for the subject-matter of their finest works; and I regret to say I cannot for a moment admit either the clearness or the correctness of the view he has taken of the subject. That the Gregorian Chants are exceedingly simple in construction, seldom if ever extend beyond a fifth in compass, and proceed in the march of their melodies by diatonic intervals of the simplest kind, are facts that no one will deny; and that the subjects of many of the choical and instrumental figures of Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., are in like manner comprised within a range of about a fifth, and move also by simple diatonic intervals, is equally beyond doubt; but to assert that this similarity proves an intentional adherence to, or even a recognition of the Gregorian Chants, on the part of the wonderful men above named, is preposterous. There are many grounds on which a musician would make frequent use of a simple subject for a fugue composition. In the first place, there is the natural charm arising from its very artlessness; in the second place, a subject of such a nature would offer endless facilities for ingenious and varied treatment; and, lastly, a *canto fermo* would be most readily admitted of the introduction of a bold counter-subject when adapted as the ground-work of a composition of great extent and elaboration. (Witness the "Wrecked Lover" and the "Horn and his Rider," choruses of Handel). It is on these grounds, and on these solely, that I believe Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., to have selected very simple subjects for the action portions of some of their most elegant compositions.

And that there should exist some similarity between a series of simple intervals selected for the above purposes, and some Gregorian Chant, is the natural consequence of simplicity being observed in both cases. It is an unavoidable circumstance, that all simple subjects, comprised within an interval of a fifth, and moving by simple diatonic intervals, must bear some sort of resemblance to the simple church chant, just as the two side lines of a triangle must approach nearer to each other in proportion as they draw towards the point. But before the simple and massive systems of Handel can correctly be said to be extracted from the Gregorian Chant, simplicity itself must be dethroned, and her place usurped by the other chant. At present, the two classes of musical themes are nearly hand in hand, only because of their both being all but at the point of simplicity. It is simplicity that is the "foundation" of all melodic forms, and measure; not Gregorianism.

The Doctor has cited no one instance where a simple subject of Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., is *identically* the same as a Gregorian Chant. All that he has hitherto said amounts to this: that they are like the Gregorian Chants, only different. Indeed, in his second letter, to force a similarity between one of Mendelssohn's simplest subjects ("He, watching over Israel," and the fifth Gregorian Chant, he finds it necessary simply to cut the subject in half, and turn the latter portion top-sy-turvy before the like comparison. Now, with all submission to the Doctor, I cannot forbear showing that the system of twisting a subject, so that it may assume a particular end, might suit the views of the Christian Hypocrite or the Jesuitical very well, but will, I think, fail to deceive the intelligent readers of the *Musical World*.

To meet the Doctor, however, on his own ground. In the very chorus of "Mendelssohn he has quoted, "He, watching over Israel," secure a subject subject, ten times more "shoulder than walking in grief," and which is to be found on page 193, first score.

last bar but one, of Ewer's vocal score. Now this second subject is not simply "like," but is absolutely the same as the opening one of the first movement of Dr. Boyce's anthem "By the waters of Babylon." Hummel has also made use of the same subject for the "Cum Sancto Spiritu" (in G minor) of his second mass. Again, Mendelssohn has employed as the opening of the second subject of the slow movement of the divine A minor symphony, a series of chords that are identical with the "ritornels" in Purcell's chorus, "Glory and worship" in his anthem, "O sing unto the Lord." And I could send you volumes of such parallel passages in the music of different authors. But what would they go to prove, dear Mr. Editor? that men whom the whole musical world have proclaimed to be men of genius, could not even invent their own subjects? Impossible. They would be merely so many coincidences. A composer has written what seemed best suited to his purpose; and it chanced to resemble something else—this is the whole fact of the matter. If accidental resemblances are to be quoted as wilful borrowings, then it must be said, that Mendelssohn mutilated a Gregorian chant and stuck the pieces together the wrong way, to get a first subject for his lovely chorus "He, watching over Israel;" and took the second *in toto* from Boyce's anthem; a position to which very few of your readers will accede.

I will simply add, that however ingenious as a theory, the position to which this letter is a reply, cannot be received as a *fact* into our musical history. I have entered somewhat at length into this subject, because I am sure it is one that deeply interests a large body of your readers. Under these circumstances you will, I am sure, excuse the space this letter will occupy.—I remain, my dear Sir, your constant reader and subscriber,

AN ORGANIST.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I trust I may be excused addressing you a few lines on the subject of the operas to be produced at the Royal Italian Opera this season. I am convinced that the announcement of such works as *Fidelio* and *Mosè in Egitto* will be received by the musical public with unqualified satisfaction; but, may I be allowed to ask why such works as the *Guido e Ginevra* and *La Juive* of Halévy (which, whatever may be their respective merits, are not adapted to the Italian stage), should be brought forward; whilst these glorious operas of the immortal Mozart, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Costa fan Tutti*, are left in the background? The taste of the day seems to be in favour of works adapted from the French stage; and so long as the result of that taste is to bring forward such works as the *Huguenots* or the *Prophète*, I see no cause of complaint; but surely, Sir, with so many operas of Mozart and Rossini, some of which have never been performed in this country, and would, therefore, have the effect of new works, we need not be always looking to Halévy, or even Meyerbeer, for new operas. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant.

A CONSTANT READER.

#### CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

##### COURT CIRCULAR.

Her Majesty gave a concert on Thursday evening. The performance took place in the saloon, and the following was the programme:—

<i>Violoncello (Mendelssohn)</i>	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
1st, "Die Schildwache," Herr Formes	<i>Held!</i>
Andante, pianoforte, clarinetto, oboe, bassoon, and horn.	
Mrs. Anderson, Meers. Williams, Malloch, G. Wastig, and P. Hardy	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Arie, "Weir ein Liebespaar hat gefunden," Herr Formes	<i>Mozart.</i>
(Die Entführung aus dem Serail)	
2nd, Violin, M. Bainton, "Le Carnaval de Venise."	<i>Held!</i>
3rd, "Der Krieger und sein Ross," Herr Formes	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
Wedding March, (Midsummer Night's Dream)	<i>Haydn.</i>
4th, "Die Wanderlust," Herr Formes	
5th, "Die Wanderlust," Herr Formes	

At the pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson.

Her Majesty's private band was in attendance.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

MACREADY.—Macilise has painted a noble picture of Macready in the character of "Werner."—*Literary Gazette.*

MADAME VERDAVAINNE gave "A Grand Soirée Musicale" at the Beethoven Rooms, on Friday evening. The audience was remarkable for its selectness as well as for its numerical considerations. The programme contained the names of a multitude of composers and artists. Madame Verdavainne is a pianist of considerable power, and performed compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, and Thalberg with great facility of execution. Madame Verdavainne's style is remarkable for its originality, though possibly this originality may not exactly be commended in every respect. The fair artist was fortunate in the assistance of two of the greatest instrumentalists now living—Ernst and Piatti. The concert commenced with Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat, by Mad. Verdavainne, Ernst, and Piatti. The Misses Williams sang with their usual talent, the "Io l'udia" of Donizetti—and also a very effective new duet by Holmes, called "Come away." We may venture to anticipate a successful career for this last production of Mr. Holmes, pen. It is pretty, sparkling, and perfectly natural. Miss E. Birch gave a graceful interpretation of Harper's ballad "Truth in absence." Mr. Sims Reeves sang the "Adelaide" of Beethoven in his best style, and was admirably accompanied by Mr. Brinley Richards on the piano-forte. Mr. H. Drayton introduced the well known air, "Piff, paff," from *Les Huguenots*. This gentleman possesses a voice of great depth and power. He also, with Miss Van Millanger, gave the duet "Senza tanti complimenti," by Donizetti. Ernst excited the wonder and admiration of every one by his exquisite performance of the "Elegie," and a romance by Heiler. His solos were very greatly and most justly applauded. Piatti gave the variations "Une Priere," written by himself, with that command of instrument and consummate expression which have placed him in the position of the best violoncellist of the age. Mr. Camas played a concerto on the flute, and a duet with Madame Verdavainne. Mr. Sims Reeves introduced a graceful ballad, "'Tis bliss indeed to watch thy smile," which he sung with great expression. Mr. Brinley Richards conducted with his usual efficiency.

LITERARY KNIGHTS.—With a view to conciliate literature, and as a testimony to its growing importance, ministers, it is said, have decided on offering the honours (of knighthood, to Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold. Fancy Sir Charles Dickens and Sir Douglas Jerrold; how oddly it will sound. Whether, like Mr. Faraday, the great chemist, they will reject the offer, or like Sir Henry Ellis and Sir Roderick Murchison, will accept it, I have not heard. I suppose if there be any willingness on the part of our two humourists to accede to the stroke of the sword, it will be due to solicitations in certain fair quarters to which it is not necessary further to allude.—*Correspondent of the Bradford Observer.*—[What can this mean? Ed. M. W.]

APRIL'S.—Her Majesty has presented Mr. Batty, the proprietor of this theatre, with a pair of pure Arabian ponies, recently imported, whose first appearance in the arena is to take place as soon as their objections to the substitution of "sawdust" for "sand" have been reconciled, and their efforts to square the circle overcome.

TOM MOORE'S WIFE.—The Queen has bestowed a pension of £100 a-year on Mrs. Bessy Moore, wife of the celebrated poet, Thomas Moore. The pension, as the warrant sets forth, is granted "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health."—*Athenaeum.*

ALZONI has been singing at Marseilles and producing the same *success* she did at Lyons. The local papers speak in the most rapturous terms of her performances.

COBURN is, we understand, going with her sister to Moscow to sing in a series of concerts.

MRS. MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The box occupied by her Majesty is the one formerly occupied by the late Queen Dowager—that is to say, one degree further from the stage than her box during previous seasons.—*Opera Box.*

OPERA CLOTHES.—The proper dress for gentlemen who visit the Opera consists of a dress coat; plain black or white neckcloth, and black or white trousers; waistcoats are left to the fancy of the wearer. It may be added that, although white trousers are admitted, black are preferred.—*Id.*

**A MANAGER IN DIFFICULTIES.**—It is known that the celebrated violinist M. Ole Bull, recently built, at his own cost, a theatre in his native town of Bergen, in Norway. Scarcely had the house been furnished when, so great was the love of art displayed by the townspeople, all the boxes and places were let. No arrangement was, however, made for the police, who it appears have a right to three of the first-class places in all theatres in Norway; they claimed their right, and M. Bull was unable to induce any of his subscribers to forego their seats; he, however, explained to the authorities his inability to grant the customary indulgence in the present season, but offered them three seats in the pit. They replied to this offer by a notification that on the next representation they should present themselves, accompanied by an armed force, and that if three first-class places were not vacant they should eject three of the visitors. M. Bull, irritated at this announcement, had three seats placed in the orchestra; above which he had a black board placed, on which was written in enormous white characters, "Places de M.M. de la police," and fixed at each end of the board a large lantern similar to that carried by the night patrol. The director of the police construed this proceeding into a grave offence against the authority of which he was the head, and acting on the law of 1687, M. Bull was arrested, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. Against this decree there is no appeal except to the king. It is not known whether M. Bull will avail himself of the resource. *Observer.*

**LONDON TALENT.**—A concert was given at this place, on Tuesday evening, in behalf of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum. The attendance was very select, but not the less numerous for that. The vocalists were Misses Messert, Bassano, Lavenia, Purcell, and R. Isaac; Mr. Whitworth; Signors Marchesi and Burdini; Messrs. Borda and Sims Reeves. The instrumentalists were Messrs. Benedict, Osborne, Brinley Richards, M. de Kontski, Chatterton, and Richardson. Miss Messert sang, with success, a new ballad by Osborne, "Oh! Sing to me." Mlle. Lavenia (who debuted on this occasion) possesses a voice of great compass and power, and considering the circumstances of a first appearance, sang with much success—well deserving the encore with which she was honoured. She is a pupil of Sigort Garcia. Signor Marchesi (also a pupil of that master) gave a creditable version of "A tango amor." The appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves was attended with the usual demonstrations of applause, and he sang, with his wonted energy and power, "the Death of Nelson," for which, on a demand for repetition, he substituted another well known ballad. Mr. Osborne played, with great effect, his *Nocturne*, "*L'esperance*," and his *Mazurka caracteristique*, and was admirably assisted by the accomplished Benedict, in the grand duet from *Les Huguenots*. Mr. Brinley Richards performed his brilliant variations on "Rule Britannia," and was honoured with very great applause. The violin solo by M. de Kontski, was a highly successful exhibition of skill. The fantasia consisted of subjects from the *Lucia*, involving passages of no ordinary difficulty for both piano and violin. The piano accompaniment was admirably sustained by Mr. B. S. Richards. In the second act, M. de Kontski gave his adaptation of Meyerbeer's "Air de Grace," upon a violin with one string—the effect was remarkable. Mr. Richardson performed his well known variations on the "Swiss Boy" in his usually brilliant style; and Mr. Fred. Chatterton agreeably varied the programme by his "Recollections of Normandy" upon the harp. The programme contained many other compositions, and with the exception of the usual fault—too great length—the concert was very successful.

**A REAL DANCING MASTER.**—Marcel was a dancing master, and the first posture master of his day. He used to say that none but the English possessed dignity enough for dancing well. He was so wrapped up in the sublimity of his art that he would not pardon the least inelegance of posture. In his latter days he was in very reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with the gout. A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand. He immediately threw it from him, and said, "Go and take it up, miss, and present it to me as I taught you." She burst into tears, and obeyed. "I consent to take it now, and thank you; but your elbow was not quite rounded enough."

**MR. FOREST, THE AMERICAN ACTOR.**—In the Pennsylvania Legislature, a memorial was presented from Edwin Forrest, tragedian, asking the legislature to annul his marriage contract. A bill was also read in place to effect the object, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee. *New York Tribune.*

**BLACKBURN.**—The Distin Family, assisted by Miss Connor, a vocalist, and Mr. John Wilby, pianist, gave a concert at the theatre on Tuesday evening, under the immediate patronage of Robert Hopwood, jun., Esq., to one of the most crowded audiences the house has ever contained. The fine performances of the Distins on their splendidly-toned instruments drew forth repeated plaudits from the listeners, and Miss Connor's singing won for her unqualified approbation.

**MUSIC AT GLASGOW.**—We have had a number of musical entertainments lately—probably the genial spring gives a tone to those things—but, as a concert in the genuine acceptance of the term, we have had none comparable to that of the Philharmonic Society on Friday night. Unlike most amateur associations, the Philharmonic only attempted what they felt they could do, and the consequence was, that everything was done well. Gentleman amateurs are not supposed to be the best performers, though the hypothesis is often found to be very incorrect, and in no instance, that we remember, more so than on Friday night. It is true they were assisted by "professionals," but we should never dream of "hinting a doubt" that, had they been alone, they could have rendered the overtures, "La Guzza Ludra," "La Dame Blanche," and "Mazurka," with an effect such as to surprise those who do not calculate where true musical feeling and judgment rests. But the test of the band's training was Beethoven's pastoral symphony. But for the impossibility of describing music, we would endeavour to convey some idea of two solos performed by Mr. Julian Adams, one on the concertina, and one on the pianoforte. If our attention could be turned to its study, Mr. Adams' performance would be enough to tempt us. (1) the fantasia, founded upon waltzes of Mozart's, it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms. From its construction, we should be inclined to think it an extemporaneous performance, but its parts were so closely connected as, almost to the way with the idea. The vocalists of Mr. Henry Phillips were characterized by his admitted superiority, and the also given by Miss Kenneth were remarkable for their truth and elegance of delivery. Under whatever leadership the Philharmonic Society has been brought to its present efficiency, we do not inquire. From his directing the concert, we presume it has been the task of Mr. Julian Adams, and if so, the service rendered to the musical public are of no small order. *Daily Mail.*

**LYONS, NORFOLK, March 20.**—(From a Correspondent.) A party of musical amateurs have been giving a series of Classical Chamber Concerts here to make known some of the standard works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, &c., which have been tolerably successful, the instrumental portion, if not elegantly, correctly given, and the vocal purely and attractively rendered by Mrs. H. Wallace. It took place on Saturday. There were several encores amongst them. Kücken's "Trab, trab," and Moliere's "If 'er the boudless sky," a proof of the growing taste for good music. The preceding concert had some very singular compositions introduced under the head Classical Music, but they have disappeared from the forthcoming programme.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MISS BIRCH AND MISS ELIZA BIRCH**  
 BEG to announce to their Friends and the Public that they have REMOVED to No. 10, HERFORD STREET, Park Lane, where they will be happy to receive Pupils as usual.  
 81, St. Martin's Lane.

#### ROMAN VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO STRINGS.

J. HART, 14, PRINCE STREET, Leicester Square, London, begs to inform the Amateurs and Proficients of the above Instruments, that he has just received an Importation of Roman Violin and Violoncello Strings, of the best quality; where also may be had Stewart's celebrated Registered Violin and Tenor Holder. Likewise may be seen the largest collection of Complete Violins and Violoncellos in England. Instruments Bought or Exchanged and Repaired in the best manner.

J. HART, 14, Prince Street, Leicester Square, London.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF  
MADAME SONTAG;

SIGNORI LABLACHE, BELLETTI, LORENZO,  
CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES;  
MADAME PARODI;

AND

MADAME CARLOTTA GRISI, MADAME MARIE TAGLIONI,  
AND MADAME AMALIA FERRARIS.

It is respectfully announced that a

## GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

will take place on THURSDAY, APRIL 4th, 1850, when will be presented  
Donizetti's Opera,

## DON PASQUALE.

Norina . . . . . Madame SONTAG,  
Ernesto . . . . . Signor CALZOLARI,  
Dr. Malatesta . . . . . Signor BELLETTI,

AND

Don Pasquale . . . . . Signor LABLACHE.

After which,

## A DIVERTISSEMENT.

In which Madame AMALIA FERRARIS will appear.  
To be followed by a selection from a FAVOURITE OPERA, combining  
the talents of Madame PARODI, Signor LORENZO, and  
Sims Reeves.

To conclude with the admired new Grand Ballet by M. P. TAGLIONI.

## LES METAMORPHOSES.

In which Madame CARLOTTA GRISI, Madame MARIE TAGLIONI,  
Madame ROSA, Madame LAMONTE, Madame ADONDO, M. CHARRAS,  
and M. P. TAGLIONI, will appear.

The Subscribers are respectfully informed, that in case they should  
be desirous to attend this Extra Performance, they will have the option  
of taking it in lieu of a Subscription Night.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-  
Office of the Theatre, where Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual,  
price 10s. 8d. each.

## ST. MARTIN'S HALL,

89, LONG ACRE.

## MR. ALEXANDER BILLET,

(FROM ST. PETERSBURGH.)

DEGS to announce the Last of a Series of Three EVENING  
CONCERTS OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the  
above Hall, on FRIDAY, April 6th; in the course of which will be  
performed Specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, including—

Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Steibelt,  
Plato, Clementi, Woelfl, Moscheles, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Cramer,  
Hummel, Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett, &c., &c.

Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s.; Central Seats, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.;  
Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.; to be had at St. Mar-  
tin's Hall; of Messrs. and Co., 229, Regent Street; Purday, Holborn;  
Fentum, Strand; and Ewer and Co., Newgate Street; also at Mr. Billet's  
Residence, 13, North Bank, Regent's Park.

On this occasion M. Billet will have the honour to introduce

- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| 1. Grand Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (dedicated to Cherubini) . . . . .                            | Clementi.    |
| 2. Rêquy, on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, in F<br>sharp minor (by desire) . . . . . | Dussek.      |
| 3. Prelude and Fugue in B minor . . . . .  | Bach.        |
| 4. Study in G . . . . .  | Cramer.      |
| 5. Study in E . . . . .  | Hummel.      |
| 6. Prelude and Fugue in B minor . . . . .  | Mendelssohn. |
| 7. Sonata in F major . . . . .   | Mozart.      |
| 8. Sonata Duo, Pianoforte and Violoncello, in D major, with<br>Signor PIATTI . . . . .           | Mendelssohn. |
| 9. Sonata, Violin and Pianoforte, with M. SAINTON . . . . .                                      | Haydn.       |

M. BILLET has the pleasure to announce that the eminent Violinist  
M. SAINTON, and the celebrated Violoncello, Signor PIATTI, have kindly  
accorded their eminent services for the Third Concert.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.  
EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR . . . . . MR. COSTA.

NEXT WEDNESDAY, March 27th, Handel's "MESSIAH."  
Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Sims Reeves,  
and Herr Formes; with Orchestra of 700 Performers.  
Tickets, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Central Area, Numbered, 10s. 6d.; at  
6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross; where also will be  
received Subscriptions for the year commencing 25th March.  
Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH" will be produced, on FRIDAY, 5th April,  
tickets for which are now ready.

EXETER HALL.

## WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3rd, (EASTER WEEK,) will be  
held the Sixth Concert of the Spring Series; when Mr. Sims Reeves  
and other eminent artists will appear.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats (numbered), 4s.; Stalls (in North  
and South Galleries), 7s. May be had of Mr. JOSEPH STAMMERS, at the  
Office of the Concerts, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians.

## DISTINS' CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN and SONS will perform on the SAX HORNS  
as follows:—

Rochdale, April 1st; Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th;  
Bradford, 8th. Vocalist, Miss M. O'Connor; Pianist, Mr. J. Willey. DISTIN'S  
AMATEUR CORNET CLASSES, for the Practice of Quartettes, &c.,  
assemble nightly, at HENRY DISTIN'S SAX HORN DEPOT, 31, Cranbourne  
Street, Leicester Square, London.

This day is Published, Price 2s. each Number,

## SIX SACRED DUETTS,

FOR SOPRANO VOICES; (Composed expressly for the  
Misses WILLIAMS), the Text from the Holy Scriptures; the Music  
by WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

- No. 1. "Remember now thy Creator."
- No. 2. Recit. "Let thy mind be upon the Ordinances of the Lord."—*Air*.  
"Do no evil."
- No. 3. "And who is he that will harm you?"

COVENTRY, Pianoforte Manufactory, 71, Dean Street, Soho.

## HANDEL'S SIX NEW SACRED SONGS'

NOW PUBLISHED, for the FIRST TIME in ENGLAND,

1. "Bow down thine ear, O Lord."
2. "Be merciful unto me, O God."
3. "Unto Thee, O Lord."
4. "In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust."
5. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."
6. "The eye of the Lord."

Complete, 5s.; sent postage free.—K. ANDREWS, 4, Pallatine Buildings,  
Manchester.

## NEW SONGS,

LET US BE JOYOUS; "PEACE TO THEE;"  
BENEATH THE CASCADENT; "GAY LARK;" "ADIEU, YE WOODS;"  
"NO FORM BUT THINE."

These six highly successful songs, price 2s. each, composed by HENRY LUNN  
and JOHN ASHMORE, and sung in WALLBRIDGE LUNN's "Literary and  
Musical Evening," are just published by

ADDISON, AND CO., 210, Regent Street.

"They are all distinguished by a melodious flow, which must render them  
general favourites."—*Musical World*.

## MR. CREVELLI

Wishes to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

## THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at  
his Residence,

71, UPPER NORTON STREET;  
And at all the principal Musicians.

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St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communi-  
cations for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G.  
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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850.

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{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## GARDONI.

AN article quoted from the *Moniteur du Soir*, containing a report of Signor Gardoni's death, having been inserted in the *Times* of Saturday last, the following contradiction was forwarded to the office, and published in the paper of Monday:—

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—I beg leave to state that there is no truth in the article from the *Moniteur du Soir*, reporting the death of Signor Gardoni, and copied into the *Times* of Saturday. I have before me a long letter from St. Petersburg, written by Signor Gardoni on the 11th, and posted on the 12th of March—therefore posterior to the date of his alleged decease. In this letter I find the following passage, which shows that there have not even existed plausible grounds for this malicious rumour:—"As regards my health, I have only one thing to observe, that except one night in October, on my first arrival here, I have always been able to respond to all the demands of the management, which have not been few, having successfully sung in *Puritani*, *Beatrice*, *Norma*, *Elisir*, *Conte Ory*, *Linda*, *Giovanna d'Arco*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *Orazii e Curiazii*, &c."—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

G. Puzzi.  
5A, Cork-street, March 24.

This is the second attempt that has been made by the foreign press to kill poor Gardoni. What offence he has committed that should expose him to such attacks we are unable to say. We are, nevertheless, much gratified at being able to record their impotency.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE event since our last has been the *debut* of Madlle. Ferraris, the new Italian dancer. Madlle. Ferraris is of the school of Turin, but has lately studied at Milan under the auspices of the well known Blasis. Her success on Saturday evening, when she danced a grand pas with M. Charles, between two of the acts of *Ernani*, was complete. As circumstances prevented our attendance on that occasion, we must be satisfied to quote the notices of two of the most accomplished Terpsichorean critics of the morning press, whose opinions are highly favourable to the pretensions of Madlle. Amalia Ferraris:—

"The *début* of Mademoiselle Amalia Ferraris, on Saturday," says the *Times*, "is the first instance which we remember, since the commencement of Cécile's career, of a young dancer coming to this country, unheralded by fame, and making a decided impression on the operatic audience by her own merits alone. On Saturday morning we do not believe one-twentieth portion of those who applauded to the echo on Saturday night had ever heard of her existence, except through the official announcements of the theatre.

"Her merits were tested in one of those conventional *pas* of the grand style, which do not elicit pantomimic talent, but show the mastery which the artist has acquired in the abstract character of *danceuse*. A higher degree of perfection in all the mechanical part of the art has probably never been witnessed. Her *poses* in the slow movement were models of firmness and elegance, the disposition of the upper part of the figure being always marked by

ease and grace. Not less striking was the facility with which she passed from one *pose* to another. The transition was completely safe and completely effortless. The quick movement, in which a series of *entrechats en arrière* was very remarkable, could not be surpassed for brilliancy and high finish. Her graceful figure and handsome expressive countenance assisted in the effect which she made on the public, and there was a storm of enthusiasm when she had ended her *pas*.

"The excitement produced by the *début* of this young Italian *danseuse*, and the great success of the beautiful ballet, *Les Métamorphoses*, in which the magic of Carlotta Grisi, now the first *danseuse* of Europe, is so pre-eminently displayed, are likely to create a reaction in favour of the Terpsichorean department. The present ballet, supported by Carlotta, will no doubt continue attractive for some weeks, and if the impression continues in favour of this class of entertainment, it should be immediately followed up by some other work of the kind equally striking."

We quite coincide with our contemporary when he says that CARLOTTA GRISI is "now the first *danseuse* of Europe," and we have little doubt that we shall be able to agree with all he has adduced in favour of the young *débütante*, whose success will give another impetus to the revival of the old ballet furor.

"Few successes in choreography," says the *Morning Herald*, "have been more distinguished than that of Madlle. Amalia Ferraris, a young Neapolitan *danseuse*, who made her debut on an occasional *Pas de deux*, with M. Charles, on Saturday night. This clever artist is, we understand, a person of reputation in her own country, and this is honestly accounted for, for her executive qualifications in the volatile art to which she has turned her feet, are of the highest order. Her age we would not presume to determine, but she is evidently youthful; while her personal beauty is unquestionable. What her talents as a pantomimist may be we have yet to ascertain; but the style and character of her dancing seem to prognosticate that she has other recommendations besides those of the gymnast.

"Those who a year or two back descanted euphemistically upon the professors of Terpsichore, and divided them learnedly into schools, will have a pleasant task to preach from in the person of Madlle. Amalia Ferraris. We apprehend they will charge her with being an 'idealist,' that is if we read their rulos aright. She is the nearest approach to Carlotta Grisi of any *danseuse* within the catalogue of our acquaintance, possessing several of the most attractive features of that exquisite artist,—such as delicate flexibility and lightness, consummate firmness in striking a sharp and spreading *pose*, closeness and brilliancy of execution, and a charming freedom from anything in the shape or impulse of vulgarity. She is, in a word, essentially graceful, as well as a perfect mistress of the acts of address which establish physical pre-eminence. Her reception was rather cold, but this only served to make her ultimate triumph the more remarkable. When in the course of the first 'variation' she glanced obliquely across the stage and dropped at intervals on the point of her toes—which she did with admirable sureness and sculpturesque precision—the applause waxed warm; but when she executed a series of retreating steps, evincing the same species of personal control under other and more, piquant circumstances of device, the tumultuous encore that ensued at once declared the position she was destined to take. Madlle. Ferraris no doubt will revive to a considerable extent the interest in the ballet—a branch

of operatic entertainment that has lately waned through the want of novelty—not, let it be added, through dearth of ability. She is eminently calculated to please the judicious connoisseur, belonging, as we think, to the best school—that in which the pleasure is not solely derived from athletic audacity, but from those attributes of elegance and finish which are more easily felt than described. She has none of the robust vehemence of Cerito. On the contrary, the mere practical effort is concealed under the graces of a delicate abandon: and hence the realisation of the golden law, and the title to the best honours!

"The acclamations with which this new aspirant for choreographic favours was greeted when the curtain fell were loud and universal. It was no ordinary *eclat*. We look forward to her progress with some curiosity. Madlle. Amalia Ferraris flits over a stage where there have been many triumphs; but if she provokes comparison she does not suffer by the test."

Whether Amalia Ferraris be the nearest approach to CARLOTTA GRISI, to approach whom within a long distance is not very easy for any one, and whether she really possesses "several of the most attractive features of that exquisite artist," who has hitherto been remarkable in standing quite alone in the peculiar endowments with which she is gifted, remains to be seen—that is to be seen by ourselves, since the eloquent writer of the *Herald* has already seen and pronounced in the affirmative. We hope to be able to agree with him to the letter—and to the spirit of his apostrophe.

The *Morning Chronicle* devotes nearly a column to Mdlle. Ferraris, and the *Morning Post* nearly eight lines. Column of the one and eight lines of the other are alike glowing and enthusiastic in favour of the *debutante*. We have no room to insert them, but hope next week to find place for a notice of our own, which shall verify and put the seal on all that has been said on the subject.

Every one of the papers agrees in saying that Mr. Sims Reeves confirmed his success in *Ernani*—that Mdlle. Parodi sang still better than on her first night—that Sig. Lorenzo did not get on quite so well—and that the vogue of the new ballet, *Les Metamorphoses*, with Carlotta Grisi for the heroine, was greater than ever. Meanwhile, the theatre re-opens on Easter Tuesday, with *Lucia*, for the debut of Miss Catherine Hayes; and on Thursday Mdlls. Sontag will make her *réentrée*.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE fourth performance of *Der Freischütz* on Saturday attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by a numerous suite, were again present. The opera went off with immense spirit. The performance of the overture is alone worth going to Covent Garden to hear. The perfect working together, the completeness, and overwhelming power of the band have, perhaps, not been so severely tested on any former occasion.

Our opinion of Herr Formes has not been altered in the least by seeing him a fourth time in Caspar. To such as do not thoroughly enter into the character of the doomed and infuriated huntsman, or who cannot sufficiently appreciate the "Apollonic fury" of Weber's music, the wild energy of Formes may seem exaggerated; but to those who consider and reason the contrary must appear. Caspar's soul has been battered for a term of years, and the day arrives on which he must yield it up to eternal torments. The fiend allows him a twelvemonth's respite, provided he can prevail upon some victim to fall into the same snare as himself. Not death alone, but everlasting torments await Caspar, if he fall in his endeavour; and how is it possible that a man—for Caspar is a

man—under such circumstances, should be represented otherwise than infuriated and maddened by despair. A moment's thought must convince any rational person that Herr Formes has taken a correct view of the character; or if a moment's thought fail to convince him, a reference to the libretto and a slight attention to the characteristic manner of the music, must bring him to the same conclusion with ourselves. One thing, however, is certain. The Caspar of Formes produces an immense sensation nightly, and is generally considered to be far superior to that of any other performer who has appeared in this country. This is tantamount to saying that it is the best ever seen on the stage.

Signor Maralti decidedly improves, but he has yet to learn the art of producing the greatest amount of power in a large theatre, and not to force his voice too much. His special merits are singing well in tune, and a conscientious adherence to the text of the composer. Nor is he by any means devoid of energy and feeling, which he exemplifies in the grand scena in the first act. In short Signor Enrico Maralti is an excellent second tenor, and will prove a worthy addition to the vocal corps.

On Tuesday next, we are informed, in accordance with the wishes of a large number of the subscribers who have left town for the Easter holidays, there will be no performance; but on Thursday there will be a subscription night, when *Masaniello* will be given, and Signor Tambe lik will make his first appearance.

*Masaniello* will be equally acceptable to the subscribers and the public. The impression Auber's *chef d'œuvre* created at the Royal Italian Opera last season has not yet passed away, and to many visitors to the theatre *Masaniello* will prove more attractive than any other production. The greatest curiosity is excited respecting Signor Tamberlik, of whom rumour speaks in terms of high praise. His power and capabilities will be tested to the utmost in *Masaniello*, the part in which he has chosen to make his *debut*. It tells considerably in favour of Signor Tamberlik's taste that he has selected no threadworn, modern Italian, mawkish sentimental opera for his first essay. He has already prepossessed us in his favour by his choice.

On Tuesday week Grisi, Mario, De Meric and Tamburini make their first appearance for the season in *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mademoiselle De Meric encountering the part of Orsino, for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera.

Rossini's Opera Series, *Mosé in Egitto* will be the next novelty. M. Zelger will make his first appearance as Mosé. The opera will be mounted with great splendour and magnificence, and the cast will be particularly strong.

A weekly contemporary states that the recitatives in *Der Freischütz* are adapted by Mr. Costa, and not by M. Berlioz. If this be the case, it demands explanation on the part of the Covent Garden directors, who announced in their programme that the recitatives were by M. Berlioz. Relying on the announcement in the Royal Italian Opera prospectus, all the daily and weekly journals, including the writer in the paper referred to, noticed the adaptation of the dialogue as emanating from the pen of M. Berlioz. Now that they are compelled to swallow their own words they are most naturally displeased. But why was this error permitted to go before the public? Were the directors disappointed in procuring the recitatives of M. Berlioz in time, and compelled to employ Mr. Costa at the last moment, when it was too late to give the press intimation?—or, in reality, has Mr. Costa only altered the recitatives of M. Berlioz, and thus given some color to the statement of our weekly contemporary?

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A criticism on the first concert, which though severe, was, on the whole, just, appeared in the leading morning paper on Monday, and called forth the following remonstrance from some friend of the Academy:—

"ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"(To the Editor of the Times.)

"SIR,—I address you, not with the purpose of complaining of, or refuting the criticisms of the *Times*, the *Herald*, and the *Morning Post*, on the performances of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music at their concerts, but to disarm them of somewhat of their severity, by reminding the readers of those papers that these performances are exhibitions of students as they advance in their exercises, who should not be judged as artists pretending to perfection. The concerts are open to the public, but they are chiefly meant for the subscribers to the institution, and the parents and friends of the pupils, and they are held at the Hanover-square Rooms, because the Academy does not afford space for such a number of persons as generally assemble.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

"J. C."

The article which occasioned this explanation was as follows:—

"ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"THE usual series of four concerts commenced on Saturday in the Hanover Square Rooms with a concert of moderate interest. There were two specimens of composition by students in the institution—an overture by Mr. Steggall, and a madrigal by Mr. H. C. Banister, King's scholar. Mr. Steggall is a pupil of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, but it may be stated to his credit, that his overture does not contain any flagrant imitations of that professor's fascinating style. We do not insinuate by this that Mr. Steggall's work is original; on the contrary, it does not contain a new idea; but, on the other hand, it is certainly clever, and is written with evident care, although the treatment of the orchestra shows too great a leaning to the French school of instrumentation. Mr. Steggall, however, has promise, and with well directed labour may attain a respectable position. Mr. Banister's madrigal has very little to recommend it. It is composed to scriptural text—'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his trouble'—and is, therefore, no madrigal at all. Moreover, if we overlook the term 'madrigal,' thus unceremoniously perverted, and read 'sacred chorus without accompaniments,' Mr. Banister does not improve his position, since the music is of a cheerful character, altogether at variance with the sentiment of the words. The overture of Mr. Steggall was well played by the band, and made a favourable impression. The madrigal of Mr. Banister was very ill sung, and made no impression at all. We must add, that if these two pieces are the best examples of what the students have been doing since last year, the Royal Academy is in a very poor plight as regards the talent for composition which it can boast at the present moment.

"In the executive department there were also two essays, both on the pianoforte. Miss Comelati, a pupil of Mr. Cipriani Potter, attempted the rondo in B minor, with orchestral accompaniments, of Mendelssohn. Mr. Gray, a pupil of the same professor, tried his strength upon the first movement of the grandest and most difficult of Beethoven's concertos—that in E flat. Mr. Cipriani Potter is the eldest and most experienced of all our professors. To him we are indebted for our best pianists and some of our best composers. But Mr. Potter, like any other professor, must have good material to produce good results; and we are bound to say this was not furnished him on the present occasion. Miss Comelati was so nervous that the passages in Mendelssohn's fiery rondo were scarcely audible, and when audible they were by no means so correct as could have been desirable. Had Miss Comelati made her public essay in a work of less difficulty she might have come out with better success. No music requires more entire and unflinching command of physical resources than Mendelssohn's, while none demands a greater knowledge of all the secrets of style and expression. Mr. Gray's performance was much nearer the desired mark, but it fell far beneath the exigencies of a composition in which the exuberant fancy and daring originality of Beethoven are so conspicuously manifest. Mr. Gray has a nice equal touch, and

occasionally plays passages very well, but the concerto of Beethoven is at present altogether beyond his comprehension. We must protest against the custom of bringing forward young students in compositions of such depth and complexity. While Dumak, Steibelt, Hummel, and Moscheles have written so many admirable works upon which the style and mechanism of pupils might be advantageously formed and exhibited, there is surely no necessity for placing them before the public in a position from which it is impossible they can come out with credit either to themselves or their instructors. It is true that Sterndale Bennett, when a boy, performed the concertos of Mendelssohn and Beethoven as well as we could wish to hear them; but Sterndale Bennett possessed genius, and every pupil with a pliant finger must not be presupposed to be gifted with that rare endowment.

"The solo vocal exhibitions, we regret to say, with few exceptions, did not say much for the progress of the Royal Academy in that department of musical education. Miss Taylor has a soprano voice at once agreeable and powerful, and though the most trying of soprano songs, "Hear ye, Israel," from *Eljah*, was beyond her present means, there was so much really good and expressive in her performance that we pardoned the ambition for the sake of the promise. Miss Owen, too, exhibited a really beautiful contralto in "The Lord is mindful," the well known *arioso* from *St. Paul*, together with a feeling beyond the common. The song "Jerusalem," from the same oratorio, was altogether beyond the reach of Miss Holroyd, who does not improve as we had hoped. Mr. W. Lyon has a pleasing voice, though feeble, and gave some part of Handel's air, "No, cruel father" (*Saul*) very well. Mrs. Baylis dragged the "Lord have mercy," of Pergolesi dreadfully, and Miss Haywood (soprano) by no means shone in "Pious orgies," from *Judas Maccabeus*. The other vocal performances were respectable, but call for no particular notice.

"The orchestra was admirably conducted by Mr. Lucas, M. Sauton acting with his accustomed ability as principal violin."

That the above review is severe we shall not deny, but we must confess that the letter of J. C. does not show it to be unjust. If the Academicians come before the public they must expect to be reviewed by those whose duty it is to protect the public interests. For our own part, we think, that a little honest and straightforward criticism is just what the Royal Academy of Music, and they who direct its affairs, at present stand in need of. There has been a great deal too much negligence in the recent management of the institution. Property and patronage, perchance, have engendered indifference; and we shall not be sorry if the strictures of the press bring out some of the old vigilance. Meanwhile, the Royal Academy of Music being unquestionably a public institution, has no feasible right of complaint.

Any criticism on the first concert, after what has been quoted at length, is unnecessary on our part. We therefore cite the programme without comment.

## PART I.

Overture (MS.)	Steggall.
Recit. "Ye sacred priests," and Song, "Farewell" Mrs. Edward Hancock ( <i>Jephthah</i> )	Handel.
Recit. "O allia plety," and Song, "No, cruel father," Mr. W. Lyon ( <i>Saul</i> )	Handel.
Hymn, from "Laud Spirituali"—"Alia Trinita beata" (full Choir)	
Rondo, in B minor, pianoforte, Miss Comelati	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Recit. "And he journeyed towards Damascus," and Song, "But the Lord is mindful," Miss Owen ( <i>St. Paul</i> )	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Song, "Jerusalem," Miss Holroyd	ditto.
Ode, "The transient and the eternal," principal parts by Miss Taylor, Miss Pitt, Mr. W. Lyon, and Mr. Pollard	A. Romberg.

## PART II.

Overture, Chorus, "Morning Hymn," and Romance, Miss Owen ( <i>Joseph</i> )	Mahel.
Song, "Hear, ye Israel," Miss Taylor, and Recit. and Song, "It with your whole hearts," Mr. Swift ( <i>Eljah</i> )	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Concerto, in E flat (1st movement), Piano-forte, Mr. Gray *Beethoven*.  
Sacred Madrigal, (MS.), "The Poor Man cried" (all *Banister (K. S.)*  
Choir) *Handel*.  
Song, "Pious Obedience," Miss Heywood (*Judas Maccabaeus*) *Handel*.  
Kyrie and Gloria, from Mass, in E flat. *Hummel*.

We shall shortly refer to the Royal Academy question at length. We have many suggestions to offer on the subject.

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE three usual performances of *The Creation* produced the usual large receipts. At the last, Herr Formes, having recovered from his indisposition, re-supplanted Mr. Machin, and sang the music of Adam—how powerfully we need not say.

On Friday, the 22nd inst., the programme was a varied one, including Haydn's Third Service, Mendelssohn's "Praise Jehovah" (*Lauda Sion*), and Spohr's oratorio of *The Last Judgment*.

Haydn's service (or rather mass) in D, one of the finest he ever wrote, is worth all that is extant of his brother Michel, who, without adequate reason we think, has been considered a greater composer of the church than Joseph. There are points in this mass which have rarely been excelled for grandeur of expression. Without entering into details, we may cite the manner in which the "Miserere" is rendered as quite equal to Beethoven in his first and best mass in C. The "Benedictus," too, in the minor key, is as original as it is beautiful. The "Gloria" contains a masterly fugue, and the "Credo" is sublime. The mass was very finely executed.

The solo parts were sustained by Misses Birch, J. Hayes, and Doby; Messrs. Lockey and Phillips.

Of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, which improves on every hearing, we have said so much already that we must be content at present to render homage to the almost faultless style of its performance. The elaborately accompanied *corale* in A minor produced, for the first time in London, the entire effect of which it is capable. The lovely chorals in C, with which the work concludes, was given with delightful smoothness, and the modulations in the middle part were as clear and decided as could have been desired. The solos and airs were executed by the four vocalists already named. Miss Birch's voice told very effectively in the *soprano* air in F, which is instrumented for the wood instruments with such transparent delicacy.

Spohr's *Last Judgment* is beyond all question his greatest oratorio. Its general style is more lofty, its writing more severe and masterly, and its choral effects more varied and impressive than in the *Fall of Babylon*. The instrumentation, also, while abounding in the most seductive instances of what have been termed the "mannerisms" of the composer, does not fatigue by its incessant fullness and excessive chromatic elaboration, as in the later oratorio, which again it excels in, in style as eminently sacred as the other is almost purely operatic. It is true the subjects differ materially, the *Last Judgment* being as severe as the *Fall of Babylon* is theatrical; but Handel has shown, in an oratorio too much neglected, how the familiar theme of *Belshazzar's Feast* may be appropriately treated without any violent departure from the sacred style. Spohr's fine work was performed as it has never before been performed at Exeter-hall, and the influence of Mr. Costa's experience and decision was most favourably manifested. While talking of Spohr, we may express our surprise that his oratorio of the *Crucifixion*, which many consider his best, should be so entirely overlooked. Surely the book may be modified to

quiet the solemn objections of the audience of Exeter-hall. Haydn's masses are turned into services, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* has been metamorphosed into an unintelligible story called *Engedi*. There can therefore be no visible reason why something of the kind may not be done for the sake of making a great work by so great a composer as Spohr familiar to the numerous devotees of the highest order of sacred music who exist in this metropolis, thirsting for novelty. What would have been done had Mendelssohn survived to complete his last oratorio, *Christus?* The same objection which deprives us of the *Crucifixion* would, by a parity of reasoning, have deprived us of that. The principal singers already named, were highly effective in the vocal parts. The hall was fully attended.

On Wednesday, *The Messiah* attracted the customary "Passion week" crowd. The hall was crisscrossed. The oratorio went admirably. The principal vocalists were Misses Catherine Hayes, P. Horton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for the 5th proximo.

#### M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

WE gave the programme of the last concert, and have only to add that the performance was as good as the selection was interesting. M. Billet was encored three times during the evening—Scarlatti's fugue in G minor ("Cat's Fugue"), the last movement (*prestissimo*) of Mendelssohn's *Sonata* in F sharp minor, and the study in G of Moschelles, being all so demanded. Pinto's charming sonata in A major, played with appropriate tranquillity of style, pleased even more than before. Weber's gorgeous sonata in A flat, a work of as much difficulty as beauty, long as it is, was listened to with continued attention and interest. We liked the study of Chopin less than anything else, wishing to express too much, M. Billet expressed nothing at all; and indeed the second part of the study, with its showers of chromatic chords, is not very suggestive of meaning. That in G minor of Sterndale Bennett, played with immense energy, was an effective climax to the concert. We strongly recommend to our readers the two studies of which this is one. They are published separately, under the title of *L'Amabile* and *L'Appassionata*, and are well worthy of a place in the set of six studies, which now form a part in every pianist's education—at least in Germany and England. M. Billet played both the studies at his first concert.

Signor Piatti's exquisite tone and perfect execution, found good scope in the delicious *Air Varié* for piano and violin-tello of Mendelssohn (in D major). The "great little Italian" was cheered to the echo, both before and after his performance.

The Misses Cole sang charmingly, and were deservedly encored in Mendelssohn's duet, "I would that my love could swiftly flow." Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren accompanied the vocal music in a most able and effective manner.

At the next and last of the present series of concerts, M. Billet has announced a rich and varied selection—Dasek's *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand*, will be heard by every amateur with delight. M. M. Sainton and Piatti will both exhibit their admirable talents in the former, in a Sonata of Haydn, the latter in the *Sonata Duo* of Mendelssohn, in D major.

\* At Chappell's, Bond Street.

† From "Classical Practice"—Mr. Coventry's interesting selection of chef d'œuvre.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is not often we edify our readers with extracts from the debates in the House of Commons, but we think few will be dissatisfied at being enabled to refer at leisure to the following conversation, which occurred on Tuesday, the subject being one so nearly connected with the interests of art.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

MR. HUME moved for an account of the receipt and expenditure of the Royal Academy in each year since 1836, and a statement of the amount appropriated in salaries, pensions, &c. He was induced to do so by an intimation which the noble lord at the head of the Government had given of his intention to propose a vote of money with the view of providing for the accommodation of the Royal Academy. In a former year he had submitted a somewhat similar motion, stating that, as the time was approaching when the Royal Academy must be removed from the National Gallery, it was proper to know what were the resources of the Royal Academy. The right hon. baronet the member for Tamworth (Sir Joshua Reynolds) and the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) voted against that motion. A Committee, appointed on the suggestion of the Government, had recommended that the whole National Gallery should be devoted to a national collection, and the Royal Academy be removed. It had been stated in evidence before that committee that in 1836 the Royal Academy possessed funds amounting to £47,000. The National Gallery had cost £95,000. The Royal Academy, which occupied it free of rent, was the only body of a public or private character in London that had refused to admit the public gratuitously to their exhibition after the lapse of a certain period: in a building they might have accommodated the public for a month after the admission by payment ceased. The effects of affording the public opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with the fine arts had been most beneficial. No country could boast of possessing such a collection as that at Hampton Court, where people, instead of spending their time in public-houses and tea-gardens, went to the number of 500 or 600 in a summer's day to enjoy themselves; and, to their honour be it said, it never happened that the least damage was done. (Hear, hear.) He would not agree to vote a single shilling for the Royal Academy till it should have been seen what funds they had of their own applicable to the purpose to which the noble lord had referred. Founding on calculations made in 1836, they ought by this time to have realized £100,000 from exhibitions. A general rule, sanctioned by the Sovereign, allowed them to accumulate £20,000, the interest being appropriated to pensions. But, whatever the funds were, the house had a right to know their amount before a claim was made on the public purse.

Lord John Russell had frequently had occasion to object to returns of the description now moved for; and, when the house had once, late at night, sanctioned a similar motion, the right hon. baronet the member for Tamworth had, in conjunction with himself, succeeded in inducing the house to rescind it. He did not see on what ground the hon. gentleman could propose such a motion. The hon. gentleman might maintain the opinions he did maintain; he might say that the Royal Academy was a body not calculated to prompt art; that it ought not to be allowed accommodation in a building raised at the public expense; that it was a mistake to give it accommodation in Somerset-house; that Sir Joshua Reynolds and all the great artists whose names were associated with its history were mere dabblers. (A laugh.) All that might be maintained; but how the hon. gentleman thought it was to be maintained that the House of Commons might require returns of the amount of money obtained from exhibitions, it was hard to understand. They might as well make inquiries relative to any other exhibition. They might ask Madame Tussaud, for example (laughter), how much she received.

MR. HUME.—If you gave her a house I would. (A laugh.)

Lord J. Russell was ready to admit that if George III. and his Ministers had allowed accommodation for the exhibitions on condition that the Royal Academy should render an account of all they received, there would have been a perfect right to turn them out on a refusal to render such account. But if it was arranged that the Royal Academy should have rooms in Somerset House or the National Gallery, that did not confer right on the House of Commons to demand an account of what the Royal Academy received. The money was money received, not from the public, but from the exhibitions. Rooms were given to the Royal Academy, but the pictures were the property of the artists. It was a matter for the discretion of the Royal Academy to admit or not to admit, the public, for some period gratuitously, and he regretted that they had not done so. Sir M. Stob had told him they were apprehensive that many valuable pictures might be injured and many miniatures stolen. He (Lord J. Russell) believed that they were wrong in coming to that conclusion, and that the gratuitous admission of the public would be as safe as their admission on payment of a shilling. Neither the Government,

however, nor that house, had a right to say to the Royal Academy. These pictures, the productions of your own skill and knowledge of art, the source from which you receive your income, you must show for nothing; and if they are injured or stolen you must take the risk. If the house were of opinion that no grant of money ought to be made for the purpose he had stated on a former evening, the Royal Academy must continue to exhibit the pictures in the present place till the Crown and Parliament took it away from them. But the fact of the pictures being exhibited in the National Gallery gave the house no right of inquiry into the private emoluments of the Royal Academy, their expenditure on the school of art, or the sums devoted to the payment of pensions to widows.

Mr. Ewart seconded the motion. So long as the Royal Academy remained in the private building given them by George III. they were a private body; but when a national gallery was provided them by the country, that moment they became a public body responsible to the nation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had given notice of his intention to apply for a grant of public money in order to give them another building, and this was another reason why this motion should be agreed to. But when they were asked to account for their money they said they were a private body, and when they wanted a new building they were a public body. One of the legs of this great Colossus stood upon public ground and the other upon private monopoly. (Hear, hear.) About 15 years ago the funds of the Royal Academy amounted to £47,000, and he should think that by this time they nearly reached £100,000. He wished no ill to the Royal Academicians, and of course should not think of attempting to cast a slight upon Sir Joshua Reynolds; but the house should remember that Sir Joshua Reynolds made the Academy, and not the Academy him. He was sorry to see that the noble lord at the head of the Government had left the house; but, in the absence of better reasons than had been advanced by the noble lord against this motion, he should certainly give it his support. (Hear.)

Mr. Banks said, if he were prepared to advance one shilling of the public money to the Royal Academy he should support the motion (hear, hear); but, as he was not prepared to do so (and he was surprised that it should enter into the head of the noble lord to make such a proposition under existing circumstances), he should hesitate before giving his vote for the hon. member for Montrose, because it appeared very doubtful whether this institution was to be considered as a private or a public body, and he was fearful of doing that which might be regarded as a precedent for investigating into the funds of private institutions. It was unfortunate for the character of the Academy that they had refused to throw open the institution at certain times to the public free of expense; as for the apprehension that the miniatures might be abstracted, it was at once trifling and absurd. (Hear, hear.) For himself, he wished to see the institution removed as soon as possible; and, if they chose to be considered as a private body, with all the benefits of privacy, let them build a chamber for themselves. (Hear.)

Mr. Hawes asked the house to review the history of the Royal Academy. It had been established by George III., who granted them a charter, and gave them rooms in Somerset-house for the exhibition of their works. All those rooms had been since surrendered to the public use, and in consideration of that surrender they had had other apartments granted them in the building at Charing-cross. Now, did that make them a public institution? (Hear.) Did it bring them within the jurisdiction of Parliament? He contended that it did not. If the Royal Academy had ever had a single farthing granted by that house, he admitted that Parliament would have a right to inquire into the appropriation of the funds; but that was not the case. Here was an institution which had raised a school of art, which was an honour to this country and to Europe; it had obtained funds entirely by its own exertions and its great abilities; and surely they had a right to expend their funds as they pleased. It was only within the last few years that that house had made the smallest advances for the purposes of art; but this Academy, without the aid of Parliament, had done so; it had established schools for instruction in the arts; it had sent artists abroad, and had conferred pensions upon the widows of artists who in their efforts to rise were not been enabled to make provision for those that they left behind them. Such was the expenditure of the fund, and such was the fund, Parliament proposed to inquire into as if it were a public institution. The result of the inquiry he was convinced, would be to the honour of the Academy; but it could not lead to any public advantage, inasmuch as the public had no control in the matter. (Hear, hear.)

Sir B. Hall could not suppose that the funds of this institution had been entirely acquired by their own private exertions. The fact was that they were derived from payments made by the public for seeing pictures, which certainly did emanate from the artists, but which were exhibited in a building belonging to the public. In his opinion, the Academy had shown its illiberality in refusing to allow the admission of the poorer classes to the exhibition during certain days of the week; and when the question came for a grant of public money to enable them to erect a



building, he should concur with the hon. member for Dorsetshire in most positively objecting to it. (Hear, hear!) As for the Royal Academy sending artists abroad, it amounted to very little, not above 23 or 24 having been sent abroad since the establishment of the institution.

Mr. Hinley thought it had not been satisfactorily explained whether this was truly a private or a public body. He would inquire whether the rooms in Somerset House were granted to them in perpetuity. If not, by whose sufferance did they hold the present building? Who paid for the repairs of the building? He believed it was not repaired by the Crown, but out of the general revenue of the country. They held it by the sufferance of the public; and so, holding that building free of expense, they were enabled to accumulate their funds. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had given notice of his intention to ask for a vote of public money for this very body; but, certainly, before coming to a decision upon that point, he should like to know what position this quasi public body was in, and what was the state of their funds. (Hear!) Upon the whole, it was a very mixed question, and though he might have been inclined to lean to the other side, but for the announcement of the Government that they were going to ask for a public vote, he should, under present circumstances, support the motion.

Mr. Newdegate looked upon the Royal Academy as a private body, which had had certain facilities afforded them by the public, and he could not see what right Parliament had to require a return of their funds—the proceeds of their own industry—with the view of disposing of them, for that was what the motion amounted to. If it were thought desirable, let them turn the Royal Academicians out of the present building, and let them erect one for themselves, but it was a gross injustice to insist upon their making returns similar to those which were exacted under Schedule D.

Mr. P. Howard did not think that the possession of a charter necessarily made the Royal Academy a public body, since there were numerous companies purely private that had charters. He should oppose the motion, and must say that he thought it very ungenerous to lay so great a stress upon a very small gift to those who so essentially contributed to the gratification and elevation of the public taste. Considering that mere house-room was the only boon which the nation had ever given to the artists of England, he thought it would be taking a most ungenerous advantage to require from them to return a statement of their income, which had been derived not from the public purse, but from the generosity of private individuals of taste. He asked the house not to forget the well-known lines of the poet Prior, which were as philosophical as they were trite and true:—

"If I owe Jack some obligation,  
And Jack immediately thinks fit  
To requite it to all the nation,  
Sure Jack and I are more than quit."

Mr. Hume said it was evident the hon. member knew nothing about the matter. (A laugh.) He would tell the hon. member however, that when the Royal Academy were anxious to obtain public assistance they came before a committee of that house and showed their accounts without hesitation or scruple. They said, 'We have received up to this period only £47,000, and have consequently, not the means of erecting a building for our accommodation; gave us, therefore, a portion of the National Gallery for that purpose.' It was upon that plea that their request was granted. (Hear, hear!) The hon. gentleman the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in his simplicity, did not seem to know the difference between money and means. He begged to remind the hon. gentleman, however, that the Royal Academy, though they had received no public money, had been for many years in possession of a building equal to £25,500 a year, for which they paid nothing. A committee of that house last session had unanimously recommended that the Royal Academy should be removed from that building, in order to make room for the pictures of the National Gallery. It was stated by Mr. Spring Rice, when the Academy first obtained possession of the building, that they were to retain it only until the public required it. Let them remove and build a house for themselves, and he should not care a whit about their accounts. (Hear, hear.)

"The house then divided. The numbers were—

"For the motion	...	...	12.
"Against it	...	...	47
"Majority against it	...	...	—35."

The Times of Wednesday devotes a third leader to the Royal Academy, which, as it expresses our own sentiments in much more forcible language than we could use, we quote entire, as a pendant to the above.

"The public is at length rewarded with an announcement of the

Ministerial plan for adjusting the differences between the nation and the Royal Academy. The curious structure that crowns 'the finest site in Europe,' and which has for some dozen years been devoted to the impossible experiment of reconciling the general interests of art with the particular interests of an exclusive society of artists, will be released with all convenient speed from the performance of this divided duty, and be appropriated solely to the reception of the national collection. In the interval that must elapse before this desirable change can be effected, the overflow of the National Gallery beyond its present too narrow limits will be received into Marlborough House, where the Vernon pictures and any others that through the patriotism of individuals, or the liberality of Government, may become the property of the nation, will possibly be seen to advantage. The humiliated Academy will be compensated with a grant of public money for the purpose of providing itself with another habitation. Such is the substance of Lord John Russell's answer to Mr. Ewart, in the House of Commons, on Monday night.

"We purposely ignore Mr. Hume's motion for an account of the Academy's receipts and disbursements, because that account cannot be demanded without conceding the Academy a public position which it ought not to hold and which it has itself repudiated. It may be true that this society has played a double part to suit its own purposes, presenting its private mask to all public interrogators, and inflating itself to national dimensions whenever there was a question of national aid. But this Protean policy on the part of the Academy, so far from affording ground for similar conduct on the part of its opponents, should make them all the more steadfast in their own position. It should never be forgotten that the Royal Academy is a private society. As such, it is independent of public control, and its finances are not amenable to public audit. But for the same reason it has no claim whatever to public support. There is no charter here either expressing or implying a responsibility of any kind. The Academicians, with singular prudence, have always declined an honour attended with such inconvenient obligations. It would be, therefore, most unwise to invest them now with a character which they might, perhaps, be willing to play for the nonce, but which they would undoubtedly discard at the first suitable opportunity.

"The Ministerial arrangement, in so far as it recognizes the paramount importance of the National Gallery over the Royal Academy, and promises to restore to the former the building designed for its exclusive use, is entirely satisfactory; in fact, it concedes all that we have asked. But, inasmuch as it goes farther—admits the Academy's claim for compensation, recognizes its public services, and proposes to endow it with a grant of public money, we, in common with the majority who spoke last night, are compelled to withhold our approval, at least until some better case is made out for the Academy than any which has yet been advanced.

"The right, if any there be, of the Royal Academy, to the use of a public building, rests upon no better foundation than an implied promise alleged to have been made by George the Third. The conditions upon which the apartments in Somerset House were originally bestowed are nowhere expressed; but it is asserted that his Majesty, when he gave up his palace of Old Somerset House, stipulated that a sufficient space should be allotted to the Academy in the new building. If such a stipulation were made, it is to be presumed that some evidence of it exists, and the public may reasonably demand its production before their money is given away to a private society. If, on the other hand, no such evidence can be produced, and the advocates of the Academy can prove nothing more substantial than the vague understanding supposed to have existed between two parties whose testimony cannot be obtained, it seems but reasonable that the public should decline an obligation so ineffectually imposed, and remit the applicants to such other remedies as their original private relations with the Sovereign may, in their own estimation, afford.

"The case against the Academy, however, does not stop here, nor rest solely upon an objection which, as it might possibly, raise a disagreeable discussion, the Academy have perhaps thought would not be insisted on. Assuming the implied promise, the alleged understanding, and the original right of possession, there remain other questions to be decided, of equal importance to the validity of the Academy's claim. These questions concern the



amount of benefit which our Gracious Sovereign's grandfather intended to confer, and the duration of the occupancy he intended to secure. Was it part of George the Third's design that the Academy should be housed, and therefore, in effect, supported at the public expense for ever, and should be intrusted with perpetual succession to any and every public building which might be devoted to the service of the arts? For 70 years the Royal liberality has enabled the Academy to live rent free, and the money value of that gift cannot be estimated at less than £140,000. During all that time the public have been paying the Academy for admission to their own buildings; and it was contended by the President and Secretary, 14 years ago, that the annual receipts from this source, and the sale of catalogues, amounted to £5000. This was before the removal of the Academy to the National Gallery, since which time the profits have considerably increased, and may now be set down at £7,000. Add to this that the society had accumulated in 1836 the sum of £47,000, which is said to be now more than doubled:—and we arrive at the conclusion that, however munificent may have been the design of its Royal founder, and however large the expectations of the original members, that design and those expectations have been fully realized—so far as money can realize them—and the society cannot reasonably complain at being left at length to its own resources. It might perhaps have been necessary for this bantling of the arts to be nursed in a public cradle, its first tottering steps guided and supported by Royal leading strings, and its infant efforts heralded by the highest authority; but after a lapse of 70 years it may be supposed to have reached some sort of maturity, and to have attained at least the academic standard of vigour. If not now, when will the Academy be able to go alone?

"These statements may, perhaps, induce our readers to think that the Ministerial proposal, so far from being a decision of the point at issue between the nation and the Royal Academy, only raises another and more important question, which it behoves Parliament and the public to decide. Are we to have free trade in art as in all other pursuits of a kindred nature; or is there something exceptional in painting and sculpture, so as to render Government patronage necessary to their maintenance and development? If the latter, is it expedient to delegate the duties of maintaining and developing the arts to a particular society, invested with exclusive privileges for the purpose, but without any public responsibility, or is it better to perform those duties directly under the same control and with the same publicity that watch and control all other public acts? It is obvious that the decision of this matter involves an inquiry, not only into the conduct of the Royal Academy, but into the very nature and constitution of all academies for the promotion of the arts. Such an inquiry we are not indisposed to make when a fitting time arrives: at present it is enough to protest against the installation of the Royal Academy in another building at the public expense."

We shall continue to watch progress. Meanwhile the motion of Mr. Hume—"Old Joe," as *Punch* calls him—although negatively, has been of essential service in provoking a discussion which has incited public curiosity to ask the Royal Academy a few plain questions, that, we imagine the Royal Academy will find it somewhat awkward to answer, without equivocation and shuffling. Sir Martin Shee's objection to admitting the public to the annual exhibition of new pictures, without fee, is as amusing as it is complimentary to the nation.

#### THE GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND. (From our own Reporter.)

The annual dinner of this charity took place on Monday, at the London Tavern, and was worthily presided over by Mr. Webster, the well-known lessee of the Haymarket Theatre. About 400 gentlemen assembled to do honour to the occasion, and there were nearly an equal number of ladies present in the gallery.

The usual toasts having been proposed and honoured, the

chairman gave, "the Army and Navy." The latter branch of the united services was responded to in a very appropriate and effective manner by

Mr. T. P. Cooke, who said that he had been so accustomed to use the language of others, that he felt his deficiency when thrown upon his own resources. He felt that he was placed in a false position in being called upon to respond to such a toast, as he could not suppose that there were not officers of the navy present, upon whom the task which he then fulfilled would more properly have devolved. He rapidly and in modest terms reviewed his life as a sailor, and concluded by saying, that whether on the deck of the vessel or on the boards of the theatre, he had, to use the words of Nelson, always endeavoured to do his duty.

Lord Ernest Bruce responded in brief and appropriate terms, to the toast of "The House of Lords and the House of Commons."

The Chairman then announced that he had arrived at the main business of the evening, which was to propose "Prosperity to the General Theatrical Fund," one of the most excellent and deserving charities that graced the land in which they lived. With prosperity to the institution, he coupled in eulogistic terms, the name of Mr. Buckstone, who held the strong box, and provided the wherewithal to support the decayed members of the time-worn theatrical profession. He then proceeded in clear and concise terms to state the results of his experience as an actor and manager, to show the unsubstantial and precarious character of a theatrical life—the number of aspirants as compared with those who achieve success, and the great difficulties to be encountered, and the talents and industry required, before the rewards which the stage presents are secured. In language replete with classical and dramatic quotation, he vindicated the character of the actor from the charge of improvidence, and in support of his views on this subject, he quoted the cases of Garrick, Quin the epicure, Smith, Moody, King, Lewis, Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and, in the olden time, Shakspeare himself.

Mr. Buckstone, according to annual custom, and as treasurer to the institution, acknowledged the toast. His statement was a very appropriate one, conveying all the necessary information with respect to the position of the charity, in brief and well-chosen terms. Yet, somehow or another, the familiar tones of the comedian's voice created quite as much merriment as what he said claimed attention. Even the preliminary "Gentlemen" was followed by a burst of laughter. He stated that the invested capital of the charity now amounted to £5,300; that there were five annuitants receiving £30 each, and that this year £30 had been returned to the widow of a deceased member. Their members now numbered 112; and though they possessed a respectable income, he reminded the company that they might soon have a large family to support. He could see that all around him had come there in the spirit of that great knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, who continued to keep his old pad with great care in his stables, "though he had been useless for several years." (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. Sheriff Nicoll having responded to his health, which was proposed by the Chairman,

Mr. C. Dickens then congratulated the company upon the very agreeable way in which they were spending quarter-day—a day not always devoted to such pleasing associations or such festive pursuits. He congratulated them on the continued prosperity of the fund, and on the constancy with which its members continued to contribute to its resources. He never went to any of the smaller theatres, such a theatre as he was

at lately, where no particular piece appeared to belong to any of the great headings in the bill, and where the principal sailor fought a combat with any person he met who might happen to be possessed of a sword—(a laugh)—he never went to such a theatre without having an increased sense of the constancy of those who continued members of the fund, and he believed that in that respect they set an example to the members of more lauded professions. (Cheers.) Coming to the toast which he wished to propose, he would not express the regret he felt that it had not fallen into better hands; for to tell the truth, he was glad that he held it in his, as it gave him an opportunity of rendering respect to a gentleman to whom the fund was much indebted. He then in highly eulogistic terms, and amidst the warm applause of the company assembled, proposed the health of Mr. Webster, whom he described as never behind the requirements of the public, as the encourager of the English drama, as not only employing the largest number of actors in the kingdom, but as honourably distinguished by the punctuality with which he remunerated their services. For 13 years he had fought manfully a stand-up English battle, not only against rival managers belonging to his own country, but against French, Swedes, Italians, and had encountered all sorts of strange animals—lions, tigers, bears, and even nightingales. (Laughter.) Mr. Dickens concluded a humorous speech by inviting the company to drink Mr. Webster, their chairman's, good health, which, it is almost unnecessary to say, they did in a very hearty manner.

The Chairman returned thanks, and various other toasts succeeded, to which Mr. Dickens, Mr. Stone, Mr. Brewster, and other gentlemen responded.

During the evening the Secretary announced a long list of subscriptions, amounting altogether to the sum of £40 and upwards.

The proceedings of the festival were greatly enlivened by the performances of many of our best known and most admired vocalists gratuitously offered on the occasion. Mr. Toole officiated as toastmaster.

The musical arrangements were under the able direction of Mr. Balfe, who presided at the piano. The vocalists were—Miss Dolby, Miss Lucombe, Miss Williams, Miss Messert, Miss Ransford, Miss Rainforth, Master Sloman, Mr. Land, Mr. George, Mr. Dawler, Mr. Smith, &c. Mr. Chatterton performed a solo on the harp.

#### A SKETCH OF THE PHILHARMONIC.

The following, from the *Lady's Companion*, is a specimen of a certain style of writing which obtains largely in the present day. It reminds us not a little of Theophile Gautier, and other French *feuilletonistes*, when, with nothing for a theme, they are compelled to manufacture an article of a wavy column.

Music.—A SKETCH OF THE PHILHARMONIC.—There are few things more interesting in the London season, than the gathering of the Philharmonic Society on its first rehearsal day. The sight of the members of that renowned band, numbering first-rate musicians among them, the very apex being men of talents; the several well-known faces, re-appearing with one more year's shadow of age, but with still ripened skill and added respect; the friendly greetings among themselves; the *bonhomie*, once more to enjoy together the highest productions of their glorious art, executed in the highest perfection, is in itself pleasant. Among the audience, too, we recognise many a face well known to us, associated with music; some of its great judges, its fondest lovers, as well as being noted for individual attainments and excellence in acts of their own. Now a literary head, tapping, we know, with many a thought, suggesting ideas, developing perhaps, by the sounds heard in

that room; now a countenance bringing to our mind the richest resources of comedy, while it assumes gravity in listening to an *adagio* or *andante*; now another, with deep business bespeaking the face accustomed to illustrate the emotions of tragedy, relaxing and unbending beneath the influence of a *staccato* or *allegro*; now some artist's eye, full of glorious imagery, hints of which may haply spring from the lovely poetic delineation of the "Pastorale," or the "Moonlight Sonata," successively present themselves; for men distinguished in divers professions—the author, the actor, the painter,—all take delight in haunting the Philharmonic rehearsal room. Another circumstance which gives a peculiar charm to these meetings of a society essentially composed of musicians, is the enjoyment of music, is the sight of those great veterans in the art, whom time has transformed into listeners in that very circle where they themselves were once among the most distinguished performers. They form scarcely less a proud ornament of the room, in one respect, than in the other. We behold with reverence the soul that gave animation to that time-touched frame, still revelling in the art it loves; we see the face still lighted with the enthusiasm which erst informed the fingers; we look upon the forehead that in its smooth season had well nigh the graces of a young Apollo, now furrowed, but yet beginning with the reflex of the beauty within—the glories of his *divine art*; we watch the hand that rests on the back of the next *seigneur*, wrinkled, but white and shapely, and remember well the unequalled *legato* for which it was once renowned, and think how fully it has earned a right to be reposing there, softly marking the measure which formerly it interpreted. Then enters the "Ruler of the Spirits" of the orchestra. He is greeted with the earnest though quiet tapping of bows on the backs of instruments, or on the ledges of desks—an emphatic mode of greeting peculiar to performers; and with the gentle clapping of palm usual with lovers of music—who think a great noise nowise necessary in the expression of approbation. There is interest in the despotic sway he exerts, marshalling those potent geniuses to "do his spiriting gently," what an imperial wave of the baton over his head when he would invoke a *fortissimo*; with what a sweeping rush of it he commands a *crescendo tutti*! And how expressive the intimation of the left hand—perfectly Italian in its eloquence of gesticulation—when he would have the *bellicose* of a *piano*!

The "great veterans" are Messrs. Griffin, Ayton, Burrows, Neate, &c. But the elaborate sketch of "him with the white hand," is no less a personage than John Crämer—"Glorious John" himself. We learn from the insinuation of our eloquent cotemporary, that the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven is an orchestral composition. We were not aware of it.

#### MADAME ANNA THILLON.

[The following rhapsodical effusion appeared lately in the columns of the *Toulouse Epingle*, apropos of the charming Anna Thillon in the character of Lucia in Donizetti's opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Setting aside the inflation of language and eulogistic extravagancies so abundantly exhibited in the article, the reader may glean therefrom a quantum of truth, more especially as he must be already acquainted with the graces and accomplishments of the fair artist. The article, for its own sake, is worth the preservation.—Ed. M. W.]

It was the Lucy of Walter Scott and of Donizetti which was revealed to our wondering senses. It was the virgin-dream of the poet with her passive and feminine softness. We beheld the very auburn locks of poor Lucy, nay the very smile which had fanned the love of Edgar! Never was the character better realised or made more vivid. A larger crowd than usual was collected together at the bidding of the graceful and charming Anna Thillon. It has been frequently said that Lucia was the great triumph of the artist, since nature had placed her birth exactly in those lands of mist and storm where her elder sisters who interpreted the character had never been. But let us hasten to the performance—we shall assist at the magic conjuration of the tenderness of lovers and of the most unfortunate of brides. The audience were panting with anxiety, trembling with enthusiasm. As has been said

by a contemporary, Madame Anna Thillon makes her personage when appearing before the public by her look, gesture, and the carriage of her person, no less than in her voice, style and method of singing; she enchains her hearers. This look is in fact the touchstone of the true and great artist.

I do not exaggerate, but in the representation enthusiasm had reached its utmost height; it expressed itself—from time to time, in loud cries of bravo and clapping of hands.

It is but just to say, that Marie excellently supported Madame Anna Thillon, and by the side of the great artiste he felt perfectly at his ease; he displayed vigor and energy, and was on several occasions received with cheers.

The most remarkable portion of the performance was the Fountain Scene, where the interchange of love vows takes place, before the protesting nymph of lovers, in the tenderness and delicacy of which the genius of the composer seems to have entirely centred. This scene produced a magic effect on the audience. We could say as much of the scene of the malediction, in the second act, after which the two artistes were recalled, amidst the most enthusiastic applause, while showers of bouquets were rained on the stage from all parts of the house. Never did I witness a more perfect *furor*.

The histrionic qualities of Madame Thillon showed themselves more particularly in the scene of madness; her acting was so natural, so overpoweringly truthful, that she made my very hair stand on end.

Madame Thillon is a thorough comedian, and when she leaves us, to reap other crowns, it will be like a splendid luminary which has suddenly disappeared from the sky. It will leave a blank, and many regrets, which it is impossible to avoid! God is great,

FREDERICK G.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### ST. JAMES'S.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—The performances of the company of the Opéra Comique terminated on last Friday week, with the *Diamans de la Couronne*, by Aubert. We have had frequent opportunities of remarking on the merits of the principal performers; we shall, therefore, merely record the fact, by stating, that this was one of the most brilliant nights of the season, both on account of the intrinsic merit of the attractions presented, and the great concourse of spectators, anxious to profit by this last opportunity of hearing their favourites. Mdlle. Charton was as usual hailed with tumultuous applause, and on being recalled after the opera, was literally covered with bouquets and wreaths. It must be confessed, she never sang better than on Friday last, and was admirably supported by Mdlle. Guichard, and by Messrs. Lac and Chateaufort. The second season of the Opéra Comique is now over, and the manager has, we hope, every reason to feel satisfied with the success of his undertaking. If he be as content with the patronage which he has received, as we have every reason to be with the fare which he has provided for our entertainment, he will have reaped a rich harvest both of profit and honour. If ever manager deserved well of the public, Mr. Mitchell has done so; he has given us certainly the best opera—he has spared no expense in their production—and his troupe has been as good as any that could be produced out of Paris. His orchestra has been excellent, and scenery most appropriate. On the whole the company was stronger than it was last year, with the sole exception of M. Condere, whose absence we deplored; but in his place we had M. Chollet and M. Lac,

who, combined, more than counterbalanced the loss we sustained. Mdlle. Charton was again the *prima donna*. This lady has secured the good-will and admiration of the English public, by her lady-like manner and her talent quite *à la française*. Her vocalization is perfect, her manner of phrasing correct, and her intonation faultless. More especially in rapid passages her execution excites our astonishment by the swiftness and distinctness of her utterance, and the aplomb and certainty with which she throws off the most daring flights, and most dangerous intervals. As an actress she has made much progress; she has acquired confidence, and now displays considerable energy, and a true sentiment of the pathetic. Few actresses have possessed to such an extent the secret of predisposing the public in their favour, and captivating their attention by her modest and unassuming demeanor. In Mdlle. Guichard we have had perhaps the best of *Dugazon*. Both her acting and singing deserve especial commendation; she is a great favourite, and by her talents has contributed much to the success of the performances at the St. James's. Madame Mancini also deserves a word of praise, as a careful actress and excellent duennette. Neither must we forget Mdlle. Cotti, who displayed considerable talent in the part of Georgette, in Halévy's opera *Le Val d'Andorre*. We shall now turn to the men, and first we find the ever-green, inimitable Chollet. M. Chollet's line is principally the comic, and in such parts he is superior to any singer now on the French stage. In serious parts his voice does not always answer to his intention, but he possesses so much art in the management of it that we scarcely perceive the defect. He is an excellent actor, and we hope that this will not be the last time of his coming among us. M. Lac made good progress during the season, and, in the present dearth of tenors, may be considered as an acquisition. His voice is good and his acting appropriate. Of M. Killy Leroy we cannot say much good, and leave him to his fate. M. Chateaufort is one of the best actors of low comedy we ever saw; his presence on the stage is marked by shouts of laughter, and his singing is well adapted to the parts which he represents. M. Buguet is also a good actor, but, perhaps from a stubborn memory, is apt to forget his part; we advise him to do his best to avoid this defect. In the part of the porter of the convent, in the *Domino Noir*, we should not wish for a better actor, but in others he has not come up to that standard. M. Nathan promised more than he has kept, his voice is good, but he too often sings sharp. The chorus has been better managed and drilled this year, and have consequently been more effective; the orchestra, under the direction of M. Hansen, was all that could be wished. The greatest care has also been taken in the decorative and scenic department. On the whole we consider that we have every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which the manager has redeemed his pledge to the public, and we hope that he will find sufficient inducement to continue his efforts.

After Easter the theatre will open with comedy and vaudeville. Some of the best actors of the French stage have been engaged, and a variety of the best pieces of the modern repertoire are underlined for performance. Among the engagements we may mention the names of Mdlles. Denon and Nathalie, of the Théâtre Français, both well known to the English public, and those of Messrs. Regnier and Lafont, old favourites, and M. Samson, who combines the talents of an actor and author, and has as yet never appeared in London. The principal pieces promised are *Bertrand et Raton* and *La Camaraderie*, both new comedies, by Scribe; *L'École des Peintres*, *Un Négociant*, *Ma Femme et ma place* by Samson; two proverbs by Alfred de Musset, the most elegant of modern

French writers; *Gabrielle*, by Emile Augier; and *Les Deux Femelles de St. Cyr*, by Alexandre Dumas; also *Le mari à la Campagne*, and a host of other novelties, too numerous to mention. The after season will open with Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton*, in which M. Balthazet will play the part of the Count Bertrand de Ranzan. We had forgotten to mention the names of Madlle. Brasseur, from the Palais Royal, Madlle. Avenel, from the Odéon, and Renaud, from the Vaudeville, as having accepted engagements. Madlle. Rachel will close the season; of her we say nothing, the name is sufficient.

To Opera, M. Mitchell has produced *Le Val d'Audorre*, *Zampa*, *Le Cid*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, *Le Maçon*, *L'Écluse de Camouens*, all new to this country; he has also given *Ne touchen pas à la Reine*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Le Maître de Chapelle*. We have no doubt that his selection of comedy will be equally judicious, the samples given being of the best quality, and we do not doubt of his success.

J. DE C —

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HALLÉ and ERST gave the third of their delightful series of concerts on Thursday, the 21st inst.; the room was as full as ever, and the audience as attentive and enthusiastic. The programme was more varied, and on a different plan, as will be seen by a reference to it; the greatest work being given last, instead of at the beginning of either first or second part:—

PART I.—Quartet (No. 15, in D minor), two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Haydn; Song, "The First Violet," Miss Kenneth, Mendelssohn. Andante con Variazioni (from Sonata in F), pianoforte and violin, Mozart.

PART II.—Quartet (in B minor, Op. 3), pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Mendelssohn. Canonet, "An Chloe," Miss Kenneth, Mozart. Grand Sonata (in C minor, Op. 30), pianoforte and violin, Beethoven.

We noticed several new visitors at this concert, including some keen lovers of music from Bury and other neighbouring towns— attracted no doubt by the celebrity of the executant—and we found also the usual great charm of these concerts in the evidently deeply interested and delighted auditory. Every one looks animated, pleased, and excited. The opening piece was a quartet for the four stringed instruments (by the same performers as at the last concert), Haydn in D minor; and an excellent example of his particular school it was; the performance being distinguished by the same remarkably acute perception and thorough appreciation of the composer's intentions, with the same talent and power of giving them effect that we have before praised so highly. The first movement (allegro) was very charming; the andante still more so; it got warmly applauded. The minuet was knocked off in that rollicking style that its character demands, it almost borders on the vulgar, but the playing of Ernst and his colleagues gave refinement to it. The next instrumental treat was the andante, with variations, from Mozart's Sonata in F—an example from another of the great masters, and most exquisitely rendered by Ernst and Hallé; the aplomb and certainty with which these two artists play together is truly marvellous, to say nothing of the delicacy and beauty of their performance.

The interest seemed to increase as the concert proceeded, for the second part opened with a pianoforte quartet of Mendelssohn's—that is, one with three-stringed instruments and pianoforte—the one in D minor (Op. 3). If Op. 3 means the third of Mendelssohn's Chamber compositions, or even the third composed of his quartets, it is the more marvellous that in so early a work its gifted author should have displayed such talent, taste, originality, and fancy. The first two movements are very beautiful, abounding both in the sweetest melodies and fullest harmonies; they alone would prove Mendelssohn to be the composer of whom the mantle of Beethoven was worthy to fall. In the scherzo he makes a remarkable union with the three strings—violin, tenor, and violoncello—

accompanied by the pianoforte. (Here Hallé surpassed all his former achievements.) The second movement (the andante) is very lovely. Lidel had the gratifying notice of a general murmur or whisper of applause after his fine delivery of a solo, or obligato passage on his violoncello; and the entire performance was marked by repeated bursts of subdued "bravi" from enraptured listeners, as well as by rapturous applause at the close of each movement; they were too long to enclose (or to repeat, if encased, many of them), but the andante was fairly entered; Ernst, however, merely acknowledged the compliment by one of his expressive and dignified bows. The grand treat of the night, as usual, was a Sonata of Beethoven's for the two—Ernst and Hallé; the great one in C minor. Anything more sublime in conception or delivery we never listened to; the composition of such master excites our wonder; its execution by such men as Ernst and Hallé must thrill the coldest or most unamiable hearers; the adagio cantabile is about as near divine as any earthly strain can possibly be. To describe it is impossible; it fills and satisfies the mind to such an extent, that, held breathless almost during its performance, all you can do at its close is to exclaim with wonder and delight.

The grandeur, the immense fertility—the elegance and originality of the melodies—exhibited in Beethoven's instrumental works, is certainly beyond that of any other composer. Mendelssohn alone seems to approach him in his chamber composition; and this C Minor Sonata is one of the finest of them. Both Ernst and Hallé seemed to surpass all their former excellence—the expression was so beautiful; Ernst's violin in the Adagio was mournfully eloquent; we could almost fancy it endowed with vitality, and that it was the wail of some living thing. The applause was again prolonged and loud. Miss Kenneth made her first appearance at these concerts this season; she was looking very well; she has adopted the Albion style of dressing her hair, which becomes her exceedingly; she has improved too in her singing, and we commend her taste in the selection of her songs, the only drawback we have to make, is a little unsteadiness still in her tones, and a deficiency of expression, as well as indistinct articulation; those faults she should overcome by all means as she possesses a voice of excellent quality. The song about the violet is one of Mendelssohn's happy inspirations, and would have been more warmly appreciated if the audience could have heard the words so as to distinguish them.

The next is (alas!) the last concert for the season, and takes place on the 4th proximo. We wish we could hear it twice!—should be glad of a dual instead of single ticket, to try.—Meantime we are delighted with your account of the opera openings, and more especially of the *Der Freischütz*, at Covent Garden. How dearly we should like to come and hear poor Weber's master-piece, with such a cast ("Caspar" greatest of all)—chorus and c. chœra—the overture, and all those lovely and exquisitely dramatic accompaniments, must be glorious, played by such a band, under Costa's baton! Well! at present we must content ourselves with reading your excellent critiques thereon quietly at home.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

THE Concerts for the People, which have now extended over six months, have been very liberally supported. The music has been of a popular character; and, as an arena for the productions of our native composers, these concerts have supplied a long-felt desideratum. On Monday last we had an oratorio by a resident professor here, Mr. Glover. *Jerusalem* was first performed here some two years ago, and met with a highly flattering reception. Since that time the Hargreaves Concerts have suspended, and in this much boasted musical city, strange to say, we have at present no regular organised choral society. Mr. Peacock is now, therefore, the only concert speculator we have among us, and certainly deserves much praise for his enterprise and spirit in endeavouring to provide high class entertainments. The Weekly Concerts are also under his management, and are supported by a vocal corps of some fifty voices, all resident in the town; the only occasional star is our English soprano, Mrs. Sunderland; the whole of the orchestral arrangements being in the hands of Mr. D. W. Binks, who has admirable tact for his office. Mr. Glover's oratorio on Monday last suffered in several important particulars. Mrs. Sunderland, who was engaged for the leading soprano, disappointed

the audience by sending, at the eleventh hour, a telegraphic message to the effect that she was indisposed. This came too late to provide a substitute; therefore the part was omitted, leaving the whole godless—very like the play of *Hamlet* minus the Prince. An organ accompaniment was the only assistance rendered; hence we must not judge of the work until a further hearing, which we hope will be soon. Suffice it, however, we heard to justify us in anticipating for it a cordial welcome whenever it shall be heard within the sound of your "Bow bells." The author had the distinguished favour of being personally acquainted with the ever-to-be-deeply-lamented Mendelssohn, who, while living, took a deep interest in this young production of Mr. Glover's, and in the kindest manner offered to revise it. I have only just time to say, a very general feeling is now being manifested in Mr. Glover's behalf. About ninety of the chorists here have generously offered their gratuitous services for a performance of *Jerusalem*. Among the number I may name Miss Parry and Miss Shaw—our leading sopranos. Of the results you shall know anon. I am afraid of encroaching on the territories of your regular correspondents, or would just give you a line on the "Gentlemen's Glee Club," which held their annual dress concert on Thursday evening, 21st inst. Mrs. Sunderland was the principal vocalist, and sang most charmingly the whole evening. I send you a programme, but will not trespass further than to observe, that Mr. James Isherwood, son of the never-to-be-forgotten father of the Club, the late Mr. John Isherwood, achieved many laurels deserving of his name, this gentleman is by far the most accomplished vocalist here, he possesses a clear baritone voice, and in his efforts always manifests a most praiseworthy ambition to give energy and point to his music. His conception is just, and in feeling and expression he will bear comparison with any of your metropolitan artists. Apologising for the length I have taken, and promising to drop a line in your box now and then, I subscribe myself, yours,

S. W.

## MUSIC AT SHEFFIELD.

(From a Correspondent.)

WELL knowing that you are ever desirous of hearing of the musical doings in the country, I feel assured that you will give my humble letter a space in your interesting journal. Mr. Saunders, professor of singing, in Sheffield, has given a series of ten grand promenade concerts, à la Jullien, during the past season. His band has been composed of all the principal instrumentalists residing in Sheffield. Mr. Saunders has himself conducted. Mr. H. Bell, violinist, was the leader; and Mr. J. S. Booth the pianist. In addition to the band, numerous well known artists from London, Liverpool, and Manchester, have been engaged; among whom we can remember the Misses Williams, Mr. Richardson, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Parkes, Mr. Ryalls, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Thalberg.

The selection of music consisted of many established classical pieces, and the chief popularities of Jullien, Strauss, Koenig, besides many compositions by the conductor, Mr. Saunders. On Tuesday evening the tenth and last of the series was given. The usual concert band was assisted by the feed and brass band of the Third Dragoon Guards. Mrs. Parkes and Mr. Ryalls were the vocalists.

The Music Hall was densely crowded, and hundreds were turned away. The programme contained the overtures to *Musamilla* and *Fra Diavolo*, which were warmly applauded; the "Olga Waltz," "Drum Polka," and "Post Horn Galop," which pleased generally, and were effectively played by the bands. The "Victoria Galop" and "Belle Polka," by Mr. Saunders, which were quite deserving of all the applause they received. Mrs. Parkes and Mr. Ryalls were both, in first-rate voice, and were accorded in every thing they sung. Mr. Saunders also, in "Lo! the Factorum" ("Largo al Factotum"), received, a well-deserved encore. The laughing trio of Martin, "Vadai via di qua," was repeated three times, so pleased were the audience with its spirited execution. The concert was a long one, not being over till twenty minutes past eleven. Mr. Saunders has announced two extra nights for the 1st and 2nd of April.

ANATRA

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SEBASTIAN BACH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Allow me through the medium of your excellent journal to make a suggestion relative to a matter which, I am somewhat surprised to find, has been overlooked by those more conversant to the task.

It seems to have escaped the notice of the *Bach* Society, that the centenary of that great composer occurs on the 28th of July next. Surely such an occasion ought not to be passed over so unmarked; and I trust that there are many professors and organists in the metropolises (to say nothing of those in the provinces), and among them the talented President of the *Bach* Society himself,—I mean Stenardale Bennett,—who would gladly assist in getting up a festival worthy of the occasion.

The arrangements I leave to abler hands than mine; but I may suggest that a grand congress of Organists, both English and foreign, would be an interesting feature; and we should then have an opportunity of comparing our best organ-players with those of Germany and Holland.

I trust that the hint thus hastily thrown out may have the desired effect; but it would be more than useless were it confined to a mere performance by a small body, such as the *Bach* Society. The demonstration ought to be on a scale of grandeur befitting the transcendent genius of the great pontiff of the organ, Handel. Take the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, or the Commemoration of Handel at Westminster Abbey, as a model of what ought to be done on the occasion.

I may add, in conclusion, that the period at which the festival would take place will enable provincial organists and professors to attend, and render their valuable assistance in furtherance of the scheme.

Let me again express the hope that the plan will be taken up by our leading composers and performers. If this be done I feel assured that their efforts will be warmly seconded by every sincere admirer of Sebastian Bach, and by none more so than your truly,

A WEST COVENTRY ORGANIST.

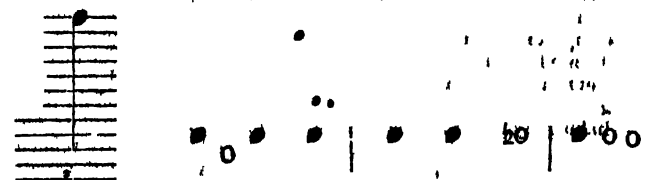
P.S.—How comes it that Fisch Flowers has overlooked so interesting a fact?

Devonshire, March 27, 1850.

## FLUTE FINGERING.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Believing the *Musical World* is fond of disseminating anything of interest among its numerous admirers, I have the pleasure to send you a new fingering on the Boehm flute for a note, I think, higher than has ever hitherto been produced on the flute. Nicholson introduced the E flat, but here is the F natural:



I have mentioned this fingering to two or three professors, who all admit it to be a new note. I send it to you, lest any foreigner should claim the discovery.

Your constant reader and subscriber,

March 15, 1850.

W. A. H.

## ON REMINDING AND SINGING MASTERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—It is the duty of every man to pursue a solid and profitable forward course, even though it may be in some respects prejudicial to his interests. But too often men depart from this principle, by screening the few and powerful to the injury of the many and powerless. My late observations on the singing masters of this country have been made from no liberal or personal motives, but







tenor, in the third; the air of Salika, *Amant's plegiera*; *Rafel's avaritia*, and several others.

If the composer could be induced to allow some absolutely necessary abbreviations (principally of the *recitatives* and *aria's*, the last especially) there is no doubt that in spite of some objections to the plot, the opera would grow higher and higher in the estimation of the public on every new performance, more particular since the first representation was so generally perfect. The excellent orchestra fulfilled its difficult task under the able leadership of Mr. Stoppel, with complete precision. The great applause and unanimous calls for the composer at the end of the second and third act, must have rewarded him for many hours of labour and affliction.

A. MATHRESSEL

[The above article, from a Brunswick paper, by a well known critic, relates to an opera called *The Faithful Brothers*, by Mr. Alexander Mitchell, a member of the Society of British Musicians, who is stone blind.—Ed.]

## COMPARISONS OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

(From the "World.")

THE nature of the pleasure caused by dramatic entertainments differs from that which we receive from the kindred art of poetry, painting, or sculpture, both in kind and in degree. In poetry, for instance, that art to which the drama is nearest akin, and of which, indeed, it is usually considered to form a sub-genus, a certain dreamy indistinctness is allowed; the mind, wandering abroad on the wings of the imagination, works out for itself many a half-sketched outline, supplies many an absent tone, and perfectly, according to the perceptions of each individual reader, the harmony, of which only the key notes have been struck by the author. But no such liberty can be allowed to the dramatic writer; his picture must be filled up in all its details—nothing of the conduct and action of his composition can be left to the imagination; for on the stage we see not only the form and figure of man, but even expect to behold the very workings of his heart.

Truth of sentiment, as well as truth of diction, are nowhere so essential as in the theatre; for it is man himself that we go to see—man, not as he might be, but as he is—man, painted perhaps in colours, a little, and only a little, broader and deeper than those of nature—man, with his passions and vices, his virtues and his weaknesses. On the stage, we gratify a moral curiosity to observe the thoughts and actions of our fellow-men; we like to follow as simple spectators, though not uninterested, their motives and passions—to laugh at them when they are ridiculous, and to sympathise with them when they are unhappy. The pleasure we enjoy is akin to that described by Lucretius—

"E terra magnas, altæque spectare labores."

The first condition of dramatic emotion is, that the passion which excites it should be true. Now truth, in its highest expression, can only be predicated of those passions which are common to all mankind in all ages—such as love, jealousy, terror. There is, however, besides, a lower grade of truth, if we may so say, which applies to individuals, not to man in general; as, for instance, it may be conceived that the feelings and consequently actions, of a particular man, placed in particular circumstances, might differ from those which would be entertained by the rest of the world if placed in the same position. So we would distinguish, in speaking of the truth of passions, general from particular truths.

And here we must remark, one of the principal distinctions between the ancient and modern drama. The ancient dramatists, not only the Greeks, but likewise Shakespeare and Corneille, took for their subjects the most ordinary passions of the human breast; as *Love*, in the *Tragedy of Othello*—ingratitude, in *Lear*. Many modern writers, on the contrary, have made the interest of their compositions consist in the peculiarities of particular dispositions, combining often with painful elaboration, forms of character and feeling which, if they exist at all except in the brain of the dramatist, are to be found but rarely; conceiving that by carrying out into the passion the novelty that should exist in the plot, they increase the interest of the spectator.

The strongest possible examples of this practice are to be found in the works of the modern French dramatists. M. Victor Hugo, for instance, would seem to have written many of his dramas upon the principle of allying the most contradictory passions in the same person, bringing in the same character every vice with one virtue; as in *Lucrezia Borgia*, Lucrezia is painted as incestuous, bloodthirsty, polluted with almost every crime, but possessing one solitary human feeling—maternal love; and in *Marion de l'Orme*, where the heroine, a courtesan, is described as loving Didier with all the purity of virgin affection. It is impossible to deny that M. Hugo, M. Dumas, M. Soulié, &c., have written plays containing very high dramatic interest, but it must be admitted that they have not acted upon the maxim of the great painters of Italy—a maxim which seems to be perfectly applicable to theatrical composition—namely, that the most powerful effects are produced by the use of the simplest colours.

In continuation of this part of our subject, we shall attempt to analyse the different treatment of a particular subject, namely, the ingratitude of children, by three authors of different ages; Sophocles, in the *Œdipus Colonus*; Shakespeare, in *King Lear*; and Balzac, in the novel (which has been dramatised) of *Le Père Goriot*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—Miss Emma Stanley, late of the Princess's Theatre, gave a monological entertainment, entitled, "A New, Original, and Musical Melange," on Tuesday evening. The entertainment is written by George Sala, Esq. (who wrote of the songs by T. Sullivan, Esq., and the music arranged and composed by W. Lovell Phillips. The performance was very amusing and the music adapted most cleverly and with much spirit. The room was tolerably full.

Mrs. Gracey Soprano, the popular concert singer, is expected in London shortly. During the winter he has been singing with success in Milan, and since, has made a profitable tour in Germany.

KINGTON.—The fifth meeting of the Kington Musical Society took place on Friday last before a large and brilliant audience, including the Earl and Countess of Oxford. It being Lent, the selection was of a sacred character. Several juvenile members of the Hereford Cathedral Choir were added to the choir, which greatly enhanced the effect of the performance. The Choruses "Lift up your Heads" (The Hallelujah, (Hallelujah), "I will give thanks," (Mozart), Mendelssohn's "A rest in the Lord," and Handel's "O thou that tellest," seemed to be the favourites, as several of them were encored. Dr. Nare's psalm diet for two sopranos was chastely sung by two of the Cathedral boys. In the course of the evening, Mr. Ridley, the conductor, from whose spirited exertions the society originated, played three of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte." The beautiful ones in A and A 2 were rapturously encored. The last meeting for the season takes place in a month. In the interim, we are to be favoured with a visit from H. J. Phillips, the English Bass.—Abridged from the Hereford Journal.

**MOULDS. CHARTON.**—Mr. Mitchell brought the first division of this season to a close with Auber's *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. We have recorded our opinions so fully on the merits of this graceful production that it were superfluous to repeat their substance here. But, trite as would be any observations of ours on the story or the music, Mlle. Charton's rendering of both is ever fresh and new. It were injustice, not so much to the artist as to the public, to leave such a performance altogether without notice. It was neither a lifeless repetition of what is set down in the score, nor in the slightest degree an indication of extraneous efforescence on the thoughts of the composer. It was nature speaking in the chastened utterances of art. Yet no jot of the glowing warmth of the former was lost in the exquisite finish of the latter. The audience, which was as numerous as the house could contain, and which consisted of the *élite* of fashion and taste, seemed entranced by the magic of the enchantress. The applause was frequent and fervid, and the feeling when the curtain fell was manifestly one of regret that the opera could not be then and there repeated. Mademoiselle Charton was re-demanded and greeted with a shower of bouquets and garlands, as an intimation that her absence from the scene of her triumphs could not be so brief, or her career so brilliant, as would meet the grateful wishes of those whom she had at once delighted and instructed.—*Morning Post*.

**THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY** have announced Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* for next Friday, the 5th inst., Miss Catherine Hayes, Misses Williams, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Formes, sustaining the principal vocal parts.

The *Athenæum* announces that the Queen has bestowed a pension of £100 a year on Mrs. Henry Moore, wife of the celebrated poet Thomas Moore. The pension, as the warrant sets forth, is granted "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health."

**BRAVO! JENNY LIND!**—Jenny Lind was offered some thirty thousand pounds to sing at the Imperial concert at the court of Russia. Jenny's significant negative to the offer was "Hungary." Great is the triumph of genius, when the nightingale is too much for the eagle.—*Punch*.

**THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY**, we are informed, intends producing Mr. Horsley's oratorio. Mr. Horsley, we understand, is the son of the composer, who, as a glee writer, is so well known in Manchester. A symphony, by Mr. C. Horsley, has recently been played at Cassel, conducted by the veteran Spohr, who, we learn, is quite recovered from his recent fall.

**MR. OSBORNE**, the popular composer and pianist, is at Paris. He will return to London at the commencement of April.

**DE BERTOT** is spending his *congé* at the *Conservatoire* of Brussels, at Paris.

**VIEWEGGERS.**—This celebrated violinist will devote the first part of his *congé* from St. Petersburg to visit Brussels, his native city. He has composed a new concerto. It is probable that *Vauxtempé* may pay London a short visit this season, about June. He will arrive at Brussels in May.

**GRISI AND MARZO**, the "incomparable twain," quitted St. Petersburg on the 20th. They are daily expected in London.

**MADAME PLAYEL**, the queen of pianists, is in Paris, spending her *congé* from the Brussels *Conservatoire*, we trust pleurably and profitably. Her visit to London is at present problematical.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—Mr. Bann closed his present season here on Saturday last, and spoke the following farewell address:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It would be the height of all ingratitude were I to suffer this evening to pass over without acknowledging the heavy obligations which your kindness has imposed upon me. You have given me, throughout my undertaking, a reception rarely allotted to performers of even the highest standing, by virtue of which I have received provincial offers I now go to carry out in every part of the empire; and I will trespass on you no further than to say, that when I cease to remember this, I hope you will cease to remember me."

**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—On Monday evening Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul* was given by this society, to a crowded hall. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Mrs. Noble, Miss Byers, Messrs. Lockey, Lawler, &c. The novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Miss Bassano at these concerts. Miss Bassano has been long known as one of the most distinguished

of our mezzo-soprano singers, and in every respect qualified to interpret the inspirations of the great sacred writers. Her performance on Monday was what might have been anticipated. She gave the recitations with great energy, and obtained a merited *encore* in the air "Oh! rest in the Lord." Miss Birch sang with her wonted ability, especially in the song, "Hear ye, Israel." The trio without accompaniments, "Lift thine eyes," was *encored*, an honor due to the manner in which it was delivered by the Misses Birch and Byers, and Mrs. Noble. The chorus sustained its reputation. The *Baal* choruses, with Mr. Lawler's bass recitatives in bold relief, were delivered with characteristic force, as was also the "Woe unto him; he shall perish," one of the finest choruses of the work. *Judas Maccabeus* will be given on the 17th April.

**STOCKPORT.**—THE MESSRS. DISTIN'S Concert took place at the Mechanics' Institution, on Friday evening, being their first appearance since their return from America. The house was so crowded, that numbers were unable to obtain admittance. The performances commenced with Donizetti's quartet from *Belisario*, which Mr. Distin and his three sons played on their silver sax-horns, in beautiful style, accompanied by Mr. Willy on the piano-forte. Miss Moriatt O'Connor sang several ballads during the evening with exceeding good taste. She has a good voice—but appeared to better effect in concert with the Brothers Distin, who are also singers, one or two possessing considerable pretensions. The ancient madrigal, composed in 1541, "Down in a Flowery Vale;" "Sol Fa, or Singing Lesson;" "a Vocal Quartet;" and "Annie Laurie," a Scotch ballad, sung by Miss O'Connor, were all *encored*. Amongst the instrumental accomplishments was a solo from *Soumbula*, by Mr. H. Distin, introducing the air "All is Lost," which was applauded. "The Echo Hunting Duet," arranged by Mr. Distin, and represented on the French horns by Messrs. H. and W. Distin, was deservedly *encored*. The echo, we are informed, was produced, not from a third wind instrument in the distance, as one would suppose, but by a novel application of science conveying the sound into a glass globe, whence, at a slight interval, the softened echo arises with infallible exactness. The Fantasia from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, was brilliantly executed on the sax-horns; but the best performance of the evening was the "Quartet" from a favourite opera, by Messrs. Distin. The talents of these artists were fully brought out in this composition. The *ensemble* of the instruments, from the smallest to the largest, was perfect. The performances were successful in eliciting enthusiastic applause. The Concert concluded, at ten o'clock, with "God Save the Queen," arranged by Mr. Distin, and accompanied by Mr. Willy.—*Stockport Advertiser*, March 21.

**BATH.**—A numerous meeting of the members of the Harmonic Society attended the Concert at the Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening last. E. Fletcher, Esq., presided. The programme and the performance were particularly good, and, tested by the applause, were well received. The pleasing duet, "Oh, where have you been, sweet sister Fay?" was charmingly sung by Mrs. K. Pyne and Miss Gilbert. An *encore* was requested. The madrigal, "My bonnie Lass," was given by the choir with admirable precision. Dr. Calcott's "Thou art beautiful, Queen of the Valley," and Rossini's "Charity" chorus, arranged as a quintet, were both effectively sung, and listened to with marked attention. Dr. Cooke's pleasing glee, "In the Merry Month of May," cleverly sung by Mrs. K. Pyne, Messrs. Bell, Pyne, and Bianchi Taylor, was *encored*. In the second part, Miss Patton and Mr. B. Taylor sang the duet from *Maritana*, "Of Fairy Woad had I the power," with characteristic effect and ability. Other favourite pieces were given very successfully, the concert concluding with the music from *Macbeth*. We have seldom heard it given with better effect, particularly the "Echo" chorus, and the slow movement, "At the Night Raven's dismal Voice." We regret, with others, that these meetings will so soon terminate, the Ladies' Night, on the 12th of April, being the last this season.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

**MR. HENRY RUSSELL** has been giving a series of entertainments at the Lyceum during the week, in which he introduced his favourite dramatic scenes, "The Ship on Fire," "The Gambler's Fate," and others. Mr. Henry Russell has attracted unusually good houses, the receipts averaging eighty pounds nightly.

**ARMINIE MIXART**, the well-known faust, has arrived in London from India, after a sojourn of three years.

**DIORAMA OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE.**—On Thursday afternoon such portions of this diorama as are already completed were exhibited to private view. They consisted of two stationary views of Gibraltar and Malta, of a moving picture, commencing with a representation of Cairo, and terminating at Suez, a stationary view of a portion of the island of Ceylon, and another of Calcutta. Although many drawbacks existed, from the incompleteness of the arrangements at present, and the unfinished state of some of the pictures, an excellent notion could be formed of the effect of the whole when carried out. In completeness of detail, interest of subject, and effectiveness in the general treatment, it is not surpassed by any exhibition of the same kind. The portion of the moving picture which was exhibited, representing the route over the desert from Cairo to Suez, a subject offering but few opportunities for variety of effect, is treated with great skill, every occasion being seized of keeping up the interest by the introduction of characteristic details. At the station from which the caravan starts we have a group of figures representing the various classes of personages who are usually to be met with on the overland journey; and as we proceed onward the caravans of a dead camel mourned over by its Ethiopian owner, the whitening skeletons of similar victims, an encampment of Arabs, a cluster of vultures awaiting their prey, or a troop of Arab cavalry, serve to diversify the dreary waste of sand over which the eye is made to travel. The human figures and animals introduced in these pictures are executed with more care and finish than is usually to be found in such exhibitions and contribute greatly to raise the effect of the various scenes. The stationary view of Calcutta is perhaps the most effective work of this kind that has ever been painted, the noble masses of building in the background, and the groups of equestrian and pedestrian figures in their varied costumes, European and Oriental, forming a most striking picture. The exhibition was explained and commented on by Mr. Stoequeler, whose remarks on the various points of interest were extremely apt, and conveyed all the requisite information in a very pleasant form. A large number of spectators were present, among whom we noticed several distinguished artists and literary men, who marked their approbation by repeated bursts of applause. The Diorama is to be opened for public exhibition on Monday next, and we have no doubt it will meet with all the patronage it deserves from the Easter holiday-makers.

**SOUTHEY'S OPINION OF COLERIDGE.**—You are in a great measure right about Coleridge; he is worse in body than you seem to believe, but the main cause lies in his own management of himself, or rather want of management. His mind is a perpetual St. Vitus's dance—eternal activity without action. At times he feels mortified that he should have done so little; but this feeling never produces any exertion. I will begin to-morrow, he says, and thus he has been all his life-long letting to-day slip. He has had no heavy calamities in life, and so contrives to be miserable about trifles. Poor fellow! there is no one thing which gives me so much pain as the witnessing such a waste of unequalled powers. If he dies without doing his work, it would half break my heart, for no human being has had more talents allotted.—*Southey's Life.*

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### NEW SONGS.

LET US BE JOYOUS," "PEACE TO THEE,"  
BENEATH THY CASEMENT," "GAY LARK," "ADIEU, YE WOODS,"  
"NO FORM BUT THINE,"

These six highly successful songs, price 2s. each, composed by HENRY LUNN and JOHN ASHMOLE, and sung in WALLINGTON LUNN's "Literary and Musical Evening," are just published by

ADDISON, AND CO., 210, Regent Street.

"They are all distinguished by a melodious flow, which must render them general favourites."—*Musical World.*

#### EXETER HALL.

#### WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

**WEDNESDAY WEEK, APRIL 2nd** will be held the sixth of the Spring Series of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS, when Her Forces, Mr. Henry Drayton, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Alexander Billet, will appear, together with other Artists of eminence. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats (numbered), 4s.; Stalls, 7s. (May be had of Mr. STAMMERS, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Music-sellers.)

#### INDIA OVERLAND MAIL.

**GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street, Waterloo Place.**—A Gigantic MOVING DIORAMA, ILLUSTRATING the ROUTE of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, depicting every object worthy of notice on this highly interesting journey, from the Nile to the Himalayas, accompanied by descriptive detail and appropriate music, (which has been in preparation for the last nine months,) is now OPEN DAILY, at Half past 2 and 8 o'clock. Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. (which may be previously engaged.)

#### SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI.

**DEG** to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have REMOVED to their permanent residence, No. 68, UPPER NOTTON STREET, Portland Place, where they continue to give instructions in the Cultivation of the Voice, and the various branches of singing. Their course of Spring Classes is now forming. Signor and Madame Ferrari have a vacancy for one lady as IN-DOOR ARTICLED PUPIL.

#### HERR DREYSCOCK

**RESPECTFULLY** informs the Nobility, Gentry, and Public that he will arrive in London during the first week in April, and will feel obliged by communications being addressed to him, and left with his Publishers, Messrs Robert Cocks and Co., Publishers to Her Majesty, New Burlington Street, who are empowered to enter into any engagements on his behalf.—Prague, March 6, 1850.

#### MR. CREVELLI.

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on **THE ART OF SINGING,** Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NOTTON STREET; And at all the principal Music-sellers.

To be Published by Subscription—Price One Guinea,

#### "EMMANUEL;"

AN ORATORIO,

By WILLIAM GLOVER.

(Author of "JERUSALEM.")

5, STANLEY TERRACE, RED BANK, LANCHESTER.

#### ST. MARTIN'S HALL, 89, LONG ACRE.

#### MR. ALEXANDER BILLET, (FROM ST. PETERSBURG.)

**BEGS** to announce the Last of a Series of Three EVENING CONCERTS of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the above Hall, on FRIDAY, April the 5th; in the course of which will be performed Specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, including Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Schubert, Pints, Clementi, Woelfl, Moscheles, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Chopin, Hummel, Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett, &c., &c.

On this occasion M. Billet will have the honour to introduce

1. Sonata in F major, Pianoforte, M. BILLET
2. Duet, the Mises COLE
3. Grand Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (dedicated to Chopin), pianoforte, M. BILLET
4. Duet, the Mises COLE
5. Duo, Violin and Pianoforte, M. SAINTON and M. BILLET
6. Allegro, on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, in F sharp minor (by Chopin, first time in public) Pianoforte, M. BILLET
7. Duet, the Mises COLE
8. Prelude and Fugue in B minor
9. Study in G
10. Study in E
11. Prelude and Fugue in B minor
12. Duet, the Mises COLE
13. Sonata Duo, Pianoforte and Violoncello, in B major, Signor PIATTI and M. BILLET

M. BILLET has the pleasure to announce that the eminent Violoncello, M. SAINTON, and the celebrated Violoncello, Signor PIATTI, have kindly accorded their eminent services for this (the Last) Concert. Tickets for a single Concert, 2s.; Central Seats, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.; to be had at St. Martin's Hall; of Welch and Co., 210, Regent Street; Friday, Mathews, Fenton, Strand; and Evers and Co., Newgate Street; also at Mr. Billet's Residence, 13, North Bank, Regent's Park.

# HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF MADAME SONTAG.



## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF

MADAME SONTAG;

Known as LABLACH, BELLETTI,

CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES;

MADAME PARODI;

AND

MADAME CARLOTTA GRISI, MADAME AMALIA FERRARIS.

MADAME MARIE TAGLIONI.

It is respectfully announced that a

## GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

will take place on THURSDAY, APRIL 4th, 1854, when will be presented  
Donizetti's Opera,

## DON PASQUALE.

Morina - Madame SONTAG,  
(Her First Appearance this Season);

Estreno - Signor CALZOLARI,

Dr. Malatesta - Signor BELLETTI,

AND

Don Pasquale - Signor LABLACH.

(His First Appearance this Season.)

After which,

## A DIVERSIFICATION,

in which Madame AMALIA FERRARIS will appear.

To be followed by the Last Act of "ERENANI," by Madame PARODI,  
Signor BELLETTI, and SIMS REEVES.

To conclude with the celebrated new Grand Ballet by M. F. TAGLIONI,

## LES METAMORPHOSES.

In which Madame CARLOTTA GRISI, Madame MARIE TAGLIONI,  
Madame ROSA, JULIENNE, LAMONTE, AUGUSTE, M. CHARLES,  
and M. F. TAGLIONI, will appear.

In the Ballet, for the First Time, a NEW GRAND PAS DE CARACTERE,  
by Madame MARIE TAGLIONI.

The Subscribers desirous to attend this Extra Performance, will have the  
option of taking it in lieu of a Subscription Night.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of  
the Theatre.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.

Conductor - Mr. COSTA.

FRIDAY, March 25th, 1854. "ELLIAN." Vocalists:-  
Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Wil-  
liams, Mr. Lockyer, Mr. J. A. Neville, and others.

Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. each, at No. 6 in Exeter Hall; or of Mr.  
BOWEN, 22, Chancery Lane.

## MANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Under the Patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, and H. R. H. the  
Duke of Cambridge.

## B. MOLIQUE'S THIRD EVENING CONCERT,

WEDNESDAY, April 5.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME:		
String Quartet, Op. 18	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.
Violoncello, Op. 44	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.
Violoncello, Op. 44	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.
Violoncello, Op. 44	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.
Violoncello, Op. 44	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.
Violoncello, Op. 44	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.
Violoncello, Op. 44	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.
Violoncello, Op. 44	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.
Violoncello, Op. 44	Violoncello, Op. 44	Molique.

Performers:- Madame WILLIAMS, Mademoiselle GRAUMANN and  
Mademoiselle MOLIQUE, MADAMODUS, A. MELLON, and  
MADAMODUS.

Tickets to be had of Messrs. CRAMER & Co., Regent Street; Evans & Co.,  
Newgate Street; and B. MOLIQUE, 2, Houghton Place, Angel Square.

# ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

## FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR TAMBERLIK.

"MASANIELLO" NEXT THURSDAY.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce, that, in  
compliance with the desire of a large portion of their Subscribers, who  
have left town for the Easter recess, NEXT THURSDAY, APRIL 4th,  
will be given as a SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT, instead of NEXT TUES-  
DAY, APRIL 2nd, when will be performed (for the First Time this Season)  
AUSER's grand and popular Opera of

## MASANIELLO,

in which Signor TAMBERLIK will make his First Appearance in  
England.

Elvira	-	Madame CASTELLAN,
Tenella	-	Madlle. BALLIN,
Emma	-	Madlle. COTTI,
Alphonso	-	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Bortola	-	Signor ROMMI,
Pietro	-	Monsieur MASSOL,
Pescatore	-	Signor RACHE,
Selva	-	Signor GREGORIO,

AND

Masanello - Signor TAMBERLIK,

(From the Theatre San Carlos at Naples, and the Grand Opera at Barcelona,  
his first Appearance in England.)

The Characteristic Dances incidental to the Opera will be supported by  
Mons. ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI,

(Premiere Danseuse of the Académie Royale at Paris,) with whom the  
Directors have effected an Engagement.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

On SATURDAY, APRIL 6th, A GRAND OPERA.

On TUESDAY, APRIL 8th, will be performed Donizetti's Opera,

## LUCREZIA BORGIA,

in which Madame GRISI, Madame de MEXICO, Signor TAMBURINI, and  
Signor MARIO, will make their First Appearances this season.

The Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or  
Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre.

## MISS BIRCH AND MISS ELIZA BIRCH

DEO to announce to their Friends and the Public that  
they have REMOVED to No. 10, HEREFORD STREET, Park Lane,  
where they will be happy to receive applications for Pupils as usual.

## DISTINS' CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN and SONS will perform at the following  
places:-

Rochdale, April 1st; Manchester, Free-Trade Hall, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th;  
Oldham 5th. Vocalist, Miss Morrell O'Connor; Piano, Mr. J. Willy.

AMATEUR CORNET ORCHESTRA, for the Practice of Quartets, &c.,  
assemble nightly, at H. DUNN'S CORNET AND SAX HORN DEPOT, 31,  
Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

## MR. AGUILAR

DEO to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT  
at the MANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, 5th April.

Vocalists:- Miss Lucombe, Mademoiselle MEXICO, Miss MEXICO, and Miss G.  
and S. Cole (Pupils of M. Panofsky); also Miss GRIFFITH, who has been  
Violin, Herr KANTER; Violoncello, Herr HAUERMAN; Piano, Mr. AGUILAR;  
Chorus, Mr. LABARUE, Messrs. JARRETT, and others. MR. AGUILAR;  
Pianoforte, Mr. AGUILAR.

Conductor, Mr. AGUILAR.  
Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. to be procured at Messrs. CRAMER, Bosc,  
and Co., 201, Regent Street; at Messrs. WHEEL and Co., 215, Regent Street; and  
at the Residence of Mr. Aguilar, 22, Upper Norton Street, Fitzroy Road.

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# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 14.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.  
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## VIVIER.

A SERIES of papers have been written, expressly for the *Musical World*, by an able and experienced pen, on the life and genius of this ighly gifted artist. The first will appear in our next number.

Vivier has reappeared among us, and his name is likely to figure conspicuously in the musical programmes of the season, both metropolitan and provincial. This will be welcome intelligence to all who admire talent at once original and expressive. Nothing we can say, however, would induce a more general feeling among musicians and the public in favour of Vivier both as a man and as an artist than exists already; and we shall leave the analysis of his many gifts to those more capable than ourselves of doing them justice.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from page 126).

THE *Art de Phraser*, Op. 16,\* consists of twenty-four studies, of various lengths, in all the major and minor keys, in the course of which almost every kind of measure and rhythm, simple and compound, is employed. The pupil who diligently practices these studies will soon acquire the most important element of expression—a satisfactory manner of phrasing, without which the utmost mechanical facility becomes cold and monotonous. This is the principal aim of Mr. Heller in the present work. Each of the studies is a song, more or less elaborately developed, with a peculiar figure of accompaniment. In some the melody is given to the right hand entirely, in others to the left, and as often it is divided between the two; occasionally the song is confided to the bass throughout, occasionally to the top line, and sometimes arranged in the form of duet. Almost every species of figure is employed in the accompaniments, and out of the four and twenty studies there are not two which bear any resemblance to each other. The style is exquisitely finished, and the effects, though various and rich, are never irrelevant to the instrument for which they are composed. Except some of those in extreme keys the studies are of moderate difficulty, within the reach of performers of modest pretensions. Viewed in this light alone the *Art de Phraser* is the most attractive, as well as the most useful, compendium of practice which the pianoforte possesses. It advances the taste of the pupil while it assists the development of his mechanical capability. At the same time there is quite enough of purely musical interest in them to enchain the admiration of the most cultivated professor of the art. We had entered into a separate analysis of each of the twenty-four studies; but on further reflection, having so much to say on works of greater length and importance, we have come to the

conclusion that the introduction of such minute criticism into these papers would be superfluous to the plan which led to their composition, and would, moreover, occupy too large a space in the already overcrowded columns of the *Musical World*. We may therefore leave the *Art de Phraser* with the general recommendation embodied in the foregoing remarks, backed by the simple asseveration that a more profitable compendium of exercises for the pianoforte, or a better introduction to the elaborate and difficult works of the greatest masters ancient and modern, does not exist. They teach style and execution together, through the fascinating medium of music at once simple expressive and beautiful: Had M. Stephan Heller produced nothing else, the *Art de Phraser* would alone have sufficed to rank him among the most original and distinguished of modern composers for the piano. Let us hope that this strong and sincere testimony to their value may serve to draw the attention of the professors and students of Great Britain to their merits. The London edition of Messrs Wessel is divided into four books, each book containing six studies, and of course to be had separately.

## CARLOTTA GRISI.

THE new triumph of this most gifted and fascinating of danseuses has been the universal theme of praise among all our cotemporaries. That the *baller* has now every chance of being restored to all its ancient popularity—that the days of *Esmeralda*, *Giselle*, and the *Pas de Quatre*, are about to be revived—seems to be the general opinion. Mr. Lumley has it in his power to re-erect that fairy castle, in which, of yore, he was enabled "to see as from a tower, the end of all"—to mock at competition from an airy height—to watch the battle of contending speculations from an eminence, himself unscathed, untouched, according to the simile of *Liberation Carus*, in his book upon the Nature of Things. Mr. Lumley has it in his power, we repeat, to reconstruct the empyreal edifice in which he was wont to live alone, like some old necromancer, stirring the world with his enchantments. Mr. Lumley has M. Paul Taglioni, a *maître de ballet* of lively fancy and keen intelligence; he has M. Gosselin, who in the subordinate duties of the office of ballet-master, knows no rival; he has Marie Taglioni, who is as tall as she is pretty, as pretty as she is tall, as clever as she is both, and as popular as she is all three; he has M. Charles, the youngest and most promising male dancer of the day; he has Arnalia Ferraris, the new danseuse, with feet of steel, whose late success is still ringing in the ears of the Opera frequenters; he has Mr. Marshall, one of the most picturesque and fanciful of scene-painters; he has the handsomest and most efficient of *corps de ballet*; he has Madame Opere, who knows so well how to keep them in order, and exercises her functions with such seal and such discretion; and last, which should have been first,

\* Dedicated to Mlle. Josephine Rist.



he has CARLOTTA GRISI—the most accomplished and graceful dancer, and the most consummate and expressive mimist in the world. What else does Mr. Lumley want to re-endow the ballet with more than its pristine beauty, to re-inspire the taste among his fashionable and aristocratic patrons which shall constitute it a matter of profit as well as of magnificence?

Meanwhile *Les Metamorphoses*, with "the peerless Carlotta Grisi" (as a contemporary fitly styles her) as the heroine, is a good beginning. Let that be followed up. Let M. Paul Tagliani set his wits to work upon a new ballet for Carlotta; or, if he have not time, let the *Filleule des Fées*, or parts of it, be placed upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Marshall's water effects were triumphantly exhibited in *Coralie*; and the great scene of the fountains, in which Carlotta has one of the most piquant and brilliant of her *pas seules*, could not be in better hands. The *Theatre de la Nation* might be rivalled, if not beaten. Mr. Lumley can do anything, with his own originality and readiness of invention, the large and various means at his command, and the all-important aid of Carlotta Grisi. A month of the two months' engagement of this exquisite danseuse has already nearly gone. One only remains, and that over, if Carlotta be allowed to fly away, who can say when she may return to England? Every one knows she has a superb engagement for St. Petersburg this year, and that St. Petersburg has fascinations not easy for an artist to resist. The Emperor loves the ballet to idolatry. It is the only public amusement of which he is passionately fond. With such temptations Carlotta, if she be not frozen motionless, might be induced to remain at St. Petersburg, and make her nest. She is a bird of golden plumage, but she has quick wings that sparkle as they flap. Mr. Lumley must cut them off, and disable her from going. Mr. Lumley must keep her for himself. If Carlotta goes, who is to replace her? Not Rosati—not Cerito—not Amalia Ferraris.

#### THE EASTERN AMUSEMENTS.

WITH one or two exceptions, all the London theatres entertained their patrons with an Eastern piece on Monday last. Taste of fairy, burlesque, broad farce, and melo-dramatic pantomime, engaged the exclusive attention of our various reporters. Happily, musical societies, and entrepreneurs of every grade are accustomed to avoid Easter Monday, as a day so taken up by purely theatrical amusements, that to advertise a concert, oratorio, or opera, would be to solicit the attendance of the winds and showers of April. Moreover, Easter Monday, this year, fell upon the first of April, and though there are plenty of fools and "poissons" (as the French call them) in London, there are very few of them who are amateurs of music. So that with the exception of Mr. Henry Phillips, who gallantly announced the first of a series of Monday evening entertainments, at St. Martin's Hall, nothing in the shape of music invited the presence of any of our numerous reporters and contributors. But, without further preliminary, let us at once proceed to notice the performances at the theatres, beginning, according to time-honoured custom, with Patent-Old-Drury.

#### DRURY LANE.

The performances commenced with, what a morning contemporary graphically describes as the "dull and lugubrious drama of *Mac More*." Mr. Nicholas Rowe was a great man in his day, but the age has grown out of him. On this occasion, at least, the play of that particularly prosy playwright (pardon the

alliteration), seemed unpleasant to the "gods," whose impatience was manifested in so noisy a fashion, that the tragedy was performed, for the most part, in pantomime. The ire of the gallery occupants, however, was, at last, appeased by the new fairy drama, written and composed by Mr. G. H. Rodwell, called the *Devil's Ring*, in three acts and four elements, one of the most gorgeous and brilliant spectacles that has been produced of late years. The story may be told in few words. The Princess Eveline (Miss E. Nelson), daughter of Prince Ottacar, has been abducted from her paternal home by a wizard, and at the opening of the piece a throng of knights are discovered at an auberge, returning from unsuccessful attempts to gain the Devil's ring, the possession of which will secure the liberation of the Princess. The ring can only be obtained by one who is neither untrue in honour nor false in love, and Herbert (Miss F. Huddart), a young minstrel, undertakes to achieve the difficult task, despite the jeers of the discomfited knights. In pursuit of his object, it is necessary that he should pass through the four elements,—fire, water, earth, and air, and he has to combat at every step the jealous opposition of the wizard, who is enamoured of his fair prize. After passing through the realms of fire in Mount Etna, making a descent over the great Fall of Niagara, and undergoing a captivity which threatened to be perpetual in the "diamond caves of California," Herbert succeeds in overcoming the power of the magician, makes his way on eagle's wings to the regions of air, and having rescued the Princess from the Palace of Rainbows, is united to her with the full consent of her grateful father, the Prince Ottacar. The plot is elaborate, but an opportunity is afforded for the display of some beautiful scenery, and some new and striking mechanical effects. The comic business rests with Franco (Mr. S. Artaud), a brother of Herbert, enamoured of Leila (Miss Rafter), the Princess's attendant, who is made an unwilling participator in most of his brother's adventures, and with Whildiburg (Mr. Seymour), slave of the ring, an agile sprito, who exercises a beneficent influence over the fortunes of Herbert. Several songs and duets were sung with taste and animation by Miss Rafter and Miss Nelson, and in the second act some pretty dancing is executed by the *corps de ballet*. The piece has been got up with the utmost care and attention. Among the scenery, the City and Harbour of Catania, the City of the Fountains, a Sicilian vineyard, and the Hall of the Hundred Knights, were specially deserving of commendation, and elicited the applause of the audience. The last-named scene, where Herbert and his bride make a triumphal entry in a car drawn by three real horses, preceded by a grand procession of knights, men-at-arms, and attendants, was one of the most gorgeous we have witnessed on the stage. In the third act the action was somewhat tame, and the interest began to flag, but this was probably owing to some unavoidable delay in the "set" of the scenes, to be obviated in future representations. We would, however, recommend curtailment of the "terrific combat between Herbert and the Sable Knight," which was so long protracted that sibilations proceeded even from those who regard such encounters with peculiar favour. Mr. Anderson was loudly called for at the close of the performance, and announced the piece for repetition amid general applause.

Next to "Patent-Old-Drury," by right of position, no less than of convention, comes Mr. Webster's well-conducted, long established, and deservedly patronised theatre, in the

#### HAYMARKET.

This theatre commenced its Easter operations on Monday night with *Shakspeare* and Brough Brothers—the former supplying *Much Ado about Nothing*; the latter a grand production in foolscap, called the *Last Edition of Ivanhoe*, with all the Newest Improvements.

On this occasion *Shakspeare* was well supported, having to rejoice in the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Keesley, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, &c. Of this performance we have already spoken before, and need not repeat again.

Brough Brothers were still better supported in their new piece. The whole *élite* of the Haymarket comic company was employed in the cast. We beg pardon—Mr. Tilbury was not included. And



Here we cannot help expressing our astonishment that Mr. Webster should not make use of this transcendent burlesque actor in Christmas and Easter pieces. If the manager could only prevail upon Mr. Tilbury to play a part seriously, it would be the greatest burlesque he could present to the audience. We would suggest for Mr. Tilbury's first appearance in the line, *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, but all in seriousness. Such a performance would outweigh all that could be effected by the wit and fertility of Brough Brothers, the excellence of the Haymarket company, and the utmost splendour and completeness in the production.

In the new Easter piece, Brough Brothers have equalled, if not surpassed, the best of their previous efforts. If the idea be not so novel and surprising as that upon which the *Sphinx* was founded, the dialogue is as smartly written, and the scenery of a superior kind. *Ivanhoe*, moreover, has the advantage of a stronger cast. Indeed, in this respect, we may say no burlesque hitherto produced has been so complete in its *dramatis personæ*. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Bland, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Cautfield, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, with some of the minorities, all appeared. Neither has any production at this theatre excelled *Ivanhoe* in the gorgeousness of its scenic and decorative accessories, nor in the magnificence of its costumes, nor in its perfect *ensemble*. A great and inevitable triumph was achieved by Brough Brothers on Monday.

The story is taken entirely from Scott's novel, from which it departs only by the necessities involved in stage curtailments and the rigid laws of burlesque. In one instance our good friends Brough Brothers have, we think, unnecessarily and unwisely doffed the cap and bells, and donned the serious robe of the critic. We see no objection to the brisk twain handing over Rebecca to Ivanhoe to be married at the end of the piece, no more than we should if Isaac of York was made to wed Gurth's mother, or Wamba the fair Rowena; but when the authors gravely state, as their reasons for their departure from the novel, that poetical justice requires Ivanhoe to be made happy with Rebecca, and that ninety-nine out of every hundred readers must feel the necessity of such a termination to the plot, we take leave to tell the talented brothers that they have fallen into a gross error. No poetical justice demands an utter impossibility—the marriage of a Jewess with a Christian at the period of the Crusades; nor have we ever heard a single reader who did not look upon the catastrophe of *Ivanhoe* as one of the most truthful and powerful and satisfactory ever written. It is certain our interest in Rebecca makes us lament that any barriers should exist between her and Ivanhoe. But take away these barriers, and we deprive Rebecca of her sorrows, her heroism, and her strength of mind: in short, marry her to Ivanhoe and she is no longer the Rebecca immortalised in Scott's pages. In the same spirit it did Nahum Tate and his fellows fritter away the sublime realities of *King Lear*, and alter the catastrophe to suit their frigid notions of poetical justice. But even in the face of Nahum Tate and his fellows, and despite the alleged opinion of ninety-nine out of every hundred—a fallacy, Brough Brothers, a fallacy—we should agree with William Shakspeare and Walter Scott—two W. S.s, what a coincidence—who, on such points, are to us no mean authorities.

But all this while we may be fighting with a shadow. It is most probable that Brough Brothers intend this for the best joke in the piece. It must be so; and the only issue of our animadversions is to find that we have made an April Fool of ourselves. Thank you, Masters Brough, for the *sell*.

Having said so much about nothing, we have left ourselves but little room to enter into particulars of the piece. The story opens with the banquet of Cedric, at which most of the characters make their appearance, and concludes with the storming of the castle and delivery of Ivanhoe and Rebecca. Cedric is played by Mr. Bland, who has a congenial part in the bluff, rough, Brough old Saxon. He sings a parody on the "Fine old English Gentleman," the most remarkable thing in which is that it has a verse too much. Isaac (Keeley) enters as an old Jew clothesman. The character is an excellent hit, and a hard one, at the slopseller. Sir Brian de Bore Guilbert (Mr. Selby) comes as a Frenchman who speaks broken English. Mr. Selby's English was so broken that he could not catch half what he said; Brough Brothers' manifold good things suffered consequently. Buckstone's Wamba is one of the best parts in the piece. He has a stock of jokes would set upon

hand Joe Miller. We missed our old friend Gurth every time we saw Wamba, and expected he would come on with Fangs—poor Fangs the wounded!—and his grunting herd. Mrs. Keeley as Ivanhoe played in her own unapproachable manner, and uttered her many pungent sayings so that not a word of the authors was suffered to escape the ear. We wish we could say as much for some others of the performers. The whole of the first scene was admirably managed, an incessant fire of smart jokes being kept up from beginning to end. The tournament scene was excellent, and the mock fights on the hobby horses must have proved highly gratifying to the juvenile part of the spectators. The first act is decidedly the best. The scene in the forest commencing *act second*, between Robin Hood and his merry men, is somewhat tedious, and, though abounding in shrewd hits and pointed allusions to the current topics of the day, more especially to Snig's End and Feargus O'Connor, its pertinency was not evident. Nor did this part of the performance go smoothly. Some of the actors appeared to have forgotten Brough Brothers altogether. The last tableau, illustrative of the "Grand Exposition of all Nations," is extremely splendid and tasteful. Coming after three somewhat sombre scenes it was particularly striking. An allegorical representation of Britannia is given at the back of the stage, completing a very imposing *coup d'œil*.

With respect to the music, while doing every justice to Mr. J. G. Reed, whose selection and arrangements are worthy of his taste and talent, we think more popular airs might have been found for introduction; and the best comment on what we have been saying is evidenced in the fact, that not one song was encored during the evening. This is unusual in a piece in which Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Miss P. Horton sing. The only airs at once recognised by the audience were "A fine old English Gentleman," and "Sam Hall." The first is too long, and the second too Coal-holeish and Cider-cellarish. On a former occasion we had occasion to find fault with Brough Brothers, for introducing "Sam Hall" to the Haymarket audiences. We must now rate them more soundly than formerly, call on them to forbear for the future, and tell them we are surprised they cannot see that such a class of songs is entirely local, and therefore not adapted for burlesque. The travestied words were good, and Keeley's singing was grotesquely transcendent, and the trombone, moreover, who supplied the damnation, excellent; nevertheless, the song was a sealed book to all except gents, late taverners, and lads of the gas. Two-thirds of the house did not understand what it meant, or why a few voices applauded so lustily. Neither do we admire the custom of bringing in Italian scenes on every occasion to exhibit the vocal powers of Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Keeley. In the new burlesque Miss P. Horton introduces, in one long song, Rubini's dying cavatina, from the *Lucia*, and Grisi's Polacca, from *Puritani*, which, however vocally effective, was verbally inaudible. Mrs. Keeley has an attempt at the "Still so gently o'er me stealing," an effort to reach the impossible, praiseworthy, no doubt, but not quite satisfactory. Miss P. Horton can sing well, and has a good voice, and we should have no objection at any time to hear her sing seriously any Italian scene of which she is capable; but in a burlesque we desire to hear the words, which we never can when Italian music is made the vehicle to convey them. Ballads, plain unflourished, are the properest medium in music for transmitting a series of witticisms, of which the songs in burlesques are invariably composed. Let Mr. Reed not disregard our hints.

The pieces were received with tremendous cheers, and all the performers were summoned before the curtain. Then a universal cry was raised for Brough Brothers, the indefatigable, merry, and side-splitting twain, which they obeyed with an alacrity and readiness of will showing they were the public's most obedient and humble servants to command.

After the Haymarket precedence must be taken by the first and last, the best because only, musical theatre in this wide and much-peopled metropolis.

#### THE PRINCESS'S.

The entertainments at this theatre began with the *Queen's Opera*, with a remarkable cast, including Miss Louisa Pyne as Polly, Mrs. Weiss as Lucy, and Mr. Harrison as Captain Mac-

death, &c. &c. But our business is not with the opera—the *Beggar's Opera* is still called an opera—but with the “new, grand Oriental tale of enchantment,” *The Queen of the Roses, or the Sorcerer of Candahar*. “We remember the time,” exclaims our admirable contemporary the *Morning Herald*, “when the latter part of the title would have made our youthful hair stand on end with dread.” We, alas! remember no such time; in our earliest youth we were bald and grey.\* The plot of the piece is, or ought to be, as follows:—The Sorcerer of Candahar is desperately in love with a slave, whom he has picked up at a low figure in the market. Nerilha, the slave, simple and unsophisticated, cannot understand the meaning of love, except as applied to flowers, and the Sorcerer seeks in vain to inspire her with a mutual flame. Stung with resentment, he immures her in his laboratory without hope of escape. Fortunately for his intended victim, the Sorcerer is immersed in business of a public nature, and is compelled to absent himself for a few hours, having an appointment to meet some brother necromancers at a cabalistic quarter sessions, a few thousand miles off. During his absence two female friends of poor Nerilha contrive to gain access to her, and with female curiosity begin to pry into the old gentleman's secrets. They possess themselves of his wand, but lack the skill to use it, when on a sudden they spy the cabalistic volume—the necromancer's text-book—as brimful of recipes as M. Soyer's *ménagère*. The volume, singularly enough, being in the vernacular, they are enabled to make a selection without difficulty. It appears that by the aid of certain manipulations, they can gratify any wish they may cherish in their hearts. The general cry is for a dance; but no partners being at hand, they wish all the inanimate objects in the room to be endowed with the power of locomotion. The wand is waved—the mystic sentence uttered—and lo! chairs, tables, settees, in short, all but the landlord's fixtures, begin to move with measured pace, as though Orpheus himself were the fiddler. Much amusement was caused by the graceful evolutions of a carpet-broom, which brought down repeated rounds of applause. This, however, is not their only wish. Nerilha wishes to reign supreme in a region carpeted with roses; while one of her friends, Gulnare, longs to be a Princess. Both are gratified: but the Sorcerer, having at last disposed of his country business, returns and spoils their sport, and attaches some awkward conditions to the gratification of their desires. Nerilha is permitted to become the Queen of Roses, with strict injunctions not to fall in love, kissing being forbidden under the penalty of old age and decrepitude. Things go on smoothly enough in the land of roses, which, by the way, gives an admirable opportunity for beautiful scenery and graceful evolutions on the part of the attendant nymphs, until, in an untoward moment, a young and well-looking Prince makes his appearance. Who can resist a Prince—especially an Eastern Prince—with irresistible turban, and satin rather garments of capacious dimensions and roseate hue? It is not in the nature of things for the female heart to remain firm under such circumstances. Nerilha yields, and from that moment her fate is sealed. She passes in one instant, from nineteen to ninety, while the broad landscape, studded with roses as far as the eye can reach, is at the same moment turned into a blasted heath. Nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which this rapid scenic transformation was effected. Things appear now to have come to a hopeless pass. Nerilha is again in the power of her ruthless persecutor, who, as a measure of precaution, and to prevent idle visits, has taken her to a coral grotto in the profoundest depths of the Indian Ocean. But here again his public duties suspend for a time the ends of justice. He has another engagement with his brother necromancers, but as the place of meeting this time is the interior of a volcano, he deems it prudent to leave not only his books and implements of art behind, but the grosser part of him, his bodily self—albeit his soul, if soul he have, is gross enough in all conscience. Accordingly Atalmac, the necromancer, whose name has for the first time escaped our pen, attends the meeting incorporeally. Nerilha is at a loss what to devise for her liberation, when happily the well known “cabalistic volume” once more meets her delighted view. Turning hastily over its pages, she discovers the means of escape, and the secret by which she may regain her

youth and beauty. The first consists of some magic words, which once uttered, she is transported far away from the valley of Desolation, and very close to the palace of her beloved Sultan. The second, however, is not so easy. She, an old hag, must obtain a kiss from the young and handsome Badel Badour. (Badel Badour, the Sultan, is no other than the Prince of Cashmere—the Land of Roses—the Prince whom we have already mentioned, but whose name has only just occurred to us.) The kiss must be delivered with good will, or it is of no avail. But what is there impossible to woman, especially in an Eastern piece? Nerilha obtains possession of a bouquet of white flowers, which she presents to the Sultan on his bridal day, in return for which she demands the kiss in question. Delighted with the bouquet, Badel Badour is by no means delighted with the bargain, and refuses to seal the compact, until, having presented the flowers to his future bride, Gulnare, he receives a positive command from that lady to bestow upon the old woman whatever recompense she may ask. Yielding to such high authority, the Sultan obeys, and no sooner has he kissed Nerilha than she becomes once more the youthful and lovely flower-girl who had first won his admiration and affection. The white bouquet, moreover, has a magic virtue, by which, if pressed to the bosom of one who prefers another to him who has presented it, it turns red. No sooner has Gulnare accepted it from the Sultan than the metamorphosis of colour takes place. She loves another better than the Sultan, and that other is Aboulfaria, the Sultan's Vizier. But Badel Badour is too happy to be angry, and too glad to be at liberty to espouse his beloved Queen of the Roses; and so, resigning Gulnare to his Vizier, and pardoning both in the bargain (unlike Sultans in ordinary), he throws himself at the feet of Nerilha. And thus the sorcerer, Atalmac, is altogether baffled of his prey.

As a vehicle for the gorgeous and showy in *mise en scène*, this piece is excellent, and the best advantage has been taken of the opportunity it presents. Some of the scenes are beautiful, and among the most striking may be mentioned the “Enchanted Gardens,” the “Submarine Grotto,” and the “Distant view of Delhi.” The costumes are glittering, splendid, and new; the dances and stage arrangements picturesque, and there are some novel effects of gas, which give an almost unknown colour to the glare distributed over the tableau at the fall of the curtain. The parts are well enough acted. Miss Louisa Howard, as Nerilha, looks pretty, and displays a great deal of melodramatic talent; in the assumption of the old woman's voice and gait she was especially happy. Miss Villars, an old favourite, proved herself of more than common value in the character of Gulnare; this lady not only acts with great vivacity and point, but sings exceedingly well, and is very generally useful. Every well wisher of Mr. Meddow will congratulate him on the return of this intelligent and popular actress to the boards of the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Ryder made the Sorcerer as gloomy and serious as need be; and Mr. Forman, who exulted in sundry vocal exhibitions, appeared to please the audience by his earnest endeavours to be funny. Two small comic parts, acted with humour by Miss Saunders and Mr. Honey, kept up the spirit of the scene. The music, of which a more than usual quantity is introduced, has been very cleverly put together by Mr. Loder, who presided in the orchestra. Much of it was from Halevy's opera, *Les Fées aux Roses*, of which, from the book by Scribe, *The Queen of the Roses* is almost a literal translation. Some of it was by Mr. Loder himself, and where comparisons could be made they were certainly in favour of our countryman, the gifted author of *The Night Dancers*. *The Queen of the Roses* was completely successful, the favourable verdict of the audience at the fall of the curtain being unanimous.

After the Princess's comes the theatre which has recently gained such a high reputation and filled its coffers to overflowing, by the influence of the enchanted brush of Mr. Beverly, the most rising scene-painter of the day, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Stanfield will, in all probability, fall. We mean the

#### THE LYCEUM.

There was little real necessity on the part of the management of this deftly-conducted theatre, to bring out any novelty in compliance with this prescriptive Easter custom, for the *Island of Jewels*

\* It is not the editor of the *M. W.* who speaks.—Ed. *M. W.* Nor is it the sub-editor.—D. R.

has scarcely abated one jot of its attraction. It still stands prominently in the bills, and no doubt will continue to do so, notwithstanding the production of the extravaganza founded upon Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia*, which was played on Monday night. The spirit of decorative enterprise which has so liberally presided over all the works of this class which have been prepared for this house at the holiday periods, has again come forth in its brightest force, undiminished by collateral successes. Dresses of the most expensive quality have been provided, and scenery of the most exquisite design painted; and no *ensemble* of a like character could be more brilliant in its details, or more artistically perfect as a whole.

Our commendation, however, is chiefly confined to the decorations, for Mr. Planché has not been particularly felicitous in his literary treatment of the original text. He has had unaccommodating materials to deal with, and the comicalities which one looks for in the doggerel lyrics of this class of entertainments are scattered widely; calling loudly for an amount of compression that will take one hour at least out of the piece. The old pastoral, which was formerly a stock afterpiece at the national theatres, is, in a word, revived without abridgment—only clothed anew according to the modern grotesque fashion; and the loves of Cymon and Silvia, and the jealousy of Urganda, the enchantress, are travestied according to the prescriptive recipe. The dialogues of the Arcadians who figure in the drama might have been shortened, because of their tedious length, without the experiment of a performance. Upon the same principle, some of the dry and old-fashioned music of Dr. Arne might have been omitted. However, these are defects of easy remedy, and we do not doubt that when the prompter makes his report, he will be enjoined to excise liberally. This being done, the spectacular splendours of the extravaganza will be better appreciated by being connected with a libretto of closer and livelier movement.

The scenery is painted by Mr. Beverly, who has again distinguished himself in a branch of the art in which he has now hardly a competitor. The "Garden front of Urganda's palace," with its gauze and floral accessories, is an admirable piece of painting, exhibiting some delicious effects of distance. Nor is "The Beachon Shade" less declaratory of the highest order of scenic talent—evinced in the luxurious warmth of the golden atmosphere, which tones and enriches the sentiment. The last scene, representing a group of huge vistas, formed of circular arches of roses, exhausting themselves in the remotest perspective, with an allegorical tableau of cupids in the centre, is an imposing artifice, beautifully planned for effect, and affording a luminous finale,—without, let it be added, a spark of red fire—not often matched for breadth and elegance. The Watteau-like costumes of the coryphees who personated the shepherds and the shepherdesses combined accordantly with the pictures, for such they may well be called, in the background; and the *coup d'œil*, whenever these silken personages appeared to disport themselves with pedantic formality, was always bright and harmonious, reminding the spectator of the figures on the Dresden china, without doing much violence to the imagination. The taste thus shown in the distribution of colour, and the avoidance of anything that would disturb and counteract the general propriety, betray a sense of pictorial truth not often exemplified; and it is the universal carrying out of these essential principles that constitute the excellence of the stage embellishments of the Lyceum, and establishes a poetical appropriateness which we have never observed at any other house; excepting when Staufeld was at Drury-lane Theatre, during the governance of Mr. Macready.

Mr. Charles Mathews was an agreeable interpolation, personating April the First, a hybrid kind of effigy, acting as a "chorus" (as in the *Thesens and Ariadne*), and dealing out satiric rhymes and verses, with the coolness and deportment of tongue which only this amusing gentleman knows how to affect. Miss Julia St. George was the Cymon, looking not only the quintessence of boyish prettiness in her male attire, but playing with consummate *aisé*, and singing with the right sort of energy. Silvia (or Iphigenia) was personated by a Miss Manners, a recent addition to the theatre, on the strength of a copious stock of good looks; and Miss Isabel Dickenson was a dignified Arganda—well supported, by Mrs. Humby, her loquacious attendant, who is finally reduced by Merlin's art to speak only in monosyllables. Mr. Frank Matthews, as the old woman Dorcas, gave an inimitable sketch of deaf obtuseness; and

Mr. Robert Roxby sang the whimsical ditties of the swain Linceo with a gusto and spirit, which no one could have surpassed. Mr. Harley was the Justice, and his eccentric humour occasioned peals of laughter in the closing scenes.

The applause was loud when the curtain fell. Mr. Charles Mathews was called for, when he brought on Miss St. George. Mr. Harley was then invited to appear; and, ultimately, the author, but the cry for the latter was partial and faint, and it soon subsided.

Another theatre of the enterprising and liberal Mr. Webster comes next in order—a small one but a comfortable—that over which the genius of Madame Celeste presides with such unswerving principles of management. We mean of course the

## ADELPHI.

Douglas Jerrold's drama, the *Mother's Dream; or, the Gipsy's Revenge*, opened the Easter Week on Monday night, and was followed by a "New Historical and Anecdotal Vaudeville"—so styled in the bills—called *Playing First Fiddle; or, Follow my Leader*. The piece, which is evidently taken from the French, included in its cast the main strength of the company, a very happy addition being made in the person of Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, who made her first appearance at this theatre.

The time is laid in the year 1652. The curtain rising, discloses the kitchen of the Duchess de Montpensier, called Mademoiselle of France (Miss Emma Harding), in which Lulli, a young Italian boy of 19 (Madame Celeste), delights the ears of the servants by his musical genius. A baker's boy, Philippe Qainault, aged 17 (Miss Woolgar), writes a satirical ballad upon his mistress, which is set to music by Lulli, and the two are overheard singing and playing the song by the Margrave of Bareuth (Mr. P. Bedford), who conceives the idea of circulating the ballad among the Court, by whom the "baker's widow" is universally understood to mean the Duchess de Montpensier, whose fastidiousness in the choice of a husband is therein ridiculed. The song is brought to the Duchess by Jeanneton, her firewoman (Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam), and the haughty Duchess is so piqued at becoming the butt of the King and Court that she is about to marry the German Margrave in despair, when the Duke de Lauzun, her lover, appears upon the scene; the Margrave is discovered by the whole Court midway up a ladder leading to the Duchess's rooms, and the curtain falls upon the presumed happiness of the lovers and the discomfiture of the Margrave.

The moral of the piece appeared to be that Madame Celeste, the prettiest of boy cooks, and afterwards the handsomest of young cavaliers, would continue to play first-fiddle at the Adelphi; and that Miss Woolgar, who looked a charming baker's boy, would "follow her leader." The piece is too slight in its texture to have a long run; but the splendid dresses and decorations and some well-painted scenery will carry it swimmingly through the Easter week. A scene in which the gardens of Choisy le Roi appear ornamented with clipped hedges and statuary after the fashion of the time was novel and exceedingly pretty. The curtain fell amid some dissent, but the majority of the audience were among the "contents."

*My Precious Betty* followed, and the laughter which greeted the mirth-creating pair, Messrs. Wright and P. Bedford, was unmistakable. They were ably supported by Miss E. Harding and Mrs. F. Matthews. *Tom Noddy's Secret* followed, and completed a programme of undoubted attraction for the Easter holidays.

As nearest to the Adelphi and on this side of the water, we may next say a few words about the smallest theatre west of Temple Bar—although, by the way, there was no absolute novelty produced on Monday night.

## STRAND.

This snug little theatre now possesses considerable claims on the public favour. Among the members of its company are to be found many of our most clever and distinguished comic performers, and its interior has of late been greatly improved for the accommodation of its patrons. Besides the other re-decorations and

renovations it has just undergone, we may mention that a new act drop and a new curtain very much contribute to its appearance of increased neatness and comfort. Our only wonder is how such a band-box of a place can offer any adequate remuneration for the services of such a company; but that is the affair of the veteran Farren, its present manager, and we own that we cannot afford to waste our sympathies in any very serious apprehensions for the fate which here awaits so able and so long-established a public favourite. The performances on Monday night contained no novelty; but we had some very amusing pieces very cleverly embodied. The first of these was the *Vicar of Wakefield*; then followed Loman Rede's burlesque, *His First Champagne*, and Messrs. M. and B. Barnett's amusing farce, *Out on the Loose*. The *Vicar of Wakefield* continues so attractive here as to supersede the necessity to which, under ordinary circumstances, managers submit, of an Easter specialty. Mark Loman's comedieta, *His First Champagne*, was very well acted. Mr. Compton's return has placed, as Mr. Farren's disposal a thoroughly effective Dicky Watt, while the kitchen Ariadne, Mary Grub, is impersonated by Miss Farren, a comedian who has Mrs. Keeley in her eye, and from no impracticable point of distance. The bashful bachelor is represented with infinite appreciation by Mr. Leigh Murray, and upon the whole there seems every reason for anticipating that *His First Champagne* will successfully succeed the *Vicar of Wakefield* for many nights to come. The whole evidently contributed to the amusement of a good-humoured and very orderly audience. The house was well attended.

And now for the Clerkenwell department. Here again there was little novelty, but our Easter readers will nevertheless be pleased, no doubt, to hear a word or two about old

#### SADLER'S WELLS.

*Macbeth* was brought out at this theatre on Monday night, in a style highly creditable to the management and the talents of the corps dramatique. It was given, according to the bills, from the "original text," and certainly it must be confessed that the tragedy was put upon the stage in as perfect and classical a guise, with respect to costume, scenery, machinery, music, decoration, and general "appliances and means," as perhaps has ever been witnessed in this metropolis. The characters were performed with considerable talent—particularly those of *Macbeth* by Mr. Phelps, *Banquo* by Mr. G. Bennett, *Macduff* by Mr. H. Marston, *Duncan* by Mr. H. Mellon, and *Lady Macbeth* by Miss Glyn. Some changes in the conventional mode in which we are accustomed to see this play performed were in keeping with the time of the action, as well as the supposed intentions of the dramatist. For instance, *Lady Macduff* (Miss Edwards) and her child were introduced, and the scene of their forcible abduction from the castle was also given. The banquet chamber and the apparition were well contrived and very effective, and the witches were strikingly rendered by Messrs. Yonge, Wilkins, and Hoskins. Another difference in the arrangement of the incidents presented was this, that the combat between *Macbeth* and *Macduff* terminated off the stage, and the head of the former was subsequently exhibited surmounting a banner. Locke's music was not the least attractive part of the entertainment whenever it could be distinctly heard amid the usual hilarity of a holiday evening. But we may take the liberty of telling Mr. Phelps that Locke's music and the rubbishy words to which it is set have nothing to do with Shakespeare. The only novelty of the night was an interlude under the title of *A Village Tale*, the chief incident of which consisted of the return of a soldier, who had enlisted for the purpose of rescuing his sweetheart's mother from a pecuniary embarrassment, just at the moment when she was about bestowing her hand on another suitor. A cockney young gentleman named Tony, who is obliged to rusticate from motives of prudence, and whose courtship with a young milliner in the same neighbourhood forms a sort of counter-plot, contributed the ingredients of comicality to this piece. The principal characters were well supported by Messrs. Graham, Nye, Dickinson, and the Misses T. Bassano and A. Browne. The performances concluded with the farce of the *M. P. for the Rotten Borough*. There was a full attendance.

The theatres on the other side of the Thames confine themselves to two. We begin with the nearest to Westminster Bridge—the well known

#### ASTLEY'S.

The age of Charlemagne affords many a theme for the pen of the dramatist, and from it a something has been culled by the veteran Fitzball, which in the bill is called the "*Four Sons of Aymon, or the Days of Charlemagne*," a new grand equestrian spectacle of enchantment."

Charlemagne, the son of Pepin the Small, has lost his only daughter, who, stolen in youth, leads a virtuous life as a peasant girl in the Valley of Roses. There she is seen and loved by Roland, one of the sons of the Count of Aymon, who is ignorant of her real condition. The only impediment to the happiness of the youthful pair appears to be the enmity of one Count Mangis, who, having killed the father, has a natural antipathy to the sons, and, not content with human means, has recourse to the sorcerer's art, in which he is an adept, to prevent the consummation of their wishes. But the malicious Count is no match for the four sons, who are also aided by the powers of enchantment—for their mother was a powerful sorceress—and are enabled to countervail his machinations. Stirring incidents occur, and innumerable schemes and counter-schemes are devised, but the sons cannot be vanquished by earth, air, fire, or water. Through their passions alone are they vulnerable—and, alas! the demons of love, war, wine, and gambling are at the command of the wily Count. The malicious Mangis attempts to palm off his own daughter as the long-lost child of Charlemagne; but the emperor, possessing some knowledge of the mystic, has an infallible ordeal before which all must go who claim to be his daughter. This is no other than a crown which strikes to death those who approach it with an untruth. The fair damsel of the Valley of Roses, rescued from death in a thousand hideous shapes by the gallant Roland, son of Aymon, has already stood the test, and challenges Mangis and his daughter to follow her. They accept the challenge, and, accompanied by their four families, are all at once despatched to Orcus. Odette is then acknowledged by Charlemagne; Roland is received as her affianced, and in the royal tent of Charlemagne the triumph of the four sons of Aymon is accomplished amid a glorious *tableau*. Paying our tribute to the great splendour of the decorations, and the magnificence of the spectacle, we may safely recommend this production to the attention of the playgoers. Among the *dramatis personæ* who most effectively sustained their roles were Mr. Crowther, Miss Pearce, and Mrs. Brookes; and the dancing of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, in a little ballet, was deserving of commendation. Scenes in the circle followed, of which the novel and brilliant *entrées* of the dames of the foxhunting chase pleased us most, but each scene had its admirers. The reappearance of the Young Hernandez created an immense *furor*. On the whole, Astley's, under Mr. Batty's management, sustains its well-earned reputation.

Last though not least, comes the Theatre of Blackfriars, the scene of Elliston's, and Davidge's, and Douglas Jerrold's, and T. P. Cooke's, and Osbaldestone's and Miss Vincent's many-colored achievements. We mean the

#### SURREY.

The performances at this theatre opened with the *Adventurer; or Plots in Spain*, a romantic drama in three acts, full of stirring incident. Though the piece is long, the audience heard it throughout without any marks of impatience. The *Adventurer* will probably have a long run at the Surrey, where vigorous efforts are making by Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, the lessees, to elevate the public taste. The performance of the evening, however, was an extravaganza entitled the *Three Princes*, in which Hi Ski Cloudy, King of the I-only-wish-I-knew-where-they-were-Islands, has "a flourishing daughter" (Miss E. Bromley), called Brighteye, who is carried off by an evil genius called Kaledwun-othewarster, to his castle in an enchanted forest. Thither three princes—Prince Faithful, Prince Blunt, and Prince Jealous, represented respectively by Miss Jane Coveney, Miss Laporte, and Miss Daly, set out for her relief, having previously resolved to join

in some expedition to destroy *ennui*, and to gain a bride. They are encountered in their chivalrous errand by "two uncivilized savages from the — regions," who appear shaped as griffins, and are exposed to many dangers, deterred by which Princes Blush and Jealous fail in the expedition. Prince Faithful, however, assisted by the fairy Goodfriend (Miss Bloomfield), reaches the enchanted castle and restores the imprisoned damsel to her disconsolate parents. In working out this plot, a variety of striking and magnificent spectacles, are enlivened by dialogue, smart and well sustained; there are numerous and not inapt allusions to recent and passing events—to the purification of the muddy Thames—the lightening of taxation on "heavy bricks"—the price of gas, which, with the window duty, "makes light rather heavy"—the reduction of official salaries—the danger of riding in carriages with ladies who carry babies (the Shoreditch Foundling to wit)—the French in Rome, and similar topics. Many popular songs are parodied with effect. The dresses are in the best taste, and taken altogether, the piece is one of the best of the kind that has been produced on the south side of the river for many years. The scenes have been painted by Mr. W. J. Calcott; the appointments are by Mr. T. Eallett; and the whole has been produced under the direction of Mr. Shepherd. The Scottish drama of *Cramond Brig* concludes the entertainment. The house was well filled, but not so crowded as might have been expected on the evening of Easter Monday.

And so, good-bye, till next year, to Easter and Easter theatrical amusements. We flatter ourselves that we have given our readers enough for the nonce—and enough is as good as a feast.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE programme of the sixth concert of the series was, in nearly all respects, admirable. The first part consisted of selections from the concert and dramatic works of Weber, and some of the most popular and finest compositions of this great master were given with such excellence as to enhance, considerably, the reputation of the Wednesday Concerts. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* were played with great energy and decision by the band. The vocalists were Madlle. Schloss, Miss Ransford, Herr Sperling, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Herr Formes. Madlle. Schloss made her first appearance at these concerts, and it was evident from the coldness of her reception on her appearance, that she was entirely unknown to the audience. She, nevertheless, sang the grand *aria* of Agata from *Der Freischütz* so well as to elicit a universal demand for an encore—a compliment rarely bestowed upon the performance of so long and difficult a piece. Madlle. Schloss possesses a *mezzo soprano* voice of great compass and purity of tone, and understands how to use it to the best advantage. She also took part in the quartette from *Oberon*, "O'er the dark blue waters," and in the lovely duet, "Come, be gay," from *Der Freischütz*, with Miss Ransford, who made her first appearance at these concerts this season, and was warmly received. Miss Ransford sang the solo parts in the *finale* to the first act of *Euryanthe*, with chorus. This sparkling composition was well calculated to display the power of her voice, its rich quality, and its capability for *bravura* passages. She was greatly and deservedly applauded. Herr Formes sang the grand *aria*, "Revenge," from *Der Freischütz*, splendidly. He also gave the popular "Drinking Song." Both were re-demanded unanimously, but Herr Formes re-appeared only to bow his acknowledgments for the compliment, wherein he showed the greatest discretion. Mr. Bridge Frodsham acquitted himself exceedingly well in one of the tenor romances from *Eury-*

*anthe*. Several concerted pieces were sung by the company. The instrumental solo was the March and *Finale* from the justly-celebrated *Concert-Stück*, performed by M. Alexandre Billet, who evinced a brilliant and correct execution, admirable mechanical powers, and a classical appreciation of the meaning of the composer. M. Billet was much and deservedly applauded. The second part (miscellaneous) consisted of ballads, solos, &c. Miss Ransford was encored in a lively ballad by S. Glover, "Smiling faces," and produced a charming effect in a graceful and musician-like song, by Piatti, with violoncello *obligato*, performed by the composer in the most perfect manner. Madlle. Schloss sang two German *lieder*, by Molique and Lindblad—the "Schifferlied," and "Poor Bessy's Song"—the first a beautiful romance, the second somewhat common-place. Both, however, thanks to Madlle. Schloss's excellent singing, were well received. Herr Formes obtained a boisterous encore in Rossini's "Largo al factotum," which he executed with immense vigor; and Mr. Bridge Frodsham, in the "Lass of Gowrie," was also redemanded, and merited the compliment. Miss Lanza sang two ballads and was much applauded. Mr. Drayton gave Dibdin's naval song, "Blow high, blow low," and Moore's Irish melody, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," exceedingly well; but the naval songs are not at present the fashion in concert rooms, and therefore they did not create the sensation they would have done some years ago. The applause bestowed was for Mr. Drayton and not for the music. The instrumental pieces in the second part were by Signor Piatti and M. Billet. Signor Piatti played a Fantasia from *Lucia*. The fine quality of tone, the perfect mechanism, and refined taste of this great artist could not fail to demand proportionate success. The audience listened with the utmost attention during his performance, and applauded vehemently at the conclusion. M. Billet gave two concert studies, of his own composition, for the pianoforte. These studies are brilliant and well written for the instrument, and are as well adapted for the concert room by their effect as for the practice room by their peculiar form. They were played with great delicacy and neatness by the composer, and much applauded. A new dramatic overture, by Mr. Lovell Phillips, commenced the second part. It is a composition of great merit, worked with the skill of an accomplished musician, and abounding in combinations at once bold and effective, which were admirably brought out by the orchestra. The concert concluded, before eleven o'clock, with a clever and animated march, on Hungarian national airs, by Herr Anschuetz, director of the orchestra. A German chorus, which was engaged for this occasion, produced a highly favourable impression, and may be made eminently useful in future concerts. Altogether this was one of the best London Wednesday Concerts ever given. The programme was judiciously varied, besides being intrinsically good. The introduction of concerted music will go further to establish a permanent success for these concerts than the system upon which the undertaking was at first commenced, in which ballads were so obtrusively prominent.

#### M. ALEXANDER BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE third and last of these interesting and well-directed concerts took place yesterday evening at St. Martin's Hall. The room was crowded to suffocation. The following admirable programme was performed.



## PART I.

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|--|--------------|
| Sonata, in F major, pianoforte, M. Billet  | Mozart.      |
| Song, "The first violet," Miss Eyles   | Mendelssohn. |
| Gran. Sonata, in B minor, Op. 40 (dedicated to Cherubini), pianoforte, M. Billet | Clementi.    |
| Duet, "The May Bells," Miss Eyles and Mrs. Newton                                | Mendelssohn. |
| Sonata, in C major, violin and pianoforte, M. Sainton and M. Billet              | Haydn.       |

## PART II.

- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Elegy, on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, in F sharp minor (by desire—first time in public), pianoforte, M. Billet | Dussek.      |
| Cantata, Mrs. Newton   | Mozart.      |
| Pianoforte, M. Billet—Prelude and Fugue, in B minor  | Bach.        |
| Study, in G  | Cramer.      |
| Study, in E  | Hummel.      |
| Prelude and Fugue, in B minor  | Mendelssohn. |
| Duet, "The Cauld Blast," Miss Eyles and Mrs. Newton  | Mendelssohn. |
| Sonata Duo, pianoforte and violoncello, in D major, Signor Piatti and M. Billet  | Mendelssohn. |
| Conductor, Herr Ganz.  |              |

The *Églogue* of Dussek, and the two duets with Sainton and Piatti, were the grand points of the performance; but we must defer particular criticism till our next.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY gives us nothing but triumphs to record. The applause bestowed upon the *début* of our countryman, Sims Reeves, still ringing in our ears, we witnessed another success equally decided and equally well deserved, from another compatriot, on Tuesday night. Need we say that we allude to the *début* of Miss Catherine Hayes on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the character of Lucy of *Lammermoor*.

We need not enter critically into the merits of Miss Hayes; as a graceful actress and an accomplished singer; they are familiar to all our readers, and we have frequently apostrophised them at great length. Suffice it that the Lucia of the charming Hibernian is a performance of exquisite sweetness, winning all hearts by its feminine tenderness and unaffected simplicity. The "Perche non ho," brilliantly sung, at once established the position of Miss Hayes with the crowded audience that flocked to witness her *début*; and this, with the subsequent scene of the contract, and especially that of Lucia's madness, fixed it beyond criticism. She never sang better, or exhibited the agreeable combination of vocal and histrionic qualities that constitute her talent, and have made her so great a favorite with the English (as with the Italian and German) public, to more eminent advantage.

Edgaro is, beyond a question the masterpiece of Sims Reeves, which on this occasion was proved to the satisfaction of everybody. Our great tenor was twice himself. In the opening scenes, especially in the duet with Lucia, where he took the high B flat from the chest with immense power; in the contract scene where the famous "Maledizione" was pronounced with intense and manly vehemence; and, best of all, in the last scene, where passion and despair were expressed in tones that left none unmoved, Mr. Reeves was equally great and equally successful. His triumph was complete.

Both Miss Hayes and Mr. Reeves were recalled and honored unanimously on several occasions. Their acquisition to Mr. Lumley's establishment cannot be too highly estimated.

Belletti and F. Lablache, as Enrico and Bide-the-Bent, were all that could be desired. The opera went very well altogether, and Mr. Balfe made his presence eminently felt by the *ensemble* he produced, through his energetic and artistic conducting, in the *finale* of the second act, the finest and most dramatic piece of music ever composed by poor Donizetti.

Between the second and third acts of *Lucia*, Mdlle. Atalia Ferraris repeated the grand *Pas de Deux*, with M. Chartes, in which she made her *début*. On the whole, we are glad to be able to join our contemporaries conscientiously in much that has been said in her praise. Her strength of limb, her muscular power, her firmness, her *aplomb*, and the readiness and agility of her *pirouettes* and *entrechats* in every variety, cannot be too highly lauded. What she wants to constitute a perfect dancer is a more easy carriage of the upper part of the person. Her gestures are somewhat angular, her arms are held too closely to her body, and the *haut de corps* indulges in an *abandon* which is not accompanied by equivalent grace; besides which she takes all her impetus from the shoulders, like a pianoforte player who plays from the elbows instead of the wrist, which in both cases gives force but stints *legereté*. It is from this latter cause that a certain rigidity is observed in the body while Mdlle. Ferraris dances, which she must strive her utmost to conquer. In other respects she is an able, nay, a wonderful dancer, and must be regarded as an immense acquisition to the strength of Mr. Lumley's *ballet*, which was already so strong without her. Mdlle. Ferraris may be congratulated on her success, which was not only triumphant but well deserved, and, by her second appearance on Tuesday, more than confirmed.

In the new *ballet* of *Les Metamorphoses*, Carlotta Grisi, who dances as Ernst plays upon the violin—which means to perfection—gave a lesson in her pantomime, and in her grand *pas*, which all the mimists and all the dancers in the world might have studied with advantage. Pretty Marie Taglioni, with her charming *Pas de Rosières*, was more *piquante* and attractive than ever.

On Thursday another crammed house, and another complete triumph. The aristocratic syren, Madame Sontag, the wonder of her own time and of ours, made her *réentrée* as Norina, in Donizetti's sparkling *Don Pasquale*, and was accompanied by the portly and inimitable Lablache, who also made his first appearance this season.

As circumstances unavoidably prevented our attendance on this occasion, we shall offer the notices of two eminent and qualified contemporaries, which must serve till next week, when we shall ourselves pay homage to the admirable vocal talent of Madame Sontag, and the unsurpassable comedy of the grand Lablache. The *Times* writes as follows:—

"Although during the period before Easter there was an extra performance on a Thursday evening, last night (Thursday) was the first that properly answers to the description of a 'long Thursday'; that is to say, the entertainments selected were of that varied kind, that the non-subscribers could see almost as much as possible of the company on a single visit. *Don Pasquale*, with M. Lablache and Madame Sontag; the last act of *Ercani*, with Mr. Sims Reeves and Mademoiselle Parodi; the *pas* by Mademoiselle Ferraris, and the *ballet* of *Les Metamorphoses*, with Mademoiselles Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni, made up a bill remarkable for no little variety and contrast.

"The great event of the evening was the first appearance this season of that most accomplished vocalist Madame Sontag. Having surprised the London public by the freshness of her voice and the perfection of her singing last year, she now came with the additional glory of her Parisian success. The French critics have been boundless in their praise of her; and M. Adolphe Adam could find no better mode of complimenting her on her lasting youthfulness than the facetious diffusion of a report that Mr. Lumley had engaged a daughter of the Countess Rosal, and not the Countess herself. Certainly, a younger and more fascinating Norina could not have been found than the one represented by Madame Sontag last night. Her assumption of the character is especially distinguished by a ladylike delicacy, which never allows the more violent outbreaks of



caprice to pass the limits of gracefulness. There is a sense of gentleness in all her tyranny over the unfortunate Don. Her voice seems even fresher than last season, and her execution is marked by the most perfect precision and the most delicate colouring. The lightness with which she sang her first aria at once captivated the audience, and the finale created a *furor* recalling to mind the great demonstrations in the days of Jenny Lind. The pit and stalls literally rose to greet Madame Sontag.

"M. Lablache likewise made his first appearance for the season, and was received with all the applause due to so distinguished a veteran. He is still the same as ever in *Don Pasquale*; and keeps up the accustomed roar at the vanities and sorrows of the eccentric old beau. The perfect good humour of Lablache is quite on a level with his power of invention, and he no sooner sets foot on the stage than a sympathy is established between him and his audience.

"The part of Ernesto was most sweetly sung by Calzolari, and the serenade was, of course, an *encore*. Belletti was all that could be wished as Doctor Malatesta. Thus the whole of the *dramatis personæ* were sustained in a first-rate manner, and the performance of the opera was as complete as possible.

"The house was filled in every part, the pit and gallery being densely thronged, and the boxes presented a most brilliant appearance. Although the night was an 'extra,' there was all the fashionable character of a 'subscription' audience."

The *Morning Herald* presents its readers with the following article on this important and interesting double-*rentrée*.

"There was a brilliant audience last night to witness the *rentrée* of Sontag, who comes to fulfil her engagement with the lessee, and give *éclat* to a season which has begun more auspiciously than many were prepared to expect. The success of Sontag in Paris has been immense, the concerts in which she appeared, under the auspices of Mr. Lumley, being attended by the *délite* of the Parisian fashion, who were disposed to award all the honour that was due to a vocalist of such well-established renown.

"The opera that was chosen for her re-appearance in this country was *Don Pasquale*. Her version of Norina would necessarily differ from that of Grisi, whose vigorous and flashing style always came out in its most vivacious colours as the pseudo wife. Sontag has but little of the fire of her gifted contemporary, but she has a method of her own, and her interpretation of the character is full of agreeable point. The sentiment she evolves is that of the drawing-room, Sontag never caring to shake off the polite and well-bred deportment which belongs to her, both by nature and position, and hence a feminine grace clothes all her personations, and communicates the sweetest odour of gentility. Her opening scene with *Don Pasquale* when she captivates him with her modesty and deference, was a triumph of comic acting and expert by-play. Her affected passion in the second act was as bold as we could expect. Her singing throughout was a display of execution the most finished, and taste the most delicate. Nothing could be more deliciously exquisite. The mechanism of this charming artist is still unapproached for ease, truth, flexibility, and grace; and no instrument was ever under more faultless control. As an exhibition of vocal art her performances last night have seldom been rivalled. All the *morceaux* in which *Norina* is concerned were delivered with a novelty and finesse inexpressably elegant, but at the same time how bewitchingly suave and amiable! The ornaments which she bestowed upon the cavatina, "Quel guardo il cavaliere," and upon her verse in the finale, were ravishing examples of execution, phrases succeeding phrase with a fluency the most consummate, and with an effect as chaste as it was beautiful. The latter was *encored*. The preceding duet, "Sigorina in testa fretta," had also been redemanded, which, we may add, was but a natural consequence, for it was delivered on the part of Sontag with a playful indifference, which made the blubbering agony of her victim the more amusing.

"The occasion was further distinguished by the re-appearance of the elder Lablache. The matchless buffe was warmly welcomed. The addition of a twelvemonth to his age does not seem to have affected him in the least; neither has he diminished an inch in

bulk. He is as potential in voice and as unctuous in humour as ever, and this involves everything that need be said, for who is there that is not familiar with his personation of the amorous Don—with his diverting vanities—and with his cruel perplexities? His acting in this character is a sublime bit of comedy; and when he retires—*Don Pasquale* will retire too!

"Belletti was the Malatesta, and Calzolari the Ernesto. The latter was *encored* in the serenade. The recalls were numerous. Sontag appeared after each act, and again when the curtain fell. The applause she received was as enthusiastic as it could well be."

Thus much must suffice for the present. Neither of our contemporaries make mention that an act of *Ernani*, with Mr. Sims Reeves, followed; that Madlle. Ferraris repeated her *pas de deux* with M. Charles; that Marie Taglioni introduced a new *pas caractéristique* in the *Métamorphoses*; that Carlotta Grisi was more delightful than ever, although she omitted her grand *pas* with M. Charles; and that, thanks to the energy, decision, and judgment of Balfe in the orchestra, the opera of *Don Pasquale* never went off better at Her Majesty's Theatre. But these things were in everybody's mouth when the performances were over, as we were abundantly informed by many good judges who had been to the theatre, and who, like ourselves, had come to enjoy some conversation and some smoke, at a cosy and hospitable after-Opera place of *rendezvous* in a quiet part of London.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

WE have to record two great events on Thursday evening at this establishment—the reproduction of *Masaniello*, and the first appearance of Signor Tamberlik, the new tenor about whom there has been so much talk of late. Auber's great work was given with all the splendor and magnificence of last season. The performance was a series of triumphs from first to last, and was on the whole one of the finest we have heard at the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus were entitled to especial notice throughout. Not only in the stirring and brilliant music of the opening chorus of the second act, in the market chorus, and in the fiery insurrection chorus, did they display immense energy and completeness of *ensemble* singing, but also, what is much more difficult for a large body of singers to accomplish, the utmost delicacy and purity, as instanced in the bridal hymn in the first act, and in the celebrated prayer in the market scene. The latter obtained a tumultuous *encore*, but the former was, if possible, a finer specimen of choral singing. By the way, the second prayer, although it has commonly the *prestige* of an *encore*, must yield the palm for grandeur and beauty to the first. The organ and choir behind the scenes has a magical effect.

The getting up of *Masaniello* at the Royal Italian Opera has not been surpassed within our recollection. The variety and exquisite beauty of the scenery; the gorgeousness and magnificence of the court dresses, contrasted with the appropriate and picturesque costumes of the fishermen and their wives and children; the bustle and animation evidenced in the coast and market scenes, the fire and abandon shown in the outbreak of the mob, together with all necessary means and appliances in the shape of stage properties, demonstrated in the most satisfactory manner that the directors have left nothing undone to render Auber's *chef d'œuvre* worthy of their promises to strengthen and sustain the lyric drama.

The cast differed from that of last year in two other instances besides that of *Masaniello*. Madame Castellan appeared as Elvira, in the room of Madame Dorus Gras, and Mademoiselle Ballin (Mrs. Gilbert), supplied the place of Madame Pauline Leroux in Fenella. Madame Castellan is

certainly the more acceptable of the two Elviras. In looks and voice, as well as in dramatic feeling, she is decidedly the superior of her predecessor. The Fenella of Mademoiselle Ballin has points of great merit. It is a performance earnest and natural, and though by no means so picturesque and striking as that of Madame Pauline Leroux, is well studied and artistically finished.

Signor Luigi Mei is scarcely up to the mark in Alphonso. The music does not appear to suit him. The fine song in 9-8 time in the first scene was endangered by his singing flat. In the fourth act Signor Luigi Mei improved considerably.

Masaniello's Pietro was as admirable as ever. He sang the great duet with Tamberlik, and the fine barcarole in the last scene, in splendid style. All throughout the opera his services were most essential.

Despite of many counteracting circumstances, Signor Tamberlik's *début* was one of the most triumphant we have witnessed for years of the operatic stage. He only arrived from the Continent on Wednesday morning, and up to the last moment was studying his part, the text of the Royal Italian Opera version of *Masaniello* being different from that to which he was accustomed. Coupling this with the nervousness inseparable on such an occasion, we should be inclined to make great allowance; but without making the slightest concessions, and judging of the new tenor only by what we have heard and seen, we do not hesitate to award him a high place among the greatest dramatic singers.

Signor Tamberlik comes from the San Carlo at Naples and the grand opera at Barcelona. In both places he has enjoyed an immense reputation for several years. With such a name, it may be asked—and with such talents, how comes it that the artist should have escaped the lynx eyes of the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden? To this, most probably, no satisfactory answer could be returned, unless we might suggest that Barcelona is a long way off, and that reputations made there have not the wings of such as are achieved in more musical *locales*. We learn from good authority that Signor Tamberlik some years since was engaged at the San Carlo, and was purchased, according to the custom of Italian managements, by the *impresario* of the opera at Barcelona, and that the term of his engagement there only expired last season. This perhaps, may account for the non-appearance of the Signor at either of our operatic houses, the directors of which have been on the look out for tenors a long while.

Signor Tamberlik's voice is a *tenore robusto*, or pure chest voice, of a fine, ringing, sonorous quality, capable of the most varied expression. The upper notes are powerful and clear, the middle round and sweet, possessing a remarkable evenness throughout. The voice is very extensive, reaching as high as the C in alt, which the singer gave out with tremendous power on Thursday evening. Signor Tamberlik makes no use of his *falsette*, at least uses it very rarely. He thus presents a strong contrast to Rubini and Mario, some of whose best effects were and are produced by this means. Signor Tamberlik's *sotto voce*, however, is admirable, and serves him instead of a *falsette*. The new tenor belongs decidedly to the Donzelli school; but he is a better artist than the great head of that school. His style is simple, pure, and unaffected, and his best effects are produced by legitimate means. He never exaggerates. He adheres conscientiously to his text—at least so far as we have heard him—and sacrifices nothing to obtain applause.

The cheers which greeted Signor Tamberlik on Thursday evening on his entrance were rather encouraging and patronising than expectant and enthusiastic. Indeed, so little was

feared. At rehearsal in the morning he did not sing out, and when he did sing at all his voice sounded small and shaky. On his entrance at night his first notes were waited for with much curiosity. The first few bars of his opening recitative proved that he had a pure and fine tenor voice. He commenced the barcarole well in tune, and took the first A *sotto voce* beautifully; but in the repeat, taking it in the chest voice *forte*, the note was so tremulous as to sound any thing but agreeable to the ears. He finished the verse so well, however, as to receive most encouraging applause from all parts of the theatre. From this cause, gaining voice and courage both, he began the next verse confidently, and gave the A *forte* in such splendid style as to bring down the whole house with an explosion. The barcarole was rapturously encored, and Signor Tamberlik, singing better and better as he went on, made a great and unmistakeable hit. He was recalled at the end of the song, and was received with tremendous cheering. In the grand duet with Pietro he improved his position immensely, obtaining another enthusiastic encore, and a subsequent recall. The power and dramatic force of Signor Tamberlik's style were strongly evidenced in this duet. At the end of the act he was called before the curtain, and was received by the whole house with cheers, clappings, waving of hats and kerchiefs, and all the signals of a "furore." The weather-glass in the interior of the theatre rose ten degrees after this event.

In the third act Signor Tamberlik had several opportunities afforded him of testing his histrionic powers, which he turned to advantage. He acted the scene where the officers seize on Fenella and endeavour to drag her away until stayed by the hands of Masaniello, with great effect. His defiance of the soldiers and their royal order was in the highest degree melodramatic, and he threw immense energy into the lines,

"Venite a me, fratelli—  
O per costor morrò!"

The celebrated "Sleep Song" was a most admirable specimen of *cantabile* singing, and was most deservedly encored. The first time Signor Tamberlik sang a little flat, but the second time it was irreproachable. Nothing could be rendered with more purity of taste or more genuine feeling.

The mad scene still further exhibited Signor Tamberlik's great dramatic capabilities. He played with surprising vigour and energy, and produced an immense effect by taking the C in alt as clear as a bell.

Signor Tamberlik shall claim a longer notice from us next week, when we confidently anticipate reporting a still greater success for him in his performance of to-night. Meanwhile, we may say that his triumph is acknowledged on all sides.

In conclusion, notwithstanding all we have said in praise of the performance, we have to call the directors to strict account for an unwarrantable liberty taken with Auber's score. The only effect of cutting the *Guaracha*, the Market Chorus, and the duet between Masaniello and Pietro, is to spoil the three best pieces of music in the opera. We expect, and shall be satisfied with nothing less at the hands of the directors of Covent Garden, than integrity and entirety in the production of works like the *Muette di Portici*.

The *Puritani* is to be produced on Thursday, with two acts of *Masaniello*. We are sorry to learn the latter part of this announcement. It is unjust to Signor Tamberlik, whose triumphant success such a fragmentary performance cannot fail to endanger; it is unjust to *Masaniello*, which deserves a better fate than to be made minced meat of. We trust the directors will think better of this!

## MR. GRATTAN COOKE AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the *Athenaeum*.)

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—A pamphlet has been circulated by Mr. Grattan Cooke, among the Subscribers and Members of the Philharmonic Society, to which we must call attention. Those who during a long course of years have adverted to defects calling for reform,—and who have already testified to the instant and clear profit attendant upon their removal,—must not forbear, however unpleasant it be, to speak when called on by a statement of a case in which progress could not be secured without individual grievance; but in which the aggrieved party represents himself as having been unworthily treated. We have adverted [*ante*, p. 267] to the new appointments of first oboe and first horn this year, made in the Philharmonic orchestra. In the pamphlet alluded to, Mr. Grattan Cooke, as the player on the former instrument, publishes the fact of his displacement—his vexation at the manner in which it has been made—and his conviction that it is ascribable to “*partial and personal motives*.” It appears that the Philharmonic Directors availed themselves of Mr. G. Cooke’s nomination to the mastership of the band of the 2nd Life Guards (by his own letter of September last announced to them, with some deprecatory hesitation), to invite him to resign his oboe-ship in their orchestra on the plea of the two appointments being incompatible. This intimation Mr. Cooke would neither understand nor accept; whereupon he subsequently received a notice that his services would not be required for the current season. He has published his correspondence, with a preamble, in which, by his allusion to the Birmingham Festival of 1849, and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. G. Cooke clearly conveys the impression that his dismissal was owing to Signor Costa’s interference. We observe in a recent number of the *Times* an official statement, made on the part of the Philharmonic Directors, that Signor Costa is not one of their Council, but merely their Conductor, and that he has no voice in the making of their engagements. Such being Mr. Cooke’s view, and such the tone of his circulated appeal, we have no choice but to comment thereon by a few plain truths. He seems unaware that for many years past it must have been felt by every listener to the Philharmonic performances, that the nervousness and unsteadiness in time of the first oboe as an orchestral player stood in the way of a sure and perfect execution. Six seasons ago, ere Signor Costa’s appointment was thought of, in the time of Dr. Mendelssohn’s short and stormy presidency, it will be found that this journal [*Athen.* Nos. 866 and 872, &c.] pointed to particular instruments as “not up to the mark,”—avoiding specification from averseness to giving pain. Mr. G. Cooke forgets how great has been our recent advance in every department of orchestral execution—how, to name merely one instance, it was necessary to abolish that old change of leadership which one night exhibited the incompetence of Mr. Weichsell, another the deficiency of Mr. Francois Cramer, &c. To many worthy men, these modifications of a constitution, infinitely pleasing to its members, but obsolete as not meeting the requisitions of our time, must have been mortifying. But help there was none—unless our model concert was to perish of inanity and self-importance—save in self-help on the part of the players laid aside. If, in place of contenting himself with the old sympathies and traditions of the Philharmonic Society, in place of resting with a natural complacency on testimonials of regard from Dr. Mendelssohn and Dr. Spohr, Mr. G. Cooke had taken them to heart as a stimulus, he would not now have

stood in the false position of an artist who, unable to perceive his own incompleteness, absolutely draws attention to it by endeavouring to establish a case of persecution, and compels those who, like ourselves, cordially own and recognise his many gifts and agreeable talents, to draw the line between what is unjust to the individual and what is indispensable to the progress of art and the requirements of taste. We are often at issue with the Philharmonic Directors on account of their timid resolution to move in the narrow groove of precedent, especially as regards their solo engagements. We think their counsels unwisely narrow as regards their trial and acceptance of new compositions. In the case before us, we think that they might have done wisely by more emphatically insisting on their duty to make their band as perfect as possible, thus destroying for the future, the idea that service establishes a claim which shall outweigh defect. But in proportion as we remonstrate, on principle, against the want of generous and large principles in their direction, we are bound to support them in every measure which shall tend to improve their performances. In the instance before us, moreover, they appear to have acted with considerate delicacy, which Mr. G. Cooke has been unwise in misinterpreting. It is to himself that he owes the pain of being told publicly that there was “just cause and reason” for the appointment of another first oboe at the Philharmonic Concerts.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

MANY questions have, at various times, been asked on the subject of the Royal Academy—on its usefulness to the public—on the object of its existence—on its influence upon art, and on the amount of its revenues, and the manner in which they are expended. The *Times* of Wednesday, in an article which will, we think, give satisfaction to the public, to the patrons of art, and to all artists who are not Royal Academicians, asks very pithily, “What is the Royal Academy?” and “What business has it in the National Gallery?” It answers the first question by tracing the history of the Academy, and by showing very clearly, that, whatever it may do towards the elevation of the social position and emoluments of a few artists, it has done, does, and can do nothing for the elevation of art. Our contemporary justly draws the distinction between a society for the benefit of artists and a society for the promotion of art; and having placed the Royal Academy in the first category, will not allow that it belongs to the second by any perceptible relationship. This, however, is a wide question, which it would occupy much space and time to discuss fully; but, without doing injustice to the real merits of the Royal Academy, it may be asserted that the public, and artists generally, are right when they say “that whatever may have been the purpose of the Royal founder and patron of the Academy, that Institution has not elevated the arts, but has simply produced a personal benefit to certain artists; and that it has not improved the public taste, but has merely ministered to the taste which it found.” If this be, as we believe, a true description of the Royal Academy, the public may well demand to know by what right this private body claims a joint possession of the National Gallery? It is quite rich enough with the proceeds of the shillings that it levies upon the public purse at the doors of its exhibition, to build or rent an edifice for its own purposes. Were there room to spare in the National Gallery, without doing injustice to the public, by unduly cramming the national pictures into small

expected from him that something approaching to a failure was space, the privileges claimed by the Royal Academy—though a proof of the shabbiness of that body—might be conceded. But where the reverse is the case, it is time that the Royal Academy should keep itself to itself, live upon its own resources, and leave the National Gallery to the purposes for which it was instituted—purposes with which, collectively and in its corporate capacity, the Royal Academy has nothing to do. Its occupation of room which was not intended for it is an intrusion—all the more inexcusable because it is not in a state of pauperism, or condemned to appeal to the generosity of the public to give it house-room. "Instead of spacious galleries, where the public might receive instruction by viewing the works of the great masters, classed according to their age or style, we are condemned to the confusion of an auction-room, in order that a rival establishment may exhibit its wares for money, and receive its shillings at the door after the fashion of Tota Thumb." The British Institution, or the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, might, with quite as much justice, claim a similar privilege. Our National Gallery would be wretched enough in its accommodation, had it no such interlopers; and there is no reason imaginable why the Royal Academy should make bad worse.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK.—(From Saroni's Musical Times.)—The season is over at the Astor Place Opera, as far as New York is concerned. We did not happen to be present on the night of Mr. Maretzek's farewell benefit. We can therefore say nothing, from personal knowledge, of the speeches, the gold snuff-box, the silver goblet, or the pitcher. This much, however, we can say, that with the evening in question closed a most successful operatic season. There is no denying that this happy result is owing, in a great measure, to the manager's tact and discretion, as well as to a newly awakened feeling on the part of the public. This feeling being now no longer confined to the foreigners who reside among us, nor to certain exclusive classes, but being distributed among many, it must be acknowledged that, even as Mr. Maretzek remarked publicly on the evening in question, the Opera may be considered as fairly established in New York. Musical criticism, too, is now established on a higher and surer footing than it ever was. We trust that we may claim our share of the efforts that have been made to attain that desirable result. At all events it must now appear certain that music has entered on a new career of success among us, and that a very general appetite has been created for musical performances of an exalted order. This being the case, the supply must soon keep pace with the demand.

Some of our contemporaries, in speaking a farewell word of the opera, assert that the last season has not proved remunerative to the manager. A paper which is confidently stated to enjoy to a great degree the confidence of Mr. Maretzek, even went so far as to name the sum which that gentleman lost. This may be exact; but we confess that we are sceptical. We have never noticed any symptom of extravagant outlay at the Astor Place Opera. On the contrary, we have often had occasion to admire the vigilance with which every source of waste was watched over and stopped, from the most important to the most trifling items. It seemed as if the eye of an intelligent master was everywhere. Nor were empty houses the order of the day (or night) during any part of the season. The subscription list was very considerable. The lower part of the house was always respectably filled, and the invariable "taken" which

decorated two-thirds of the seats of the parquette every evening, attested a very general impression that it was worth while to engage seats even at an additional expense. The little ceremony of presenting plate was proof, likewise, of the existence of a most cordial feeling between the manager and the different departments of his administration. Only in one respect did the just expectations of the opera seem not to be justified by the result. The benefit nights did not draw as well as might have been expected. Perhaps this fact has a moral attached to it. Will Mr. Maretzek take the hint?

#### REVIEWS.

"England, the Land of my Home," Ballad, dedicated to EDWARD THURTELL, Esq., Organist of Boston, Lincolnshire; composed by FREDERICK WIDDOWS, Professor of Music, Spalding.—ALFRED NOVELLO.

THE words of this ballad are selected from the Rev. Richard Corbould's "Young Man's Home." It is a regular patriotic song, but, at the same time, we must add, one of the best and the least affected we have seen on the theme of "Old England." The music is simple and homely—in keeping with the words—but it is expressive, nevertheless, and vocal in the bargain. The melody is rhythmical, and easily caught by the ear. The accompaniment in arpeggios is very easy, graceful, and well written. We can recommend this ballad, conscientiously, to our concert singers.

#### COMPARISONS OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

(Concluded from page 201.)

First, let us examine the work of the Greek poet. From his birth to his death, the history of *Œdipus* displays a tenet of Grecian religion, in which the highest tragic elements exist. He is the victim of fatality. Destined to misfortune ere his birth, exposed as an infant on Mount Cithæron, preserved as an instrument of the anger of the gods, killer of his father, husband of his mother, blinding himself in despair at his involuntary crimes, banished from Thebes by his own children, he has taken refuge in Colona, accompanied only by his daughter Antigone, in the grove sacred to the Furies, where, in accordance with the Delphian Oracle, he seeks only his death and his tomb. Every line in *Œdipus* breathes of the sanctity of the paternal character. The misery and destitution of *Œdipus* himself is the just retribution of his parricide; the filial ingratitude of his sons, Eteocles and Polinices, is the cause of their death. *Œdipus* is not a free agent; he knows himself to be the mere instrument of divine anger—the heavy cloud of inexorable destiny ever overshadowing his head. So, when his son Polinices humbles himself before him, praying for mercy and pardon, it is only at the request of Theseus that the father consents to hear him. What is his answer to the supplication of his son? A mere earthly father might pardon; but *Œdipus* knows that he is at once the victim and the minister of the divine will; and his reply to Polinices is his curse and condemnation. According to ancient morality, *Œdipus* could not pardon his sons, because their ingratitude to him was a crime against fathers in general; he knows that mere human pity can have no place in his heart, for by his voice the will of the gods speaks. Hence in his sorrow there is nothing weak or common; his poverty and exile are forgotten, and he sees in himself, as the reader Lear, on the contrary, outraged and offended, speaks out of his own heart, and gives loose to all the natural impetuosity of his disposition.

"Hear, nature, hear! dear Goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful,—  
Into her womb convey sterility,  
Dry up in her the organs of increase,  
And from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honour her!"

Finally, *Lear* feels his wrongs, unlike *Œdipus*, to be all personal, and he resents them as such; and here lies the difference between the English and Greek poets, in their manner of treating the same subject.

We shall now examine the manner in which filial ingratitude has been treated by a modern writer of very great talent, M. de Balzac, in his novel, "*Le Père Goriot*." Goriot, an ex-vender of vermicelli, having made a large fortune by trade, retires in his old age to a humble boarding-house; after giving all he possesses, with the exception of a few hundreds a year, to his two daughters, who have married, one a nobleman, the other a banker. They soon begin to blush at their father's vulgarity; they refuse to receive him at their houses; but soon they require money to enable them to gratify some costly caprice; their fortunes are in the hands of their husbands, so they have recourse to the old father, who sells, by degrees, all he still possesses, to gratify the extravagance of his children, and finally expires in a garret, without either of them even visiting him on his death-bed.

Assuredly there is as great a difference between *Lear* or *Œdipus* and the old seller of vermicelli, as there is between *Sophocles* or *Shakespeare* and M. de Balzac. But Goriot is a father, like *Œdipus* and *Lear*, and like them, a father outraged by his children; like them, therefore, he has a right to our respect and pity. But in order that we should fully sympathise with the miseries of a parent suffering under the ingratitude of his offspring, we have a right to expect that the father should himself feel something of the dignity of paternal character. It is not sufficient that he love his children, he must likewise feel that it is their duty to love him, and that they are guilty before God and man, if they neglect or insult him. Nothing of this sort is to be found in the passion of Goriot for his daughters; his affection for them is unreasoning, almost 'bestial,' in character—the affection, in fact, as the author takes care to inform us, of a dog for its master. When M<sup>de</sup>. de Nucingen or her sister close their doors against their father, or will not recognise him in the street, Goriot does not feel that his dignity as a man and a father is outraged. His children, who refuse to see him—he sees them pass rapidly by in an open carriage—they look handsome and happy, and he is content. It is too much to expect that the reader should sympathise with the misfortunes of a man who either feels so little, or is so easily consoled for them. Here is an example of that individuality of character to which we have referred in the early part of this article. That such a man as Goriot never existed, would be too much to affirm; but we may safely assert that such characters are extremely rare. *Lear* and *Œdipus*, on the contrary, both think and act just as men in general would do, if placed in the same position of thought and action.

#### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 170.)

##### Plagiarism the Forty-fourth.

While some bring leaves of henna to imbue  
The finger's ends with a bright roseate hue,  
No bright, that in the mirror's depth they see,  
Like tips of coral branches in the stream.

This image is suggested, either by—

*The story of Futura in the Baharistanush—*

They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet, with henna, so that they resembled branches of coral.

Or by a note to—

SOUTHEY.—*Thalaba the Destroyer*, Book III.

Her fingers in beauty and slenderness, appearing as the *Yed Steer* (the miraculously shining hand of Moses,) or the rays of the sun, being tinged with henna, seemed branches of transparent red coral.

##### Plagiarism the Forty-fifth.

Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays  
In broken rainbows a fresh fountain plays,

SIR W. JONES.—*Laura*, vol. iv., p. 461,  
There living waves in sparkling columns rise,  
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies.

SIR W. JONES.—*The Seven Fountains*, vol. iv., p. 435.

Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,  
Rise to the sun with many-coloured ray.

##### Plagiarism the Forty-sixth.

He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury  
Is but to tempt, to try the eagle's gaze  
Of my young soul;—come on, 'twill ward the blaze.

In one of Moore's Minor Poems, the same thought occurs—

The genuine virtues that with eagle's pride  
Sought young Renan in all her orient clime.

It is anything, however, but original, as I shall prove by an army of authorities:

SPENSER. *Fairy Queen*, canto x., st. xlviii.

All were his earthly elen both blent and be,  
And through great all had lost their kindly sight,  
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,  
As eagle's eye that end beheld the sun.

SHAKESPEARE.

She was a virgin of austere regard,  
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,  
But as the eagle that hath oft compass'd  
Her eye with Heaven; so, and more brightly shin'd  
Her lamping sight.

THOMAS HEYWOOD. *The Royal King and Loyal Subject*, act I., sc. I.

I was born eagle-eyed and to gaze  
In the sun's forehead; I will brook no cloud  
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire.

(To be continued.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—In speaking of the performance of Carlotta Grisi in the new ballet of *Les Metamorphoses*, a contemporary observes—"It is enough to add that the various transformations afford Carlotta Grisi an opportunity of exhibiting her histrionic talent with incomparable effect. We know not in what costume most to admire the charming danseuse—whether when, as a rustic coquette, she wins the student's heart and tenses him to death—or when, as a *domino*, she perplexes him in a thousand different ways—or when, as a cavalier, she shows herself a better master of fence than Karl himself, whom she disarms with exquisite coolness and effrontery, suffice it, in each and all Carlotta is equally irresistible and imitable. Her dancing and acting are so blended together, and both so so naturally and artistically finished, that she makes it appear as though as many and as powerful emotions could be expressed by the pantomimic movements of the arms and feet as by the most eloquent and searching tones of the human voice. In no ballet—not even in *Emeralda*, Perrot's masterpiece—has Carlotta had a happier opportunity of displaying her admirable accomplishments to advantage, and in none has she employed them with more grace and fascination. In the grand *pas* with M. Charles (from the *Fille du Fatale*) Carlotta Grisi exhibits the prodigies of grace and mechanical perfection which she has so entirely at her command. The success of *Les Metamorphoses* was triumphant, and may be regarded as the dawn of a new life for the ballet, which,



with all its attractions, owing to the exclusive sway of Madlle. Jenny Lind over the public mind, has been of late somewhat on the wane."

**BALFE.**—In reference to the reappearance of this excellent and popular musician at his old post of "composer, conductor, and director of the orchestra" at Her Majesty's Theatre—an event which, without any obvious reason, was for a long period considered unlikely—a new monthly journal, called *The London Review*, says—"The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Balfe, whose appearance was hailed with unanimous and long continued applause. It was satisfactory to every one to find our popular countryman once more in the place which he has filled with so much real energy and talent during four successive seasons. This at once put an end to all the malevolent reports which insinuated that a difference between Mr. Balfe and the management would prevent his attending this season at his old post." There can be but one opinion on this matter. The press, as well as the best friends of either party, are convinced that separation would have been a thing to be regretted as much by Mr. Lumley as by Mr. Balfe, and as much by Mr. Balfe as by Mr. Lumley.

**FORMES.**—In reference to this gentleman's fine performance of the character of Caspar, in *Der Freischütz*, at the Royal Italian Opera, the same authority remarks:—"The Caspar of Herr Formes has been greatly lauded, but not a bit too much. We have not for a long time witnessed a more graphic and powerful representation. Every phase of the character—one of the most romantic ever drawn—the pure creation of Kind, who furnished Weber with the book, since Caspar does not appear in Apel's *Freischütz* is understood and embodied by Herr Formes with masterly completeness. The fate which hangs over Caspar's devoted head is made finely prominent." A man knowing himself condemned, yet clinging to a forlorn hope, is continually present. Herr Formes never forgets this, even when Caspar is most a hypocrite, endeavouring to cajole poor Max with false promises, under the cloak of affected hilarity—even to the very last, when Samiel comes to claim his victim, and Caspar, still unwilling to own that his hour is nigh, struggles to conceal his terror under a mask of audacious defiance. That Herr Formes is a consummate actor this one character is quite enough to prove. That his splendid voice would do full justice to the wild and beautiful melodies of Weber, none doubted that had ever heard him sing—no matter what, no matter where—at the Wednesday Concerts or at the Philharmonic. His grand vocal effect was produced in the magnificent air upon which the curtain falls at the conclusion of the first act—the "Revenge" song. A finer example of energetic singing was never heard within the walls of a theatre. Rough it was, if you please—rough and wild—nay, savage in the bargain; and so it ought to be. Herr Formes understands what he is about. He is no novice. So moved were the audience by this vocal effort—or rather dramatic and vocal effort combined—that they recalled Herr Formes, with one voice, when the curtain fell. His subsequent scenes were equally great. His admirable acting in the incantation scene, and his death, a masterpiece of art—melo-dramatic as some would call it—produced a powerful and ineffaceable impression.

**FORMES IN CASPAR.**—Formes has gained greatly in his singing since the first night; the language and recitatives were more familiar to him, and he was consequently not so much fettered in his acting as on his opening performance. The roughness of his execution becomes almost a beauty in Caspar. The poetical nature of the singer asserts its supremacy in every phase of the terrible drama: his drinking-song, so full of demoniac gaiety; his revenge bravura, so replete with overwhelming energy; his incantation scene, so striking in picturesque pantomime and varied vocal power; and his final death-struggle, and defiance of all authority, above and below, realize completely the picture of the doomed hunter, so vividly created by poet and musician.—*Illustrated London News*.

**MR. HENRY RUSSELL.**—(From an occasional Contributor.)—This popular vocalist has given a series of entertainments, at the Lyceum Theatre, during the Fashion week, which has been highly successful. The theatre has been crowded on every evening of performance. The last concert took place on Saturday evening. The subjects which Mr. Henry Russell has selected to wed his music to, have great interest amongst a numerous class of the

community, and, with his manner of interpretation will, for a long period, be likely to command a certain degree of public attention. On Saturday night, Mr. Russell addressed the following apology to the audience for his frequent repetitions of a particular song—"The Song of the Shirt":—"Ladies and gentlemen, I owe some apology for continuing to bring this composition so constantly before your notice, but I desire that my songs should have a wider aim than a mere momentary gratification. I use music as a medium for bringing this unfortunate class constantly to public notice, hoping thereby to ameliorate, to some extent, their present horrible position." This is certainly a "wider aim" than usual, and it is to be hoped Mr. Russell may not hit "wide of the mark." On the present occasion, at least, the philanthropic sentiments of the audience were aroused, and the success of Mr. Russell was as great as he could desire. During the week Mr. Russell has sung nearly all his most noted songs—"The Gambler's Wife," "Woodman spare that Tree," "The Ship on Fire," "The Ivy Tree," "The Scaffold," &c., &c.—many of which were re-demanded on Saturday night, and the others applauded so warmly as to leave no doubt of their retaining their popularity. Mr. Russell also introduced some "nigger" melodies so called, and some "nigger" anecdotes so entitled, some of which appeared as fresh as if they had been just invented; it is probable they were invented for the occasion. We except the stories of the tooth-brush and table-cloth, which are as old as the hills; but that is of little consequence, they served to pass away an evening pleasantly and harmlessly, and as long as such is their tendency it is but of little moment who wrote the "nigger" anecdotes, and who did not write them, who composed the "nigger" melodies and who did not compose them. The entertainment wound up with "There's a Good Time Coming"—the audience, under the direction of Mr. Russell, joining in full and *ad libitum* chorus—a practice somewhat novel, but evidently very satisfactory, for the good public afterwards were zealous to display their vocal abilities in the national anthem, upon their expressing which desire, Mr. Russell very good humouredly accorded them the advantage of his leadership. "God Save the Queen" was chanted by the Concert-giver, boxes, pit, and gallery, with uproarious loyalty and generous lungs. The Pianoforte used on this occasion, one of Kirkman's sweet-toned "Fondas," was remarkable for fullness and equality—merits which Mr. Russell displayed liberally in the very original symphonies and accompaniments of his songs.

**HENRY SMART.**—We understand that Mr. Henry Smart, the eminently talented organist and composer, is expected at Clifton, on Monday next, on a visit to his friend, H. J. Haycraft, Esq. We trust an opportunity will be afforded the lovers of the science, during his stay, of hearing so justly celebrated a performer. Mr. Smart arrives here from Liverpool, where on Sunday (to-morrow) he opens a large organ built by the Messrs. Davison, of London. This is the seventh instrument Mr. Smart has been engaged for on similar occasions, in that city and neighbourhood.—*Bristol Journal*.

**M. JULES DE GLIMES**, the popular professor and conductor, is expected shortly in London, to resume his professional duties.

**MR. LOVE**, the ventriloquist, gave one of his entertainments on Monday night in the Music Hall, Store-street. He repeated it on Tuesday night at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street.

**GRISI, MARIO, TAMBUINI, TAGLIATICO**, and Madlle. DE MERIC have arrived in London from St. Petersburg, and will all make their *entrée* on Tuesday next in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

**TAGLIONI.**—The foreign papers inform us that this celebrated danseuse and her husband, the Prince Alexander Trubetzkoi, have been condemned to pay 6,400 livres to the Austrians, at Milan, as their share of fines imposed on the liberal nobility.

**THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY** have announced *Elijah* for repetition on Friday next, the 12th inst. Of the fine performance of this greatest of *chefs d'œuvre*, which took place last night, we shall speak in our next.

**PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.**—Madame Schwab, the talented pianist, has announced her annual evening concert for Wednesday next, on which occasion she will be assisted by some of our popular vocalists. She will perform in Mozart's Quartett in E flat, and with Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, a "Grand duo brillante" for two pianos, composed by that gentleman. Messrs. Hill, Thirlwall, Briccialdi, &c., are named among the instrumental soloists.



**ALBION HALL, HAMMERSMITH.**—Miss Clara Seyton has been giving her entertainments at this establishment to numerous audiences.

**MANCHESTER.**—CONCERT OF THE DISTIN FAMILY.—On Tuesday evening last this interesting family gave the first of three concerts announced to take place in the Free Trade Hall. They were assisted by a Miss Moriat O'Connor, a lady not altogether unknown to the Manchester public, and who sung several songs with good taste and feeling. The demands on our space will not permit of a lengthy notice, but we may add that the many clever performances of the evening were fully appreciated by a numerous and enthusiastic audience, there being no less than six encores.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR

MR. COSTA.

**NEXT FRIDAY, 12th of April, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH."**  
Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss A. Williams, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockett, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Herr Formes, with Orchestra of 700 Performers.

Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each; at No. 6, in Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

### PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM, OXFORD STREET.

**MADAME SCHWAB'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, on**  
Wednesday, April 10th, 1850. She will be assisted by the following eminent artists:

Madlle. Nau, Miss Poole, Miss Messent, Miss Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Leslie, and Madame F. Lablache; Signor Marras, Herr Menghis, Mr. Burdini, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Whitworth.

Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madame Schwab, who will perform (by desire) Mozart's Quartet, in E flat; also with Mr. Ferdinand Prager, a "Grand Duo Brillant," for Two Pianofortes, composed by F. Prager, for the occasion; Flute, Signor Ercicciadi; Violin, Mr. Thirlwall; Viola, Mr. Hill; Violoncello, Mr. Reed.

Conductor,

MR. NEGRI.

To commence at Half-past Seven.

Tickets, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Three Persons, 10s. 6d. Tickets to be had of all the principal Musicians, and at the residence of Madame Schwab, 31, Milton Street, Dorset Square.

### MUSICAL UNION.

**SECOND MATINEE.**—Tuesday, April 9th, at Half-past Three o'clock.—Quartet, E minor, Op. 44, Andante and Scherzo, Posthumous Quartet, — Mendelssohn; Sonata, in G, Piano and Violin, — Beethoven; Quartet, No. 10, E flat, — Beethoven.

Artists:—Ernst, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. Pianoforte, S. Bennett.

Members are requested to pay their Subscriptions to Cramer and Co., where Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, can be purchased. Members can personally introduce visitors on payment at the door. A limited number of resident artists and members of foreign academies will receive Free Admission on applying to J. ELLA, Director.

### MR. AGUILAR

**BEGS to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT**  
at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, April 24th.  
Vocalists—Miss Lucombe, the Misses C. and E. Cole, Madlle. Schloss, and Madlle. Graumann; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Marchesi.  
Violin, Herr ERNER; Violoncello, Herr HAUSMANN; Oboe, Mr. NICHOLSON; Clarinet, Mr. LAZARUS; Horn, Mr. JARRETT; Bassoon, Mr. BEAUMANN; Pianoforte, Mr. AGUILAR.

Conductor,

MR. BENEDICT.

Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; to be procured at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 301, Regent Street; at Messrs. Weasel and Co., 229, Regent Street; and at the Residence of Mr. Aguilar, 68, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

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Candidates must apply, enclosing their testimonials (prepared), to Charles Townshend, Esq., Chester.

### MR. CHAS. SALAMAN'S EVENING CONCERT

**WILL take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,**  
on WEDNESDAY, April 17th.

Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Sophia Messent, Miss Bassano, and Madlle. Therese Mapner (Prima Donna at the Grand Ducal Theatre at Mannheim; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Frans Stahl (Principal Baritone at the Court of St. Petersburg).

Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Salaman; Violins, Messrs. Goffrie, N. Mori, Case, and Hill; Viola, Messrs. Richard Blegrove, &c.; Violoncelli, Messrs. Hausmann and Hancock; Contra-basso, Mr. Howell; Flute, Mr. Card; Oboe, Mr. Gratton Cooke; Horn, Mr. Jarrett.

Conductor

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Stall Ribbets, 10s. 6d. each; and Single Tickets, 7s. each; may be obtained of Mr. C. Salaman, 36, Baker Street, Portman Square; and at the principal music publishers and libraries.

### MR. A. MINASI

**BEGS to announce that, having returned to London,** he intends giving Lessons in Harmony, according to the System of the late Dr. ALFRED DAY. Mr. MINASI will also be happy to give Instructions in Musical Composition and Instrumentation.

Shortly will be Published, an OVERTURE, entitled "DJALMA," composed by ANTONIO MINASI, during a residence in India, and arranged for the Pianoforte by the Author.

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## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.



The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place

**ON THURSDAY, APRIL 11TH, 1850,**  
When will be presented (with New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations,) Mozart's Celebrated Opera,

### DON GIOVANNI.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

Don Giovanni - - - Signor COLLETTI,  
Don Ottavio - - - Signor CALZOLARI,  
Masetto - - - Signor F. LABLACHE,  
Leporello - - - Signor LABLACHE,  
Donna Anna - - - Madlle. PARODI,

AND

Zerlina - - - Madame SONTAG.

In the Ball Scene will be Danced by

Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, and Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI (who will appear as a Spanish Cavalier.)—Mozart's INCIDENTAL MINUET IN G.

And also Mozart's

INCIDENTAL ZARABANDA IN A MINOR,

As performed with the greatest success at the Royal Opera, Berlin.

Between the Acts

A DIVERTEMENT,

In which Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS will appear.

To conclude with the highly successful New and Original Grand Ballet, by M. PAUL TAGLIONI, entitled

### LES METAMORPHOSES.

In which Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, M. CHARRIER, and M. P. F. will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Seats, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

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MR. DISTIN and SONS will perform on the SAX HORNS in the following Towns—Monday, April 8th, Bradford, 9th Wakefield; 10th, Pontefract; 11th, Beverly; 12th, Hull.

Vocalist, Miss M. O'Connor; Pianist, Mr. J. Willy.

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Madame GRISI, Madlle. DE MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI, And Signor MARIO.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce, that, on TUESDAY NEXT, APRIL 9th,

Will be represented (for the First Time this Season) DONIZETTI's Opera,

### LUCREZIA BORGIA,

in which Madame GRISI, Madlle. de MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI, and Signor MARIO, will make their First Appearances this season.

Lucrezia Borgia - - - Madame GRISI,  
Maffio Orsini - - - Madlle. de MERIC,  
(Her First Appearance in that Character in England.)  
Don Alfonso - - - Signor TAMBURINI,  
Don Gazella - - - Signor GREGORIO,  
Rustighello - - - Signor LAVIA,  
Ascania Petrucci - - - Signor RACHE,  
Jeppo Liverotto - - - Signor SOLDI,  
Gubetta - - - Signor POLONINI,  
Oloferno Vitellozzo - - - Signor LUIGI MEI,

AND

Gennaro - - - Signor MARIO.

The Grand Chorus of Masques in the Prologue will be accompanied by a MILITARY BAND, in addition to the Orchestra, the Principal Vocal Parts being sung by Signori POLONINI, MEI, SOLDI, LAVIA, and Madlle. DE MERIC.

## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

Madame GRISI, Madame CASTELLAN,  
Signor TAMBERLIK, Signor TAMBURINI,  
And Signor MARIO.

NEXT THURSDAY, APRIL 12th, AN EXTRA NIGHT will take place, on which occasion a Grand Combined Entertainment will be given. The Performances will commence with (for the First Time these Two Years) BELINI's Opera,

### I PURITANI.

Valton - - - Signor POLONINI,  
Georgio - - - Signor TAMBURINI,  
Arturo - - - Signor MARIO,  
Bruno - - - Signor SOLDI,  
Riccardo - - - Signor TAGLIAFICO,  
Hennietta - - - Madlle. COTTI,

AND

Elvira - - - Madame GRISI.

To conclude with the SECOND and THIRD ACTS of AUBER's Grand Opera of

### MASANIELLO.

Elvira - - - Madame CASTELLAN,  
Fenella - - - Madlle. BALLIN,  
Emma - - - Madlle. COTTI,  
Alphonso - - - Signor LUIGI MEI,  
Borella - - - Signor ROMMI,  
Pietro - - - Monsieur MASSOL,  
Lorenzo - - - Signor SOLDI,  
Pescatore - - - Signor RACHE,  
Selva - - - Signor GREGORIO,

AND

Masanello - - - Signor TAMBERLIK,  
(His Third Appearance in England.)

The BALLET incidental to the Opera will be supported by Monsieur ALEXANDRE and Mademoiselle LOUISE TAGLIONI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Overture to MASANIELLO will be played between the Operas.

The Performances commence at Eight o'Clock precisely every Evening.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre.

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# The Musical World.

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No. 15.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.  
{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

EVERY week supplies us with one or more new themes for panegyric, in the studied impersonations of the accomplished Made. Sontag. Mr. Lumley has reason to congratulate himself on the unexpected possession of this new and bright star, which, like the lost pleiad, had been missed for a period, but unlike the lost pleiad, has been newly discovered, shining with more than its early splendour.

The *Don Pasquale* was repeated on Saturday, with increased effect. Made. Sontag's Norina has one special excellence—viz., that the compass of her voice does not necessitate the alteration of a single passage. This could not be said even of "the glorious Alboni," who for the final *rondo* of Donizetti was compelled to substitute the final *rondo* of Balfe's *Maid of Artois*. It is true that Balfe's was the best of the two, and that "the glorious Alboni" sang it as well as "the immortal Malibran" herself; but that did not mend the matter. Balfe and Alboni should both have been indicted for a conspiracy against Donizetti, and Mr. Lumley should have been included in the indictment, for "aiding and abetting." However, "*nous avons changé tout cela*," as the learned critic of the *Morning Chronicle* might have observed, and behold Donizetti restored to his just proportions. But seriously, the Norina of Made. Sontag is a most lady-like and fascinating performance, involving a display of vocal facility that must have satisfied the most fastidious ear, and has completely captivated the ear popular, which hungry for sweet sounds, swallows with avidity the dulcet tones of the "Drawing-room Thrush."

The *Don Pasquale* of Lablache is a miracle of racy humour. No description can do it justice, and as we are not inclined to profess, much less exhibit, incompetency where mere words and phrases are concerned, we shall not attempt to describe what, in the spirit of candour, we have pronounced as indescribable. The only bit of "gag" in this enormous piece of comedy is when Lablache picks up the letter, with the assistance of a chair and a toasting fork, and after having accomplished his aim, throws himself into that attitude which painters and sculptors, from time immemorial, have assigned to the more mischievous and frolicsome moods of the small god, Cupid. But then this bit of "gag" is worth an entire pantomime, and would have turned the melancholy grimaces of Heraclitus, the crying philosopher, into such broad grins as Democritus or Flexmore might appropriately wear, if engaged in reading one of the comic romances of Scarron, or Albert Smith, the Scarron of our times (albeit a bachelor.) The fact is Lablache can do as he pleases, and what he pleases to do is sure to please the public, whom he has held by the coat-button for nearly thirty years. In the *finale* the voice of Lablache comes out with all its early thunder; an audience of deaf men might hear without their trumpets, and be edified.

Calzolari is very quiet and lover-like as Ernesto; and

Belletti, albeit not corpulent, gives a certain *cachet* to Dr. Malatesta which stamps the impersonation as his own. The singing of these excellent gentlemen, and good musicians, is both gentlemanly and musical. Few know better what they are about, in the particular of vocalty, than Calzolari and Belletti, to whom the Italian composers might honourably erect a monument, since whatever passages they write are sure to be sung:—

TO  
CALZOLARI AND BELLETTI,  
Arcades Ambo.  
By the grateful Italian Composers.

This would be neither more nor less than a simple exhibition of gratitude. Verdi would not be asked to subscribe, since if Calzolari and Belletti continue to sing his music, "in its integrity," Calzolari and Belletti will be likely to lose their voices, which are too valuable to be perilled in such an ill cause.

In *Don Pasquale*, as in everything else, Balfe comes out in full force. Those who do not bear testimony to the nightly improvement of the orchestra, under the direction of this admirable musician, are either blind or prejudiced, and are not critics, but costermongers.\*

On Tuesday our ears were once more regaled with the delightful strains of Rossini's undying masterpiece; need we name it? We need not; but we love to write the name, since every time the three words, *Barbiere di Siviglia*, escape our pen it is accompanied by a pang of pleasant recollections; our ear is invaded by a shower of delicious melodies, and our soul becomes a lyre, upon which some invisible hand plays ravishing music.

The evergreen opera came out fresh as ever, with a strong and effective distribution of character. Madame Sontag's Rosina is one of the most graceful and engaging of her performances. Her "Una voce," differing entirely in character from the versions of Grisi, Persiani, and Alboni, all excellent in their way, has a coloring peculiar to the accomplished songstress, which adds a new charm, even now that almost every great vocalist, *soprano* and *contralto*, has lavished the most ingenious elaborations of florid art in varying and embellishing Rossini's original text. Madame Sontag, more ornate than her contemporaries, without even excepting Persiani, captivates her audience by the bird-like facility with which she executes the most brilliant and unexpected passages, and invests the whole with a charming air of ingenuousness. Her "Dunque io son" is equally clever, although in this beautiful duet we should be better pleased with a simpler reading. The *furor* created last season by the variations on Rode's air was repeated on Tuesday night, with augmented intensity.

\* Query.—Costermongers.

Madame Sontag, applauded to the echo, was forced to repeat the last variation, by the unanimous command of the house. Lablache's Dr. Bartolo has lost none of its unctuous and irresistible humour, and his *cavatina* in the lesson scene was as inimitably lack-a-daisical as ever. The Count of Signor Calzolari, and the Figaro of Signor Belletti, in all that appertains to the vocal business, are entitled to unqualified eulogy. The former was much applauded in the *cavatina* "Ecco ridente;" and the latter equally well received in the "Largo al factotum." As far as the histrionic requisites are concerned, neither of these gentlemen can lay claim to the highest admiration. Signor Calzolari lacks ease, Signor Belletti lacks humour. The opera was admirably performed, Mr. Balfe, by his energy and decision, ensuring the completest effect for the overture and orchestral accompaniments. The encores and recalls for Madame Sontag and the principal artists were frequent.

Between the acts of the opera, the new dancer, Madlle. Ferraris, repeated her *grand pas* with renewed success; and the ballet of *Les Metamorphoses*, in which the unrivalled Carlotta Grisi displayed all the graces and mechanical accomplishments of her evolutionary art, and all the fascinations of her finished and exquisite pantomime, concluded the entertainments.

"It now appears to be the general opinion," says our excellent cotemporary, the *Morning Herald*, at the end of a lucid and genial notice of this performance, "that (as we have already hinted) the performance of Carlotta in this highly successful production of M. Paul Taglioni, is likely to renew the vogue of the ballet, which was diminished for a time by the engrossing attraction of Mdlle. Jenny Lind."

There was a fine house, and among the audience were Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and a brace of the royal infants.

On Thursday, the greatest of all great, the most inapproachable of all inapproachable operas—*Don Giovanni*—was performed, with a very strong cast, the prominent feature of which was Madame Sontag's Zerlina. We were again unfortunately compelled to be absent, and must, therefore, be satisfied to give some extracts from our contemporaries. The *Morning Herald* writes of the performance in the following terms:—

"The second 'long Thursday' last night, was as much more musically interesting than the first as Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is more musically interesting than Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. The cast combined nearly all the vocal strength of the establishment, including Madame Sontag, Mdlle. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Signors Calzolari, Coletti, Lablache, and F. Lablache. The attraction was great, and a crowded house the natural consequence.

"Great curiosity prevailed last night, as at the end of last season, about the Zerlina of Madame Sontag. From Malibran down to Persiani and Alboni, this exquisite creation of Mozart has been a favourite part of the most famous and accomplished vocalists. The effect produced by Mdlle. Alboni last year was, perhaps, greater in Zerlina than in any other of her new line of impersonations, since she abandoned the exclusive *contralto* repertory, to invade the domain of the *mezzo soprano*, and even *soprano*, with how much success it is unnecessary to record. The Zerlina of Madame Sontag, though differing in almost every conceivable respect from that of Alboni, is a performance of the highest charm, full of intelligence and quiet playfulness. In her singing of the air, Madame Sontag does not so scrupulously adhere to the text as Alboni, but whatever she does is so gracefully done, that the most rigid disciplinarian is content to swallow his dissatisfaction, and to cheer with the less particular part of the audience, whose enthusiasm last night was unmistakably evinced by their applause, and the hearty *escotes* awarded to the "*La ci darem*," "*Batti batti*," and "*Vedrai Carino*," in the second of which the exquisite *violoncello* playing of Piatu was universally remarked. Madame Sontag's Zerlina must be set down as a new link in the chain of her

recent triumphs, and will serve (if anything beyond its musical merits be required) to induce the direction to present the master piece of Mozart and of dramatic music more than once again during the season.

"Madame Parodi's Donna Anna has improved in vocal certainty, while the dignity of gesture and appearance that was admired last season is not less worthy of admiration now. In the grand *scena* where Donna Anna describes to Ottavio the assault upon her honour by the perfidious Giovanni, there were some striking and impassioned passages. The recitative especially was declaimed with much force and dramatic colouring. Of the Elvira of Madame Giuliani, when we have said that the music was admirably sung, the 'In quale eccessi' particularly, we have said the absolute truth; but to add anything else would be exceeding it. Signor Coletti, who has just returned from St. Petersburg, where he has been sharing the honours lavished upon Grisi, Frezzolini, Mario, Tamburini, Corbari, Gardoni, and an unusually strong company, made his *rentrée* last night. As far as the music is concerned nothing can be more careful and correct than Signor Coletti's Don Giovanni; but, as an actor, he wants the easy grace and dashing deportment indispensable to a faithful histrionic illustration of the character. Signor Coletti was warmly received. His voice has lost none of its depth and mellowness, and he sang the 'Fin che han dal vino' with such spirit and energy that he was recalled at the conclusion, to be newly applauded. The Don Ottavio of Signor Calzolari is a highly commendable effort, and the 'Il mio tesoro' was rendered with the utmost finish, and redemanded unanimously by the audience. Of Lablache's Leporello nothing new can be said. The acting of the prince of *luffos* was as racy and inimitable as ever in all the early scenes of the opera, and the 'Madamina' was sung with undiminished power of voice and dramatic effect. We cannot, however, exactly agree with Lablache's conception of the last scene, where, to our thinking, Leporello should be quite as serious as Don Juan. F. Lablache was, as usual, very efficient and amusing in Masetto. The Commandant was well played by a gentleman not named in the programme.

"The *ensemble* of the opera was exceedingly effective. The overture was well played by the band, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Balfe, who also contrived to produce the most satisfactory effect in the grand *finale* to the first act and in all the concerted music. We must reproach the zealous conductor, nevertheless, for allowing the sublimest scene in the greatest of all operas to be curtailed. Such a thorough musician as Mr. Balfe ought to have a greater respect for the divine music of Mozart than to sanction its being spoiled by cuts, interpolations, or any interference whatever.

"The minuet was danced to perfection by Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni; but the *saraband*, though equally well executed and loudly encored, was an unwarrantable interpolation. At the fall of the curtain there was great applause, and Signor Coletti was summoned to re-appear."

We agree with our contemporary about the *finale* and the *saraband*, and shall call Balfe and Carlotta Grisi, much as we like them both, to a strict account. In justice to the latter, however, let us subjoin what the *Morning Post* says of her dancing on the occasion:—

"The attraction of the performance was also materially increased by the incidental dances being executed by Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni.

"The court minuet, as danced by Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni, is alone worth a visit to the theatre; and the new *saraband*, introduced into the opera for the first time last night, is one of the most exquisitely graceful dances we ever witnessed. If we were learned in the technicalities of the saltatory art, we could write pages upon this truly refined and beautiful exhibition of skill and agility; but as it is we can but express our admiration of the charming artists in general terms. We feel that their performance gives us unmitigated pleasure, that it suggests to our mind ideas of symmetrical but ever-varying forms, which we might apply to music, painting, sculpture, or literature. We know that the dance possesses wonderful powers of expression, that those exquisite movements of the body which enchant us, and to which we apply at once the epithets "graceful," "beautiful," "noble," must

emanate from an intellectual source, and be governed by that perception of ideal loveliness which prompts us to use the same terms when speaking of other arts; but we cannot go learnedly into its merits. The *saraband* was vociferously encored, and the fair artists were, on quitting the stage, enthusiastically cheered."

Perhaps, after all, if the stern musical critic of the *Post* can be moved to such expressions of enthusiasm by the witcheries of Carlotta's unrivalled talent, and the quiet fascination of everybody's favourite, Marie, we ought not to complain. We are glad after all that we were not there—for, worshippers as we are of Mozart, we are also worshippers of Carlotta Grisi, and could not see it in our hearts to find fault with her. There is a demon in her feet, and a demon in her eyes, that would dance us and glance us out of the best argument we could hold. Therefore, good readers, we shall not enter into the lists against Mr. Balfe and Mr. Lumley, with such a formidable champion on their side. Mozart himself would forgive us, were he living and could see Carlotta. The chance is that the gallant and amiable and passionate little composer of such a world of beautiful things, once having seen Carlotta dance the *saraband*, albeit in the middle of the grand *finale* of his *chef-d'œuvre*, would overlook the sin for the sake of the sinner, compose a new *saraband* which should become part and parcel of the scene, and fit the music with propriety, and cry out "STAY!"—let it stand—from now henceforward and for ever.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Masaniello* was repeated on Saturday, and Signor Tamberlik redoubled his success of the Thursday. His nervousness had entirely left him, and, although on one or two occasions his voice was evidently not up to the mark, he sang with almost unparalleled effect throughout. The "Sleep Song," especially, created a *furor*, and narrowly escaped a double encore. The beauty and purity of Signor Tamberlik's voice, and the grace and classic simplicity of his style were exemplified beyond all dispute, and we did not hear one dissentient opinion regarding his talents and capabilities. That he is a tenor worthy to take his stand by the side of Mario is generally acknowledged. A higher position could not be desired for him.

Although we did not happen to hear one dissentient opinion respecting Signor Tamberlik, we happened to read a few unaccountable statements in some of the journals. A Sunday paper, for instance, says that Signor Tamberlik has a "low tenor voice, and that he is short, robust, and not very prepossessing in appearance." We beg leave to state that our excellent and pleasant hebdomadal cotemporary ought to know better. Signor Tamberlik not only gives out the C in alt from his chest with greater power and more purity than even Duprez or Nourrit did, but, what is much more difficult, in the "Sleep Song," he takes an ascending passage *pianissimo* up to B natural in his chest voice without an effort, the highest notes being clear and mellow. Now we question if there be many living tenors who can do this. It must also be borne in mind that Signor Tamberlik sings the *barcarole* and the "Sleep Song," as Mario did, a note higher than Braham, a striking proof, we take it, that he is not a "low tenor." If Signor Tamberlik be a low tenor, the directors of the Royal Italian Opera must be grievously mistaken in him, since they are about to revive *Guillaume Tell*, an opera which, perhaps, contains the highest tenor part ever written.

The same journal also avers that Signor Tamberlik is short, robust, and not very prepossessing in appearance. "Short," and "robust," are terms that certainly apply to

Signor Tamberlik's figure, the former, however, with a slight qualification; but our cotemporary might, without any stretch of pen, have added that a form better knit has not been seen on the stage, nor an artist who exhibits more ease and grace. With regard to his looks, the ladies must decide the question as to their prepossessing qualities, of the contrary. A strong manly expression, and mobility of feature, are what principally demonstrated themselves to our eyes.

It is worth while being thus far particular concerning an artist who is destined to take his standing among the highest and greatest Italy has sent to this country.

Bating the cuts we animadverted upon in our last number, the performance of *Masaniello* on Saturday night was unimpeachable. The encores were the overture, the "barcarole," the duet for Masaniello and Pietro, the prayer in the 3rd act, and the "Sleep" song. Tamberlik and Massol created greater enthusiasm than even on the previous night. The duet was magnificently given. By the way, talking of "cuts," we have omitted to censure the worst of all. The duet of which we speak—the longest and most masterly piece in the whole opera—is so curtailed, for the vulgar expedient of securing an *encore*, that, as it stands now, it begins in one key, and ends in another. Auber repeats nearly the whole of the first part in D, the tonal key; but, at the Royal Italian Opera, the duet is made to conclude in the key of A. What would be the outcry if such a liberty were taken with the "Dove vai," from *Guillaume Tell*, which is written exactly on the model of Auber's duet? Every musician would vociferate, "Aux armes!" And why not with the duet in *Masaniello*, which, if not superior, is quite equal to that of Rossini?

We inadvertently omitted in our last saying a word of Mr. Harris, to whose taste, talent, and indefatigable exertions the groupings, all the stage business so admirably managed, and the animation and picturesque disposition of the chorus, are mainly indebted for their effect. Mr. Harris is quite a host in himself, and displays no mean dramatic powers. He is the most conspicuous in the groups of every scene, and acts with spirit and earnestness.

Of Signor Rommi's Borella we can also speak highly. This gentleman is a good and conscientious artist, and sings like a musician. He also acts well up to the business of the scene. In the last act, when Borella announces the approach of the Spaniards, Signor Rommi is exceedingly effective.

Among the company present, we noticed Grisi in a box on the grand tier; she was absolutely gleaming with jewels, which, however, did not add a jot to her beauty; she looked as lovely as ever. Mario was in the same box, but kept himself in the back ground.

On Tuesday, the *Lucrezia Borgia* introduced Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini, but not Mademoiselle de Meric, who had not arrived from St. Petersburg. The place of the young contralto was supplied by Madame d'Okolski, the new contralto. The opera was shorn of one of its chief attractions in not possessing the Orsini of Alboni. The cast in other respects was not so strong as that of the previous seasons. Marini's loss was sensibly felt in the choruses and the concerted pieces. The substitution of Signor Gregorio was by no means satisfactory. A much more serious loss was felt in Mario, who had a cold, and could not sing his aria in the last act. An apology was made for him by Mr. Harris after the second act.

Grisi, however, made more than ample amends for every deficiency by her superb singing and transcendent acting. She was as great as ever, and produced an immense sensation. She was received with the most rapturous demonstrations. Grisi's visit to St. Petersburg, last winter, will be set down

as an epoch in the annals of the capital of the snows. According to the most authentic accounts, the sensation she created was entirely unprecedented. She threw St. Petersburg into a ferment, which lasted during the whole of her engagement. Never was witnessed such a success. Night after night she created a *furor*, which amounted to something little short of madness. In *Norma*, especially, she roused her audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to become almost dangerous from its extravagance and continuance. The Emperor presented her with jewels of inestimable price, and a coronal of the most costly workmanship, set in diamonds and emeralds, was given to her by the subscribers on the night of her benefit.

"She won them well, and may she wear them long."

Her sojourn in the northern capital appears to have made Grisi thinner. Her figure has gained thereby an accession of dignity and grace.

Mario's success in St. Petersburg was but a degree inferior to that of Grisi. The connoisseurs considered him fully equal to Rubini, while most of the amateurs, particularly those of the fair sex, decided in favour of Mario. He too was feted and loaded with jewels and honors. He obtained an immense reception on Tuesday, but was evidently not in his best voice. By energy and determination, however, he sustained his power until the end of the second act, where no doubt the force and vigour employed in the trying duet with Grisi must have told against him. Both in this duet and the preceding trio he was as fine as ever, and helped to rouse the audience to all their old enthusiasm. Mario's acting in the last scene, and on several occasions, despite his cold, his singing, could hardly be surpassed. The death scene between him and Grisi is one of the most overpowering exhibitions of the histrionic art we remember to have seen.

Tamburini likewise received the enthusiastic greeting due to an old and time-honoured servant of the public. He sang his first song, the "*Vendetta*," better than we have heard him for many years, simply because he did not introduce at the end those unmeaning and licentious roudades which are out of character with the song. We hope he may always sing it as he did on Tuesday. In his extensive and varied *repertoire*, there is no character in which Tamburini more thoroughly exhibits his great dramatic powers than that of Duke Alfonso in *Lucrezia Borgia*. His performance of this part is a masterpiece, the equal of which modern times has not surpassed. It is to be lamented that Alfonso has nothing to do in the last act, but to enter and gaze upon the dead body of Gennaro. But even in this negative scene Tamburini finds occasion to exhibit his artistic acumen. The glance of fiendish exultation when Alfonso first recognises the dead body of Gennaro, the half joyous sigh that escapes him as if there was a weight removed from his breast, and the sudden change into a look of mingled pity and doubt, when he learns from Lucrezia's lips that Gennaro was her son, were evidences of profound dramatic genius.

We would wish to speak favorably of Madame D'Okolski, who undertook Mademoiselle de Meric's part at a short notice. This lady will be found useful in small contralto parts, her voice being strong and well in tune; but for Orsini she is quite unsuited. She received great encouragement, and did not appear in the least abashed at her position. The "*Brindisi*" passed off without a hand.

The *Puritani* was not given on Thursday. Mario was ill: Arturo could not warble the "*A te O cara*" and the "*Vien fra*" something. *Norma* was substituted, and a more splendid

representation of the opera was never given in London, or out of it. The great feature of the performance was Tamberlik's Pollio, which won for the new tenor a large increase of reputation. It was certainly the best we have ever seen—and we remember Donzelli and Rubini both in the part. In Pollio as well as in Masaniello, Signor Tamberlik dispenses with all adventitious aids in his singing. By the very simplicity of his means he produces an immense effect. We are more impressed with his unpretending and unaffected manner, than if, following the example of many popular Pollios, he had recourse to exaggeration of sentiment, or redundancy of ornament. Tamberlik's first scene with Adalgisa was full of real, not stage, tenderness. He makes love like a warrior, not like a school-boy. The first song was deliciously given, and was received with great applause. In this song the beautiful quality of Tamberlik's *piano* voice was made more manifest than before. In the grand trio with Grisi and Vera, he came out with tremendous power, and proved himself an admirable serious actor. In the business of the stage and all its *finesse* Tamberlik is as great an adept as Tamburini. His bye-play throughout the scene was remarkably fine. The grand *coup* of the new tenor was the last scene in the duet with Norma. Indeed, Grisi felt this, and was put upon her best metal accordingly. The duet was exquisitely sung by both artists, and the Diva herself appeared to be sensibly touched by Pollio's appeal,—than which a more finished and captivating piece of pathetic singing we never heard. Signor Tamberlik, by his performance of his second part, has demonstrated, beyond a shadow of doubt, that he is entitled to be ranked among the greatest dramatic singers.

Mademoiselle Vera made a very interesting and highly effective Adalgisa. Her modest look and retiring deportment suit well the character. The music of *Norma* is better adapted to Mademoiselle Vera's voice than that of *Der Freischütz*. Being simpler and more manageable, it comes readily within the scope of the artist's means. In her first scene with Pollio, Mademoiselle Vera displayed much dramatic feeling and energy, and in the famous duet with Norma, she sang with great skill and force. Altogether, Mademoiselle Vera may be said to have made a favourable impression in Adalgisa, although she could not sustain the comparison with her predecessor, Mdle. Corbari.

Herr Formes undertook Oroveso at so short a notice as to render him incapable of giving the part with his best effect. He was obliged to have recourse to the prompter in every line, and, although well acquainted with the music, did not feel quite at home. We shall await the next performance of *Norma* before we enlarge upon Herr Formes' Oroveso. This much we may say in the interim, that, as Herr Formes proceeded with the part and grew warm in it, his acting became more impressive, and his singing grander, until in the last scene, the great German basso fairly achieved one of the triumphs of the evening. Nothing could be more powerfully affecting than his acting.

For ten years we have not heard Grisi in such glorious voice as on Thursday evening. Her voice is decidedly fresher and more mellow than it has been since she appeared at Covent Garden. Could this have arisen from her wintery sojourn at St. Petersburg, where, from the coldness of the climate, she was compelled to take additional care of herself? Or is it that Nature, in love with one of her most beautiful creations, and to please her sister Art, has granted her a renewal of youth? If the former be the case, we hope Grisi may continue going to Russia every winter for twenty years to come. The Diva being in such splendid voice, rendered her *Norma*



more satisfactory than ever. Grandeur and more impressive than heretofore it could not be. As far as Grisi was concerned it was a night of enchantment to the spectators and auditors; every eye and ear, aye, and every heart was filled with Grisi, and took her image, and her voice, and her motions home to the fireside and supper table. London was thronged with imaginary Grisis, all singing Norma's music, and acting Norma's part, in all sorts of places. If visions could be embodied that night, thousands of Grisis would jostle against each other. Numberless were the bouquets thrown on the stage, and many were the recalls of Tuesday night. But these are inevitable when Grisi appears, and need not be recounted.

The overture and two acts of *Masaniello* followed—the second and third—in which Tamberlik achieved another triumphant success. He sang the barcarole deliciously. The most enthusiastic encore of the evening was awarded to Tamberlik and Massol in the "Vendetta" duet.

The house was very full, Her Majesty and Prince Albert being among the company.

To night *Lucrezia Borgia* will be repeated, with Madlle. de Meric as Orsini, and two acts of *Masaniello*. On Thursday *Don Giovanni* will be given with a splendid cast. *Robert le Diable* is announced with an array of talent unusually striking. Mario, Tamberlik, Formes, Massol, Grisi, Castellan, Tagliafico, and others, looks somewhat astounding.

### GRISI.

THE press has welcomed the "Diva" with well merited unanimity. Her great and unimpaired powers have created their usual effect. The *Times*, in the article on her debut (on Wednesday), writes as follows:—

"The welcome accorded to Grisi and Mario, the heroine and the hero of the night, involved one of those unanimous ebullitions which demonstrates, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the hearty warmth of feeling that impels them, and the high place in public esteem maintained by the artists to whom they are accorded. Grisi was never looking in better health, never more queenly and handsome, and, we can scarcely help adding, never younger. Hers is indeed an extraordinary talent, a *physique* almost without precedent, that after upwards of seventeen years of incessant and arduous exertion in the most trying and fatiguing of professions (to say nothing of her early artistic career in Italy), retains so much of its pristine strength and charm as scarcely to suggest a point of falling off. When we have said that the extreme high notes of the voice are not so clear and certain as in former years, we have positively "used up" the catalogue of wrongs that time has been able to inflict upon the vocal powers of Grisi. As an actress she is as great as ever; as unrivalled as she has always been in her peculiar walk—the loftier delineations of lyric tragedy. We have nothing new to say of her impersonation of the cruel and passionate Lucrezia. It was last night as majestic and baughty in the scenes with Alphonso and the nobles, as womanly and overflowing with tenderness in the passages with Gennaro, her unhappy son—the unconscious object of the one sentiment in Lucrezia's breast that saves her from being absolutely loathsome—as in the olden time, when first the London public was delighted by her genius. The opening *cavatina* in the first scene was the only vocal exhibition of the evening in which the noiseless advance of years could be traced as having stolen something from that voice once peerless in its characteristic beauty. Here there was a slight tremulousness of delivery in the sustained phrases of the *largo*, and the florid *bravura* passages of the *cabaletta*, that bespoke an emotion proceeding from mixed impulses, the mere allusion to which, without explanation, is enough. But from this point to the end of the opera there was not one sign of weakness or hesitation. The three grand scenes—the *finale* to the first act, where Lucrezia is recognised, charged with her enormous guilt, and taunted by the young nobles; the dramatic trio in the second act, where she is compelled to be

the miserable and helpless witness of the administration of the draught, tinctured with the Borgia poison, her own poison, to her son, by the hand of her husband, with the subsequent duet, where, with vehement persuasions she forces the incredulous Gennaro to swallow the antidote; and, lastly, the solemn catastrophe, when her crimes are visited with a just retribution, and the son of her solitary and unbounded love, once more poisoned by her wicked, though, in his respect, unwitting agency, obstinately refuses to take the antidote, and dies in agony in her arms—these had lost none of their intense reality and grandeur, none of their supreme hold upon the audience, whose pent up feelings were let loose, at the climax of each succeeding *tableau*, in uncontrollable bursts of enthusiasm. To speak of the recalls, the bouquets, and other such trivialities, would be superfluous, as Grisi stood in need of no such empty demonstrations."

The *Herald*, speaking of the same event, is not less warm in his apostrophes to the genius of Grisi:—

"To speak of the merits of Grisi's *Lucrezia* would be to tell a thrice-told tale. It is universally acknowledged to be one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of that accomplished and wonderful artist, and consequently one of the most perfect triumphs of the lyric stage. Her sojourn in St. Petersburg appears to have been beneficial to Grisi, who looks healthier and more comely than ever. Her voice retains all its telling qualities, all its delightful sweetness, and her acting has lost none of that sublime which, in her especial line, has long held her aloof from all possible competition. Often as we have seen and admired the prodigious powers of this grand artist in the arduous and lofty rôle of Lucrezia Borgia, we never remember being more profoundly impressed than by last night's performance. The three prominent scenes which constitute the respective *finales* to the three acts into which the opera is divided, and involve the leading incidents that develop the progress of Victor Hugo's magnificent play, were portrayed with amazing vividness, and stirred up the audience into unbounded enthusiasm. The scene where Lucrezia compels Gennaro to take the antidote to the poisoned beverage, which her husband, the Duke Alphonso, in feigned amity has persuaded the hapless youth to quaff; and the *dénouement*, where she witnesses the death-struggle of her son, the only earthly thing she loves, as exemplifications of dramatic and vocal art combined, were nothing short of transcendent.

The same journal, in the article on *Norma*, performed on Thursday, makes the following observations:—

"No character in the repertoire of Grisi has been more largely and more frequently commented upon than that of the Druid High Priestess. As an exhibition of passionate haughtiness and offended womanhood, the *Norma* of the accomplished artiste has few parallels. It is a mistake to call it a copy from Pasta. The *Norma* of that great tragedian was distinguished by a stern and emotionless sublimity that raised it beyond humanity. That of Grisi, on the contrary, is essentially human—a very woman, deeply wronged and deeply resenting. She loves and hates with equal fury—if we may be permitted the expression—while a tender word, a sign of contrition, at once melts her anger into pity. Her whole delineation is a storm of passion, if you will, but an intermittent storm, with intervals of mental calm and gushing affection, the climax being an irresistible flood of tears. We are quite of the opinion of those who consider that more than one reading of the character of *Norma* may at once be effective and consistent with dramatic propriety and truth; we can therefore render due homage to the feminine grace and tenderness of Madlle. Jenny Lind, and the severe grandeur of Madame Pasta, without in the slightest degree diminishing our admiration for the varied impulse and overwhelming passion of Grisi's embodiment, which last night came out in all its wonted excellence, and worked up the audience to the accustomed enthusiasm. The prominent features were, as usual, the trio with Adalgisa and Pollio in the first act, the scene with the children, the famous duet with Adalgisa, 'Deh con te,' and the final supplication to Orovoso, before *Norma* is carried to the burning pile, in the last. The usual recalls and other complimentary ovations were profusely awarded to the 'Diva.'"

It is unnecessary to quote any further examples at present.

## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE third concert took place on Monday night. The programme offered nothing absolutely new, but the third symphony of Spohr is so very rarely performed that it may almost be regarded in the light of a novelty. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.		
Sinfonia in C minor, No. 3, Op. 78	Spohr.	
Trio—"In better worlds" ( <i>Fidèle</i> ), Miss A. Williams,		
Mr. Benson, and Mr. Frank Bodda	Beethoven.	
Concerto, violin, Mr. Cooper	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.	
Duetto—"Quis est homo" ( <i>Stabat Mater</i> ), Miss A.		
Williams and Miss M. Williams	Rossini.	
Overture—"The Ruler of the Spirits"	G. M. von Weber.	
PART II.		
Sinfonia in B flat, No. 4	Beethoven.	
Quartett—"When the West," Miss A. Williams,		
Miss M. Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Frank		
Bodda	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.	
Trio—"Cosa sento" ( <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i> ), Miss A.		
Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Frank Bodda	Mozart.	
Overture—"Don Carlos"	Ries.	
Conductor	Mr. Costa.	

The first movement of Spohr's symphony is equal to almost any of his orchestral compositions. The short *adagio* preceding the *allegro*—one of those introductory fragments of which many examples are to be met with in the instrumental works of Spohr—is little more than a series of harmonic progressions, which prepare the mind and ear for what is to follow; but the *allegro* itself is a perfect model, in which the utmost largeness of development and the richest variety of orchestral combinations are made subservient to a simplicity and clearness of outline not often surpassed even by Mozart. The primitive ideas—in other words, the melodies that constitute the two principal themes—are beautiful in themselves and happily contrasted, while their treatment, both separately and in concert, is everywhere ingenious and effective. All the peculiarities of Spohr—incessant fulness of harmony, frequency and boldness of modulation, abundance of chromatic progression, and cloying sweetness of orchestral colouring—are scattered over this *allegro* with a prodigal hand; but the first ideas being melodious and striking, these mannerisms, as they may be called without disparagement, neither fatigue the ear nor induce satiety, which is too often the case in the works of the master. Spohr is a laborious and fertile composer, but it is his custom to accept too readily the first ideas that present themselves to his imagination, acting upon the maxim that a day gone by without something new composed is a day lost. This maxim, however, is erroneous, as Spohr has demonstrated on more than one occasion, when out of feeble "first ideas" he has been unable, with all his extensive learning, and all his untiring industry, to construct an interesting work. A more conscientious musician than Spohr, one with a deeper reverence for art and a profounder conviction of its lofty mission; does not exist; while, on the other hand, few have been gifted with greater natural powers, or have known by intense application, how to obtain a more entire command of its resources; but this habit of daily composition, whether or not inspiration direct his pen, has led Spohr into the production of more music to which a cultivated taste is altogether indifferent—since nothing but labour and the lamp is perceptible—than any other renowned composer of whom the history of the art makes mention. In the first *allegro* of the third symphony, however, the evidence of inspiration is never absent; the plain and exquisite melody of the leading themes has suggested thoughts of equal attraction in their general management, has naturally conducted to a clear and symmetrical plan, and enabled the composer to complete a picture, beautiful as a

whole, and interesting in all its parts. The second movement, a *larghetto*, in F major, 9-8 measure, is also very beautiful, although as a whole inferior to the *allegro*. A passage, incidental to the second theme, where the violins, tenors, and violoncellos all play upon the fourth string with full power, has an effect of surprising intensity. Some modulatory progressions, smelling strongly of labour and the absence of invention, occur in the middle of this movement, which, however artfully dressed up in orchestral devices, produce no other effect than that of a monotonous series of changes of key. In the *scherzo*, too, there is such a profuse quantity of modulation that the ear finds no rest. Nevertheless, there are some fine points in this movement. The theme of the *trio* is very elegant, although tormented by the frequency of modulation, and the orchestration is surprisingly brilliant. The *finale* contains some masterly writing, and is instrumented with admirable judgment. The *motivi*, however, are not very new, and the fugue introduced in the second part is, after all, but a dull display of pedantry. This *finale* is written in the major key, a relief which was well calculated; and the *coda*, a prodigious example of brilliant orchestration, concludes the symphony with great *éclat*. Since Mr. Costa has directed the band of the Philharmonic Society, we cannot remember so manifest a proof of its immense resources as the performance of this elaborate and difficult symphony of the first living composer. Although it has not been executed for many years at these concerts (it has never been given elsewhere in England), and although the laws of the society only provide one rehearsal for each concert, the performance was so perfect that, with the best good-will possible, we could hardly detect an error. When we have said that the *larghetto* should have been taken somewhat faster, since from a certain monotony of rhythm it is likely to become tedious, we have said all that the most attentive hearing enabled us to find fault with.

The fourth symphony of Beethoven, the most brilliant and joyous of the nine, is above criticism. There is nothing left to say of it, unless to reiterate the unqualified praise it has always commanded, and with such good reason. It was very finely played. The *adagio* in E flat, the most lovely of all Beethoven's slow movements, the one gleam of melancholy that throws a moment of sadness over the irresistible hilarity of the rest, was re-demanded by the whole room. We presume Mr. Costa's reason for not complying with a desire thus unanimously expressed was the unusual length of the concert. The overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits* is another imperishable masterpiece; after *Der Freischütz*, the grandest and most complete of Weber's orchestral pieces. Although we should have liked it a little faster, the execution was so fiery and energetic that to complain would have been hypercritical. The overture of Ferdinand Ries reminded us of a shop where a receiver of stolen goods exhibits his wares, each altered in such a manner as would be likely to prevent the owner from recognising it without great difficulty. Scarcely a passage in this overture but recalls something from another composer, Beethoven being the chief sufferer. As a dramatic composition, it is worthless. Schiller's fine play deserved a better musical illustration.

Mr. Cooper stands very high, perhaps highest, among our English violinists. This was his second appearance at the Philharmonic. On the first occasion, though every one praised his playing, every one complained of the music he selected. On Monday night, however, Mr. Cooper appears to have counted upon universal suffrage—at least, on the latter head, since he chose the work which, beyond all that has been written for the violin, demands the highest powers both

of mechanism and style. To say that Mr. Cooper played the one concerto of Mendelssohn to our entire satisfaction would be to say more than the truth; but that he did much that must have pleased all his hearers, and exhibited a talent very far beyond the common, may be asserted without reservation. Mr. Cooper has a clear and powerful tone, and by his manner of playing passages of energy reminds us very strongly of the late Mr. Mori—not a bad model to follow, by the way. His execution is broad and distinct, and, wherever large and open playing is required, he particularly excels. What he wants is delicacy and a greater variety of tone. In the *bravura* passages, and in the *forte* phrases of the first movement, he was admirable; but in the *cantabiles* he overcharged the expression. But for this, his performance of the exquisite *andante* would have been throughout as faultless as it was in the *tremolo* episode, where his tone and bowing were perfect. The *cadenza* in the first movement was very finely played, and the arpeggios that lead to the *reprise* of the theme were as crisp and distinct as possible. The *finale* wanted lightness; the subject was not sufficiently *staccato*, and the piano passages were occasionally too loud. The *coda*, however, was brilliantly executed, and Mr. Cooper retired amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits, having achieved a success quite as legitimate as it was decided.

The vocal music was good, but, except the pretty drawing-room duet from Rossini's *Stabat*, which was perfectly sung by the Misses Williams, and Mendelssohn's beautiful quartet, equally well performed, there was nothing particular to remark in the execution.

#### MOLIQUE'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

HERN MOLIQUE gave his third evening concert on Wednesday, the 3rd inst. The programme was selected with such care and judgment as might be expected from so accomplished a master as Molique. A quartet (Molique) for two violins, tenor and violoncello, played by Molique, Carrodus, (pupil of Molique), A. Mellon, and Hausmann, was finely executed. This composition deserves especial notice, and is sufficient to stamp the author as a composer of varied, high, and distinguished talents. We hope on a future occasion to be able to give a more elaborate account of this remarkable work than our space in the present number will permit. It is worthy of a careful perusal, and is likely to occupy a position no less elevated than the splendid violin concertos of the author, now so well known to the public. Of Molique's talent, as a violinist it is impossible to speak too highly. He is a most conscientious artist, and stands in the foremost rank of executants, in the art, and in public opinion. With such an artist amongst us, who devotes much of his time to giving instruction, there can no longer be the accusation against the advancement of our native professors—viz., a want of school. Molique, a true German in his love for his art, is a most painstaking master, and it would be wise on the part of many of our aspirants for fame to place themselves under his guidance. They could not be in better hands. Mademoiselle Molique, in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 57, evinced a thorough appreciation of the importance of the task she had undertaken. Her playing is marked by a correctness and facility that entitles her to a marked distinction, and the different expressions were such as might be expected from a daughter of Molique. Her success was as complete as it was well deserved. We must conclude our notice with a citation of the programme, being greatly pressed for room.

#### PART I.

Quartet in F major, Op. 18, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Molique, Carrodus, (Pupil of Molique), J. Mellon, and Hausmann . . . *Molique.*  
 Song, "When last I left," Op. 71, Miss A. Williams . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
 Sonata, F minor, Op. 57, pianoforte, Mdle. Molique . . . *Beethoven.*  
 Sacred Song, "Unto Thee, O Lord," Miss M. Williams . . . *Molique.*  
 Chaconne, with Variations, violin, B. Molique . . . *Bach.*  
 With pianoforte accompaniment, by Mdle. Molique . . . *Mendelssohn.*

#### PART II.

Duo, for two violins, G. minor, Op. 67, Molique and Carrodus . . . *Spoer.*  
 German Song, Zigeunermädchen . . . *Molique.*  
 German Song, Der Gondolier, Madame Graumann . . . *Molique.*  
 Quartet in E minor, Op. 44, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Molique, Carrodus, A. Mellon, and Hausmann . . . *Mendelssohn.*

The other pieces were exceedingly well played. Mr. Carrodus (Molique's young pupil) improves on every new hearing, and Messrs. Mellon and Hausmann exhibited their usual efficiency and artistic precision. The singing by the Misses Williams and Mademoiselle Graumann was admirable. The Chaconne, as finely played as on the first occasion, produced the same *furor*. The room was fashionably attended, and one of the most delighted of the audience was his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge.

#### MR. C. A. OSBORNE'S CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE Beethoven Rooms rejoiced in an elegant and fashionable assembly on Thursday morning, who met attracted by the excellent programme issued by Mr. Osborne for the first of his three *Matinées Musicales*. A great feature of the concert was Miss Catherine Hayes, who has lately been setting more places than one in a blaze—vide the Irish journals. Mrs. Hampton, the accomplished sister of the accomplished pianist, lent also no small share of attraction to the entertainment.

The *Matinée* opened with Beethoven's trio in D, for piano, violin, and violoncello, most admirably performed by Messrs. Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti. Mr. Osborne not only distinguished himself as an able executant, but demonstrated most satisfactorily that he has a thorough feeling for the works of the great master. It is not of all pianists who obtain a high standing that so much can be predicated.

Miss Catherine Hayes chose the beautiful aria from *Don Giovanni*, "Crudel, ah! mio ben," for her first essay. She rendered it in a very charming manner, not violating the text, nor affecting a world of sentiment.

Mr. Osborne played two of Mendelssohn's songs without words in so brilliant and finished a manner as to elicit a distinct encore even from his fashionable auditory. We are glad to find that the aristocracy are taking Mendelssohn so warmly by the hand.

A very clever and striking composition—a grand trio in G for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Mr. Osborne—commenced the second part. This work displays the skill of a musician throughout, and is on some occasions decidedly original. A single hearing does not qualify us to decide as to its merits. The trio was played to perfection by Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti.

Mrs. Hampton sang a pretty ballad of Lover's in the most tasteful and expressive manner. Voice, art, and feeling, went hand in hand to render Mrs. Hampton's ballad singing as perfect as ballad singing could well be.

Mr. Osborne played his new nocturne and his new *Plaisir de Perles*, which is not a whit less charming, elegant, spiritual, and brilliant than its popular elder sister, the *Plaisir de Perles*. Mr. Osborne played it with much effect.

Miss Catherine Hayes was loudly encored in a new song by Mr. Osborne, called "O, sing to me." The pure and chaste singing of the fair artist tended as much to the demand for a repeat as the song itself, which is exceedingly tuneful and pretty, and is one of the most catching airs we have heard for some time. There is also a good deal of character about this ballad which is sure to recommend it to the tasteful and elegant ear.

The concert terminated with a fine performance of May-seder's sonata in E minor for piano and violin, Osborne and Ernst being the executants.

#### M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

We have already given the programme of the third and last of these interesting musical meetings, at St. Martin's Hall, which was as crowded as the two others. We are happy to find that our contemporaries have noticed M. Billet's praiseworthy efforts to introduce to many neglected *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters of the piano to public notice. The *Morning Herald* makes the following observations on M. Billet's last performance:—

At the third and last performance of classical pianoforte music by M. Alexander Billet, several pieces of great interest were introduced, and amongst others Dussek's celebrated *Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand*, which, though a composition of the highest beauty, has been unaccountably neglected by pianists, who confine themselves too exclusively to three or four particular masters. M. Billet, by avoiding the beaten track, and admitting the names of several great composers, who have been unjustly laid aside, into his programmes, has attracted public attention, and obtained a specialty for his concerts which places them apart from the ordinary class of chamber *soirées*. Besides the *Elegy* of Dussek, M. Billet played a sonata in F, by Mozart, which is very little known: it is one of the shortest of Mozart's sonatas, but not the less exquisitely melodious and refined. Clementi's sonata in B minor, a work of prodigious life and energy, was also a prominent feature. This belongs to the three grand sonatas, Op. 40, which Mr. Sterndale Bennett has published in his *Classical Practice*, an interesting series of works from the great masters of the pianoforte. M. Billet, as usual, gave a selection of studies and fugues, including a prelude and fugue of Bach in B minor (from the "Forty-eight"), a study of Cramer in G, another study of Mummel in E, and a prelude and fugue in B minor, from the grand set of six by Mendelssohn. He also played, with M. Sinton, a sonata of Haydn in C, for piano and violin; and, with Sig. Piatti, Mendelssohn's grand Sonata Duo, for piano and violoncello, in D. A programme richer in variety and excellence could hardly have been put together. The performance was worthy of the music. M. Billet is a pianist of sterling merit, uniting the brilliant mechanism of the moderns to the more solid and expressive qualities which belong to a higher school. It is enough to say that he was perfectly at home in all the compositions contained in the programme, and played them with equal correctness and effect. Sig. Piatti's superb talent was displayed to great advantage in the magnificent duo of Mendelssohn; and M. Sinton played the violin part of Haydn's fine old sonata in a style that plainly evinced it to be the music of his predilection. Some vocal pieces, by Mozart and Mendelssohn, carefully sung by Mrs. Alex. Newton and Miss Eyles, gave a pleasant relief to the instrumental performances. The room was crammed to suffocation; even the lobbies were filled."

The *Post*, speaking of the same performance, makes the following remarks:—

"The third and last of a series of classical chamber concerts, given by M. Alexander Billet, took place at the above Hall on Friday evening last. We have, on a former occasion, spoken eulogistically of this gentleman's superior ability as a pianist, and we are happy to be now enabled to state that subsequent auditions have served to confirm the favourable impression already recorded. M. Billet is not only a clever artist; he is also a conscientious one; for, although perfectly conversant with the mysteries of the modern "effect" school, his efforts are honorably distinguished by a rigid devotion to the works of the best masters. Excellent mechanism thus applied cannot fail to produce results highly beneficial to the cause of art; and great credit is due to M. Billet for his well-directed exertions.

"The programme of Friday evening included several interesting and rarely heard compositions by the best masters of various times and schools; and the concert giver, by his really admirable performance of

them, proved himself to be an extensively-read musician, no less than a thorough master of the mechanical difficulties of his instrument. Messrs. Piatti and Sinton took part with M. Billet in sonatas for piano and violin by Haydn, and piano and violoncello by Mendelssohn; and Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Eyles sang duets by Mendelssohn, in one of which ("May Bells") they were encored. Mrs. Newton also gave one of Mozart's lovely cantatas with much feeling and judgment.

"The hall was, as on former occasions, densely crowded, and we trust the success of M. Billet's experiment will induce him to renew these delightful and instructive concerts."

The programmes of M. Alexander Billet have been invariably composed of sterling materials, and have contained many pieces, interesting, not merely on account of their intrinsic merits, but from the rare occasions of their performance. Among these, perhaps, the most conspicuous has been the sonata in two movements, in F sharp minor, by Dussek, the *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia*. Dussek, the greatest pianist and composer for the pianoforte of his day, was on the most intimate terms of familiarity with Prince Ferdinand, who was killed in battle. The *Elegy*, a composition of deep passion and great musical beauty, was intended as a poetical homage to the virtues of the illustrious warrior, who was a munificent patron of the arts, and especially of music, in which he himself greatly excelled, both as composer and pianist. The Prince was greatly attached to Dussek, who was his constant companion. His kindness to the celebrated musician has been amply repaid, since his most likely chance to remain for ever in the memory of man is the monument erected to his memory by Dussek—the *Elegy*. M. Billet's performance of this difficult and passionate work was in every respect excellent, style and execution being equally irreproachable.

We are glad to find that M. Billet has announced three more performances at St. Martin's Hall.

#### THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE programme of the second meeting, on Tuesday, at Willis's Rooms, was far more interesting than that of the first. The co-operation of the celebrated Ernst, as violinist, and that of our gifted countryman, Sterndale Bennett, at the pianoforte, gave additional *éclat* to the performances. The selection began with Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, Op. 44—or rather with the first and last movements of that work, an *andante* and *scherzo*, from the posthumous remains of the lamented composer being substituted in place of the original middle movements. These manuscript compositions, in all respects worthy the pen and reputation of Mendelssohn, were no doubt intended to form part of a quartet which unhappily he did not live to finish. The *andante* is quite original in form. It begins with a romance in E major, the leading theme allotted to the viola, a peculiarly mellow effect being produced by the lower tones of that instrument, whereon the melody, a bit of captivating simplicity, is chiefly displayed. The romance is interrupted by a wild *agitato* in the minor key, again in its turn giving way to the *andante*, with a repetition of which the movement comes to a close. The whole of this is remarkable for freshness and spontaneity. The *scherzo* in A minor, one of the many masterpieces in the same peculiar form which Mendelssohn invented, and no other than Mendelssohn has known how to produce, is a genuine burst of inspiration—a strain of fairy music, rapid, sparkling, and busily fantastic, keeping the mind continually on the stretch, and forbidding the excited attention one instant's repose until the very last of its countless army of notes has been uttered. Mr. Ella announced in his *Record* that these movements were to be played "for the first time in England" on the present occasion; but this was a mistake; they had been al-

ready introduced at Mr. Dando's quartet concerts at Crosby Hall, and at the classical *soirées* of Mr. Lucas. Nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which they were executed by Ernst, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatil. In the *andante* the fine pure tone of Mr. Hill, our best performer on the viola, was heard to striking advantage. The infinite variety of expression to which the plastic talent of Ernst can yield itself gave the most vivid intensity to the glittering traits of fancy that abound in the *scherzo*; and, as a contemporary aptly remarks, "there could hardly have been a happier illustration of Shelley's beautiful lines, in the *Sansifine Plant*—

"A music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense!"—

than the exquisite lightness with which the *piano* passages were indicated by the magical bow of the great German violinist. In conclusion, however, we must confess that we should have been better pleased to hear the two posthumous movements separately, than interpolated in another work, to which they bear no conceivable affinity, unless it be in the accidental relationship of keys.

One of Beethoven's sonatas in G major—that with the *car-navalesque* rondo—for piano and violin, by Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Herr Ernst, a masterly and energetic performance; and the quartet in E flat, No. 10, composed at the close of Beethoven's middle period, an inspiration of wondrous depth, taxing the poetical powers of Ernst, "the most portical of fiddlers," to the utmost—were the other full pieces. Here again, in the *air varié*, Mr. Hill's viola was advantageously conspicuous. M. Deloffre played the second violin part in this, as in the other quartet, with the highest efficiency. The violoncello playing of Signor Piatti may be designated, without the slightest reservation, as unapproachable. In tone, mechanism, and expression this accomplished artist equally stands alone. He combines the warmth and sentiment of the Italians with the poetical style and solid method of the German school. Such a union of high qualities was, perhaps, never before recognised in any violoncellist.

Some of the romantic *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, performed by Mr. Sterndale Bennet with admirable spirit and expression, afforded a pleasing variety to one of the most interesting concerts in the annals of the Musical Union. The room was brilliantly attended; the most illustrious and apparently the most delighted of the auditors being his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, president of the institution, and one of the most regular frequenters of the performances.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE programme of the seventh concert was decidedly a popular one, and we hope it answered the expectations of the directors. Owing to "the severe illness" of Miss Lucombe and Mr. Sims Reeves, the order of the programme was somewhat disarranged; and artists not announced in the bills of the day, were at the last moment called on to supply the place of these popular favourites. Mr. Bridge Frodsham and Mr. Henri Drayton sang some of the music allotted to Mr. Reeves; and Miss Lanza was no less polite and accommodating towards Miss Lucombe, whose share in the selection from *La Sonnambula* was, by no means inconsiderable, having to sing three of the five solos of which the selection consisted. Madlle. Wagner was also pressed into the service, as were likewise the Misses Cole. The first appearance of a young lady, Miss Rose Braham, who during the winter had been frequently spoken of in amateur circles, created considerable

interest, which arose almost to fever heat amongst her friends and acquaintances. She selected, for her first appearance, two songs, "O, charming May," and "The Cavalier," very unimportant compositions in themselves, but which served well enough to convince the audience that Miss Braham is gifted with a good toned and flexible voice. Her style of singing is quite equal, indeed we think superior, to the music she attempted, and we hope that another time she will select something a "leettle" better.

In personal appearance Miss Braham is favoured beyond the usual average, being, what connoisseurs in feminine attraction would pronounce "decidedly pretty." She was encored in both songs, and was highly and deservedly successful. Miss Lanza has a good voice, and is very likely to become a popular ballad singer. She sings "Alas! those chimera" (by Wallace) better than she sings the final *aria* from *Sonnambula*. The public have arrived at a notion that it is necessary for a singer to have a good share of natural gifts, besides talent and experience, before exhibiting in vocal displays of this kind; nothing short of excellence in these brilliant *avantages*, which are so frequently sung by the most renowned singers, is at present endurable. However, Miss Lanza is more than competent to sustain with credit the ballad department of a concert. Mr. Henri Drayton sang "As I view these scenes so charming," the "Macgregor's Gathering," and "The Bay of Biscay," besides taking part in a Duo Buffo from *Roberto* with a very indifferent tenor singer. Mr. Drayton sang with considerable energy, and gave various songs allotted to him with good style and expression. Madlle. Wagner, who sang a sparkling German *lied*, was greatly applauded. In the second act she gave the "Trab, trab," but the public have not yet forgotten that universal favourite, Jetty Treffs, and it is somewhat venturesome for any other singer to attempt a song which the latter has made so entirely her own. The Misses Cole were warmly applauded for their very neat and clever duet singing. The soloists were Miss Woolfe (piano-forte), who played Dobler's fantasia on "Vivi tu," and Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), who in a fantasia on American airs (including "Yankee Doodle") exhibited, amongst many vagaries of style, a mechanical proficiency of which great things might be made with earnest study.

We may add, that Miss Woolfe is a clever pianist, but it would be prudent on her part, for a time at least, to perform in public solos abounding less in mechanical difficulties. By some accident, wrong notes appeared in many of the chords and passages, and marred the effect she would most probably have made in a composition requiring less dexterity of finger. We must also add, that Mr. Viotti Collins played exceedingly well. In addition to his other qualities, his tone is firm and pure, and he is very accurate in intonation. His solo being encored, he substituted another piece. The orchestra accomplished its duties with the usual excellence. The overture and "Wedding March" from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* were finely played, and with Herold's overture to *Zampa*, and Auber's *Gustave*, were greatly applauded. It would be unfair to conclude without according to Mr. Bridge Frodsham the praise he merits, for his singing in "All is lost now," which evinced much care and judgment. The voice of this young gentleman is improving in power, and he appears to be gaining confidence since he first made his appearance at these concerts. He was well received and applauded. Herr Antschuetz conducted with great ability.

Jenny Lynn presented to the chorus in Hanover, a sum of 500 dollars (750).



### THE HORN OF PLATT.

(From Punch.)

BRASS, it seems, is not invariably profitable material, even when traded upon in most worshipful society. Not always does a man blow his own trumpet—(some men, indeed, are not merely single trumpets, but brass bands complete)—to his own final advantage. The case of Mr. Platt—and few men have made sweeter noises in the world—is a powerful illustration of the perils that environ melodious brass. Mr. Platt has grown old upon his horn: and now—“having lost, from great and continual pressure, the whole of his front teeth,” he seeks to obtain some sort of provision by means of a concert “to exempt him from the sufferings of an indifferently provided for old age. The horn,”—continues the *Herald*, in the kindest spirit—“is an instrument by which but little can be accumulated, however long the service.” In a word, the brass at a man's mouth, however exquisite its utterance, cannot be as profitable as the unseen brass in a man's lungs—as the brass armour in a man's cheek. The Queen vouchsafes her sympathy to the poorer worker in brass; Prince Albert patronises the blown-out musician; and many of the nobility and gentry, touched by the recollection of Mr. Platt's art—an art exercised for nearly thirty years—are pledged practically to manifest their grateful memory. This is as it should be, alike honourable to the people of gold, and the veteran dealer in even more musical metal; most musical, most unprofitable.

“Let the bright seraphim in burning row,  
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.”

In how many ears these words will awaken the echo of Platt's horn, as its music soared, triumphing and dallying with its strength and sweetness! How it seemed to become vocally spiritualised; how it sympathised with the singer in her highest flights: how it became like a living thing, endowed with supernatural utterance. And at the same time—“from great and continuous pressure”—the pressure that gave forth the divine harmony, the front teeth of the musician were paying their existence for the music—gradually giving themselves up a certain sacrifice to sweet sounds. Sounds purchased with growing canker.

Hail our friend, the reader, ever met with a little book—the autobiography of poor Eulenstein! In that thin, meagre-looking little book, is a terrible human history. It was the evil destiny of Eulenstein to fall in love with—a jew's-harp. Passionately in love with that most unpromising bit of iron, day and night he wooed the hard, unyielding thing, and at length made it sing to him most exquisite music; at length, he awakened in that twopenny-halfpenny instrument—that pauper thing that some Jew in his most desperate poverty must have first fashioned out of marine-store old iron—most marvellous harmonies. The jew's-harp was no longer a school-boy's organ of annoyance—a big humble-bee grown hoarse—but something even for Mercury, with his tortoise lyre, to smile upon. This was a great triumph for the enthusiast. In the most frightful poverty, he had followed his passion; he had succeeded in his suit; he could touch the harp, the jew's-harp, to his own will; he had made himself a name, and—he was toothless. The iron had entered his mouth; his sufferings were terrible. He had put in thought-of melody into the metal, and the iron had eaten its revenge.

And this, in a degree, is the fate of poor Mr. Platt. He has, for thirty years, made crowds of hearts beat thick with his mastery of metal; and—even if he had the fulness of fortune's feast—he wants the teeth to enjoy the repast. There is a meaning in this—a sad, instructive meaning in the con-

dition of a man of genius—worth, at least, the price of a concert ticket, should the price be even one pound one shilling.

The Queen, the Prince, a royal duke, and so forth, will patronise the old musician: no doubt many of the wise and good will contribute to the fund sought to be raised for the worn-out artist. If, in addition to these, the folks who have made their noisy way in the world,—not with metallic brass, but with brass human,—if they, too, would contribute a moderate offering,—then would the fund be prosperously increased. The Horn of Platt would then be the Horn of Plenty.

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### DRURY LANE.

ON Monday night a two-act domestic drama, from the pen of Mr. Bayle Bernard, a gentleman who, a few years ago, was as productive in pieces of this class as he has been more recently in highly ludicrous farces, was brought out with questionable success.

The principal characters of the drama are Hartzmann (Mr. Vandenhoff), a merchant and magistrate of Bremen, and his brother Moritz (Mr. Anderson), a felon and a galley-slave. The respectable brother has educated Linda (Miss Vandenhoff), the daughter of the outcast, as his own child, and is peculiarly sensitive as to any revelation that may compromise the family honour. Waldeck (Mr. Cooper), another criminal, and the accomplice of Moritz, introduces himself into the family of Hartzmann, as Colonel Rheinberg, and avails himself of his secret knowledge to reveal the story of crime to Linda, to make her believe that her reputed father is the culprit, and to insist on her marrying him, as the only means of hushing up the secret, although a party is assembled to celebrate her union with a young lover named Ernest Gellert (W. Montague). When the fatal contract is about to be signed, Moritz, the real father, rushes in, solves every difficulty by denouncing Waldeck as a criminal, and then dies, leaving Linda still in the belief that his brother is her father.

The motives of this piece are not altogether new, but the story is skilfully designed, and if the situations had been made to follow sharply one upon another, the result would have been more effective. The character of Moritz, the escaped galley-slave, delighted to behold his child, relieved by her as a mendicant, and never revealing himself, is drawn with much pathetic force; and the description which he gives his brother of his escape from the galleys is one of the powerful passages in the play. The real energy and feeling with which Mr. Anderson acted this part made it effective to its full capacity. The other characters are not remarkably brought forward.

Notwithstanding the cleverness of the plot and the elevation of the language, much of which is written in blank verse, the play has a fault which greatly counterbalances its merits. The dialogue is much longer than is required for the development of the story and of the personages, and hence the action seems perpetually coming to a stand-still. When we repeat that it is only in two acts, call attention to the simplicity of the plot, and add that it lasted three hours, we shall render this proposition self-evident. There was much applause at the end, and the principal actors came before the curtain, but sounds of opposition were mingled with those of approbation.

#### HAYMARKET.

AN adaptation of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, by Mr. Stirling Coyne, was acted for the first time on Thursday night with undoubted success. Unlike the piece on the same subject



which has attained so deserved a popularity at the Strand Theatre, Mr. Coyne has merely taken the incidents of the original novel of Oliver Goldsmith, and worked them into a dramatic form. Adhering to the outline of the characters, he has placed in their mouths in a great degree his own language, while in the version of the Strand there is little that does not strictly appertain to the author of the story. There is much theatrical tact shown in the present instance, and the incidents follow each other naturally and consecutively, and with an almost entire absence of the unpleasant hintuses so customary in dramatised novels. The acting throughout, if not distinguished by any remarkable strokes of genius, was careful and well considered. The best sustained character was the Doctor Primrose of Mr. Webster, which was marked with cheerful piety, homely enthusiasm, and a natural pathos. The scene in which he discovers his daughter Olivia in the wayside inn was fraught with true passion, and we have seldom witnessed any acting more telling than where, with the dignity of a minister and the feeling of a father, he repulses the unworthy advances of the man who had basely triumphed over the virtue of his child. Mrs. Keeley's assumption of Mrs. Primrose, though clever in parts, bore little resemblance to the charming portraiture of Goldsmith. It wanted the directness of intention, the heartiness of purpose, the winning weakness, the beautiful repose, the womanly vanities, the spontaneous emotion, and the absorbing grief, which rendered the impersonation of the same character by Mrs. Glover so wonderful a performance. The Olivia of Miss Reynolds is sweetly feminine and touchingly pathetic; and Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, acted with great gusto, and sang a pair of songs with excellent effect. Buckstone's sketch of Moses was irresistibly funny, and Mr. Hows in a very small part (for Ephraim Jenkinson, in the present version, is considerably shorn of his fair proportions) evinced his usually marked intelligence. Mr. H. Vandenhoff, by his performance of Squire Thornhill, proved incontestably the possession of considerable histrionic ability, which only requires industry and determination to be turned to valuable account. Mr. Selby, as Captain Staggers, filled out a meagre sketch with artistic skill. The small episode at the supper table in the gaol was a capital thought, ably wrought out, without obtruding upon the main business of the scene. The scenery, the costume, and the general arrangement of the stage are all admirable. The applause throughout was general, and at the termination of the piece the entire company was called for.

## STRAND.

A one-act piece, by Mr. Simpson, called *Poor Cousin Walter*, was produced on Monday night with decided success. It is one of those semi-serious dramas which look picturesque in a costume of the Stuart days, and is written with more than ordinary elegance. Philip, the son of an English gentleman of fortune, woos Helen, a lady of fashion, in an Alcibiades' vein, and, to ascertain that she loves him for himself alone, not for his wealth, pretends to be his "poor Cousin Walter." The lady, coming with her father to the house of her admirer, and finding there the real cousin Walter, concludes that he must be Philip. They fall in love with each other, and Helen makes the extraordinary discovery to the supposed Philip that his father has forged a will, and that Walter is the real heir to the property. The pretended Philip, who (be it remembered) is the real Walter, generously destroys the documentary evidence shown by the lady, and ultimately gains her hand and the blessing of his uncle, whom he has so nobly preserved. There

is a very nice sentiment prevailing through this little piece, and the characters of the magnanimous Walter and the generous Helen were admirably brought out by Mr. Leigh Murray and Mrs. Stirling.

## ST. JAMES'S.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. Bunn took his annual benefit on Wednesday night, at this elegant little theatre, and, as usual, provided an ample and various bill of fare for his patrons, who assembled in good round numbers on the occasion. The entertainments began with Marivaux' once popular comedy, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*. The comedies of Marivaux, like his novels and romances, are gone by. The age has grown out of them, as out of all such twaddling sentiment and heartless irony, and the age is all the better for it. The popularity of Marivaux was but a hollow one, as all popularity must be that has not truth for its basis. Nevertheless, the elaborate acting of M. Samson—much more elaborate than genial, by the way—in the well-known character of *Pasquin*, and the delightful impersonation of *Sylvia*, by the charming and accomplished Mdlle. Denain, made us forget the utter frippery of Marivaux' wit, and the utter falsity of his philosophy and morals.

Mdlle. Denain has lately been taking a very high rank in the *Theatre Francais* (or *Theatre de la Republique*, as it has been baptized since recent events of sinister influence), where, as a representative of genteel and elegant comedy, she has now very few rivals. This is her second engagement in London, but since 1847 she has made a surprising advance in her profession. She was then unanimously admired by the *habitués* of Mr. Mitchell's theatre for her personal attractions and lady-like demeanour; but to these must now be added all the refinements of her beautiful art, and especially a certain brilliancy of dialogue which is the essence of high comedy. Her *Sylvia* is an exquisite performance. What is assumed and what is real are equally dramatic, and, at the same time, natural. Mdlle. Denain never forgets the character she is portraying, nor does she allow a single point of the author to escape her, or to pass unappreciated by the attentive and intelligent auditor. On Wednesday she supported her more studied and experienced *camarade*, M. Samson, in all the business of the stage with more than common spirit and  *finesse*; and at the fall of the curtain she was unanimously re-called. No welcome could have been more spontaneous than that accorded to Mdlle. Denain. M. Lugnet, however, is but a sorry lover, and his *Dorante* is a marvellously unfascinating performance. M. Tourillon is, as it were, Cartigny, shaken out of his portliness into a meagre-ribbed individual, by a series of convulsive fits. Mdlle. Avenel, who played *Lisette*, is a lively and clever *soubrette*. But altogether the *entourage* of Mdlle. Denain and M. Samson was but indifferent.

After the comedy Mr. Bunn delivered the first part of his monologue—that in which occurs the beautiful illustrations of Mr. Muir which have not slightly aided in ensuring Mr. Bunn's success in his new entertainment. Mr. Bunn was warmly received, and the anecdotes and citations he introduced with such spirited independence told with their usual effect. We trust that in his tour Mr. Bunn may meet with the encouragement and reward due to his spirit and indomitable energy.

The monologue was followed by a *pas de deux*, perhaps the most universally popular ever composed—the "*Truandaise*," from Perrot's ballad of *Emeralda*, danced by the original representative of Victor Hugo's poetical creation, the exquisite Carlotta Grisi, who was assisted on this occasion, not by Perrot, but by a very excellent substitute in the person of M. Silvain, from the *Académie Royal de Paris*. Those

who have not seen Carlotta dance the "Truandaise," have not seen what, in its way, is the perfection of art and nature combined. Few, however, were in that predicament on Wednesday night, if the hearty applause that greeted Carlotta's *entrée*, and the rapturous *encore* that followed the conclusion of the *pas*, may be taken as a criterion. It was as the unexpected re-appearance of some old familiar object, which, though absent, had never been forgotten. All that is poetical, and all that is unobtrusively graceful, is combined in this simple and characteristic *pas*, which would have immortalised Perrot had he produced nothing else. But then it is absolutely essential to its faultless execution that Carlotta should be the interpreter, that Carlotta's small and airy feet should give expression and life to the intentions of the author. Mons. Silvain is not only a good dancer, but an excellent mimist, and by his able and effective performance left Carlotta quite at ease to display all the graces and wonders of her art. The "Truandaise" was unanimously re-demanded, as we have already hinted, and bouquets and wreaths were thrown to Carlotta at the conclusion.

The performances were agreeably varied by a masterly performance of Thalberg's *Norma* duet, on two pianofortes, by those accomplished artists, Benedict and Lindsey Sloper; and the whole concluded with *King René's Daughter*, the principal characters by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Stuart.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Your occasional correspondent, S. W., need be under no apprehension of trenching on our prerogative. His notice of the concerts for the people, Mr. Glover's oratorios, and the dress concert of the Gentlemen's Glee Club, we were very glad to see; and we can assure him, that, so far from any feeling of jealousy on our part, should he forward a superior critique on any future concert at the same time that we do, we shall welcome its appearance in the columns of the *Musical World*, in preference to our own hasty scribble. As we have before-time had to explain, it was from no peculiar aptitude for the task that we became so honoured, but simply from an earnest desire that what did appear under this head might be at least faithful and correct. There are many writers in Manchester, or amateurs, more learned in music, far fitter to communicate to your readers the musical doings here; all we pretend to is, an ardent love of music, and some five and twenty years' experience in attending concerts and operas; on this we do found a claim for some degree of taste and judgment in such matters.

We frequently have not leisure to re-peruse what we have hastily written, so can make no attempt at polish in style or rounding periods; but it has been a pleasure to us to endeavour to give as faithful a report as possible of all such musical performances as we have had time and opportunity to be present at. It was never our ambition or intention to monopolize all your Manchester correspondence. We have a high respect for Mr. Peacock, and think his undertaking very praiseworthy of giving "concerts for the people," but we cannot, from the mere love of the thing, attend and report on them every week. Mr. Glover's talent as an organist has been known to us for years, from hearing him on St. Luke's beautiful organ every Sunday, and we shall be glad indeed to find that our young townsman has been equally successful as an oratorio composer; it is a high and daring flight, and we have abstained from going to hear his "Jerusalem" until it could be done justice to by a band, chorus, and principals.

The Gentlemen's Glee Club we generally visit once a year—our privilege as a non-subscriber—and then and there report thereon. On the ladies' night S. W. alludes to, we were at Ernst and Hallé's third concert; and this, like a lady's postscript, brings us to the chief object of this article, namely, to decant on Ernst and Hallé's

fourth and last concert for the season, which took place at the assembly-room on the 4th instant. We must again give the programme:—

PART I.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in D Minor Op. 40) Mendelssohn. A Fireside song, Miss Andrews, Wallace. Grand Sonata, pianoforte, Beethoven.

PART II.—Quintett, two violins, two tenors, and violoncello (in G Minor). Mozart. Song, Miss Andrews, "Wanderlied" (violoncello obligato), Proch. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin (by desire), dedicated to Kreutzer (in A Minor, Op. 47), Beethoven.

It will be seen that the A Minor sonata was repeated (that we were so rapturous about at the second concert,) as the advertisement said, "by general desire." The trio in D Minor, too, of Mendelssohn's, given at Hallé's fifth concert, in January, was repeated, and we do not think Mr. Hallé could have given us two finer compositions, or specimens of these great masters, from the repertory of the past season. As this was the concluding concert, it was like a *resumé* of the two choicest *morceaux*, to remind the subscribers of the great things that had been done. For our part, we were very much pleased to have the opportunity of again hearing two such great works in this class of chamber-music so finely rendered, and of becoming more familiar with their teeming beauties. Mendelssohn's trio was well played before, with Mr. Seymour as first violin. On this occasion, of course, Ernst took his place. We could detect nothing wanting in Mr. Seymour's execution; still Ernst's nervous tones added a charm to the second performance. It is exceedingly difficult, the pianoforte part especially so, but all seemed easy in the hands of the three, Ernst, Hallé, and Lidel. The first movement was much better appreciated on a second hearing; the second, the lovely "andante tranquillo," cannot fail to delight everyone—the flowing passage from violin to violoncello is so strikingly beautiful; the movement was given by all three artists in the most refined and delicate style possible. The scherzo is of the fantastic order, as strong a contrast as can be conceived of the preceding movement; it was played in the most piquant manner, and rapturously *encored*. Loud applause followed the impassioned and stirring finale, in which we noticed the remarkable use of unison for the stringed instruments Mendelssohn so effectively makes, with a most florid and elaborate accompaniment for the pianoforte, which was splendidly brought out by Hallé. We can imagine nothing more perfect or finished than the entire performance. Hallé next appeared as a solo player, and the audience seemed to take the only opportunity of his being alone on the platform that evening, to testify their appreciation of him, not merely as a pianoforte player of the highest eminence, but as the individual to whom the subscribers to these concerts were mainly, if not solely, indebted for the series of very great treats that had been afforded them. The moment he came forward he was applauded, but as the feeling seemed to spread, the applause increased until he had to rise and bow his acknowledgment; it was a spontaneous, yet grateful and well-merited tribute. Whether this roused Hallé to eclipse himself, we know not, but he sat down to the pianoforte and gave the *andante* and *finale* from Beethoven's (Op. 37) sonata in magnificent style; it was the greatest display he ever made in that room, and, as usual with him, given entirely from memory.

The second part opened with a novelty at these concerts; a quintett for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, in which Ernst and Lidel were assisted by Seymour, Bastens, and the talented amateur we have before spoken of. It was a very fine example of Mozart's Chamber Music (the one in G Minor), and was most faultlessly played. The minuetto is very beautiful, but the most remarkable of the four movements is the *adagio*—played on "Sordini," the effect is very fine, mournful and solemn as a dirge, yet thrilling to all who hear it. The *allegro finale* is more of the pure fiddling order, and most pure and clear was Ernst's violin at the top of his four assistant instruments; we never heard a more complete or perfect quintett. The greatest affair of the night was yet to come off after all, and that was Beethoven's A minor sonata; and if we can find any fault with a concert where all was so very faultless, it would be that we had too many really great works for one evening, all making high demands on the attention and the imagination of the auditory; so that the concert was much longer than usual, and the audience almost too tired to relish, with the gusto they ought,

such a splendid work as the A minor sonata at the close of it. To this we attribute the coldness with which the first movement was received—(by coldness we mean in comparison to its deserts); the second movement, however, the *andante*, with the well-known tremolo subject, splendidly played by both; but with this most intense fire and feeling by Ernst, roused the entire company into enthusiasm. It was as great a display for Ernst as the sonata solo had been for Hallé, and the applause was loud and long accordingly. The finale is playful and dance-like as any Highland fling or Irish jig; and trippingly played as it was by Ernst and Hallé, sent the audience away in high good humour, many of them humming its merry strain. Miss Andrews reappeared as the lady vocalist, and was very successful in both her songs; in the first, Wallace's, "When the children are asleep," she was ably accompanied by her father, Mr. R. Andrews; the second, a song in German, and a good song, too, by Herr Proch (of whom we never heard before). Herr Lidel had an obligate accompaniment for his violoncello, which he gave with great smoothness and finish; in fact, Lidel gains on us every time we hear him. But we forget this was the last concert! For some time, at any rate, we must bid adieu to all these talented men and their charming chamber concerts; only one more taste, at least, the last of Mr. Seymour's quartett concerts, at which we hope to be present and report. We cannot conclude our notices of this most excellent series of concerts without expressing our ardent hopes that they will be resumed next season with undiminished vigour; and in adding our humble tribute of praise and gratitude to Hallé, for the very high gratification he has thereby afforded to his numerous friends and admirers; the talent he has employed is shown by such a list of names as Seymour, George Waud, Bactens, Thorley, Piatti, Lidel, and though last not least, Ernst. The quality of the music may be judged by the names of the composers, such as Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, and last not least, the mighty Beethoven. We feel we have done scant justice to the talented exponents whose names are above given; they have all acquitted themselves worthily, and worthy their lofty themes. To say anything in praise of the composers would be idle indeed; they have written for the delight of succeeding ages! But we must stop; our pen runs on as if to make the most of this last opportunity. We must now give place to the thick-coming crowd of concerts and operas of the London season. Except a notice of Seymour's quartet concert, we do not expect to have anything of interest for your readers for some weeks. Some time in May, it is said, we are to have three nights of French Opera, for the first time in Manchester. Mr. Mitchell's talented corps are to give us three of Auber's operas—*Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and *Fra Diavolo*.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

As we do not suppose your regular contributor from this place will put forth any claims to the ubiquitous abilities of some of our modern Mentors, and as he would, doubtless, on the present occasion, be honouring with his presence the classic precincts of our Assembly rooms, where those twin brothers of the "divine art," Ernst and Hallé, were giving their closing *poirée*, it will not surely be taken amiss my venturing a line on the Gentlemen's Glee Club, the members of which held their concluding concert of the season on the same date. The large saloon of the Albion Hotel was tolerably well filled, despite the rain which was pouring in torrents the whole evening sans intermission. Our accomplished townsman and poet, Mr. Charles Swain, occupied the chair, and fulfilled its duties most satisfactorily. He was supported on the right by John Potter, Esq., Mayor, and several distinguished officers of the garrison now stationed here. The programme was varied and interesting, being judiciously selected with a view to gratify the true lovers of sterling glee composition. Mr. William Barlow, the musical conductor of the club, is deserving of all praise for his untiring exertions in maintaining the proper dignity of the society. Since the "Hargreaves," it is certainly one of the finest musical treats we can enjoy in this murky hemisphere. On the night to which we refer, the lady vocalists were Miss Hardman, Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Morris, the former an old established favourite at this club, and of her sex by far the best interpreter of glee music we have among us. The following professional gentlemen, assisted by a few amateurs, also took part during the evening—

Messrs. Isherwood, Shaldric, Standage, Walton, Heelis, Sykes, Waddington, sen., Abbott, Slater, Brooks, Womersley, and Brookes. Among the pieces in the first part we must single out Stafford Smith's popular ode, "Blest pair of syrens," for especial praise; this was throughout most deliciously rendered. Our old favourite "Breath of the brier," went as charming as ever, and but for a *lapsus* on the part of the contralto, "Supplicatus" would have been re-demanded. A choral song of the quaint school, the music by a Miss C. A. Macrone, the words taken from an old ballad of 1500, beginning "I am a poore man, God knoweth," met with a hearty *encore*. The gem of the evening was undoubtedly Attwood's "To all that breathe," sung with more than equal feeling and expression by Mrs. Thomas, Messrs. Heelis, Walton, Isherwood, and Sheldrick; the latter gentleman, one of the veterans of the club, agreeably astonished us by the freshness of his fine bass voice. The lovely quartett of Mendelssohn's, "Oh, hills! oh, vales," was, perhaps, seldom surpassed in purity of intonation and intensity of feeling. Although your space is necessarily limited, we must not forget to mention a very clever madrigal sung on this occasion, "A violet blossom'd on the lea," the music by our promising townsman Mr. James W. Isherwood; the composition is yet in manuscript; the subject has been throughout ingeniously treated, is possessed of high merits, and when it shall have issued from the publisher's, we venture to predict for it a successful run. The concert terminated with Bishop's "Tramp Chorus," the arduous soprano solo being well sustained by Miss Hardman. After supper the usual convivialities went round, and a couple of amusing trifles from the laughter-stirring son of Momus, the veteran Blewit, succeeded in sending all home in excellent humour. S. W.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WEIMAR.—On the 16th February, on the occasion of the birthday festival of the Grand Duchess, Glück's *Iphigenie in Aulis*, was given under the direction of Dr. Liszt. On the 19th a concert was given by Liszt for the benefit of the poor, when Gade's third symphony and the overture *Lamento e Trionfo*, were performed by a grand orchestra. It is the intention to found a great musical Conservatorium here, of which Liszt, Ernst, Leonard, Servais, Götze, are already named as Professors. A first-rate music publisher in Leipzig is to establish an office in Weimar, to afford the new Institute every assistance. A musical gazette is to be united with the Institute. Mdlle. Clausa, who went to Weimar to make the personal acquaintance of Liszt, has created a considerable sensation. On the 21st of February Liszt introduced the talented young artist to the Grand Duchess, at a concert. Her Royal Highness expressed herself to Mdlle. Clausa in the usual flattering and condescending terms, and presented her, before her departure, through Liszt, with a valuable bracelet.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—It appears that Robert le Diable is shortly to be reproduced at Covent Garden, the part of Robert to be taken by Tamborlik, instead of Mario!

Surely the directors are acting most unwisely in this arrangement, as I believe it is generally admitted that the ill success of this opera last season was chiefly caused by Mario not being the Robert. Trusting that you will express your opinion on this subject in your next, I am, Sir, your obedient servant, G. M. M. M.

Thursday, 11th April, 1856.

[Our correspondent writes without having read, and without having thought. The cast of the Robert is announced in all the papers, and includes Mario, as well as Tamborlik. If Tamborlik plays Robert, and Mario the Minstrel, we may assume that Mario resigned the part of Robert, and had good reason for so doing. We question if our correspondent has heard Tamborlik. If he had, he would not have taken exception to his playing any part.—Ed.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**MADAME DOLCEK.**—We regret to inform our readers that this eminent pianist died at her residence in Harley Street yesterday.

**CHARLES HALLE.**—This celebrated pianist will play at Mr. Ella's next Musical Union. M. Hallé has been in London for a few days, but has returned to Manchester.

Miss ANDREWS having completed her engagements at Herr Ernst and Hallé's classical concerts in Manchester, has now returned to London for the season. We shall have much pleasure in being enabled to add our meed of encouragement to this young and talented *contralto*, whose successful *debut* at the Philharmonic Concert last year we had much pleasure in noticing at the time.

Mr. CHARLES OBERSTIN, the well-known composer of songs and music for the harp, has returned to London from Wiesbaden.

MADLLE. FRANCISCO RUMMEL, the vocalist, and her brother, the composer and pianist, have also arrived.

MADLLE. NISSEN, after her concert in Dresden on the 4th Feb., intended to proceed to Berlin, where she has been engaged for several concerts.

MADLLE. MARIE WIECK, an excellent pianist, announced a concert for the 28th February, in the Salle of the Singing Academy in Berlin.

CARL ECKERT, the composer, expects to have his opera performed in Paris. He is at present in London.

SPORHA has quite recovered from the effects of his late accident, a piece of news that will fill Europe with gladness.

BALFE'S Opera, *Die Haimons Kinder*, was performed at Bremen. A new opera by Eschhorn, is being studied. The composer leaves Cologne for Bremen to conduct personally his opera.

THE VIOLINIST, M. Hauger, chiefly remarkable for his excellent manner of bowing, gave a concert in Vienna.

MEYERBEER has been desired immediately to come from Vienna to Berlin, to direct a Festival Cantate in honour of His Majesty. He was to leave Vienna on the 28th February. For want of space the organ used in Meyerbeer's *Prophet* is suspended from the roof, and played in the air.

HERN STICHELLI, whose recent arrival we have already noticed, has been singing in the principal towns of Italy and Germany with the greatest success. We shall no doubt shortly hear him at some of the concerts in London.

MR. AGUILAR has announced a good programme, strongly supported, for his evening concert, on Wednesday, April 24, at the Hanover Square Rooms; his list of instrumentalists and vocalists is a strong one. We need only mention the names of Ernst, Hausmann, Nicholson, Jarrett, Lazarus, Baumann, Miss Lucombe, Madlle. Schloss, Madlle. Graumann, the Misses Cole, and Sims Reeves, with M. Benedict, as conductor, to prove Mr. Aguilar has left nothing undone to provide attraction for his friends and the public. Mr. Aguilar has been highly spoken of by the German press as an excellent pianist, and a composer of considerable promise.

MR. PLATT'S FAREWELL CONCERT.—A committee of management, consisting of upwards of sixty distinguished professors and well-known amateurs, have undertaken to organise a farewell concert for Mr. Platt, who for nearly thirty years has been before the public as principal horn at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera, the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts, and the great provincial festivals. It has been decided that there shall be included in the programme a symphony and two overtures by the first composers, as there are upwards of one hundred eminent instrumentalists who have offered their services. Mrs. Anderson will perform a fantasia or concerto on the pianoforte. A memorable event at this concert will be the appearance of Lindley, who will play a violoncello solo for the last time in public. The vocalists who have offered their services are Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Miss Ellen Birch, Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Dolby, the Misses A. and M. Williams, and Miss Louisa Pyne; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Benson, Machin, and Signor F. Lablache. Applications have been made for the assistance of many celebrated foreign singers, and in a few days their names will be published. Mr. Costa will conduct the concert, which is fixed for Wednesday morning, the 24th inst., at the Hanover-square Rooms. Mr. Platt has always been ready to give his services for charitable institutions, and now that he is disabled from following his professional career, owing to the loss of his front teeth from continuous pressure in playing, he appeals to the sympathies of the musical

public to support his first and only concert, an appeal which has been responded to by royalty in the patronage so graciously extended by Her Majesty and Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge.—*Morning Post*.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.—Mr. Willy takes his benefit on Wednesday night, at Exeter Hall. A full and attractive programme is provided. Most of our popular vocalists are engaged. Kate Loder will play a grand concerto of Mendelssohn, and a duet with Mr. Willy; Mr. Willy will perform a solo on the violin, and Mr. Richardson a solo on the flute; Mr. T. Harper will also perform a solo on the trumpet. The overtures to *Buryanthe*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Prometheus*, and the grand march from *Athalie* will be executed by the band, which will be on a large scale. Mr. Willy is entitled to public support, and we expect to find crowds of amateurs flocking to his standard on Wednesday next.

THE SONS OF APOLLO.—(From a Correspondent).—The anniversary dinner of the Sons of Apollo Benefit Society, consisting of eighty-six members, all connected with music, and which was the twenty-seventh annual celebration of the establishment of the society, took place on the 29th of March, when upwards of sixty members of the musical profession enjoyed a sumptuous repast, provided for them by mine host of the Black Horse Tavern, 400, Oxford-street. On this occasion Mr. T. Adams, and Mr. J. Lawson, both many years known in the *Corpsichorean* orchestras of the metropolis, presided in a most felicitous manner.

"Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,  
Sang they in harmony Apollo's praise."

The advantages to be derived from the formation of such societies as these are most admirably set forth and illustrated in the operations of the Sons of Apollo—the many casualties and misfortunes man is heir to, more especially those of the class referred to, require some arrangements to prevent the utter destruction and misery the concomitants of a profession that exists more on the caprice of fashion, and the never ending changes brought about in seeking novelty as an excitement to gaiety. We are glad to understand that this society, independent of the benefits it has conferred, is now in possession of funds to the amount of 1800*l*. a truly gratifying proof of good management and honesty of purpose.

KINGSTON.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Ridley's Concert took place on Friday last, when Mr. H. Phillips, the popular baritone, made his *debut* before a Kingston audience, when we were highly pleased to see the largest and most respectable company ever assembled on such an occasion. The first song, "My Heart's in the Highlands," was a happy beginning. The most successful of Mr. H. Phillips' performance were the "Milkmaid," and "My Boyhood's Home," which was rendered in such a joyous and effective strain as to elicit an encore, when "The Last Man" was substituted. "The Bear Hunt," and "The Prairie on Fire," which are very descriptive, were received with deserved applause. The comic song, "Widow Machree," sung with much *naïveté*, was also encored. The rest of the performance was highly applauded, the only regret expressed being, that the entertainment was so soon brought to a close.

LIVERPOOL.—OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, SALISBURY-STREET.—In this magnificent church, on Sunday last, a new and splendid organ was opened by Henry Smart, Esq. of London. The orchestral department was well sustained; the selections were principally from Haydn. Miss M. B. Marsh was assisted by Mrs. Leather. The latter lady gave, with considerable pathos, the "Benedictus" from No. 4, Haydn's Mass, and the "Agnus Dei" from No. 6. Mrs. McDougall also assisted. Several solos were sung by Mr. Dodd, including the beautiful "Laudate," by Zingarelli. Miss Marsh sang "With verdure clad," from the *Creation*, in which she admirably sustained the conceptions of the author. The organ is manufactured by Gray and Davison of London. Mr. Henry Smart played in the most masterly style, and the instrument was unanimously admired.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notices of Madame Schwab's concert, and other articles, are unavoidably deferred till our next.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MOZART'S** Davidde Penitente, complete, English edition, 7s. 6d.  
 Spohr's Vocal Mass, Two Movements, English edition, 3s. 6d.  
 Beethoven's Sacred Songs, from "Songs of the Sabbath," by R. ANDREW, 2s.  
 Handel's Six New Sacred Songs, 5s.  
 Manchester: 4, Pallatine Buildings.

Just Published.

## "TELL ME, MAIDEN!"

**SONG** by ALFRED PIATTI, with Piano and Obligo s. d.  
 Violoncello Accompaniments 2 6

ALSO

Piatti's Two latest Violoncello Works:—  
 Op. 10. Amour et Caprice. Fantaisie avec accompagnement de Piano 4 6  
 „ 11. La Suédoise. Caprice sur deux Airs Nat. Suédois, avec do. 3 9  
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**THE NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE**, illustrated, embraces Household Treasures, Cookery, Knitting, Crochet, Embroidery, Wax Flowers, Chess Problems, Tales, Histories, Gardening, Fashions, Enigmas, Columns for Studious Youth and Intercommunications, Music, and a variety of subjects suited for young and old.

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 Office,—80, St. Martin's Lane; and to be had of all booksellers.

## MR. CREVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

## THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

71, UPPER NORTON STREET;

And at all the principal Musicsellers.

## MR. FREDERICK BOWEN JEWSON

**BEGS** to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he has REMOVED to 33, MANCHESTER STREET, Manchester Square.

## THE FLUTE.

**HIS MAJESTY'S LETTERS PATENT** have been obtained for TWO NEW FLUTES, manufactured by Messrs RUDALL and ROSE (either in Wood or Silver). The Tube and Holes of these Flutes being constructed according to the true principles of Acoustics, there is not a weak or incorrect note throughout the scale, but they possess every perfection of Tone and Tune. One is fingered exactly like the old Flute, for the convenience of those accustomed to that instrument; the fingering of the other is slightly changed, but affords extraordinary facilities of execution. The Inventor, Mr. Carré, will introduce these instruments in the course of his Lectures on Musical Instruments and Instrumental Music, at the Royal Institution, Manchester, on the 8th, 12th, 15th, and 19th April; the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, 9th, 12th, 16th, and 19th April; the Musical Society, Warrington, 10th April; and Shrewsbury, 22nd and 29th April; the Polytechnic Institution, Birmingham, 23rd and 30th April; the Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, London, 13th May; and the City of London Institution, 15th and 22nd May. They may also be seen at RUDALL and ROSE'S Manufactory, 33, Southampton Street, Strand, on and after the 7th May.

## M. ALEXANDER BILLET

**BEGS** to announce a SECOND SERIES of Performances, from the Works of the CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE COMPOSERS, at ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

The First Performance on FRIDAY, April 26.  
 Further Particulars forthwith.

## EXETER HALL.

**MR. WILLY'S BENEFIT CONCERT** will take place on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1850, commencing at Half-past Seven o'clock.

Vocal Performers:—Miss Birch, Miss Lucombe, Miss Dolby, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Mira Griesbach, Mr. Benson, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. Whitworth.

Solo Performers:—Grand Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder; Violin, Mr. Willy; Flute, Mr. Richardson; Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper.

The Orchestra will be complete in every department, including Mr. Willy's Concert Band.

Leader . . . MR. WILLY. | Accompanyist . . . MR. LAVERG.  
 Tickets.—Organ and Western Galleries, 1s.; Area and Platford, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Stalls, 5s. To be had of the principal Music-sellers; at Exeter Hall; and of Mr. Willy, 22, Trigon Terrace, Kennington.

## BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

**MR. SCIPION ROUSSELOT** respectfully informs the Members of this Society, that the First Exclusive Performance of HERR ERNST at these QUARTETT PARTIES will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 17th of April. Quartett No. 1, in F; No. 9, in C; No. 13, in B flat—Beethoven. Trio, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, in D.

EXECUTANTS:—HERR ERNST, H. A. Cooper, H. Hill, S. Rousselet, and Stephen Heller.

Names and Subscriptions will be received at Messrs. ROUSSELOT and ARBAN'S, 16, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

## MR. AGUILAR

**BEGS** to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, April 24th.

Vocalists:—Miss Lucombe, the Misses C. and S. Cole, Madlle Schiessa, and Madlle. Graumann; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Marchesi.  
 Violin, HERR ERNST; Violoncello, HERR HAUMANN; Oboe, Mr. NICHOLSON; Clarinet, Mr. LAZARUS; Horn, Mr. JARRETT; Bassoon, Mr. BEAUMANN; Pianoforte, Mr. AGUILAR.

Conductor.

MR. BENEDICT.

Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; to be procured at Messrs. Cramer, B. & Co., 201, Regent Street; at Messrs. Weygel and Co., 230, Regent Street; and at the Residence of Mr. Aguilar, 68, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

## A GRAND CONCERT OF

## VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

**WILL** be given at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, on TUESDAY EVENING, April 16, for the BENEFIT of Mr. HENRY BOYS, who, in addition to being incapacitated by a paralytic stroke from continuing his professional pursuits, which constituted his only resource, has to contend with the long, serious, and continued indisposition of Mrs. Boys.

The following eminent Artists have kindly promised their valuable assistance:—Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Poole, Madame F. Lablache, Miss Dolby, and the Misses Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Marraz, Mr. Wrighton, and M. Henri Drayton (Première Basse de l'Opera Francalse, Théâtre St. James's). Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, M. Benedict; Violin, M. Ernst; Violoncello, M. Piatti; Flute, Signor Briccialdi. Conductor, Mr. Brinley Richards.

The Band will comprise several eminent Professors, assisted by the Members of the Amateur Musical Society, who have, for this occasion, most kindly consented to lend their valuable aid.

Stalls, 15s.; Single Tickets, half a guinea; Family Tickets (to admit three), 25s.; to be had at all the principal Music Warehouses and Libraries, of the Ladies Patronesses, and Patrons, and of any of the Members of the Committee, by whom, also, donations will be most thankfully received.  
 41, New Bond Street. ROBERT W. OLLIVIER, Hon. Sec.

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**THIS FLUTE** is entirely new in its construction, but retains the old system of fingering. Its merits have now been fully tested, and it is acknowledged to be unrivalled for its correctness of Tone, and equality of Tone, there being no weak or ineffective note throughout the whole compass of the instrument. This Flute is exclusively adopted by Mr. RICHARDSON, and several other professors in London. Amateurs in the Provinces may hear it played by the following eminent solo players, viz.:—Mr. PRATTEN, at M. J. LILLIAN'S Concerts; Mr. NICHOLSON, Leicester; Mr. GREED RAGAL, Manchester; Mr. FENCIVAL, Liverpool; Mr. SYKES, Leeds; Mr. JACKSON, Hull; Mr. POWELL, Dublin, &c.  
 It may be heard every day, between 2 and 4 o'clock, at the manufactory, 135, Fleet Street. Description and Testimonials forwarded free.  
 A. SICCAIA, Patentee.

## DIATONIC FLUTE.

By Royal Letters Patent.

**MR. RICHARDSON** having exclusively adopted this Instrument, begs to announce that he continues to give instruction on it.  
 Terms.—Three Guineas per Quarter—One Lesson per Week.  
 Five Guineas " " Two Lessons " " " "  
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## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.



COMBINING THE TALENTS OF

Madame SONTAG, Madlle. CATHARINE HAYES, and Madlle. PARODI;  
Signori COLLETTI, BELLETTI, and LABLACHE, CALZOLARI, and  
SIMS REEVES; Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, MARIE TAGLIONI, and  
AMALIA FERRARIS.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 18TH, 1850,

When will be presented MOZART's Opera,

### LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Susanna -	-	-	Madame SONTAG.
The Countess -	-	-	Madlle. PARODI.
Cherubino -	-	-	Madlle. CATHARINE HAYES.
The Count Almaviva -	-	-	Signor COLLETTI.
Figaro -	-	-	Signor BELLETTI.
Basilio -	-	-	Signor CALZOLARI.

AND

Bartolo - - - - - Signor LABLACHE.

In the Wedding Scene the "ZARABANDA IN A" (originally composed for this Opera), will be danced by Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, and Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI (who will appear as a Cavalier.)

\* After the Opera will be presented selections from the admired Ballet of  
**LA ESMERALDA;**

combining the celebrated TRUANDAIRE, by Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, and M. CHARLES.

To be followed by the last scene of DONIZETTI's Opera,

### LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,

By MR. SIMS REEVES.

After which will be revived, the admired "Ice Ballet," (by M. P. TAGLIONI), entitled,

### LES PLAISIRS DE L'HIVER; ou, LES PATINEURS.

The principal characters by Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, and Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS: in the course of which the admired Spanish Dance, "LA ZINGARELLA," by Madlle. Marie Taglioni, a "NEW GRAND PAS" by Madlle. Amalia Ferraris, and a "GRAND PAS DE DEUX A LA ROUSSE" by Madlle. Marie Taglioni and M. Charles.

\* Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

## MISS CHANDLER,

From the Royal Academy of Music,

**WILL** give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** at the **MUSIC HALL**, Store Street, on **FRIDAY NEXT, APRIL 19**, at which Misses Dolby, Kate Loder, Cole, Pitt, Chandler, and Madame Anschuetz; Messrs. Frank Boddo, Sedgwick, Canus, Haug, Sperling, &c., will appear. Conductor, Herr Anschuetz.

Tickets, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Boxes, 4s.; and Private Boxes to be had of Miss Chandler, 27, Great Russell Street, Bedford Square.

## DISTINS' CONCERTS

**MR. DISTIN and SONS** will perform on the **SAX HORNS** in the following places:—Monday, April 15th, Hull; 16th, Caistor; 17th, Great Grimsby; 18th, Retford; 19th, Gainsboro'.

Vocalist, Miss O'Connor; Pianist, Mr. J. Willy.

**DISTIN'S AMATEUR CORNET CLASSES**, for the Practice of Quartets, &c., assemble nightly, at **HENRY DISTIN'S SAX HORN DEPOT**, 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

## BEETHOVEN ROOMS.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER GRACE THE  
DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

**M. SZCZEPANOWSKI** will give his **MATINEE MUSICALE** on **WEDNESDAY, April 17th**, at two o'clock.

**VOCALISTS**—Madame Macfarren, Miss Alicia Nunn, Madlle. Mora, the Misses Cole; Signora Bongioanni, Prima Donna of the Theatres Royal of Milan and Turin, and Signora de Westalovic, Prima Contralto of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg.

**Instrumental**, Madame Szczepanowski; Guitar and Violoncello, M. Szczepanowski. Conductor, Mr. W. C. Macfarren.

Tickets, 10s. 6d., to Reserved Places; Family Tickets (to admit three), one guinea; Single Tickets, 6s.; to be had of Mr. S. 11, Tamerton Place, Park Road, Regent's Park.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN.

Madame GRISI, Madlle. VERA,  
Herr FORMES, Mons. MASSOL,  
And Signor TAMBERLIK.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, April 16th, 1850, the Performances will commence with **BELLINI's** Opera of

### N O R M A.

Norma -	-	-	Madame G R I S I.
Adalgisa -	-	-	Madlle. VERA.
(Her Second Appearance in that character at the Royal Italian Opera.)			
Clotilde -	-	-	Madlle. COTTI.
Flavio -	-	-	Signor SOLDI.
Oroveso -	-	-	Herr FORMES.
(His Second Appearance in that character in England.)			
Pollio -	-	-	Signor TAMBERLIK.
(His Second Appearance in that character in England.)			

To conclude with the Second and Third Acts of AUBER's Grand Opera,

### M A S A N I E L L O.

The Principal Characters by

Madlle. BALLIN, Mons. MASSOL, Signor MEL, Signor ROMMI,  
Masaniello, Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Ballet incidental to the Opera will be supported by Monsieur ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

The Overture to MASANIELLO will be played between the Operas.

## THE SECOND GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

Will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, APRIL 18th, 1850, when will be performed (for the First Time this Season) MOZART's celebrated Opera of

### D O N G I O V A N N I.

Donna Anna -	-	-	Madame GRISI,
Elvira -	-	-	Madlle. VERA,
Zerlina -	-	-	Madame CASTELLAN,
Leporello -	-	-	Herr FORMES,
Don Giovanni -	-	-	Signor TAMBURINI,
(His First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)			
Don Ottavio -	-	-	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
	-	-	Signor MARIO.

On SATURDAY, APRIL 20th, 1850, will be produced (for the First Time), with new Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations, A GRAND OPERA, founded on ROSSINI's celebrated work, "MOSE IN EGITTO," with the Alterations and Additions by the Composer, entitled

### S O R A S.

The Principal Characters by

Madame CASTELLAN, Madlle. VERA,  
Signor TAMBURINI, Signor LAVIA,  
Signor TAGLIAFICO, Signor SOLDI,  
Mons. ZELGER (His First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera),  
And Signor TAMBERLIK.

During the Following Week will be performed (for the First Time this Season) MEYERBEER's Grand Romantic Opera,

### ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO,

with the following Powerful Cast:—

Alice -	-	-	Madame GRISI,
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)			
Isabella -	-	-	Madame CASTELLAN,
Albergo -	-	-	Signor ROMMI,
Eraldo -	-	-	Monsieur MASSOL,
Il Priore -	-	-	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Roberto -	-	-	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Bertramo -	-	-	Herr FORMES,
Rambaldo -	-	-	Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open from Ten till Five.

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## BENEDICT.

From among the many preparatory notices that herald the advent of this admirable musician in the United States, we select one from the *Message Bird*, an amusing periodical, half literary, half musical—published in New York. Mr. Benedict himself will be astonished at some of the particulars (and Mr. Balfe will probably share his astonishment), but he can hardly be otherwise than gratified by the warm and kindly tone of the writer who apostrophises him. We print the article verbatim:—

"It is now many years since we first knew this musician, who has for such a length of time held one of the first positions in the public appreciation of musical talent in London. Equally celebrated as a composer and practical musician, he has possessed there a steady and unchanging reputation. Time has dealt mildly with him. It has not decreased one laurel from his well-earned celebrity, and we are disposed to believe both that Mr. Barnum has acted with consummate wisdom in engaging him to accompany Mademoiselle, or rather—for we hate to give a tag to a name that is already famous—Jenny Lind to this country, and that M. Benedict will find the visit to be one which will not only be agreeable to him in a pecuniary point of view, but in those far higher considerations to the real artist which are embraced in the word, fame.

"At the time the Italian Opera disorganised itself, and Costa went, with Grist and the principal Italian singers, to Covent Garden, Mr. Lumley had serious thoughts of engaging M. Benedict to conduct the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre. The necessity he was under, however, of modifying his expenses to suit the enormous terms he was about to pay Jenny Lind for her first season—enormous, although far inferior in amount to those which Mr. Barnum has incurred, to induce her to visit America—prevented Mr. Lumley from engaging Benedict, who had then and now too much business in London to be induced to sacrifice it for a small salary as the conductor of the orchestra, even though he were in an establishment so famous throughout Europe. The calls upon his time would have obliged him to sacrifice much of his professional business, and this he was not disposed to do. And, indeed, but for the attraction of becoming known in a new hemisphere, we doubt whether the terms, large as they are proposed by Mr. Barnum, could have induced him to relinquish the professional calls upon his time which occupy him in England.

"It must be remembered that Benedict's annual concert at the Italian Opera House is always enormous—that he is every year the conductor at the Musical Festival which takes place in England—that in the off season he generally is engaged by the gentlemen who tempt fortune in the provinces with the principal members of the operatic troupe—and that his teaching in the London season is beyond comparison the most extensive and the most aristocratic which is possessed by any musician. Nor let it be remembered that teaching in London is paid as it is here. The terms of M. Benedict are a guinea, and a guinea and a half, or from five to eight dollars a lesson. His time during the London season is fully engaged, so much so, indeed, that it is rare to find him at home after eight in the morning or before six in the evening. These few particulars may serve to give some idea of the reasons, which, we suppose, operated to induce him to refrain from accepting Mr.

Lumley's offer, and will point out that it was an inducement far otherwise than contingent on the terms proposed by Mr. Barnum, liberal as those were, which has prevailed on him to accompany Jenny Lind to our shores.

"We hope and trust that the engagement will be one of pleasure to him. He will find musical taste here far superior probably to that which he anticipated, and certain are we that he will be gratified by doing so. In every respect shall we be glad to welcome him—as a profound and skilful musician—as a kindly and genial gentleman, and as a generous and warm appreciator of all talent. He will be one of those we shall be glad to have visit America, even were he not accompanied by one of such transcendent genius, as the lady who is to arrive on these shores with him."

About the reception of Benedict in America, we have no misgivings. Such a real musician, and so amiable and accomplished a gentleman, is secure of a welcome everywhere. Even the protection of Jenny Lind herself will hardly tend to improve his position.

## M. SILAS.

THE Liverpool citizens are singularly at variance about the merits of this young musician, in whose praise some of the continental journals have lately been so eloquent. At the last Philharmonic Concert, held in the New Music Hall, M. Silas appeared in the double capacity of composer and pianist. He played a pianoforte concerto, and conducted an overture of his own composition; in addition to which, he improvised upon two themes, presented to him by some gentlemen of the committee. Respecting this performance, the *Liverpool Chronicle* writes as follows:—

"The only attraction was M. Silas, who made his *début* on this occasion. M. Silas performed a solo on the pianoforte, which with an overture in *MS.*, concluded the first part.

"M. Silas is assuredly a genius, and one of the first order. He possesses an exquisite taste, and is evidently a chaste and thorough musician; but we had not the opportunity of judging of his powers of extemporising on any theme, which have been so loudly extolled. The two melodies on which he did *extemporise* were handed in by two gentlemen of the committee, and were 'Come à gentil' and an Irish melody. We did not think much of the display, which consisted merely of variations on the original airs; his execution was, however, admirable, and produced an encore. We understand he leaves for London next week, per engagement at M. Ella's Musical Union. His overture, which contains some originalities, was well received; and, speaking of him as a composer, we are of opinion that, the more we hear his compositions, the better we shall like them. We hope to see him in Liverpool again ere long."

The *Herald*, though not quite so decided, is still highly favourable to the pretensions of M. Silas.

"M. Silas conducted his overture with firmness; for our part we deem his productions evince the existence of great genius, which time and study will mature into the highest excellence; they are marked by originality of conception, and his themes are worked out in a very superior manner. The concerto pleased us most, as displaying

more purpose than the overture, which partook too much of the French school towards the end for our taste. It is, however, a very pleasing work, and we sincerely wish him the success he deserves, and which we don't doubt he will attain in London. We much regret that he had not an opportunity of displaying his powers as a pianist to greater advantage; mechanical powers of the highest excellence, backed by a mind which grasps with equal ease the varied conceptions of a Bach, a Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, or Mendelssohn.

The *Journal* goes far to qualify all the favourable observations contained in the preceding extracts.

"The third subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Tuesday evening last, and the attendance was numerous, in consequence of the strong desire to hear M. Silas, of whose advent Liverpool has received so many hints lately. Our own expectations had been greatly excited, for during the last few weeks a correspondent has been favouring us with very flattering hopes respecting the young stranger; but as expectation always falls short of the reality, we could not expect to find an exception in this instance. M. Silas appeared in the double character of composer and executant. Two of his compositions were given,—a concerto for the pianoforte, with full orchestral accompaniments, and an overture, which he conducted himself. The first was marked by no great originality, either in conception or harmony, while the instrumentation was decidedly bad. The overture exhibited more promise at the commencement, but fell off considerably towards the close. Both were creditable for so young a man; but ere he can take the rank of a giant like Mendelssohn, to whom he has been prematurely compared, he has many years of severe study before him. There is a degree of promise which will rapidly vanish before the praise and applause of injudicious friends and partial audiences, if he forget that the very highest order of genius must submit to hard drudgery, before anything like permanent fame can be acquired. There is, however, a degree of modesty about M. Silas which we are inclined to look upon as a harbinger of good. As a pianoforte player, M. Silas is elegant, and neat in execution; and, as a player, would rank in the same class as Made. Duleken. In the second part, it was announced that M. Silas would improvise upon any given theme. Immediately, four rolls of music paper were thrown upon the platform, from which he selected two airs, 'Come à gentil,' and 'St. Patrick's Day.'

"Improvisation upon the piano is easier than upon any other instrument, and even an inferior pianoforte player can improvise, while, to a competent one, it is as easy as reading; there is, therefore, nothing at all astonishing in it unless done with the skill of a Mozart; and we have heard it much better done than it was on Tuesday evening. Since the days of Beethoven, improvising in public has gone out of fashion; and we are inclined to approve of the present taste, for the public have no means of testing the legitimacy of such an exhibition; while any person possessing an ear, and a knowledge of the commonest rules of harmony, could improvise by the hour with as much skill and originality as M. Silas displayed. Improvisation, however good it may be, is fitted only for the chamber; there the musician may luxuriate in those ideas he afterwards matures; but, in a public room, it is equally out of time and place."

M. Silas was in London a few days ago, and we had the advantage of hearing him play some of his own compositions, one of which was the overture introduced at the Liverpool Philharmonic. We are not prepared to decide, which of the Liverpool critics is right and which is wrong, or whether one or any of them have judged ill or well. We may, however, at once confess that we were mistaken in guessing him to be the unknown celebrity so frequently apostrophised by the *Athenæum*. M. Silas is not the man.

## JENNY LIND.

The following letter was addressed to the "Swedish Nightingale" previous to the six, or nine, performances which involved her last farewell to the stage in the season of 1849. The arguments of the writer had no doubt a large influence in persuading Jenny Lind to change a determination so often made and broken before. Perhaps they may have not lost their virtue now. At all events, we publish the letter with the faint hope that it may once more come under the eyes of the "Nightingale," and once more persuade her to give, yet once more, "six final representations" on the London boards, before she breaks her resolution of quitting the stage for ever for the first time in America:

"TO MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND, ON HER WITHDRAWAL FROM THE LYRICAL STAGE.

"MADEMOISELLE,

"A sincere admirer, as well of your pure and benevolent character, as of your eminent lyrical genius, I am one of the thousand who, in every capital of Europe, deplore your abrupt withdrawal from the stage; and in respectfully inviting you to reconsider and retrace this hasty step, I feel myself the spokesman of a universal sentiment.

"You are said, Mademoiselle, to have acted on this occasion, by the well meant but injudicious advice of an ecclesiastical counsellor, who has painted to you in glowing colours, all the demoralising influences of which the theatre is the centre; and has besought you to withhold from such a focus of corruption and frivolity the sanction of your spotless name, and the attraction of your incomparable talent.

"Is it for your own sake, Mademoiselle, or in the interests of public morality, that this advice is given?

"Is it but to save yourself from the ordinary perils of a professional career, that you are bidden to abandon the stage? Is your retreat but a pusillanimous desertion from an honourable post of danger? Can it be a mere selfish regard for your personal ease and safety, that tempts you thus to abdicate the high prerogatives of genius,—and to inflict on society an inappreciable privation?

"If so, by how vain a sophism, and into how unworthy a course are you suffering yourself to be entrapped! Which of us, in the practice of his profession, is not perpetually exposed to contact with the detestable corruption and depravity incident to civilised humanity? Are not the physician, the lawyer, the ecclesiastic himself, in the pursuit of their useful avocations, incessantly brought into contact with the worst passions and vices of our species? and have you, more than they, a right to shrink from your allotted function; to detach yourself from your appointed sphere, because of its inevitable corruptions; and to abandon to their fate those jarring and perverted hearts which it might be the glory of your genius to heal and harmonize?

"But it is impossible to conceive that you have been determined by motives so pitiful, to so ignominious a retreat. Let us pass to a less painful,—a less improbable supposition.

"It is, perhaps, in the interests of society, of public morality, compromised by theatrical corruption, that you have been urged to abandon the stage.

"Do not," urges the enthusiastic Churchman, 'do not prostitute your noble nature to an art so degenerate and so meretricious. Do not suffer your voice to be the pretext of assemblages, attracted in reality by a mere craving for fashionable excitement, by a frivolous passion for dress and display, or by the facilities of the Opera-House for criminal intrigue. It may not be in your power to put an end to this corrupt institution, but you may at least discountenance it by your withdrawal, and cast the weight of your personal influence into the scale of purity and virtue.'

"We can imagine that such arguments as these, gravely urged by a dignitary of the Church, would powerfully influence a simple and sensitive heart. And the sacrifice of a brilliant personal position to such views of civic and religious duty, however illusory, might present itself to a generous and ardent woman, with somewhat of the fascinating prestige of martyrdom.

"And yet it would be impossible more completely to misconceive

THE LINDS left Paris for Metz on Thursday. The Lind family has produced a greater sensation than ever. She was the first to appear at the Philharmonic Societies of Metz, Nancy,

the social function of lyrical art; or to draw from its admitted defects and degeneracy a more illogical conclusion. The true physician cures the limb, which the empiric can but amputate. And those passions and pleasures which bigoted sectarians would deny to society, the wise philosopher seeks only to regulate,—the genuine artist only to purify and refine.

"And here, Mademoiselle, a splendid career opens itself before the chief lyrical tragedian of the day—before one who, conceiving a lofty ideal of her art, and conscious of its declension from this standard, should struggle to raise it to ideal perfection. Such an undertaking might well and worthily engage all the energies of the most exalted character, and of the most unparalleled artistic endowments. In so noble an enterprise, success would be immortal glory—and even failure more honourable than many a meaner triumph!

"Yes, Mademoiselle, we could admire the spectacle of a great artist, tearing from her brow the pasteboard crown and tinsel bays of our degenerate theatre; refusing to appear in the sickly melodramas which at present disgrace our lyrical stage; repudiating the factitious applause bestowed on senseless roulades, which degrade singing to the level of a decorative art, or a sort of laryngeal juggling; and appealing to the poets and musicians of Europe to aid her in establishing the Opera on its normal footing, as the material type of all the measured harmonies.

"Make such as these the motives of your retirement, Mademoiselle, and such as these the conditions of your return, and you will carry with you the enthusiastic sympathy of all who deplore the degeneracy of the modern Opera, and abhor the vulgar truckling of mercenary singers to a perverted taste. Nor would lyrical Europe be slow in responding to your appeal. Some Poet, at your call, would arise, and some Musician, to 'marry music to immortal verse'; and to delineate, in cognate harmonies of thought, and sound, and diction, some epic trial of the human heart,—some passionate contention of the soul,—some heroic struggle of free-will with fate!

"It may not come in our day, nor you be its destined champion, but such a reform of the lyrical drama is ultimately inevitable; and it will leave behind it the regenerated OPERA, surpassing all the arts in purity and elevation; or rather, containing within itself all art, encyclopædic. Then, amidst the grandest forms of amphitheatre ARCHITECTURE; before scenes, each a consummate PAINTING; the measured harmonies of VOICE and INSTRUMENT, of RHYTHMIC diction, STATUESQUE pose, ORATORIC gesture, will outwardly express and illustrate the secret music of the human microcosm; and reflect, as in a living mirror, the grandeur and beauty of creation. Then the OPERA, now a mere fashionable show, and casual refuge from ennui, will assume its true rank among social institutions; and, purged of the vices which now degrade and deform it, will at length fulfil its predestined function, to refine the senses,—to purify the affections,—to discipline and educate the soul.

"Which were the nobler course, Mademoiselle,—so to conceive of your art, and with such hopes and aims, to strive on patiently, through good and evil report; or, shrinking from the burden of this life-long struggle, to sink to the level of the passionless concert-singer; tickling the ears of listless auditories with a meaningless succession of musical fragments, and pandering to a degenerate craving for excitement, with redundant *floritures*, and extravagant feats of mere mechanical agility! Beware, Mademoiselle! you are already half-way on this ignominious descent. Already, at your instigation, the Opera-house has degenerated into a concert-room. I saw you, on Thursday night, seated languidly in a chair on those boards which it should be your glory to tread, an inspired and inspiring tragedian. A dress of fashionable silk replaced the classic robe, whose folds you know so well to drape; the lyric sceptre had fallen from your hand; no emotion disturbed the cold sparkling of the diamond on your bosom; and that face was vacant, on whose changing page should burn the swift and passionate writing of the soul. At your feet no line of fire ran along the stage;—that burning boundary between the real and the ideal world was extinct. The woman was before us, but not the impassioned actress; even the bell-toned silver of your matchless voice fell cold upon the ear; for the spirit was gone that gave life to its tones. Before you, tier above tier, rose fashion's glittering circles, frivolous and corrupt as ever, only a little more frigid, a little more enervated, than usual.

And behind you, strangely incongruous, appeared the scenic representation of a cathedral window, seeming, with its Gothic mullions, gloomily to shut you from the stage.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, let me entreat you to shake off the sacerdotal influence of which this background seemed symbolic. Accept this indication of an honourable issue from your present false and untenable position. Direct your pure and noble aspirations into a channel which may reconcile your private feeling with your public duty, and endeavour fairly to adjust the rival claims of theology and art.

"For, after all, Mademoiselle, art has its claims as well as religion. The duties of the great artist are not less cogent than those of the eminent divine; and that the possessors of beauty and genius are but the stewards of a trust, Shakspeare reminds them in this golden phrase—'What is your's to bestow is not your's to reserve.'

"For the sake, then, of the Opera, which awaits a regeneration to which you may largely contribute—for the sake of society, which, like a troubled Saul, demands the healing influence of your intermitted music—and for your own sake, Mademoiselle, whose artistic honour hangs on this issue, ponder well our poet-philosopher's phrase. Shakspeare is wiser, Mademoiselle, than Mr. Lumley—wiser even than the Bishop of Norwich. He reminds you that every day you squander is a trust betrayed—that your beauty and genius are not gifts, but loans, from Nature—that, in withholding from society your confided powers, you wrongfully 'usurp yourself';—and that (pardon the iteration, Mademoiselle, and ponder well the words) 'WHAT IS YOUR'S TO BESTOW IS NOT YOUR'S TO RESERVE!'

"NOMINIS UMBRA."

#### JULLIEN IN THE PROVINCES.

JULLIEN's success in his recent tour appears to have equalled his best expectations. Want of space has hindered us from giving various notices with which our correspondents have favoured us; but we cannot refuse a corner to the following glowing apostrophe to the merits of the illustrious traveller, from the genial pen of a critic in Carmarthenshire, whose language, so to speak, is sufficiently mountainous—in keeping with the scenery around him:—

"JULLIEN'S CONCERT.—Yesterday evening Mons. Jullien gave a grand instrumental concert, at the Guild Hall, in this town, the instrumentalists being the *élite* of his celebrated and far-famed band, which has gained an universal celebrity, and most justly so, taking only the performances of yesterday evening as a specimen of the exquisite and splendid instrumentation of these accomplished musicians. The concert occurring so near to the period at which we are obliged to go to press, forbids our particularising the various pieces performed; but we regret it the less as the whole were so delightfully rendered that it may seem unnecessary and even invidious to make a selection; we must not, however, omit to mention the solos of Herr König on the cornet-a-piston, an instrument he has made his own, and which, in his keeping, certainly does 'discourse eloquently sweet music.' The pigo passage in his solo of the 'Exile's Lament' was one of the most exquisite performances we have ever listened to. Mr. Pratten on the flute, the soft, sweet notes of which were never more charmingly brought out; and Herr Ikelheimer, on the violin, whose execution on this instrument surpassed anything ever heard in this town. The two latter were rapturously and most deservedly encored. The execution, taste, skill, and judgment which characterised the entire of the performances, were the theme of every tongue, and great was the admiration expressed of the unequalled precision exhibited under the magic *baton* of the celebrated Jullien; all seemed possessed but of one mind, acting under one common impulse, producing a result, which no one, having the opportunity, should omit witnessing. The speculation M. Jullien has undertaken is a bold one, and we trust he may be eminently successful, as he most certainly deserves to be, for affording the inhabitants of the Principality a treat amongst their native mountains, and at their homes, which all appear to be so glad to avail themselves of. The Hall last night was literally crammed with the beauty and fashion of the town and county, many being present from very long distances, but we are sure that they, in common with all present, must have been particularly charmed and pleased with the exquisite 'concord of sweet sounds' which they listened to. We had intended to have given a list of those present, but when we state that all the principal families of the town and county attended, it will, we are sure, be a sufficient excuse for

our abstaining from the task. We trust M. Julian will pay us another visit, as we are sure we may promise him an equally cordial reception."

After this, Julian ought to give a concert on the top of Snowdon, where, doubtless, our high-flown aristo would follow him with his eagle's quill to apostrophise him in appropriate prose.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday and Tuesday *Don Pasquale* and the ballet entertainments we have already mentioned were repeated. The Queen and Prince Albert, by whose special desire *Don Pasquale* was substituted for *Don Giovanni*, were present on the second occasion.

Of the new *pas* of Marie Taglioni a contemporary justly remarks:—The new Spanish *pas* by Mademoiselle Taglioni, introduced into the ballet, marks an epoch in the career of that young and rising danseuse. Like all the dances that professedly exhibit a Spanish nationality, it is distinguished by an aspect of commanding pride, and it is a great point for Mademoiselle Taglioni that, having hitherto distinguished herself as an abstract dancer, she now shines in a *pas* which requires a power of dramatic conception and delineation.

Our contemporary is perfectly right, and he might have added, that Marie looked as handsome and Spanish as possible.

On Thursday there was a long Thursday. The performance began with Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. We are glad to find Mozart so much in request. The cast embraced the entire strength of the company, with the exception of Sig. Lorenzo and Mr. Sims Reeves.

First—Madame Sontag played Susanna with exquisite gentility. A more lady-like *soubrette* was never seen. That this accomplished German singer should be well versed in the music of the greatest dramatic composer of Germany was quite natural. Therefore, much as we were pleased, we were not at all surprised with the manner in which Madame Sontag sang the airs, duets, and concerted music of this opera of gems. Her "Venite inghinnocciatemi" was the essence of vocal *finesse*. Her "Crudel perche" (with Coletti) was, though not passionate, *temple d'un sentiment pur et eleve*. Her "Sull'aria" (with Parodi) was elegance and simplicity combined. But her grand triumph was in the little air of the garden scene, "Deu vien," which, a *ly* Jenny Lind, Madame Sontag converted into the goldenest bit of melody in the whole opera. A more real and attractive example of good singing without effort has not been often heard within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Second—Mlle Parodi calls attention for her aristocratic bearing, her good looks, and the careful study that has enabled her to do so much more justice to the music of the Countess Almaviva than last season. She sang with the air with zeal, the "Dove sono" more especially, which obtained her the warmest tokens of good opinion.

Third—Miss Catherine Hayes made a very pretty page, and there was not the slightest necessity for being ashamed of her legs, which she so comely a pair as ever crossed a stage. That Miss Hayes can act the part of Cherubino with the vivacity and genial humour of Alboni, her predecessor, no one will believe—much less that she can sing the songs to such absolute perfection; we shall not therefore attempt to say what up one will believe, but content ourselves with assuring our readers, that, although Miss Hayes sang the first air of Cherubino, "Non so piu cosa," much too slowly, and without the proper sentiment, she sang the second, "Vor che sapete," with ex-

quisite sweetness, and gained one of the most unanimous encores of the evening.

Fourth, the Count of Sig. Colletti, the Figaro of Sig. Belletti, the Bartolo of Sig. Lablache, and the Basilio of Sig. Calzolari, presented the peculiar excellencies and characteristics that we have already noted on more than one occasion.

Basilie was indefatigable, as he always is where the music of Mozart is concerned. The encores were numerous, including "Crudel perche" (Sontag and Coletti); "Sull'aria" (Sontag and Parodi); "Non piu Andrai" (Belletti); &c., &c. The *saturnus* in A minor was introduced in the second act, and admirably danced by Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni. Here the dance was more in place than in the middle of the first *finale* to *Don Giovanni*.

After the opera, some selections from *Emeralda* brought the graceful, the exquisite, the inimitable Carlotta before us, in one of the most natural and fascinating of her *pas*—the *Truandaise*—which, danced to perfection, and mimed to perfection, could not fail of winning an enthusiastic encore. M. Charles personated Gringoire, and as he followed Carlotta up and down the stage, he looked, as it were, a raven gazing with delight and wonder at the sinuous evolutions of a snow-white swan. Never was Carlotta more enchanting and irresistible, and never was the *Truandaise* more thoroughly appreciated. M. Charles, too, though not a Perrot, did his part well, and was very natural in his *gaucherie*.

The last scene from *Lucia* followed, and Mr. Sims Reeves, in the dying strains of Edgar, brought down the curtain, amidst the widest sympathy and the warmest plaudits.

The evening concluded with M. Taglioni's *Les Patineurs*, or ballet on the ice, of which piece of excellent bustle and animation, and of Mlle. Amalie Ferraris, with a new *pas* and of Carlotta Grisi with her *Pas Mongrois*, we must speak next week, having no time or space left at present.

This was a "long Thursday," in the longest and Thursdayest acceptation of the term, and the house was as full as the entertainments were varied and attractive.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Lutrecza Borgia* was repeated on Saturday. Mario, quite recovered, sang superbly, and did not on this occasion omit the *matina*. Grisi was as good as on the night of her debut—nay better, if that were possible. Mlle. de Metic made her *ventres* in the part of Orsini. This young lady is not Alboni, but she has a good voice and plenty of confidence. She invited the audience to encore her "Il segreto," and the audience accepted the invitation. In many respects the opera of *Lucrezia* was never played so well, even at this theatre. Herr Formes sang in the chorus, and materially helped to win the encores for the chorus of nobles in the first scene. Recalls were bestowed upon Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini several times during the evening. The second and third acts of *Masaniello*, with Tamberlik and Massol, followed.

The house was crowded. On Tuesday *Norma* was repeated, with the same two acts of *Masaniello*. Grisi was magnificent. Tamberlik confirmed the good impression produced on the first occasion of his playing Porro, and the last scene of Formes was highly impressive. There was another good house.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni*, for the first time this season. We should not greatly grieve at its being the last, if the officers of the house be as diligent as this. If Herr Formes could not be counted upon for Leporello the opera should have been postponed. We do not place much faith in these cold and

hoarsenesses, which are much too frequent to be natural. The gods are not such enemies to the art of song as to be continually afflicting the best vocalists with catarrhs and colics. The fact is, Herr Formes was not ready with his Italian, and it would have been better to defer the *Don Giovanni* than to damage one of the best cards of the season by giving an indifferently first impression. Poor Polonini, suddenly called upon, did his best, and was highly amusing. But, not having played the part of Leporello for many years, he had forgotten a great deal of the music. He omitted the "Madamina," but much that he could not omit was unavoidably endangered. It was not the fault of Polonini, a capital fellow in his way, and a clever and useful artist; but Leporello is one of the most important parts in the opera, both musically and histrionically, and can no more be trifled with than Don Giovanni or Donna Anna. If Tamburini or Grisi were indisposed, would their parts be allotted to Sig. Rache or Middle Cotti?—or would the opera be postponed?

Of Tamburini's *Don Giovanni* it is enough to say that it was as good as ever. Of Grisi's *Donna Anna* it is not too much to say that it was greater than ever. Of Mario's *Ottavio*, or rather of his "Il mio tesoro," it is scarcely enough to say that it was transcendent. Of Middle Vera's *Elvira* we should like to be able to say more than we conscientiously can; it was careful and well intended, but not always perfect. Tagliafico was a right good statue, and a pleasant Masetto,—he doubled the parts and played them equally well. Madame Castellan's *Zedina* has many charming points, both of singing and acting.

The overture and all that concerns the band went as well as could be desired, under the dequive baton of Mr. Costa; but we fear the chorus is becoming careless. The fact is that Mr. Costa can rely upon his band, who can play the operas blindfolded; but the chorus must be kept in training. When operas are given without rehearsals, there is always some danger with these gentlemen and ladies. Such a numerous and powerful phalanx ought to be made to do anything.

There were seven encores:—"L'air d'Idem" (Castellan and Tamburini—sung a little too slowly and embellished); "Batti, batti" (Castellan—a little too slow, and embellished); "Vedrò camino" (Castellan—sung beautifully); "Fin che han dal vino" (Tamburini—sung with immense vigor); "Dob! vieni alla finestra" (Tamburini—too slow, and embellished); the trio of Maskers (Grisi, Vera, Mario), and "Il mio tesoro" (Mario—sung to perfection). Grisi's recitative, however, was, with Mario's "Il mio tesoro," the grandest piece of singing of the whole.

There was a very full house.

To-night, the long expected *Maise*, under the title of *Zori*, the first appearance of Tambozik in a florid tenor part, and the debut of Zelger, the bass.

#### THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The performances of this society were renewed on Wednesday night, after an interval of a year, under the direction of M. Scipion Rousselot. The management could not be in more competent hands. M. Rousselot has personally studied to accomplish the intentions of the founder, and spared neither pains nor expense to insure, on all occasions, as near an approach to executive perfection as possible. There will be six meetings during the season, five exclusively devoted to Beethoven, and the last to a miscellaneous selection from other masters. The programmes will continue to include three quartets, chosen from the early, the middle, and the

latest period of the great composer's career, so as to provide at every meeting an illustration of the progress and development of his genius in each successive stage. The original principle involved in the formation of the society will thus be carried out to the letter; but M. Rousselot essayed an innovation on Wednesday night, which from its success will probably be regarded as a precedent in the future direction of the society, viz., the introduction of one of the pianoforte trios between the second and third quartets. The subscribers, we think, cannot be otherwise than gratified by this new arrangement, since the catalogue of Beethoven's pianoforte works is quite as rich and varied as that of his compositions for stringed instruments, and the former comes as properly under the head of chamber music as the latter. The only objection to the introduction of pianoforte music lies in the chance of its militating against the possibility of presenting the whole of the 17 quartets during the annual series of performances; and this would be violating the first conditions upon which the Beethoven Quartet Society was projected. We have no doubt, however, that M. Rousselot has anticipated this objection, and taken precautions to render it invalid.

A crowded audience of amateurs assembled on Wednesday night to listen to the first performance for the season. The knowledge that Herr Ernst is to lead at all the six performances has, of course, had a favourable influence on the subscription; and there could have hardly been a more auspicious beginning to the sixth season of the Beethoven Quartet Society. M. Rousselot has changed his locale, and decidedly for the better. The present area is a handsome set of rooms in Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, spacious, tastefully arranged, and highly favourable to musical effect. The accommodation is ample, and tea and coffee are provided for the visitors, between the two parts of the programme, in a large room below, totally unconnected with the music room. Some additional provision for thorough ventilation is alone required to complete the comfort of the general arrangements. The programme for the evening included the quartets No. 1 in F, No. 9 in C (dedicated to Prince Razumovsky), No. 13 in B flat (posthumous), and the pianoforte trio in D major. The exponents were Herr Ernst, first violin; Mr. H. C. Cooper, second violin; Mr. Danda, viola; M. Rousselot, violoncello; and M. Stephen Heller, pianoforte. A more efficient quartet could scarcely be got together. Herr Ernst has no rival in music of this elevated kind. As great a master of style as of execution, he is just the artist to enter thoroughly into the spirit of those rich and varied inspirations in which the genius of Beethoven has displayed itself in every phase of expression. Where simplicity is appropriate nothing can be more simple and unaffected than Ernst's manner of playing; while in passages demanding the most impassioned feeling he is equally in his element. These opposite qualities were strikingly evinced in the first quartet in F major, the straightforward and unobtrusive *allegro*, and the *adagio* in D minor, a movement of passionate intensity, suggesting the absolute contrast most suitable to their exhibition. In the Razumovsky quartet Ernst's playing rose with the music, and became larger and at the same time more capacious. His reading of the mysterious and beautiful *andante con moto* in A minor (not A major, as printed in the bills) belonged to the highest poetry of style; and nothing could be grander and more impetuous than his execution of the *lugubre fugal*—one of the most original and energetic movements in the whole range of the seventeen quartets. The posthumous quartet in B flat has seldom been entirely satisfactory to us; there are parts of it not easily intelligible, and points that only the most delicate playing



can bring out clearly; but as much as could be done by executive skill was done for this extraordinary work, which in Ernst's performance, like the music, was deeply coloured, full of sudden impulses and unexpected transitions. He played with, rather than played, the enormous difficulties that occur in every movement, keeping his mechanism as entirely under the control of expression as in the easiest passages. It was a wonderful display of executive skill, and created a profound impression. Ernst was admirably seconded. Mr. Cooper is so good as a first violin that it was not at all surprising he should be pretty nearly faultless as a second. To Mr. Dando (who unexpectedly supplied the place of Mr. Hill) and M. Rousselot, tenor and violoncello, the habit of playing Beethoven's chamber music, from long experience, has become a kind of second nature. The movements that, amidst the unanimous pleasure caused by all, were followed by the most enthusiastic marks of approval, were the *adagio affettuoso* in the first quartet, the *finale* of that in C major, the *presto* in B flat minor, and the *finale* of the last. The *presto*—a wild and fantastic *scherzo*—was encored and repeated; it was played to perfection, and the effect upon the audience was unanimous and irresistible.

The first appearance in public of M. Stephen Heller would alone have sufficed to confer unusual importance and interest on the performance of Wednesday night. Among modern composers for the pianoforte, this admirable musician occupies a distinguished rank. Few have contributed a greater number and variety of beautiful works to that instrument. M. Heller belongs to no school, his style of composition being entirely original. He is one of the very few who have been able to escape the fascinations of Weber and Mendelssohn, who have invented ideas and developed them after a fashion of their own; and for this alone, accompanied as it is by the strong evidence of genius, he is entitled to the highest consideration. As a pianist, M. Heller appears in an equally advantageous light. His execution of the very recondite and difficult trio of Beethoven, was perfect. A more truly classical style, or, in other words, one purer and freer from affectation, we have seldom heard. His tone is full and agreeable; he has a thorough command of that invaluable quality, the *legato*; while in precision of attack and all the delicate nuances of expression, we have seldom heard his superior. That M. Heller was thoroughly versed in the music of Beethoven and the great masters we should have guessed from his own manner of composing; but we were not prepared to hear such faultless mechanism as was evinced in his performance on Wednesday night. He is a pianist of the highest rank, since in addition to uncommon executive skill, his playing invariably discloses a feeling and a sentiment which, while thoroughly satisfactory, never border on exaggeration. We should doubt, on the other hand, if M. Heller would be likely to excel in the *bravura* school, the delight of modern pianists. The qualities demonstrated in his performance of Beethoven's trio tend quite in another direction, and could not easily be turned to the account of purely mechanical display. We do not, however, tax him with this as a reproach. On the contrary, M. Heller can well afford to be satisfied with shining in his own particular sphere. The trio was altogether most admirably performed. With such associates as Herr Ernst and M. Rousselot, M. Heller must have felt at his ease, even on the occasion of his *début* before one of the most select and difficult musical audiences that can be assembled in London. The applause was warm and unanimous, and so great an effect was produced by the *finale*, which we have never heard rendered with more unerring precision, that it was called for a second time, in spite of the length of the trio. M. Heller,

however, modestly declined the honour, and retired amidst the most unequivocal expressions of approval.

The next concert takes place on Wednesday, May 1. The quartets Nos. 5, 8, and 12 will be performed, and Mr. Sterndale Bennett will play one of the grand sonatas.

#### MADAME DULCKEN.

(From the Morning Post.)

THE family of this lamented lady, consisting of one daughter and five sons, together with their bereaved parent, are plunged into the deepest grief by her sudden death. After a tour in the provinces and to Ireland, Madame Dulcken returned to London, at Christmas, apparently in good health, but much fatigued, and unable to attend her usual avocations. Her medical attendant (Mr. J. Chappell), on being called in, soon discovered symptoms of a dangerous disease, located behind the right ear, and causing great pain. By careful treatment, the pain was partially removed, and the patient so far rallied as to resume, contrary to medical advice, giving pianoforte instructions. This eagerness on the part of the impatient invalid to resume her professional pursuits occasioned a relapse, and, on rallying a second time, Mr. Chappell insisted on Madame Dulcken being taken to St. Leonard's for the benefit of sea air and quiet. From the latter place she returned on Monday, April the 8th, freed from pain, although troubled with symptoms indicating the existence of an abscess. On Wednesday, we are told, a sudden change took place in the disorder, which, as proved by a *post-mortem* examination, caused pressure upon the brain, and subsequently death. These fatal symptoms were so little felt by the unfortunate lady, that so late as mid-day on Thursday last she was on the point of giving a lesson to a pupil, when the latter, being struck by a visible alteration in the usually bright and cheerful countenance of the gifted *pianiste*, immediately alarmed the family, and within an hour of the time appointed for the lesson, which she still expressed a desire to give, Madame Dulcken was prostrate, in a fit of delirium, with most agonising pain.

The medical attendant perceived at once that there was no hope for the afflicted patient, and communicated his opinion to the family. Her sufferings during Thursday night were most distressing, and strong doses of medicine were administered to allay her pains; under the influence of narcotics, the patient lingered for some hours, and died at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, insensible alike to pain and those around her bed. The grief of the daughter was so poignant as to demand the anxious solicitude of the medical attendant. We are happy to learn that the afflicted young lady is surrounded by kind and affectionate friends, and that her mind is somewhat relieved from its dreadful shock. It is intended to bury the remains of Madame Dulcken on Thursday, in one of the public cemeteries, and although it had been determined to conduct the funeral in the most unostentatious manner, the professional admirers of the great talents and many virtues of the deceased will join in the mourning cavalcade. To the brilliant and remarkable talents of the lamented *pianiste*, the English public has borne testimony at all our musical establishments in the metropolis for a long series of years. At her death, Madame Dulcken had attained only her thirty-eighth year. She was the sister of the eminent violinist, Ferdinand David, under whose care, at Leipzig, two of her youthful sons are studying for the musical profession, and give great promise of inheriting their mother's musical talents.

Her first public performance in England, of which we have any record, was in 1829, at one of Ella's *Soirées Musicales*,



under the patronage of Queen Adelaide. The next performance which most attracted public notice was Weber's *Concertstück*, at the Philharmonic Concerts. The effect of her brilliant execution of this now stock piece of pianism was electrifying; and after this new triumph, her professional fame commanded numerous engagements, and obtained for her the largest number of pupils ever enjoyed by any teacher, foreign or native, in this country. To her musical talents she added the accomplishments and refinements of a linguist, and an extensive reading of the best literature in the German, Italian, French, and English languages.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the Sunday Times.)

Among the new features displayed by society in this country is a rapidly-growing fondness for the arts. Of this we discover fresh proofs daily. The subject has at length vindicated to itself a place in the public mind. Our contemporaries discuss it little less seriously than politics, and in all private circles the arts constitute a topic of frequent, if not perpetual conversation. When the case was totally different, and there was no feeling at all for art in the country, the Royal Academy was established as a sort of artificial nursery. In sculpture or painting there were few who displayed any ability, and the wealthy classes took little interest in their productions; it was, consequently, difficult to find forty men who, according to the most indulgent theory of taste, could be regarded as worthy to be academicians. For many long years the Royal Academy continued to be a sort of hole-and-corner affair, for whose proceedings few cared much, and the public in general nothing at all; whenever "the forty" made their appearance in society, and referred, as of course they did, to their academy, many persons imagined them to be speaking of some French or German institution, so little did people hear, know, or care about the matter. Through a variety of influences, the arts have now at length begun to acquire importance, though we are still very far from regarding their professors in the proper light. The blame rests partly with themselves, and partly with the public. Depressed and thrown backward in the social scale, they, with few exceptions, bestow little cultivation on their minds, and voluntarily consent to occupy a station of inferiority with reference to the ruling classes. True to the old instincts of their profession, they talk of patronage, and look up to the grandees as their masters. As knowledge, however, finds its way into their minds, they learn to regard their art with a sort of manly pride, and begin to comprehend how much they understand its destiny who regard it merely as a splendid toy, and not as a powerful instrument for refining, elevating, and civilising the human race. But to accomplish these great purposes artists must be refined, elevated, and civilised themselves, which they never can be till, with the professors of other branches of knowledge, they are suffered to stand on terms of perfect equality with the proudest of the land. Nothing stands so much in the way of this consummation as that strange junta called the Royal Academy. No one pretends to dispute that there are some persons of distinguished genius among the members; but while individuals of notorious mediocrity have been admitted, other men have been kept out whose genius is recognised by the whole empire. It is beginning to be felt that this injustice can no longer be endured, and that all artificial circumscriptions of ability are relics of mere barbarism, of which an age like the present should be ashamed. We borrowed the foolish idea of the forty members from the French Academy, an institution which contributed more than any thing else to the ruin of French literature. It is to be hoped that the Academy will not be suffered to accomplish the same ruin for the arts of this country. It should be thrown open, or abolished. As it stands, it is a mere stumbling-block in the way of art, its honours being often granted to mere favoritism or cringing servility, while it is denied to independent genius. If the academicians can read the signs of the times, and will not wilfully shut their eyes to all that is going on around them, they must soon be convinced, through the attitude assumed by the press, that the period of their monopoly is drawing towards a close. Its knell has

already been sounded in the House of Commons. Instead of being an instrument for the diffusion of taste for art, it is now pretty generally felt to be a hindrance and an obstacle to the enlightening of the popular mind on the subject. Its members have degenerated into petty showmen, who exhibit the articles of their craft at a shilling a head. There is nothing enlarged or liberal in their views. Towards the public they are mean and petty, towards their brethren of the profession jealous and unjust. Upon other monopolies, however, are giving way, why should the Royal Academy prove an exception? It has ceased to effect the purpose for which it was established. Once it may have been useful, as a sort of post, marking the height to which the tide of public taste had risen. The foremost waves of the flood have now passed far beyond it, and unless it will speedily consent to shift its ground, it must be totally submerged beneath the advancing waters. One gross piece of injustice connected with it must not be overlooked. The building in which it exhibits its productions is public, while its exhibitions are strictly carried on for private interests. It is a close borough, a rotten corporation, appropriating to its own use a national edifice, very mean and miserable, no doubt, but still too good to be devoted to the purposes of a mere monopoly. We advise the Academicians to awake. They have been long slumbering in false security, practising all sorts of petty acts of injustice, hugging themselves in self-conceit, and affecting to look down upon their betters. This has, at length, disgusted the intelligence of the country, which has determined to make short work with them, unless they speedily think proper to reform themselves. The nation will have no more to do with a fantastical and foolish forty; but will insist that all men of genius, connected with the arts, whether forty or four hundred, shall be academicians. We are, of course, aware that many members of the present monopoly, constituting a pettifogging oligarchy, in a profession which should be honoured, but is not, persuade themselves that they are invulnerable to the attacks of public opinion. But we shall see. They have thrown down the gauntlet to the press and to parliament, and parliament and the press have taken it up. In spite of the *vis inertiae*, by which all old institutions are upheld in this country, in all likelihood we shall be able to bring to bear so powerful a current of public opinion against the Academy, that it will in a short time be levelled with the ground, unless it will in the mean time consent to be just, by doing which it will be as effectually promoting its own interests as that of those oppressed and persecuted artists, who now vainly solicit the slightest consideration at its hands. Deceive itself how it may, the affair has come to this, that it has no choice but between reform and dissolution. It has scarcely yet felt the first breath of the approaching storm, which will blow it out of the category of existence if it stupidly persists in exposing itself to its fury. We would advise the academicians to be wise in time. It is not yet too late; but the period of its probation is fast passing away, and if it adhere much longer to its policy of indecision it will shortly find itself numbered among the things that were.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR—In my former letter, I endeavoured to show that the theory lately propounded by Dr. Gauntlett—to the effect that the great musical composers had drawn their massive subjects from the Gregorian Chants,—rested on doubtful and very unsatisfactory data. And I will now, with your permission, adduce other reasons why I maintain the Doctor's view to be totally unsupported by facts.

Your readers will, on reference to the "Hallelujah" in *Sauve* (page 48, in Randall's Score), find that that chorus is constructed on precisely the same general plan as the two choruses cited in my first letter (and which the Doctor would doubtless hold to be built on Gregorian ground); that is to say, it is founded on a stately Canto Fermo. The "We worship God" chorus, in *Judas Maccabeus* (page 155, Randall's Score), is also designed and worked out on a similar model.

Yet the two choruses just quoted cannot with truth be said to

be founded on Gregorian Chants; for the "plain chant," on which each is built, ranges over the extent of an *entire octave*; whereas the Gregorians never travel beyond the compass of a *semitone*. The question therefore suggests itself, "To what circumstance, then, is to be attributed the solemn and impressive character of the subjects in question, and their prominent and forcible effect as they come rolling in time after time?" I answer, To the presence of the same element, in their conception and employment, that gives majesty and largeness to the first subject of the two choruses mentioned in my last—namely, *stetiverry*, not Gregorianism.

Handel's design, in all the choruses already alluded to, is evidently the same—to weave together two subjects of opposite character,—one of great simplicity; the other of great elaboration. Sometimes the simple subject comprised only a few different sounds—as in the two choruses named in my former letter; at other times it comprised an octave—as in the instances of those cited herein. But the subjects that chance to lie within the range of a sixth, no more prove an adherence to the Gregorian Chants, than those which extend beyond a sixth *prove the contrary*. By far the greater probability is, Handel did not bestow one thought at all on the Gregorian Chants; and I cannot help viewing the movement altogether as an endeavour to thrust those primitive strains into a position of insensuous and ridiculous prominence. We all remember the story of the crossing sweeper, who used to boast that he had been once spoken to by George the Fourth:—"Get out of the way, you dirty scoundrel!" We have no evidence that Handel bestowed even as much as this "attention" on the Gregorians.

But to proceed. The Doctor insinuates that the chaste subject of Beethoven's *Benedictus* is a borrowed Gregorian. I will not ask the readers of the *Musical World* to picture to themselves the transcendental genius who conceived and penned the series of musical rustic scenes and landscapes (vide the "Pastoral Symphony") so conducted for musical thought, as to be obliged to tinker a subject out of a Gregorian. Such an extravagant thought would form a glorious subject for friend *Punch*. But, as I presume the Doctor's insinuation to be made, and intended to be received seriously, I will throw the subject of Beethoven into the form of a chant, and see what it yields—



To resemble a Gregorian Chant, the two reciting notes ought to be the same. But here we find them *different*—(see stars above.) The very essence of the Gregorian principle, then, is wanting. The above adaptation, therefore, forms not a Gregorian, but a most charming *Anglican Chant*. So, if the extract is intended to be made to prove anything, it shows a decided predilection on the part of Beethoven for the Anglican Chants, and *not* the Gregorian, and, therefore, is *against* the Doctor. But it proves nothing.—I remain, my dear Sir, yours truly,

AN ORGANIST.

April 3, 1850.

THE BACH SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

\*Sir,—Your correspondent, "A West-Country Organist," asks, how it has "escaped the notice of the Bach Society that the centenary of that great composer occurs on the 31st of July next;" and in a Postscript he further asks, "how it comes to pass that French Flourens has overlooked so interesting a fact?" First, I know nothing of the Bach Society, and am, therefore, not prepared to answer for its shortcomings. Secondly, I am a bad one for dates: and I admit that this interesting fact would not have occurred to my mind, had not your correspondent mentioned it: but

since that he has done so, I fully concur with him that Bach deserves the homage that has been conferred on Beethoven; for he has done more for modern harmony than any other composer, either before or after him. The best specimen of contrapuntal writing, found in the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, sprung from that creative genius; nor has he ever been equalled in that species of composition. Melodic and rhythmic forms have been much improved by the three above-mentioned composers (not forgetting Haydn, the father of these forms), but harmonic grandeur and contrapuntal contrivances were first achieved by Bach; and, although the four composers named possessed his work, yet they could not conceive a loftier school of harmony than that which they learned from Bach. I state this as a fact, and those who disagree with me can, if they feel inclined, argue the question with me; but those who merely differ from me without assigning a reason, I shall value as much as I would any old woman's opinions.

In any other country but this, musicians would have invited me to join a Bach Society.\* In the year 1834, when a mere student in Frankfurt, Schellble, the director of the Cecilian Verein, gave me a farewell concert, specially to hear Bach's great vocal music. He knew I was a great admirer of this music, and he had seen one of my fugues, which was (he said) written in Bach's School of Counterpoint. I have lived a few more years since then in London, and what have I met with?—a *black ball* from the Society of British Musicians; abuse in the press, deception from professors who smile in my face; and, lastly, neglect from a society which, of all others, I ought to belong to. The only society that treats me kindly is the Amateur Society; I am there what I ought to be at the Bach Society—viz., an honorary member. But music is a trade, not a profession in this country, so that, with the exception of a very few, there is no artistic talent infused amongst the brethren. I may have overlooked the real motive which induced the Bach Society to overlook me—viz., a doubt as to its competency to render justice to Bach's compositions. I know the difficulty of his vocal writings too well to expect much from an infant society, and am apprehensive that the school of vocalisation now taught is inadequate to display its lofty character. Moreover, the singing masters here do not understand nor even value the harmonies of Bach, and, therefore, they cannot teach his music to their pupils. I mention all this to stir up the various singing masters to more exertion; to warn them of their danger before the press unanimously condemn them, and, above all, to make themselves better harmonists, for it requires more musical knowledge to teach singing than the pianoforte, although pianists are better harmonists than they.

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, taking high ground—I have no motive but a good one, in so doing. Some years ago, I presented the Sacred Harmonic Society with a copy of Bach's *Mass*, in B minor, on the condition that it should be performed. The society gave it up in despair after the first rehearsal. The superior skill of Mr. Costa would be well tested by making a fresh trial of this work, and prove further the advantage gained by placing a great conductor over the Sacred Harmonic Society. Lastly, I wish the Bach Society prosperity and success, and shall be happy to find that all my apprehensions are groundless; and they may be so, if the society will be guided by W. S. Bennett, and learn his style of interpreting the works of Bach. But trust no organist who *knocks out* Bach's fugues on the organ in the *staccato* style, however mechanically correct he may play the difficult passages; for such a performer knows nothing of the great school of harmony and the dynamic qualities of the music he plays, or thumps—I am, Sir, your obliged, FRENCH FLORENS.

P.S. (1)—As I agree with your correspondent, that Dr. Gauntlett's idea on the Gregorian Chants is an inflated one, I need say nothing on this matter—in fact, the least said is soonest mended, on these twopenny chants. This I may add; thank the seven musical letters together between your hands, and let them fall on a table, and they are sure to produce a full-grown Gregorian Chant. Repeat this scientific process several times, and you will sing all their Gregorian Chants. As to their rhythm, it is already given; there is no occasion, therefore, to trouble yourself on this head.

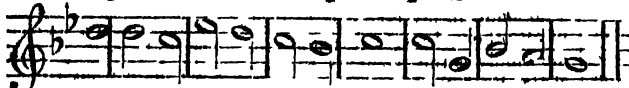
P.S. (2)—If the advertisement put in the *Times* by a friend of the Royal Academy of Music be true, the public are led to believe

that its most qualified students are not brought forward to make a public display at this institution's annual concerts before quitting it. But, if such be the case, it is an ungentlemanly (advertisement) manner of deluding the public.

## GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In your number of March 23rd, "An Organist" denies the assertion of Dr. Gauntlett, that many of the greatest composers are indebted to the Gregorian chants for the subjects of some of their finest works. I agree with him—I think that in nine cases out of ten, where a simple diatonic subject resembles a Gregorian tone, it is a mere coincidence. The doctor says, "Mozart has a chant in Figaro." Of this I was not, nor am I aware (q.v. would it not save your readers some trouble, if he would say in what part of the opera the said chant is to be found?). But Mozart has a chant in the "Requiem," a circumstance which I am much surprised has escaped Dr. Gauntlett, since it does not come within the category of "coincidences." I have before me full a score of this work published by Dreitkopf and Haertel, in the first movement, pp. 6-8, there is a short soprano solo to the words, "Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi redettur vatium in Jerusalem," set to that, which is in my humble opinion, by far the most beautiful of the Gregorian tones, viz. the eighth irregular,



with but a very slight alteration in the second bar, it is then repeated by all the sopranos, and strengthened by the corni to the words—"Exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis carnis veniet," and again, in the adagio immediately preceding the last figure, it is used in a similar manner to different words. This, I think, as I have before said, is too strong a case to be called a coincidence, but it is the only one that I am aware of, in which the mighty master has "ribbled" from St. Gregory the Great.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. R. C.

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Classical and Chamber Concerts finally closed here for the season with Mr. C. A. Seymour's fourth quartet concert, on Thursday, the 11th instant. The night was unfavourable, being very wet, cold, and disagreeable, the audience consequently was more select than numerous. As these quartet programmes are not without interest, are worth recording, and take up so little space, we give the insertion:—

PART I.—Quartet: Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello; (in C, Op. 64) Onslow.—Canonet, Miss Shaw, "My mother bids me bind my hair," Haydn.—Selection, (from 13th Quartet, in B Flat) Beethoven.

PART II.—Grand Sonata. Pianoforte and Violin; (Op. 25) Beethoven.—Song, Miss Shaw, "I love the merry sunshine," S. Glover.—Quartet: Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello; (in G, Op. 82) Spohr.

There was some novelty in the above schemes, by the introduction of two quartets by the moderns—one by the clever Onslow, the other by (we suppose) the first instrumental composer now living—Spohr. These, at any rate, gave variety and interest to the concert. Onslow's quartet opened promisingly with a short prelude, leading to a brilliant allegro, which was exceedingly well played by Mr. Seymour, and his usual co-executants, Messrs. Conran, Jackson, and Thorley. To this succeeds a very captivating Swiss air, or "Come à gentille" sort of business for the first violin, (Andante Sostenuto) the La la la, or staccato accompaniment by the other three instruments giving a most pleasing effect. The next movement did not tell so well—Allegro Eterico in it is styled—but the design is by no means clearly developed; there is a singular succession of shakos on all the four instruments, and the whole is wound up with another allegro movement at the finale, not equal to the two first movements, and the whole quartet has,

if anything, too much *violin principala*. The same four next gave two movements from Beethoven's 13th quartet, in B flat, the "Cavatina"—Adagio molto espressivo, was both expressive and lovely, and the "Danza alla Tedesca"—Allegro assai—most charming. We must compliment Mr. Seymour and his clever coadjutors upon the excellent style in which these two movements were given.

The second part brought out Mr. Seymour and Mr. D. W. Banks, in Beethoven's Duo Sonata (Op. 28), of which we can only say, that it was most elegant and beautiful—at all! Beethoven's sonatas are—and that it was finely played throughout. Spohr's quartet was the greatest novelty here, as it is the first example of Spohr we remember to have heard at any of these concerts this season—and a very good one it proved, making an interesting and worthy close to an excellent series of concerts.

The opening allegro reminded us of Mozart, in style, from its flowing elegance and grace; the adagio was very fine, and got loudly applauded. Again we thought, as in the case of Onslow's quartet, that the third and last movement did not equal the two first—as if more laboured with mere dry learning, and less melody or clear design. We give this as our impression on a first hearing of both these quartets—perhaps a second hearing might somewhat modify our objection. Miss Shaw, who has lately been appearing as chief soprano at the "Concerts for the People," at the Free Trade Hall, was the only vocalist who was well received on this occasion, and gives fair promise of becoming a good singer. She has a voice of good round quality, which was heard to advantage in Glover's ballad. Haydn's canonet lacked grace, feeling, and refinement. These are qualities Miss Shaw would do well to study, and to remember that the greatest thing to aim at is expression—the first and last requisites almost to make a good singer—alays presupposing (as in Miss Shaw's case) that nature has supplied a good organ. Mr. Seymour takes his benefit, as leader and musical conductor, at our Theatre Royal, on Friday, and we are glad to see, has got Ernst and Halle to play for him. We trust there will be a bumper house. It is probable you will have some more last words from us *thereafter*, for we have a great respect for Seymour, independent of the great attraction he holds out.

The name of Soige got printed George, in our list of artists employed during the past season. We name it that we may not unwittingly do injustice to a clever young artist who has come from the Royal Academy to take first clarinet at the Concert Hall here.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ON Monday evening, the 1st instant—the long-expected performances of Mr. Mitchell's French Opera Comique Company commenced at our Theatre Royal, the opening opera being the ever-delightful and piquant *Domino Noir*, by Auber, in which Anna Thillon once appeared in this town some years ago, when, with the sole exception of that admirable artist, few of the company engaged could sing the music; and about the acting the least said is the better. On the present occasion, however, the case was quite different, and in consequence the performance was a complete triumph, the audience being perfectly delighted with the excellence of the acting, singing, and music, so totally different to what they had previously been accustomed to. Formerly operas were given with, at most, three good singers, and a band, chorus, and subordinates, who were neither acquainted with the language nor the music, and whose desperate efforts to please only made their musical and artistic poverty the more conspicuous; but on this occasion the audience were highly pleased, and everything went off with great éclat. As the performers of the company have been so frequently noticed in your columns, any critical remarks from me would not only be superfluous, but impertinent. I shall, therefore, confine myself to selecting the more salient points of each night's performance. As I said before, on Monday night we had *Le Domino Noir*. Mademoiselle Chiron did not create a great sensation in the first act, but in the second and third she carried all before her. The Aragonnais, "La Belle Henriette," created a perfect *surprise*, and was encircled amidst uproarious plaudits. Mademoiselle Chiron's beautiful voice, intonation, clearness, and brilliancy were the theme of praise for the rest of the evening. The duet,

"N'entendez vous pas," was also admirably sung. M. Lac was better than I expected, though both his acting and singing showed his want of *physique* and practice; but there is the stuff in him which time and study may yet bring to something. Buguet's Gil Perez was a most comical performance; his acting and singing displayed the true *artiste*. The couplet, "Nous allons avoir," ending with a most sonorous "Deo Gratias," provoked roars of laughter. The other characters were all well sustained. The band and chorus were also well up to the mark, and showed that they had been carefully drilled. There was a little coarseness at times in their execution, but on the whole they were deserving of real commendation.

On Wednesday night the opera was *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, in which Mademoiselle Charton, of course, played La Catarina, the other characters being cast as in London. Though the night was exceedingly wet and disagreeable, the attendance was an improvement on that of Monday, the stalls and boxes presenting an array of fashionables seldom, alas! witnessed now at our Theatre Royal; the number of carriages, &c., in attendance was greater than on any previous occasion I can remember. The opera went off gloriously, Mademoiselle Charton absolutely eclipsing herself. She was in splendid voice, and acted with charming *naïveté* and grace. The rondo "Le beau Pedrille" was exquisitely sung, but the great triumph of the evening was the air "Ah je veux briser ma chaîne," in which the fair vocalist indulged in some *floriture*, remarkable alike for their elegance and difficulty of execution, but which were given by her with the utmost ease and certainty. Mademoiselle Charton is one of those singers of whom you are never afraid; the delighted listener feels certain that whatever she attempts she can execute. The cavatina "Je suis femme," was likewise a splendid specimen of florid vocalism, which deserved the encore awarded to it. M. Lat sang and acted with discretion as Henrique, and Guichard's acting and singing proved that she well deserved the encomiums that have been bestowed upon her by the metropolitan press. She shared the applause with the *prima donna* on several occasions. Chateaufort is indeed a first-rate low comedian; his personation of Campo Mayor was most admirable—he and Buguet provoked all the laughter of the evening—a luxury in which the audience indulged frequently, a great compliment to the artists; for, of course, in a provincial town, the number of the audience who understand French is comparatively few, but they are daily becoming more numerous. The scenery, appointments, chorus, band, &c., were all creditable to the two managers, Messrs. Mitchell and Copeland, who had evidently spared no expense to please and add to the comfort of the audience. I doubt if the speculation equals Mr. Mitchell's expectations, but I believe that the success of the experiment will induce him to give us three more representations, in which I suppose we shall have a chance of hearing the works of other French composers, who are only known to us as yet by name and fame. The music-loving people of Liverpool owe much to Mr. Mitchell for his spirited attempt to give us so delightful and expensive a treat as French Opera Comique, which, but for him, would no doubt have been, as far as we are concerned, a "myth." The amphitheatre opened with a strong and effective company on Easter Monday, beautifully redecorated and embellished.

*Fra Diavolo* was played on Friday evening in presence of a brilliant audience, and went off better than any of the previous operas, the piece being so popular in this county, and so admirably played by the company. I was quite surprised at the immense variety of the dashing, beautiful music, more particularly the concerted, a great part of which is most stupidly omitted in the English version; why, I know not, for it is not only good in itself, but cannot fail in pleasing. The general execution of the music, and the acting, called for high commendation. The rôle of Zerlina offered little room for the display of Mlle. Charton's vocal talents; but she sang so magnificently, and acted with such truthful simplicity and *naïveté*, that she achieved another complete triumph, being frequently and uproariously applauded during the performance, and at the conclusion called before the curtain. I have seen many Zerlinas, but none equal to Mlle. Charton. The Lord Kokboarg of Chateaufort, and the "Miladi" of Guichard, were most admirable bits of comicality; the laughable English French of the pair was most true to nature, and provoked constant laughter; their acting,

a most truthful (I hear) satire on the travelling Milor Anglais, was funny beyond description. Soyer made a very respectable Lorenzo, but Fra Diavolo was beyond the powers of M. Lac, who lacked both vocal and dramatic talent to give a good portraiture of the brigand chief. His best vocal effort was the scena sung when he first appears in the robber's dress, of which I forget the name. One of his robber companions was most laughably acted by M. Josset. The dresses and appointments were admirable, more particularly those of the carbiniers, who were dressed something like soldiers, with proper cavalry pantaloons, helmets, &c., instead of the absurd "toggerly" stage soldiery usually wear. The choruses, band, &c., sang and played admirably, and, in fact, every one did his best to please the audience, and succeeded to admiration. Next week the company play three times more in *Le Domino Noir*, *Diamans de la Couronne*, and *La Dame Blanche*. J. H. N.

P.S.—Since writing the above, the performances I alluded to have come off with great eclat. The *Dame Blanche* pleased me as much as anything else.

#### MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

I SEND you a brief notice of a concert given by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, in aid of the Relief Fund, on Wednesday, the 3rd inst. In the announcement of this concert we were informed that this excellent society "for the present discontinued their subscription concerts." This is greatly regretted by amateurs here, who are, and I think justly, proud of possessing one of the finest choral societies in Europe. Mendelssohn and all the eminent artists who have favoured us with a visit praised the society highly. But let us hope that this respite from their labours will be short, and that they will soon commence with renewed vigour.

For the occasion to which I now beg to call your attention, we had an opportunity of hearing the far-famed Ernst, who made his first appearance in Birmingham. I had read and heard so much of this great master of the violin, that nothing short of perfection would have satisfied me. Herr Ernst is one of those rare artists who prepare themselves for all emergencies, and are acceptable to all tastes. He does not leave room for "buts or ifs." The "classicalists" pronounce him *their* violinist, while we admirers of the fantastic and popular call him *our* violinist. This is a state that few artists arrive at, for, generally, most of them have their *speciality*. The one who pleases the multitude is pronounced light and frivolous by the learned; and the one who indulges in the deeper mysteries of the art is voted a "bore" by the uninitiated. Ernst is the most extraordinary violinist I have heard since Paganini. He unites a greater variety of excellence than any one since that miracle of his instrument; and he has one great advantage over many of his competitors, by the fact of his composing his own pieces, which possess very uncommon merit, both in point of melody and the skilful-like manner they are put together.

Ernst played three times during the evening, the March and Romanza from *Otello*, the *Elegie*, and the *Carnaval de Venise*. In the March and Romanza I thought that all his resources had been employed, the variations embracing nearly every kind of mechanical difficulty, and the Romanza requiring the utmost passion and feeling. The *Elegie*, however, is a composition of quite another character; it is one of the most charming pieces ever written for the instrument. The *Carnaval*, now so well known, came out armed from top to toe, with effects no less novel than beautiful. The effect produced by this performance was manifested in a most unmistakeable manner by the audience, whose appetite increased to such an extent that, if possible, they would have listened until the present time. I hope that Herr Ernst will not forget, in some of his flying trips, to pay us another visit. His reception would, I am sure, be immense.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the most popular of all our English singers, delighted the audience by the beauty of his voice and the expressive manner in which he sang the "Fra poco" and "Il mio tesoro."

The last was the gem of the vocal portion of the programme. Miss Lucombe sang a song by Mercadante. She is an especial favorite in Birmingham, and is always sure of a hearty reception. Madlle. Magnor sang a very graceful lied, "Das Sterbende Voegelin," by a composer named Angelina, which was enthusi-

artistically enforced. Herr Wilhelm Kühe presided at the pianoforte, and played a fantasia on "National Bohemian Airs (Kühe), and "Chant des Croates" (Blumenthal); the first with great effect; of the latter I cannot speak with certainty. I only know that it had a most soothing influence upon my senses. Mr. Stimpson presided at the organ. Mr. Stimpson is well known as an organist of ability.

#### MACREADY AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From a Correspondent).

This distinguished tragedian took his final leave of our stage on Friday night week in the character of King Lear, his grandest and most perfect performance. Every seat in the theatre was occupied. Stalls were formed in the pit, the proscenium boxes were full, and even the orchestra was tenanted.

After the play, when Mr. Macready came before the curtain, the audience rose, and it was some time before the applause subsided. With much evident emotion the great actor spoke as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, for the last time I have appeared before you in a theatrical character. An event like this in my professional life I could not pass by in silence; for here it was that I first ventured, in the dawn of youth, on an essay in that art which the liberal reception bestowed on me, and the friendly predictions attending it, encouraged me to pursue. It was here, too, that I proposed, and, indeed, had arranged to take my last farewell on a provincial stage; but what man proposes he cannot always answer for accomplishing, and my intention and desire have been so far frustrated by circumstances that will prevent this being my last performance in the provinces before my concluding series of nights in London. Let me recall the probably forgotten circumstance, that I made the choice of the theatre here as the scene of that youthful experiment which was to determine my life's destiny; for I anticipated, from the many friends my connections had drawn around them, a most indulgent judgment and a welcome encouragement. I need scarcely repeat to you that in so confident an expectation and trust I was not disappointed. My reason, too, for desiring to close my provincial engagements here, was to mark, by such a token of respect, trivial though it might be, the sense I entertain of the kindness with which you have invariably greeted me. Since the date of my first performance—since the time it was announced as "the first appearance of a young gentleman on any stage"—nearly forty years have elapsed, and during that long period my professional visits here have certainly been frequent enough to satiate you. (Cries of "No.") Still the troops of friends that so partially crowded around me in the May of life have not, I think, been thinned or suffered diminution now when I have fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf. (Applause.) Many and most extraordinary have been the external changes to attract my notice here; but no alteration has occurred in the constancy of that favour with which my more inexperienced efforts were received, and with which you have continued to honour my more mature impersonations. Few, alas! of the many friends who joined in the cheers of encouragement which greeted these early essays now remain; but I feel their genial, generous spirit seems to breathe strongly still, and the old heart still beats the same, uncooled and unchanged by time. (Applause.) For all these memories, and all these substantial benefits, I am here to render you my parting thanks. By ungrudging labour, and the desire to uphold my art—by seeking to cultivate it in the purest taste, and by preserving in my study of characters coherency, so that each should be a consistent whole, and that each should be successively an improvement on the last, I have striven to appear not altogether unworthy of that patronage with which you have so liberally and so heartily, and so constantly befriended me. (Cheers.) I have little more to say: I take my leave of you in my professional character with feelings of the deepest gratitude, of the most profound respect. It seems to me, in taking leave of you, that I am parting from friends whose ready help and encouragement were always at hand to cheer me onwards through the wanderings of life's journey. Let me assure you that my attachment to my boyhood's residence has never ceased and will never end. And now, and in the familiar but impressive and significant phrase in which I embody every heartfelt wish for the increasing prosperity of this great community, I bid you again,

with sentiments of the deepest gratitude, the profoundest respect—a last farewell." Mr. Macready, who appeared much affected, then retired, amidst reiterated peals of applause.

#### MUSIC AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

(From a Correspondent).

DURING the past week Mr. Mitchell's *Opera Comique Company* have been staying with us. The *troupe* consisted of Mademoiselle Charton, Madame Guichard, Mons. Lac, Mons. Soyer, Mons. Bugnet, Mons. Chateaufort, Mr. Hansen (director), and Mr. Frederick Osborne Williams, a talented pianist and musician, who accompanies the *troupe* for the purpose of assisting Mr. Hansons in the organisation of the provincial orchestras.

The operas performed have been the *Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and *Fra Diavolo*. In each of these Mademoiselle Charton has created a sensation, which, in the *Domino Noir*, amounted almost to a *furor*. We greatly fear, however, that our townsmen are sadly in the dark as to the subject and intention of Scribe's witty libretto. From the manner in which Chateaufort's (Lord Elford's) Anglo-Gallicisms fell to the ground, we are convinced that two-thirds of the audience had not the remotest idea that Lord Elford was intended for an Englishman. One of the local journals expresses its opinion that neither the libretto nor the music of the opera is good—"De gustibus," &c. Of the three operas performed, *Fra Diavolo* has been decidedly the most successful, which circumstance we imagine to be mainly attributable to its having been played here before by English operatic companies. Lac, as *Fra Diavolo*, sang very well, and, indeed, has made quite a hit in this part; his serenade in the second act was enthusiastically encored. The great drawback to the perfection of the *tout ensemble* was the orchestra, which, being entirely "local," and unaccustomed to the exigencies of French *Opera Comique*, was, notwithstanding the zealous endeavours of Messrs. Hansons and Frederick Williams, sadly deficient in the refinement indispensable to the proper execution of this class of opera. During the performance of the *Domino Noir*, the ophicleide was certainly the predominating feature, bursting forth "ever and anon" with a terrific blast, which, however it might have suited Spohr's "*Power of Sound*," was decidedly out of place in Auber's delicate instrumentation. Throughout *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, too, the orchestra was so fearfully out of tune, that Mademoiselle Charton, when, at the end of the opera, alluding to the counterfeit diamonds, she says, "Il n'y a que ceux de faux," should have pointed downwards into the orchestra, instead of in the contrary direction.

However, notwithstanding these inevitable drawbacks, the performances have gone off excellently—have been well attended—and have given unmitigated pleasure to all such of our townsmen as have been able to appreciate them.

#### MUSIC IN CANTERBURY.

(From a Correspondent).

ON Tuesday last, April 16th, the Choral Society gave their second performance of the *Messiah*, before a numerous audience.

The principal vocalists were, Mrs. Pillow and Master Whitnall (soprano), Messrs. Tilly, Shoubridge, and Farrow (contralto, tenor, and bass). Mr. Shoubridge, formerly an inhabitant of this city, and lay clerk of the cathedral, endeavoured to improve Handel's music by shakes and turns. We recommend him to desist, for the future, from such vain attempts. The beautiful simplicity of "Comfort ye" and "Thy Rebuke," requires no aid from roulades and ornaments. Praise is due to Mr. Farrow for the manner in which he sang "Whither do the heathen," which created quite a sensation. If Mrs. Pillow had a little more feeling we should like her singing much better. The choruses—except "All we, like sheep," where the trebles sang painfully sharp—went well. "And He shall purify," "Unto us a child is born," "Worthy is the Lamb," &c. deserved particular notice.

Mr. Loughurst conducted with precision; and Mr. Palmer, as leader, gave proof of his right to the post of first violin in Canterbury. Mr. Goulden presided at the organ like a good musician. The pastoral symphony was played exceedingly well. Altogether,



this was the most satisfactory concert the Society has hitherto given. E. M. B.

P.S.—When will Signor Lorenza again appear at Her Majesty's Theatre? What has become of Weber's *Der Freischütz* at the Italian Opera?

[Sig. Lorenza, we believe, is taking lessons of Sig. Schira, and his re-appearance will, no doubt, depend upon the approval of that eminent vocal professor. *Der Freischütz*, we presume, will be given once or twice more in the course of the season.—Ed.]

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### DRURY LANE.

On Wednesday evening, a complimentary benefit was given to Mr. Anderson by the ladies and gentlemen of the company, as a slight testimony of their respect and esteem for his strenuous exertions to uphold the legitimate drama at Drury Lane. The performances were, the *Lady of Lyons* and the new grand spectacle, the *Devil's Ring*.

Previous to the play, the following apposite epilogue, or address, written by Joseph Lunn, Esq., was delivered by Mr. Vandenhoff:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—kind patrons—friends!  
Before the curtain for our play ascends,  
Some transient moments of your time I claim,  
To speak of this night's chance—its cause and aim.

Oh we behold, on Britain's peaceful coast,  
A noble ship—of Commerce late the boast,  
Mop'd in some tranquil port! Her sails all furled  
Have ceased to wait her b'ar the watery world:  
Her hull, and spars, and cordage idly sleep,  
As if they ne'er had braved the mighty deep.  
The anxious crew—who off her deck have trod,  
Obedient to some bold commander's nod,  
Now daily loitering on the harbour's banks,  
Gaze on their long-loved vessel's manly planks,  
Rage to sail again the world around,  
When some courageous spirit can be found  
To freight the bark—assume the chief command—  
And give employment to the hardy band.

Thus lay the good ship "Drury" stout and tall—  
Ample for stowage—staunch for calm and squall!  
Day after day, by those who erst had mann'd  
The stately argosy, her form was scanned:  
Yet no one dared the cabin to equip,—  
And nix her freightage, for a season's trip!

At length, a brother came, of venturous mind,  
Once more to spread her canvas to the wind!  
No upstart dabbler in the noble art,  
But one well skilled to take the leading part.

With weather sometimes fair and sometimes rude,  
Thus far his course he firmly has pursued:  
While we, to him who set the ship afloat,  
This night our staunchest warriors devote:  
Trusting to you the union to reveal,  
Of your kind succour with our friendly zeal.

Yet not alone your generous aid we ask  
To grace this night our tributary task—  
That by your smiles our enterprise you'll crown,  
And leave our captives free to swim or drown!  
But that his future efforts you'll befriend,  
And bring his voyage to a prosperous end.

Mr. Anderson, who played the character of Claude Melnotte in the *Lady of Lyons*, being called for at the end with great acclamation, appeared and addressed the audience. He thanked them heartily for their patronage on the present occasion, and reverted to the brilliant successes which attended his Christmas offering (that does not say much for legitimacy); touched upon the falling off in his successes when his Christmas star began to pale; and warmly eulogised all the per-

formers engaged under his banner. Mr. Anderson added, that he had much pleasure in stating that the necessity of closing the theatre would be fortunately avoided by the kind assistance of some friends, and that he should be enabled to make another bold stroke in the cause of the legitimate drama. There was a good time coming, and through their support he trusted that the good time would arrive.

Mr. Anderson's speech was received with immense cheers by a crowded house.

#### PRINCESS'S.

An English adaptation of Auber's opera, *Gustave III.*, was produced on Monday night, with as much scenic and musical completeness as the resources of the establishment will admit. When this work was represented at Covent Garden Theatre, the part of the King, which in the original stands as first tenor, was given to an actor, Mr. Warde, and a new personage, Count Lilienhorst, was interpolated to sing the music which Auber has put into the mouth of Gustavus. Mr. Maddox has, however, wisely dispensed with this unwarranted innovation, and has restored the opera as nearly as possible to its primitive form. Some of the music is, however, omitted, and perhaps judiciously, since the entire work would have been too long for a theatre like the Princess's, where an afterpiece is an essential feature in the entertainment.

The cast of the opera includes nearly the whole strength of the company. Mlle. Nau is perfectly at home in the music of the Académie Royale, and a more competent representative of the part of Madame Ankastrom could not be found in London. She sang the grand cavatina in the third act, where Madame Ankastrom and the King are cracked by the conspirators to their interview on the place of public execution, with great brilliancy, and was much applauded. Miss Louisa Pyne was very lively and engaging as Oscar, the Page, and sang both her romances exceedingly well. Her best effort, however, was in the sparkling quintet in the fourth act, where Oscar brings the conspirators an invitation for the masked ball. Nothing could be neater than the manner in which Miss Pyne sang the pretty roudes allotted to the Page in this quintet, a composition in which Auber has strpassed himself in grace and animation. Madame Macfarren took great pains with the part of Avedson, the witch, to which she imparted a certain wild energy that was highly dramatic and effective. The music of this part being written for a high soprano (we believe Mlle. Nau was the original in Paris), laid Madame Macfarren under the necessity of making some material alterations in the incantation song, which, though well executed, we cannot regard as improvements. She was also compelled to introduce new recitatives in this scene, which, we understand, were, nevertheless, in good keeping with the rest of the music. There are not many foreigners who pronounce the English language more distinctly than Madame Macfarren, who is a German by birth. Mr. Harrison played the part of Gustavus, and exerted himself strenuously in the business of the stage. His singing and acting were both spirited and good in the scene where the King and his courtiers appear, disguised as sailors, in the habitation of Avedson, who foretells the King's death by the hand of Ankastrom; but in the two cavatinas, Mr. Harrison was less happy. Auber's music for the King is difficult and peculiar, and does not entirely accord with Mr. Harrison's style. Mr. Weiss sang the music of Ankastrom very efficiently. The powerful bass voice of this gentleman is always of prominent utility in concerted music. Mr. Weiss,



however, like Messrs. Latter and Barker, who sustained the characters of Count de Horn and Ribbing, the chief conspirators, failed to do justice to the histrionic requisites of his part. Mr. Wynn produced a good deal of effect in the scene where Christian, the sailor, recognises Gustavus; but as usual, his general conception of the character was exaggerated.

Through the talent and perseverance of Mr. Joder, the conductor, as much was done for the orchestral and choral departments of the opera as was possible with the means placed at his disposal. The overture was played with spirit, and the choruses at the end of the first and second acts, the last being the popular "Long live Gustavus," were encored. The *mise en scene* was liberal and effective. The ball scene was especially good, and the masquerade, in which the principal dances were executed by Madame Celeste Stephan and Mlle. Aurioi, was highly animated and brilliant. The opera was successful, and is likely to attract for some time. Meanwhile a new work by Signor Schia is in rehearsal.

## STRAND.

A very amusing farce, called *Friend Waggles*, has been produced here, with all the approbation of laughter which rewards most of the works of its author, Mr. I. M. Morton. The plot is not remarkable for novelty. Dr. Sassafras (Mr. Shalders), with his wife (Mrs. Marshall) and his aunt (Mrs. Bartlett), comes to see a rich relative, Squire Jollyboy (Mr. C. Cooke), in the hope of being mentioned in his will. The presence of the Doctor has been named as indispensably necessary; but as the learned gentleman is obliged to absent himself on account of an election to some medical place, the wife and the aunt contrive to pass off a convenient "Friend Waggles," (Mr. Compton) in his stead. Waggles enters into the scheme of imposition half unconsciously, and when at last he carries it on with a full knowledge of what he is about, various perplexities arise. As he passes for Dr. Sassafras, that gentleman when he returns is taken for Mr. Waggle, and when the parties retire to rest difficulties are created about dormitories, similar to the predicament in *A Roland for an Oliver*. In all probability the outline of the piece is taken from the French, but it is not on this or on the situations that its success depends. Mr. Morton has endowed it with all that extravagantly comic dialogue which is peculiarly his own, and a fire of smartness is kept up from beginning to end. Wherever he takes his plots, his verbal jokes in his best pieces are always original and thoroughly English, and in these and his powers of fitting his actors his real strength consists. All the actors played with great spirit, and we would especially name Mr. Shalders, who is more of a novice than the rest, as possessed of a grotesque though quiet style of humour, which will probably bring him into greater celebrity.

## MARYLEBONE.

We are glad to see this elegant little theatre rising superior to the buffets of fortune. Ever since the re-opening on Easter Monday, the theatre has been well attended. On Monday, a crowded audience assembled to witness Mr. Gustavus Brooke in *Richard the Third*, a character which exhibited the many excellencies, and the occasional faults of the actor's style, truth, and subtlety of conception, and the power of impassioned and varied expression, but combined with an overwrought and inflated method of delivery as to many of his best points, and materially to injure the whole. His colloquial touches were his best, many of these were very happy and elicited well-merited applause. The evening introduced us also to a fair debutante, Miss Clara

Doria, who played Kate O'Brien in the popular *vaudeville* of *Perfection*. The lady is young and pretty, and plays with considerable vivacity and humour; a better taste in dressing, however, would be desirable.

## ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—This theatre re-opened on Friday week with Scribe's admirable comedy of *Bertrand et Raton*, originally produced in Paris, in 1833, and intended to satirise the mobocracy of Paris of their morbid appetite for batticides and revolutions. Such were the rumours current at the time of its production, and it was even hinted that the ex-King of the French had originated the idea for the author's mind. However this may be, the piece was eminently successful, and the lesson conveyed was certainly productive of much good for the time being; the public laughed heartily at the moral of this new version of La Fontaine's fable, the jokes were relished, and the discomfiture of the mercurial met with no compassion. In revolutions, as in everything else, the object is to succeed, and you may be sure of having the laugh on your own side; as matters have since turned out, Raton has resolved to take his revenge, with every probability, however, of again being made a cat's-paw of by the Bertrand of the republic. Of these doings we take no manner of concern—what we require is a new comedy, a real pure comedy from the hands of M. Scribe, or M. Samson, or anybody else, which shall lash the follies of the day, and direct men's thoughts into their proper channel of sober and orderly habits.

*Bertrand et Raton* was produced in London, in 1847, for the first time, with Mademoiselle Brohan in the part of Jean, and Messrs. Perlet and Cartigny in those of the Minister and Meier—the piece was then exceedingly well played. On Friday last M. Samson undertook the part of the Minister, it being his first appearance before a London audience. M. Samson is honourably known both as an actor and author—to wit, the admirable little comedy of his, *Les trois Crispins*, produced at this theatre in 1847. He is past the prime of life, and his voice is occasionally inclined to shrillness; still it is remarkably distinct, and every syllable is perfectly enunciated. In the character of Bertrand, of which he was the original when the comedy was first produced, his deportment is most polished and courtly—his satire provokingly cutting, and so cool and collected, so urbanely conveyed without, that it seems impossible to take offence at it, it leaves no hold. His conception of the part was, in every respect, satisfactory, and stamped him as a most finished actor, and a perfect gentleman. The part of Raton was well filled by M. Armand, and Mademoiselle Avenel, of the Odéon, displayed much tact and shrewdness in the part of Raton's wife, Marthe. Mademoiselle Junia also deserves favourable mention for the dignity and acuteness which she threw into the part of the Queen-mother. Jean was well played by M. Tétard, and the insipid part of the stage-lover was so cleverly performed by M. Leon, that we venture to augur most favourably for his theatrical career.

On Monday last we witnessed the performance of "*L'Ecole des Vieillards*," a comedy in verse, in five acts, by Mons. Casimir Delavigne. The moral of the piece is aimed against those ill-assorted marriages between old age and youth, so common in France. The intrigue is simple, we may say, commonplace. Danville (M. Samson) has married Hortense (Mlle. Depain); the bridegroom is upwards of sixty, the bride scarcely twenty years of age. The retired shipowner has conducted his wife to Paris; he is desirous of indulging her humour to the utmost, and the consequence is that he is

made perfectly miserable. The wife is passionately fond of pleasure, and is soon surrounded by admirers, amongst whom we find the Duke Delmar (M. Luguet). The Duke declares his passion, and is repulsed, for she is virtuous, although giddy. A quarrel ensues between the husband and the lover, and a duel is the consequence, in which the old man is disarmed. Hortense learns all these particulars, avows her sorrow, implores his forgiveness, and resolves to leave Paris, and retire into the country, declaring that she loves, and always will love her husband. We submit that the moral of the piece has not been carried out: we see a few of the disadvantages of ill-assorted unions, but we conclude, at the same time, that the happiness of the old man is materially increased by the marriage, as well as that of his wife, who really loves her husband. The inference is, consequently, in favour of such marriages, and not, as the author intended, against them; unless he would convey, as grammarians say, that the exception proves the rule. This is a grave fault, and suggests the idea of the author's incompetency to grapple with his subject, or his hesitation to push it to its extreme limits. He has indulged in half measures, and spoiled his fifth act, which is flat, stale, and unprofitable. All the parties remain as they were at starting; even Bonnard (M. St. Marie) resolves to remain a bachelor, and the Duke disappears altogether. The piece, on the other hand, is very carefully written, abounding in elevated sentiments, strongly conveyed and expressed in choice language. The situations are not strong, but they are well prepared and admirably developed. We may instance the quarrel between Danville and Hortense in the second act, in which the author has displayed considerable tact and feeling, and effects a reconciliation between the parties, by an appeal to the highest sentiments of honour and delicacy. There is a refinement of language and a high tone of morality in this scene which stamps it as a master-piece. The scene between Hortense and the Duke is also good, and, if not highly dramatic, is written with the strictest propriety—perhaps too much so to serve the purpose of scenic effect.

The acting was, on the whole, good. Mdlle. Denain was charming as the young wife, and looked, played, and dressed her part as none but a French-gentlewoman could do. M. Samson confirmed our previous opinion of him; he was perfectly at home in his part, which was one of no ordinary difficulty—that of an old man in love. M. Marie also materially assisted in the part of Bonnard. M. Luguet made an excellent lover. The after-piece was a farce, by Le Sage, the immortal author of *Gil Blas*, entitled, *Les Projets de Mariage*. It is an amusing trifle, and was admirably played by Mdlle. Denain and Messrs. Samson, Marie, and Luguet. The house was crowded. J. DE C.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

**HAVANNA.**—The Italian Opera troupe commenced the season at Niblo's Theatre, on Monday, April 3rd. This company consists of nearly a hundred members. Among the principal artists are Prima Donna, Stefani, Tedesco, and Bobio. Contralto, Signorina Viotti Versprach. Tenors, Signors Salvi, Feretti, and Lorini. Barytone, Caesar Badiali, Corradi, and Setti. Bass, Sig. Colletti. Bass Profundo, Sig. Marini. Leader of the orchestra, Sig. Arditi. Maestro, Sig. Bottesini, the celebrated contra-bassist. Director, Sig. F. Badiali.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The last performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is fixed for Friday next, the 20th inst.; Herr Forner singing the principal bass part.

ALBONI, after leaving Marseilles, went to Montpellier, where she gave two representations. From Montpellier she proceeded to Toulouse, where she repeated the same performances. Her success was unparalleled at both places.

MACHADO commences his farewell performances on Monday next at the Haymarket, when he will appear in *Macbeth*.

M. TAILL, one of the most distinguished pianists in Paris, has arrived in London for the season.

MENDELSSOHN's overture to *Melusine*, and Beethoven's to *King Stephen*, were played on Sunday last, for the first time in Paris (the "first of musical cities"), at an extraordinary concert of the *Union Musicale*, under the direction of M. Seghers, for the benefit of the wife and children of the late M. Manera, founder of the society.

**HANOVER SQUARE.**—(From an occasional Contributor.)—Mr Charles Salaman gave a concert at the above rooms on Wednesday evening, and presented his patrons with a programme of great and varied attractions. The artists engaged were Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Thereso Wagner, Miss Messent, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mon. Henri Drayton, vocalists; Messrs. Goffrie, N. Mori, Watkins, Hill, R. Blagrove, Trust, Hausmann, Poignie, Schmid Howell, Jarrett, G. Cooke, and Card, instrumentalists. Mr. Salaman performed several pieces during the evening and was very judicious in his selections. His first appearance was in Hummel's well-known *Septuor*; one of the most effective compositions for displaying to advantage a number of different instruments in combination ever composed. Mr. Salaman's performance was spirited, tasteful, and brilliant. He also gave two solos, "Une Reverie," *Caprice*, and "La Felicita," *Allegro Capriccioso*. The first is by Mr. Waley, an author unknown to us; the second by Mr. Salaman himself. The *caprice* by Mr. Waley is a pleasing *morceau*, but reminds us strongly of one of Mendelssohn's *Leider ohne Worte*, the "Spring song," in A. Mr. Waley could not have chosen a better model; but it would be wiser in future to avoid copying so closely as he has done in the present instance. Mr. Salaman also played the "Serenade" and "Allegro gioioso," of Mendelssohn, and a selection from the same composer's *Leider ohne Worte*, in all of which he displayed both judgment and executive skill. Mr. Sims Reeves sang some of his most popular songs and duets; and Mr. Henri Drayton, who was substituted for Herr Franz Stuhl, gave the war-song from *Les Huguenots*, and a duetto from *Faust* with Mdlle. Wagner, with great energy and power of voice. Mr. Brinley Richards presided at the pianoforte with his usual ability. The room was crowded to suffocation.

**EXETER HALL.**—(Ibid.)—Mr. Willy, the popular violinist, gave a concert on Wednesday evening, and was supported by a host of concert singers and concert performers well known to patrons of these miscellaneous entertainments. The most noticeable points of the programme were the performances of Mdlle. Schloss, Miss Kate Loder (pianoforte), and Mr. Willy (violin). The grand *scena* from *Der Fieschütz* was given with such intensity and fine dramatic feeling by Mdlle. Schloss, that the audience were moved into more than usual enthusiasm. And yet Mdlle. Schloss was almost unknown to them; which, however, says all the more for her talent. Mdlle. Schloss also sang Balfe's popular cavatina, "I'm a merry Zingara," in English, which was greatly applauded. Miss Kate Loder performed Mendelssohn's grand *concerto*, in G minor, with immense force and brilliancy, and was rapturously received. Mr. Willy only played once during the evening—in a duet with Miss Loder. The greater portion of the audience, and ourselves amongst the number, would have preferred hearing Mr. Willy perform something of more importance than a part in the duet. From a violinist so accomplished, at his own benefit, at least one solo was expected. However, what Mr. Willy played he played well, which is almost invariably the case with him. A new trio, from the pen of Mr. L. Phillips, for *soprano, contralto*, and *basso*—"It's love on the waters," deserves especial notice. The melody is graceful and flowing, and the accompaniments are arranged with the tact of a thorough musician. It was well sung by Miss Ellen Lyons, Miss Faunce, and Mr. Seguin. The orchestra was on a large scale, and performed the overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* (entire), *Prometheus*, and *Euryanthe*, with Mendelssohn's grand march, from *Athalie*. Mr. Willy conducted. We are sorry to say the hall was not well attended.

MR. SAMS, OF THE ROYAL LIBRARY, St. James's Street, has just published a collection of busts in plaster of some of the most noted theatrical celebrities of the day. They are admirably designed, and executed with life-like spirit. Of the collection, which we understand is to be continued *ad infinitum*, we have seen the busts of Jullien, W. Farron, Wright, Buckstone, Harley, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, to the graphic likeness of which we can bear strong testimony. There is a slight coloring of caricature, if the term may be allowed us, in the features, which greatly enhances the value of each *statuette*, as it preserves in an eminent degree the physiological peculiarities of each artist. These busts are worth a hundred portraits to such as desire to preserve a faithful counterpart of the originals.

**H**ER MAJESTY'S LETTERS PATENT have been obtained for TWO NEW FLUTES, manufactured by Messrs. RUDALL and ROSE (either in Wood or Silver). The Tube and Holes of these Flutes being constructed according to the true principles of Acoustics, there is not a weak or incorrect note throughout the scale, but they possess every perfection of Tone and Tune. One is fingered exactly like the old Flute, for the convenience of those accustomed to that instrument; the fingering of the other is slightly changed, but affords extraordinary facilities of execution. The Inventor, Mr. Carte, will introduce these instruments in the course of his Lectures on Musical Instruments and Instrumental Music, at the Royal Institution, Manchester, on the 8th, 12th, 15th, and 19th April; the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, 9th, 12th, 16th, and 19th April; the Musical Society, Warrington, 10th April; and Shrewsbury, 22nd and 29th April; the Polytechnic Institution, Birmingham, 23rd and 30th April; the Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, London, 15th May; and the City of London Institution, 15th and 22nd May. They may also be seen at RUDALL and ROSE'S Manufactory, 85, Southampton Street, Strand, on and after the 7th May.

At the SECOND CONCERT, Friday, May 10th, Mr. BILLET will have the honour to introduce:—1. Grand Sonata, in C minor, with Fugue (Woelfl).—2. Sonata, in A major (Mendelssohn).—3. Allegro and Fugue, in minor (Scriabini).—4. Prelude and Fugue, F major (Bach).—5. Prelude and Fugue, F minor (Mendelssohn).—6. Sonata, in E Flat, 2nd time in public (Haydn).—7. Selection of Modern Studies.—8. Flat major (Chopin).—9. F sharp major (Henselt).—10. Etude Tarentelle (Stephen Heller).—11. G minor, Study of Octaves (W. B. Bennett).—12. Fantasia, in F sharp minor, by Chopin (Mendelssohn).

Tickets for a single Concert, 2s.; Central Seats, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s. Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.

To be had at St. Martin's Hall, of WHARREN and Co., 229, Regent-street; FRIDAY, HOBBS and Partners, Strand; and EYRE and Co., Newgate-street. Also at Mr. BILLET's Residence, 18, North Bank, Regent's Park.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.



COMBINING THE TALENTS OF  
Madame SONTAG, Madlle. CATHARINE HAYES, and Madlle. PARODI;  
Signori COLETTI, BELLETTI, and LABLACHE, CALZOLARI, and  
SIMS REEVES; Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, MARIE TAGLIONI, and  
AMALIA FERRARIS.

THE SECOND APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR BANCARDE.  
The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed that a  
GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 25TH, 1850,

When will be presented MOZART'S Opera,

### LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Susanna -	Madame SONTAG.
The Countess -	Madlle. PARODI.
Cherubino -	Madlle. CATHARINE HAYES.
The Count Almaviva -	Signor COLETTI.
Figaro -	Signor BELLETTI.
Basilio -	Signor CALZOLARI.

AND  
Signor LABLACHE.

### BALLET DEPARTMENT,

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF  
Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, and Madlle.  
AMALIA FERRARIS, M. CHARLES, and M. P. TAGLIONI.

And other Entertainments, in which  
Signor BANCARDE and Mr. SIMS REEVES  
will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Seats, to be made at the Box-office of  
the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

### MR. PLATT'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

WILL take place on WEDNESDAY Next, April 24th, at  
Two o'clock precisely, at the PANORAMA SQUARE ROOMS, under  
the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, H. R. H.  
the Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

Mr. PLATT has held the situation of Principal Horn in the Orchestras of  
the Italian Opera, the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts, &c.; he is now,  
most unfortunately, no longer able to continue his professional duties, having  
lost, from great and continuous pressure, the whole of his front teeth. Many  
of the most eminent members of the profession, and a large body of amateurs,  
recognising Mr. PLATT's zeal and punctuality during his long and arduous  
career, have formed themselves into a Committee of Management. Sir  
George Smart, Chairman; Sir Henry B. Bishop, Mr. Costa, &c.; Treasurer,  
Mr. T. Chappell; Secretary, Mr. S. T. Lyon.

The following celebrated artists have most kindly promised their valuable  
services:—

Vocalists.—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss  
Bassano, Miss E. Birch, Miss Ellen Lyon, the Misses Williams, and Miss  
Dalby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. G. B. Saxe, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Machin, and  
Signor F. Lettich.

Instrumental Solo Performers.—Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson (Pianist to Her  
Majesty the Queen); Violoncello, Mr. Linsley and Mr. Lucas; Contra-basso,  
Mr. Howell.

Conductor, Signor Costa.

The Orchestra will consist of the entire Band of the Royal Italian Opera  
and the Philharmonic Concerts.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, One Guinea each. Can be  
obtained at all the principal music warehouses and libraries, of any Member  
of the Committee, by whom donations will be received; and of Mr. PLATT,  
No. 4, Douglas Place, Queen's Road, Regent-street.

Just Published, Price 2s. New Ballad.

### ENGLAND, THE LAND OF MY HOME!

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK WIDOWS.

J. A. NOVELL, 43, Dean Street, London.

Is sent free, by post, for twenty-four postage stamps, by F. Widows, Printer  
of Music, 2, Cranston, Reading, Lancashire; or by order of any book or  
musiceller.

"It is a regular patriotic song, but at the same time, we must add, one of the  
best and best we have seen on the theme of 'Old England.' The music  
is simple and lovely, in keeping with the theme—but it is expressive, sympho-  
nic, and vocal in the bargain. The melody is rhythmical, and easily caught by  
the ear. The accompaniment is especially very easy, graceful, and well written.  
We can recommend this ballad, conscientiously, to our readers-singers."  
Musical World.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN.



SECOND NIGHT OF THE NEW OPERA.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, April 23rd, 1850, will be performed  
(for the second time),

WITH NEW SCENERY, DRESSES, AND DECORATIONS,

A Grand Opera, founded on ROSSINI's celebrated Work, "MOSE IN  
EGITTO," with alterations and additions by the Composer, entitled

### ZORA.

Anais -	Madame CASTELLAN,
Sinaide -	Madlle. VERA
Nicotri -	Madlle. d'OKOLSKI,
Meriamane -	Signor TAMBURINI,
Zora -	Mons. ZELGER,
(Her Second Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)	
Babius -	Signor LAVIA,
Osiris -	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
The Oracle -	Signor POLONINI,
Aufide -	Signor SOLDI,

AND  
Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Divertissement, in the 3rd Act, will be supported by Monsieur  
ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Scenery by Messrs. GRIEVE and TELBIN.

The Dresses by Mrs. BAILEY and Madame MARZIO.

The Appointments by Mr. BLAMIRE. The Machinery by Mr. ALLEN.

The Ballet arranged by Mons. ALEXANDRE.

The Spectacle arranged by Mr. A. HARRIS.

EXTRA-NIGHT NEXT THURSDAY, APRIL 25TH.

GRISI, DE MERIC, TAMBERLIK, ZELGER, MASSOL,  
MARIO.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, an Extra Night will take place,  
When a Grand Combined Entertainment will be given, embracing the  
whole of ROSSINI's celebrated Opera, "LA DONNA DEL LAGO" (for  
the first time this season), with a most powerful Cast, and the two principal  
Acts of "MASANIELLO." The Entertainments will commence with

### LA DONNA DEL LAGO.

Blena -	Madame GRISI,
Albina -	Madlle. GOTTI,
Malcolm Graine -	Madlle. DE MERIC,
Douglas -	M. ZELGER,
Sereno -	Signor LAVIA,
Rodrigo Dhu -	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Gleconno V. -	Signor MARIO.

The Grand Finale of the First Act, representing the Gathering of the Clans,  
will be executed by Two Military Bands, in addition to the usual Orchestra.  
The Chorus of Bards will be assisted by the whole strength of the Company.

To conclude with the Second and Third Acts of

### MASANIELLO.

Including the Berceuse by Signor TAMBERLIK, the Duet by Signor  
TAMBERLIK and M. MASSOL, and the celebrated Prayer and the  
Tarentella in the Market Scene.

Principal Dances by M. ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances  
commence at Eight o'clock.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or  
Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open from Ten till Five.

### MADLE MOULIN,

(Du Conservatoire de Paris.)

HAS the honor to announce that her CONCERT will take  
place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 24th, at Half-past Eight o'clock, at  
the NEW BERTHOVEN ROOMS, 21, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Vocalists.—Madlle. Caroline, Mr. De Bessier, and Mr. Dupont.  
Instrumental.—Ragouffe, Madlle. Moulin; Violin, Mr. Deloffre; Violon-  
cello, Mr. Rousseau; Organ, Mr. Gustave Cooke.

Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 10s.; Family Tickets, 21s. To be had of all  
musicellers, and of Madlle. Moulin, 4, Wellington Square, Chelsea.

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cations for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G.  
Hutchins, Dean Street, White; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Rodney Street,  
and of all Bookstellers.—Saturday, April 20th, 1850.

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 17.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE  
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## ALBONI.

AFTER a tour of unprecedented brilliancy in the provinces of France, Alboni has returned to Paris, with new laurels and rolls of bank notes. Her principal operas during her trip have been *La Favorite* and *La Reine de Chypre*, in which her success as an actress, no less as than a singer, has been so great to induce the directors of the grand opera (Theatre de la Nation) to engage her for sixteen representations of the part of Fides, in Meyerbeer's opera *Le Prophete*, the first of which will take place at the commencement of next month.

## CARLOTTA CRISI.

We are happy to inform such of our readers as interest themselves in the ballet, that Mr. Lumley has prevailed upon this unequalled *danceuse* to prolong her present engagement a month beyond its original term. Carlotta will remain at Her Majesty's Theatre until the end of next month. We congratulate Mr. Lumley on this wise step; in retaining Carlotta he has fortified his ballet so as to render it impregnable. M. Paul Taglioni must now set his wife to work and compose something new for her. Her inimitable talent was never in such high favour as the subjects of Her Majesty's Theatre as during the present season.

## MADMOISELLE DENAIN.

"This year Mr. Mitchell begins his Post-Easter Season," says the *Athenaeum*, "with Mademoiselle Denain," whose personations are more satisfactory and more charming than most lady-like comedy now on the stage. Since we last met this lady, she appears to have determined to pick up the cestus, or at least the tip of Madlle. Mops; and 'what Woman wills,' &c.—the proverb is something rusty. Whether Madlle. Denain will ultimately succeed in commanding all the spells of her predecessor, Time must show. Meanwhile, the advance she has made is exquisitely proved in 'Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard.' Her Sylvia must have almost startled Marston himself: so bright is it, so delicate, so full of feeling, so feminine. The lady may be recalled, plays the old game of exchanging snatches with her suitors; that she may observe an excellent actor, however, he having changed the livery of his own stage, it being that he may study, undisturbed, the finer and more of his science. Throughout her whole performance, Denain never for an instant forgets the teasing, coquettish, and somewhat pertness—the great high breathing—the honey-sweet but—the conscious charm of the eyes—the perpetual something for something to make—thus, the beauty's brilliant determination to bring out every drop of humour by making her Dorcas, after having confessed the improbability of her

marriage, ere he is aware that her humble rank is but a fabrication. It is long since we have been more pleased by an actress."

We need hardly say, after the homage we have repeatedly paid to the talents of Mademoiselle Denain that we agree with every word of the above.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(From the *Athenaeum*.)

On Wednesday was held the first performance of the Beethoven Quartett Society, as promised, under the presidency of Herr Ernst. After having generally stated that the quartetts went admirably, and that the new rooms in Queen Anne Street prove a most comfortable home for chamber music, it must suffice us to notice the novelty of the evening. This was the pianoforte part in the trio in D major (our favourite among Beethoven's trios) which was taken by M. Stephen Heller. On this gentleman's great powers as a composer the *Athenaeum* has no occasion, once more, to descant; his playing is superior, because it is the playing of a composer, as distinguished from a mechanist, and thus gives one all the thoughts, leaving the separate words of the discourse to fall into their own places, instead of making the latter prominent at the expense of the former. Unerring fingers may be now bought by the bunch, but such worthy readers of the worthiest music as M. Heller are rarer than could be wished.

## THE MUSICAL UNION.

The third meeting was attended by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and a more than usually numerous audience. The principal feature in the performance was the first appearance this season of M. Charles Hallé, one of the most admirable pianists of the present day, whose fame has been worthily acquired in the highest school of pianoforte playing. A more perfect mechanism than that of M. Hallé was perhaps never possessed by any pianist. His execution is a model of neatness and elegance; in the most capricious, intricate, and crowded "grands" the ear never misses a note, while equality of tone is preserved as successfully in hazardous bravura passages as in the calmest cantabile. M. Hallé's playing is indeed provokingly finished, and were it not for the energy and grace of his style, the complete command of the gradations of tone, and the admirable variety he produces by means the most simple and legitimate, his underlying certainty, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, might almost prove monotonous. M. Hallé, however, has given pianists in a great school, and the Sonata Opus, in D, of Mendelssohn for pianoforte and Violoncello afforded him ample means of proving it. The Violoncellist was Piatl. The performance was worthy of the great movement had its appropriate colouring; and the pianist preponderated, now the



## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

violin, cello; both in strict accordance with the composer's directions. The players were well matched. The energy of the German was chastened by the grace and warmth of the Italian, the unerring execution and decisive accentuation—decisive without being exaggerated—of both producing an ensemble which it would be very difficult to surpass. This fine performance created the liveliest sensation; each part of the sonata was loudly applauded, but the most keenly relished was the quaint *allegretto scherzando* in B minor, one of those peculiar and fanciful pieces in which Mendelssohn was unequalled. The recitatives for the violoncello in the *adagio*, brought out the rich mellow tone of Piatti, and his phrasing, which equals the most expressive Italian singing, in a highly advantageous light. After the sonata M. Hallé trifled away a quarter of an hour with two *nocturnes* and a *polonaise* of Chopin, the merits of which we confess our inability to perceive. We are bound, however, to add, that the general feeling differed from our own, and that M. Hallé's performance, vague and dreary as the music itself, was unanimously applauded. Still we cannot but think Mr. Ella might have chosen some more intelligible, if not more favourable, example's of Chopin's style from the large catalogue of works at his disposal.

The full pieces were Spohr's double quartet in E minor No. 3, and Beethoven's quartet in C minor, No. 5 of the first set. Spohr's double quartets are masterpieces of fancy and learning, and the one in E minor is perhaps the best of them. The executants were MM. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti on one side; MM. G. Fie, Watson, Mellon, and Pilet on the other. A more careful and effective execution of a work which displays in lavish abundance almost every kind of musical beauty it is in the province of chamber music to combine, could hardly have been desired. Amidst the just admiration accorded to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, their successors, amateurs and critics are too prone to overlook or under-estimate the genius and acquirements of Spohr, the most accomplished composer of instrumental music now living, and in every way worthy to be associated with the four great musicians we have named. Both in the double quartet and in the C. minor, one of the most beautiful of the early set of six, composed by Beethoven, M. Sainton exhibited the finest characteristics of his talent to advantage. We have rarely heard him play better; his reading of the playful and exquisite *andante scherzoso*, in Beethoven's quartet, was perfect. It is worth noting as a curious fact, that Beethoven, generally so original, has taken both the form and the idea of the finale of this quartet from two movements of Mozart—the *rondo* of the quartet in D minor, and the final movement of the *notturno*, or quintet for wind instruments, in C minor. A comparison of these movements with the finale of Beethoven will at once make the resemblance evident. A still more singular example of one musician unconsciously appropriating the ideas of another must have struck many on Monday night, at the Philharmonic Concert, during M. Sainton's performance of the violin concerto of Beethoven. Those who are familiar with the oratorio of *St. Paul*, will discover, on referring to the *hymn* of Beethoven's concerto, that the beautiful chorus of Gentiles, in A, "O be gracious, ye immortals," owes its principal melody to that movement, which, moreover, contains the indication of a marked feature in the melody of the oratorio, the same sentence, "But the Lord is mindful of his love." Mendelssohn is rarely to be caught borrowing; but he is not any other of the great composers in regard

to before finishing, let us, in all good feeling, advise Mr. Ella not to deface his clever analysis of the works presented to his subscribers by such excessive puffing as that contained in the first column of the *Synopsis Analytique*, p. 10. The utility of the *Musical Union*, its artistic tendency, the excellence of the music, and the talent of the performers, stand in need of no such questionable advocacy. At the fourth meeting, Stephen Heller and Ernst were both engaged. The spirit with which the business of the society is conducted, deserves unqualified praise.

### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth concert took place on Monday night. The programme was one of great variety and interest, as the following transcript will show:—

#### PART I.

Sinfonia in D (M <sup>o</sup> )	C. Potter.
Aria, "L'Addio," Mr. Whitworth	Mozart
Concerto, violin, Mr. Sainton	Beethoven
Scena, "Softly sighs" ( <i>Der Freischütz</i> ), Miss Catherine Hayes	C. M. von Weber
Overture (M <sup>o</sup> ) ( <i>Eug. Blas</i> )	Mendelssohn Bartholdy

#### PART II.

Sinfonia in B Flat, No. 9	Haydn.
Recit. "Crudele, ah no" ( <i>Don Giovanni</i> )	Mozart
Aria, "Non mi dir" Miss Catherine Hayes	Mozart
Caprice, pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder	W. Staudale Bennett
Aria, "Agiato" ( <i>I Fuoristi</i> ), Mr. Whitworth	Paer
Adagio and fugue	Mozart

Conductor, Mr. Costa

It is always a pleasure to hear a work of importance from the pen of a native composer, and more especially when such distinguished talent is displayed as in the symphony of M. Cipriani Potter, which, if we are not mistaken, was written many years ago for the concerts of the Society of British Musicians. Mr. Potter, whose early genius for composition attracted the notice of the great Beethoven, is one of the very few in whom the veneration for art is so firmly rooted that composition becomes a labour of love, zealously pursued in the face of unceasing opposition and disappointment. The symphonies, concertos, sonatas, quartets, and other works of magnitude which Mr. Potter has produced, are more numerous and of a higher order of merit than is generally imagined, and it reflects no credit on the professed lovers of music in this country that they are so little known. The symphony in D is a favourable example of Mr. Potter's style. The writing is masterly, the forms of each movement are closely allied to the models left us by the great masters, and the method of orchestration betrays not only consummate knowledge of the characters of instruments and the effects of combination, but fancy and taste of a rare order. The first movement, a spirited *allegro*, has much of the feeling of Haydn, so far as the themes are concerned, but their lengthened development and the varied treatment of the orchestra, bear the incontestable stamp of a modern hand. The slow movement, an *andante*, full of genial melody, is remarkable for ingenious employment of the wind band; the first theme is a solo for the horn, admirably written for that instrument; the second, a pretty pastoral phrase, contrasts with it in the happiest manner. The *scherso* strongly recalls the early style of Beethoven, although the subject is quite original; the trio, a melody of expressive simplicity, in the major key, affords an agreeable relief, and a good effect is produced by shortening the *scherso* in the reprise. The finale, a presto, vigorous and animated, is sustained to the end with undiminished power. In the second part there



is abundant evidence of contrapuntal skill, both in the arrangement of the episode and the working of the principal theme. The whole movement is remarkable for clear and brilliant orchestration. The symphony was played to perfection, and the *scherso* ensued. It is due to Mr. Costa to acknowledge the evident pains he took in directing the performance of this work of an English composer, the warm reception accorded to which will doubtless encourage the directors to make other steps in the same direction.

Mozart's symphony in B flat, No. 9, is one of the most hack-nied of Salomon's twelve; but it is certainly not one of the best, nor is it one of those which have most successfully resisted the encroachments of time. Except in the *adagio*, which must ever be beautiful and new, the themes have all become trite, the charm of freshness being entirely gone. Since it was considered advisable to give this old symphony—old in the fullest acceptance of the term—it should have been played at the beginning of the concert, and the place of honour accorded to the less known and more modern work of Mr. Potter. As it was, the second part of the concert opened very flatly, which was the more sensibly felt after the enthusiasm caused by the overture to Viktor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*. To judge from its reception last night, this work is likely to become a valuable addition to the stock overtures of the society. It is one of the most thoroughly dramatic of Mendelssohn's compositions, and is scored for the orchestra with surprising brilliancy. A closer acquaintance more than confirms the high opinion we formed of it last season, when it was first performed. Composers who cannot emulate the freshness and beauty of its ideas may at least derive a useful lesson in instrumentation from this overture, and learn how much greater effect is to be produced by the judicious use than by the lavish abuse of trombones and other powerful instruments. Mendelssohn has not very often recourse to these brazen auxiliaries in his orchestral works; but when he does employ them, it is with manifest purpose and legitimate effect. Mr. Costa indicated the time somewhat quicker than last year, which was an evident improvement. The execution was faultless, and the conclusion was followed by a demand for repetition too decided and unanimous to be mistaken. The *adagio* and *fugue* of Mozart is purely an exercise of contrapuntal skill, of which the orchestra is chosen for the medium. The *adagio* consists merely of a few introductory bars, the *fugue*, a noble piece of writing, in which all the resources of combination and contrast are ingeniously employed, constituting the body of the work. We believe this *fugue* was left unfinished by Mozart, and that what was wanting was supplied by Sechter, the famous Viennese professor of counterpoint; but where Mozart left off and where Sechter began we own ourselves incompetent to guess. It was brought to England by Mr. John Cramer, the celebrated pianist and composer, and through his means introduced at the Philharmonic Concerts last season. It was played last night, with great vigour and decision, and much applauded by those who stayed to hear.

M. Sainston displayed no less ambition than good taste in selecting for performance the concerto of Beethoven—the only one for the violin that came from his pen. A work of more difficulty, one more ungrateful to the player who looks to mechanical facility for the means of producing effect, was never written. But to make amends, the music is intrinsically of the highest order, and the first and second movements are in Beethoven's happiest manner. M. Sainston played the concerto *con amore*; his fine broad tone, vigorous style, and masterly bowing, have seldom been more power-

fully developed; his execution, firm and brilliant, but never obtrusive, was equally effective in the grand and energetic passages of the *allegro* and the sustained cantabile of the quaint *larghetto*; he introduced two *cadenzas*, the first of which was remarkably clever and appropriate, but the second we thought too brief and unimportant. M. Sainston was warmly received, and applauded with the utmost fervour at the conclusion of his performance. Miss Kate Loder made her third appearance in the Philharmonic orchestra, and for the third time maintained her perfect right to be heard in that distinguished arena. The beautiful *caprice* in E major of Sterndale Bennett, one of the most original, interesting, and elaborately finished of all his compositions for pianoforte and orchestra, is so rarely executed, that its introduction was alone a matter for congratulation, independently of the manner in which it was performed by Miss Kate Loder, who on this occasion, displayed to more than ordinary advantage the precision, grace, and neatness that confer so great a charm upon her playing. In addition to these we thought Miss Loder's tone, always full and agreeable, was richer and more powerful than usual; but whether this was to be attributed to the quality of the instrument upon which she played, or to improvement in a very important point of mechanism, it was impossible to decide. Miss Loder received the welcome due to her acknowledged ability, and her performance was rewarded with the loudest tokens of approval.

The vocal music was unexceptionable. Miss Catherine Hayes, who seems to be fast gaining in energy and warmth of expression, sang the *adagio* of Weber's *scena*, and the whole of Mozart's superb *aria*, as well as could be desired. In the quick movement of the *scena* we should have preferred a less frequent recourse to the *rallentando*. Mr. Whitworth's unobtrusive manner of singing is always agreeable, he sang the "In ti laccio" with real feeling, and in the bustling *aria* of Paer evinced no want of spirit and facility. The concert appeared to give general satisfaction. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was among the audience.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. LOMLEY has had a valuable acquisition to his company in the person of Sig. Baucarde, the new tenor, who made his *debut* on Saturday, as Oronte, in Verdi's *I Lombardi*. We were equally pleased with the voice and singing of Sig. Baucarde. The middle notes are powerful and of excellent quality; and though the upper register of the voice is not so strong, he produces all his notes from the chest with the greatest ease. His style of singing is manly and unaffected. He has grace and passion at command, and uses both with discretion and effect. His reception was not very warm on his appearance, but a few bars of *recitativo* soon brought him in favour with the audience, and the first air, "La mia letizia," sung with admirable expression, won him immense applause and an encore. As the opera progressed, the success of Signor Baucarde became more and more decided, and both in the duet and the trio, which we need not specify by name, he was mainly instrumental in obtaining the encores. In the duet, he was assisted by Madame Giuliani, and in the trio, by the same lady and Signor Coletti, who sustained their original parts of Giselda and Paganini. As an actor, Signor Baucarde is more energetic than graceful, his deportment being deficient in the ease which results from long experience of the stage. But in the concluding trio, he displayed a large amount of feeling, and even passion, while his death scene

Spokane Traffic has been bogging at Montpelier with great success. Notwithstanding the uncertain state of affairs in France, this beautiful town is full of visitors. The hotel business is booming with English, who give it their preference as a bathing place, on their return from Iceland, Norway.

"Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*," written for the theatre of Naples, in 1819, is a very different work from the piece produced by the *Académie Royale de Musique* in 1820-7. The *Mosé* was Rossini's earliest attempt at a serious opera, and though, on the whole, irregular and incomplete, it created a perfect furore from its numerous beauties and its overpowering grandeur in occasional instances. The origin of the introduction, at the end, of the grand "Preghiera," not generally known, is worth recording in this place. When the opera was first produced, there was no prayer at the end, but the Israelites were represented as crossing the Red Sea to an orchestral symphony, and the manner in which this was effected created roars of laughter nightly. The canvas which served for the waves of the sea was ill-painted, and not large enough to cover the stage, so that the four theatrical Neptunes, stationed at the four corners to move it into a picture of a turbulent ocean, were visible from all parts of the theatre. Tortola, the poet of the piece, was mortally offended; not so Rossini, who cared little as long as his music was applauded. The morning after the fourth representation of the *Mosé in Egitto*, Tortola entered Rossini's bedroom. "Our opera," cried the Poet, "shall no longer be laughed at. The Israelites must not pass over the Red Sea until the curtain falls. Here's an alteration—you shall see how I have managed it. Let Moses and his people stand on the shore, and, preparatory to their crossing, sing this prayer. Read it—is it not sublime? I wrote it in half an hour!" Rossini took the paper and read the verses. The idea of the poet struck him forcibly. "Hum! sublime—it shall be sublime! Here, give me pen, ink, and paper. You wrote it in half an hour—it's strange if I cannot compose the music in ten minutes." The *preghiera* was written within ten minutes, and Tortola carried it off in triumph to the manager, who had it rehearsed for the night's performance. A large concourse assembled, and as the incident of the canvas sea and the four Neptunes had got abroad, every one anticipated, as before, a good bit of fun from the last scene. The performance passed off with great ~~and~~ until the scene previous to the last, when the audience began to exhibit their faces on the grin from expectation of what was immediately to follow. A muttering cry, similar to our own, "Now look out—it's coming," went buzzing through the house. The scene shifted, and instead of the canvas sea and the four water flasks, a naked view of the shore was given. Then Moses entered in solemn array with the Israelites, and while he stood they all crouled round him, and he lifted up his voice and sang a *aria*. A mist swam before the senses of the audience. Surprise held them breathless; but towards the end when the people rose and joined Moses in the prayer, the effect was irresistible. The history of the "San Carlos" contains in its records nothing to surpass the furore of that night. When Rossini went to Paris, he was applied to to write a grand opera for the *Académie Royale*. He was too Italian in country, but he consented to alter, adapt, and partly to write the *Mosé in Egitto*. He certainly set about his work with great earnestness and purpose; for no other part of his life is so manifestly seen the traces of care and anxiety as in this. Every theatrical mode from the Italian was so decided in its favour, that the additions he made to the grand things in the opera. Indeed, if we compare the "Chorus," commencing the second act, one of the finest specimens of Schubert's music, the first and most beautiful scene of the *Mosé*, with the scene in which the Israelites were the only music; the regulated *preghiera* and *aria* of the

introduction, and the tremendous finale to the third act. These are among the most glorious efforts of Rossini's genius.

In comparing the works of the "sons of Pesaro," in the matter of style and grandeur of design, we must rank the opera along with *Guillaume Tell*. If the former fall short of the latter in variety, melodic beauty, and concentrated effect, it will be found, we think, to possess more sustained grandeur—a characteristic of powerful writing throughout. If the *Guillaume Tell* displays more genius, the *Moïse* has the advantage as a work of art. Although the last act of the *Moïse* is inferior to the preceding, the opera involves no anti-climax, as we find in *Guillaume Tell*. The grand effect of an opera should not wait at the end, but at the close of the first, second, or third act, according to the number of acts in which the opera is written. Generally speaking, the last act but one is chosen by the composer, for his grand coup. In *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and most grand operas of the French stage, we find this rule strictly observed. There are many reasons why the great points of an opera should not be reserved until the closing scene, which it is not necessary to discuss in this place. The *Moïse* rises in musical interest from scene to scene, to the finale of the third act, where it gradually subsides, without for a moment losing its hold on our sympathies. The defect of *Guillaume Tell* is that after the second act, there is little or no musical interest; its brilliancy is suddenly extinguished after the "Oath of Liberty."

The production of the *Moïse* on the French operatic stage, if it did not originate, had no small share in creating the "Grand Opera." Before the period of Rossini's work, the operas produced at the *Académie Royale* were far different from what later times have brought forth. Spontini's *Vestale* was a decent specimen of the *chef d'œuvre* of the *Conservatoire*. Meyerbeer had not even dreamt of his *Robert*, nor his *Huguenots*, nor his *Prophète*. Auber had not projected his *Masaniello*, *Gustave*, nor *Lestocq*. Halévy had not imagined his *Juive*. The *Siege de Corinthe*, and the *Moïse* effected a revolution in lyric music. Rossini created the French opera.

The extraordinary success achieved by Rossini's *Moïse*—or *Zora*, as it is called—on Saturday night, at the Royal Italian Opera, is now matter of notoriety. No work hitherto produced by the directors has surpassed it, and in some respects it has transcended all their previous efforts. This success is independent of any aid from the libretto. The action—or of plot there is scarcely any semblance—is slow and unwieldy, and there is not the least interest excited for a single individual in the piece. But if the understanding be not led, the ear is absolutely intoxicated with beauty, and the eye dazzled with splendour. While listening to the magic strains of Rossini we care not for plot, or plan, or incident: we require not to know how the actors are employed, why such a scene occurs in such a place, or why such an effect follows from such a cause. The music is all in all—it speaks a language beyond words—which the heart knows best how to interpret. This proves how much greater a genius Rossini is than Meyerbeer. Without the adventitious aids of a moving plot, and startling incidents, Meyerbeer would be, as it were, insignificant. The composer of the *Huguenots* could not have grappled with the subject of the *Moïse*. It would have been the impotent Hercules endeavouring to wield the slaying bolt of Jove.

Each week we had occasion to find fault with the somewhat negligent manner in which Don Giuseppe was given; this time we have little less than unqualified praise to bestow on the directors. A grander and more complete performance

was never witnessed than that of *Zora*, on Saturday night. The principals, band, chorus, dancers, scene-painters, decorators, and dressers, all are enabled to participate in this praise. The ensemble was magnificent beyond description. The dresses in their richness and variety are superior to anything of the kind produced on this or any other stage. The scene in the interior of the Temple of Isis, where the Assyrian King, high-priests, princes, nobles, ladies of the Court, royal guards and attendants assemble to offer homage to their idol, constitutes one of the grandest *corps d'art* imaginable. The simplicity and propriety of the Bactrian or Hebrew costumes form a most delightful contrast to the splendour and gorgeousness of those of the Assyrians or Egyptians.

Where all is praise, no great difficulty is involved in the critic's office. To the band and chorus, scarcely any terms of eulogy can render justice. Infinite must have been the pains taken with the chorus to have ensured a performance almost irreproachable from beginning to end. The honours due to Mr. Costa for his indefatigable zeal and exertions, were not overlooked by the audience.

The vocal feature of the evening was Signor Tamberlik in Amenofi. The debut of the new tenor, in Rossini's opera, was anxiously looked for. Doubts were entertained as to his capacity for mastering florid music. His severe and simple style in *Masaniello* and *Pollio* afforded some color for such doubts. But Signor Tamberlik soon dissipated all fears as to his incompetency on this score. He proved himself as thorough an adept in Rossini as in Auber or Bellini. He sang with immense effect. The purity, quality, and exquisite tenderness of his voice were made more apparent than ever. In the grand duet with Merisiane (the Pharaoh of the old opera) "Pur far, splendor non posso," one of the most striking in dramatic music, he sang with infinite feeling and fire, and roused the audience to a state of perfect enthusiasm. In the *cabaletta* he gave the words,

"Non merta più consiglio,  
Il misero mio stato!"

with delicious pathos; and in the repeat, the lines

"E il più crudele periglio  
Ve intraprende a sfidar!"

were sung with a fervor of expression and power of voice that brought down an explosion of applause. Seldom have we heard a more powerful sensation created by any vocal display than in this duet. Much of the effect was doubtless owing to Tamberlik's superb singing and impassioned style, which were never rendered more conspicuous than on this occasion. An enthusiastic encore was the result, and after the repeat, both artists were recalled, and received with prolonged cheers. In the grand finale to the third act, Signor Tamberlik made many splendid points. His upper notes sounding above all the singers, clear and ringing like a silver bell. Each time he gave out the B in his chest voice, he was greeted with showers of applause. But although Signor Tamberlik's effects were produced by the extraordinary power of his upper voice, a far greater charm to us was the exquisite phrasing and finish, which eternally reminded us of Alboni. Indeed, the similitude between the great tenor and the glorious *contralto soprano* was universally felt in Rossini's music. Nay, even the *likeness* was admitted, in the same case and grade of deportment, and the rounded and natural action. Signor Tamberlik's success was unquestionable in his new role.

We have rarely heard Madame Castellan in more charming voice, and as rarely have heard her sing with more effect.

With the exception of the unaccompanied prayer in the first scene, in which an ill-timed cadenza imperilled the seriousness of the music, the fair artist is entitled in all her efforts to high praise for her admirable vocalisation and passionate delivery.

Mademoiselle Veza was heard to better advantage in *Zora* than in any opera in which she has yet appeared. She distinguished herself especially in the very difficult scene at the end of the second act.

M. Zelger made a very favourable debut in *Zora*. This artist has a pure bass voice, of fine quality and no mean power. His part was arduous and trying in the extreme, his efforts being mainly restricted to declamatory recitative. He produced a powerful impression by the energetic manner in which he delivered the opening *morceau* of the finale to the third act. M. Zelger will be found a decided acquisition to the Covent Garden Company.

In the small part of the High Priest, Signor Tagliafico, with his sonorous voice and manly style, was of the greatest utility in strengthening the ensemble.

The first encore was awarded to the unaccompanied quartet with choral response, "Nume posseste," in the first scene. It was admirably sung by Mesdames Castellan and d'Okolski, and M. Zelger and Signor Lavia. It was repeated with increased effect. An exquisite chorus following the quartet is entitled to notice. It is, we believe, taken from *Armida*, one of Rossini's earliest and most melodious operas, and has been drafted into the English adaptation of *Cinderella* by Rophino Lacy. It has, however, undergone a material improvement, which cannot fail to be recognised. The hand of the matured musician is manifested in the alteration. The finale to the first act is worked out in rather a pompous manner; but the design is clear, the orchestral treatment masterly, and the colouring extremely brilliant.

It is not our intention in a general notice like the present to analyse Rossini's great work, nor would one or two hearings justify us in so doing. We shall merely direct attention to the effect produced on the audience, referring to a future account a critical dissection of the music.

In the second act, which commences with the "Darkness Chorus," the duet between Tamberlik and Tamburini, as we have said above, worked the audience up to a state of enthusiasm. But the grand coup of the performance was the finale to the third act, which created a perfect *furor*. The audience literally rose en masse when the curtain fell, and with tumultuous applause demanded an encore. After the encore, all the principal performers were called for, and, subsequently, Mr. Costa, who was received with deafening acclamations. The performance of the finale was universally pronounced the grandest achievement of the Royal Italian Opera. The beautiful quartet, "Mi manca la voce," which precedes the final chorus, was encored with great applause.

The last act contains some fine vocal points. The duet for tenor and soprano is charmingly worked out, and afforded Tamberlik an opportunity for exhibiting some of his most pathetic touches. The grand prayer at the end did not produce the expected sensation. No doubt, this is to be attributed to the subjects being so hackneyed, and the lateness of the hour at which the opera was brought to a conclusion.

The last scene, by the way, is managed with startling effect. While singing the hymn of thanksgiving, a vision of the future glory of the Bactrians—read it Israelites—is represented. The scene dissolves and discovers a temple in the distance, in which thousands of the persecuted nation are offering up jubilant prayers to the God of their fathers.

The opera was repeated on Thursday, and is all the better for a second hearing. Rossini's star has risen higher, and shines brighter than ever in the musical horizon of this country.

After draughts of divine nectar came sips of sparkling champagne. The *Donna del Lago* was given on Thursday, and brought the most crowded and fashionable house of the season, albeit a non-subscription night. The great attraction was Mario and Tamberlik in the same piece. Tamberlik achieved another Rossinian triumph, and sang splendidly. He was enthusiastically encored in the *cabaletta* of his opening air. Mario was put upon his metal, and came forth like a vocal Titan. He was in glorious voice, and wound the audience up to a pitch of rapturous excitement in the introduced aria in the second act. Grisi's Elona is her own—unapproachable and unapproached. Mademoiselle de Meric made her first essay in Malcolm Grème. As a first attempt it was undoubtedly good, but the music is yet beyond the powers of the youthful artist. Mademoiselle de Meric has plenty of energy, no lack of feeling, and possesses, moreover, a fine voice. With such qualifications, the attainment of excellence cannot be far remote. Zelger was good in Douglas. The band and chorus were admirable throughout. We should, nevertheless, recommend the two military bands employed to look to Mr. Costa's baton.

*Zora* will be repeated on Tuesday, and the *Huguenots* is announced for Thursday. A grand Morning Concert will be given on Friday, May 10th.

#### DEATH OF THE POET WORDSWORTH.

It is with feelings of much regret that we announce to-day the death of William Wordsworth. The illustrious poet breathed his last at noon on Tuesday, by the side of that beautiful lake in Westmoreland which his residence and his verse had rendered famous. We are not called upon in his case to mourn over the untimely fate of genius snatched away in the first feverish struggles of development, or even in the noonday splendour of its mid career. Full of years, as of honours, the old man had time to accomplish all that he was capable of accomplishing ere he was called away. It may well be, that he had not carried out to completion many of his plans; but it is a natural incident to humanity that execution falls far short of design. What a man could not accomplish in something like half a century of a poetical career, under all the favourable conditions of unbroken quiet, moderate but sufficient means, and vigorous health, may fairly be supposed to have been beyond his reach. Therefore, as far as concerns the legacy of song William Wordsworth has bequeathed to his country, we have nothing to regret. Removed by taste and temperament from the busy scenes of the world, his long life was spent in the conception and elaboration of his poetry in the midst of the sylvan solitudes to which he was so fondly attached. His length of days permitted him to act as the guardian of his own fame;—he could bring his maturer judgment to bear upon the first bursts of his youthful inspiration, as well as upon the more momentary flow of his maturest compositions. Whatever now stands in the full collection of his works has received the final imprimatur from the poet's hand, sitting in judgment upon his own work under the influence of a generation later than his own. It is sufficiently characteristic of the man, that little has been altered, and still less condemned. Open at all times to the influences of external nature, he was singularly indifferent to the judgment of men, or rather so enamoured of his own judgment

that he could brook no teacher. Nature was his book, he would admit no interpretation but his own. It was this which constituted the secret of his originality and his strength, at the same time that the abuse of the principle laid him open at times to strictures, the justice of which few persons but the unreasoning fanatics of his school would now be prepared to deny.

But we feel this is not a season for criticism. There is so much in the character, as well as in the works of William Wordsworth, to deserve hearty admiration, that we may indulge in the language most grateful to our feelings without overstepping the decent limits of propriety and plain sincerity. We would point out, in the first place, one of the great excellencies of the departed worthy. His life was as pure and as spotless as his song. It is rendering a great service to humanity when a man, exalted by intellectual capacities above his fellow-men, holds out to them, in his own person, the example of a blameless life. As long as men are what they are, it is well that the fashion of virtue should be set them by men whose rare abilities are objects of envy and emulation even to the most dissolute and unprincipled. If this be true of the statesman, of the warrior, of the man of science, it is so in a tenfold degree of the poet and the man of letters. Their works are in the hands of the young and inexperienced. Their habits of life become insensibly mixed up with their compositions in the minds of their admirers. They spread the moral infection wider than other men, because those brought within their influence are singularly susceptible of contamination. The feelings, the passions, the imagination, which are busy with the compositions of the poet, are quickly interested in the fashion of his life. From "I would fain write so" to "I would fain live so" there is but a little step. Under this first head the English nation owes a deep debt of gratitude to William Wordsworth. Neither by the influence of his song, nor by the example of his life, has he corrupted or enervated our youth; by one, as by the other, he has purified and elevated, not soiled and abased, humanity. If we may pass from this more general and important consideration to a more limited sphere of action, we would point out the example of the venerable old man who now lies sleeping by the side of the Westmoreland lake to the attention of all who aim at high literary distinction. To William Wordsworth his art was his all, and sufficed to him as its own rich reward. We do not find him trucking the inspirations of his genius for mere sums of money, nor aiming at political and social distinctions by prostituting the divine gift that was in him. He appears to have felt that in the successful cultivation of his art, he was engaged in a laborious, if in a delightful occupation. Could he succeed, he was on the level of the greatest men of his age, although he might not have a single star or riband to hang up against the wall of his rustic cottage, nor a heavy balance at his banker's as evidence of his success. These things are but the evidence of one species of triumph,—the poet, the dramatist, the historian, should aim at distinctions of another kind.

If we think the present occasion an unfit one for cold criticism, we may, without impropriety, devote a few brief sentences to the excellencies of the compositions of the Poet of Rydal Mount. There must be something essentially "English" in his inspirations, for while few poets have exercised greater influence in his own country, on the continent his works are little known even to students who have devoted much time and attention to English literature. In Germany, for example, you will find translations at the chief seats of literary society of the poetry of Scott, Byron, Moore, and

Shelley; Southey and Coleridge are less known; the name of Wordsworth scarcely pronounced at all. Of France the same thing may with truth be said. In either country there may be rare instances of students of the highest order, of a Guizot, a Merimée, a Humboldt, a Bunson, who are well acquainted with the writings of Wordsworth, and share our singular admiration for his beauties, but such exceptions are few indeed. There must, therefore, be some development of "English" thought in Wordsworth which is the secret of his success amongst ourselves, as of his failure in securing an European reputation. It is certain that some of the great poets whose names we have mentioned have left it upon record that they are indebted for the idea of some of their most beautiful passages to the teaching and example of Wordsworth, and yet the scholars have charmed an audience, which the master could not obtain. It is probably the case that in no country of Europe is the love for a country life so strongly developed as in England, and no man who could not linger out a summer day by the river bank or on the hill side is capable of appreciating Wordsworth's poetry. The familiarity with sylvan scenes, and an habitual calm delight under the influence of nature, are indispensable requisites before the tendency of the song can be understood which works by catching a divine inspiration even from the dewy fragrance of the heatherbell, and the murmur of the passing brook. It was not in Wordsworth's genius to people the air with phantoms, but to bring the human mind in harmony with the operations of nature, of which he stood forth the poet and the interpreter. We write with the full recollection of many lovely human impersonations of the departed poet present to our minds; but his great aim appears to have been that which we have endeavoured to shadow out as distinctly as our limited space would permit.

Before concluding we would advert to a point which is, perhaps, more in keeping with the usual subjects of our columns than the humble tribute of admiration we have endeavoured to offer to the illustrious man who has just been called away. Let us hope that the office of Poet Laureate, which was dignified by its two last possessors, may never be conferred upon a person unworthy to succeed them. The title is no longer an honour, but a mere badge of ridicule, which can bring no credit to its wearer. It required the reputation of a Southey or a Wordsworth to carry them through an office so entirely removed from the ideas and habits of our time, without injury to their fame. Let whatever emoluments go with the name be commuted into a pension, and let the pension be bestowed upon a deserving literary man, without the ridiculous accompaniment of the bays. We know well enough that birthday odes have long since been exploded; but why retain a nickname, not a title, which must be felt as a degradation rather than an honour by its wearer? Having said thus much, we will leave the subject to the better judgment of those whose decision is operative in such matters. Assuredly, William Wordsworth needed no such Court distinctions or decorations. His name will live in English literature, and his funeral song be uttered, amidst the spots which he has so often celebrated, and by the rivers and hills which inspired his verse.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the Times.)

The Royal Academy still clings with an Irish tenacity to the 'holding' where it has been suffered to squat these thirteen years. Although the proceedings of a regular ejectment have all been duly taken, the declaration served, plea pleaded, issue joined, trial held, verdict given, and judgment pronounced, yet the writ of pos



session is still withheld from the other party, and the intruder holds on in spite of law, justice, and public opinion. Custom is true; allows the outgoing tenant to reap the harvest he has sown, and it may be right to give the Academy sufficient time to gather in the golden fruits of its annual husbandry. That, or 'compensation,' a just prescription would allow; and, if nothing more were demanded, less would not (on our part at least) be offered. But, according to the last announcement of the First Minister (who, in taking this art-baiting under his protection, has justified Sidney Smith's opinion of his generous audacity), the Academy is likely to remain in the National Gallery for a period to which no limit can be assigned except the public endurance. The demand for its immediate dispossession, which rested upon the superior claims of the Vernon Collection, has been ostensibly satisfied by a promise of Marlborough House in favour of the latter; and thus a plausible pretext is raised for continuing the Academy a little while longer in its present quarters. How long the usurpation is to last we do not exactly know; but, as no period is named, a reasonable apprehension suggests the longest. The pressure of public remonstrance once removed, and the eye-sore of the Vernon cellar taken away, there is too good ground for thinking that, in the question of final removal, the convenience of the Academy alone will be consulted, and the true interests of art, which are for the present identified with the national pictures, wholly disregarded. Every questioner in the House and out of it will be told 'to wait a little longer.' At one time the 'ill' will be the pretext; at another the construction of the building; and it would not much surprise the experienced in the resources of official procrastination if the last effort of delay were to take the shape of 'a little difficulty about the funds.'

Whatever may be thought of the original merits of this question, the manner of treating it, which we have above described, cannot escape universal condemnation. John Bull likes plain dealing and straightforward action. If a thing is to be done, he likes it to be done at once. The Academy is either to stay in the National Gallery or to go. If the former, let us be told so at once; if the latter, what motive can there be for concealing the time of its departure? The present state of things ought not to satisfy either party. The Academy is placed in the position of a disagreeable tenant upon whom has been served a notice to quit which he will not obey. The trustees of the National Gallery stand upon no better ground, for it is their duty to enforce obedience to the notice, and every day that the intruder holds over is a separate act of negligence on their part. If both are desirous to stand well with the public, the one will proceed to a summary ejectment, and the other will print at the top of its forthcoming catalogues, 'Last exhibition in these apartments.'

They who take an interest in questions concerning the arts know how difficult it is to provoke a corresponding sympathy on the part of the public. Nor can this habitual indifference excite astonishment when one considers how few opportunities exist for study or the cultivation of a correct taste. Until very lately the outside alone of our public repositories of art was known to the masses. The youth of the present generation have grown up in ignorance of the great works of antiquity. No museums or galleries were open to them. The moral effect of such exhibitions, which is familiar to every schoolboy through his Latin grammar, has never been tried in their case. And if the neglect be in some degree applied now, the amendment is due to the pressure from without, and to those popular sympathies which it is our present purpose to evoke. For this question, rightly considered, is a popular question. The gallery which the Academy usurps is the people's gallery; and the Academy itself owes its unpopularity to its exclusive character, and to the want of that popular element in its constitution without which no society in this country can have any permanent duration.

It is the recorded opinion of a select committee of the House of Commons, that "from the highest branches of poetical design down to the lowest connection between design and manufactures, the arts have received little encouragement in this country." At the time this opinion was pronounced the National Gallery was being built. Shortly afterwards it was finished, and the present collection thrown open to the public. That was a considerable instalment towards the liquidation of long arrears; but, as if to neutralise the good, and to show how little the true interests of

art were appreciated, the Royal Academy was placed side by side with the National Collection. Whether this was an impotent remedy, or merely an unskilful intrusion, it is not easy to say. We have heard that there are Royal Academicians who think some members of their own body superior to all the ancient masters; and, according to one of our contemporaries, an Academic lecturer the other day placed Etty above Titian. It would not, however, serve any useful purpose to enter into the details of an invidious comparison. Our purpose is not to criticise the Academy, but to show how its present interests are incompatible with those of the public. It is enough to have proved a successful intrusion on the part of the Academy. We now call upon the trustees of the National Gallery to do their duty.

#### MADAME DULCKEN.

We have been requested to insert the following letter, which appeared in the pages of a morning contemporary, relative to a circumstance connected with the illness of the late lamented Madame Dulcken:—

#### To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—As, in your report of the last illness of the late M<sup>de</sup> Dulcken, I am mentioned as the only medical attendant, permit me, in justice to the bereaved husband (whose unremitting care nobody could fail to admire), to state that consultations were had with Mr. Ferguson, Drs. Billing and Bence Jones; and that Mr. Ferguson regularly attended with me from the 21st of February. No appreciable change in the poor invalid's condition took place until Thursday last, the day preceding her demise, when violent delirium set in, followed by coma, &c. On Wednesday our patient took a drive with her husband to Funchley, and in the evening was well enough to play several pieces to her family.

The disease was ulceration of the internal ear and surrounding bony structure, unhappily beyond the reach of human skill.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, T. CHAPPELL.

14, George-street, Manchester-square, April 19, 1850.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. SEYMOUR's benefit, at the Theatre Royal, came off on Friday, the 19th, and, as we expected and hoped, it turned out a bumper. The boxes and pit were filled to an overflow—five rows of the pit being let off as stalls—the gallery, which was thin. The announcement of Ernst and Hallé, to be heard for sixpence, was no attraction for the million—so much the worse for the million say we! It will be well indeed, for the people of this country when the taste of the masses is sufficiently elevated and improved to enjoy such music as is played by these great artists, and to appreciate their refined and exquisite performance of it. Mr. Seymour was most cordially received on his entrance to lead the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*; the crowded auditory seemed to recognise and appreciate his unobtrusive talents as leader and conductor, and to welcome him as one held in no slight esteem by his fellow townsman, for his many good qualities as a musician and a gentleman. After the overture, we had that extravagant satire on the bickering of wedded couples, called "Married Life," in which the five ill-mated pairs were most fully represented, both in acting and the requisite *physique* to look the characters. Mr. Deauville made up, played by Mr. Stephens, was very first-rate. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goss, by Mr. Wood and Miss Soane, were also admirable, perhaps the gentleman's part being a little over-acted, but the audience were in such good humour, and most uproarious, was the laughter at some of the more amusing scenes, and the piece went off with great spirit. Herr Hallé then appeared to play Thalberg's celebrated "Moss Fantasy." If there were any ecstasies in the theatre as to Hallé being able to shine in this difficult and *quiré* school, as well as in the classical, their doubts must speedily have vanished. We never heard Hallé play



rather entirely from memory; but we would rather hear him play one of Beethoven's sonatas. Ernst next appeared, and gave us a solo of Aig with variations and Capriccio, composed by Mayseider and himself. It was admirably chosen to give a choice and perfect specimen of Ernst's pure, delicate, yet impassioned style of playing; we never heard his tones so clear or more subdued at the same time—it was perfect. A compressed version of *Hammerfalla* followed, with the principal dances of the first scene, including the ever charming "Trendadise," delightfully given by Miss Annie Payne, with her father as the very best ideal of the poor poet Grangeiro. Next, the two, Ernst and Hallé, appeared together in Benedict and De Beriot's celebrated "Duo on Airs," from *Sonambula*, a splendid performance, and applauded to the echo. Ernst then gave the "Carnival," which of course was a marvellous display of fancy and skill in execution, and of course was encored, when, of course, new and increased difficulties were exhibited to show how easily Ernst could overcome them. To ourselves and many present, who had been in the habit of hearing Ernst at the Chamber Concerts, there was nothing to wonder at—his playing was only what we expected of him, but on the general audience, he seemed to produce a profound sensation, and he was fairly cheered as he retired. The performances were wound up by a very good representation of the *Loan of a Lover*, one of Madame Vestris's little pieces—we could not, of course, help reverting to the time when first we saw Madame in Gertrude with little Keeley as Peter Spyk—still, we must do Mr. and Mrs. Wood justice, they both acted and sang their parts very well, closing a capital evening's entertainment, which Mr. Seymour had provided for his friends.

Mr. Mitchell's Opera Comique opens here on the 12th of May with the *Crown Diamonds*; we hope the subscription list may be well filled. We trust we shall be present to report to you, on one or two, if not the whole three nights' performances.

#### MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

On Friday the 19th inst., the Classical Harmonists gave their *San Sabado* Performance of the present year in the presence of a brilliant and numerous audience, consisting of the leading families of Bristol, Clifton, and the surrounding country. The principal vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Lawler, supported by a band and chorus numbering nearly 250 performers. Mr. P. J. Smith, under whose able direction the rehearsals had taken place, was conductor. The orchestra was led by Mr. H. C. Cooper, to whom the Society are chiefly indebted for the effective manner in which they have rendered many of the choral works of the great masters. As the performance did not terminate till within an hour of the Bristol papers going to press, there was no time to publish any lengthened remarks. But the following notice, extracted from the *Bristol Examiner*, sufficiently proves that the praiseworthy exertions of the Society were attended with success:—

Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was given at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, to a numerous and brilliant assembly, who seemed fully to appreciate the beauty and magnificence of the piece, and the admirable manner in which it was presented. Miss Catherine Hayes fully realized the high expectations formed respecting her. The air, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," &c., was given with inexpressible pathos. She threw into it all the sweetness and power of her adorable voice, and elicited a unanimous encore. She was equally successful in the beautiful air, "I will sing of thy great mercies, O Lord." Miss Poole, though not distinguished by any remarkable execution, sang with care and judgment, and was encored in the song, "The Lord is mindful." Messrs. Benson and Lawler sustained their parts throughout with efficiency, and earned several well-merited encores. The choruses were rendered with unusual correctness and power. We cannot but congratulate the Society upon the encouraging result of their presenting before a Bristol audience a work so worthy of its renowned and talented author.

#### MUSIC AT LEICESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The last of the Leicester Monthly Concerts of the season took place on Monday evening, April 22nd, in the New Hall, Wellington Street, and was attended by a numerous and respectable auditory, attracted partly by the charitable object to which the profits of the concert were to be devoted, and partly by the appearance of three musical novelties in the person of Miss Cobb, of Grantham, Miss A. Romer, and Mr. F. Bodda. The last-named made a decidedly favourable impression, and elicited an hearty encore by the manner in which he sang the "Largo al factotum," which he responded to by singing the same air in English. He and Miss Romer, too, gave such a new and effective reading to Barnett's "Singing Lesson" as to render it interesting, even after the numberless occasions on which it has been noticed upon a Leicester audience, and to secure for it a unanimous call for repetition. A similar compliment was paid to Miss Romer and Mr. H. Nicholson in Bishop's "Mocking Bird," and to Miss Cobb in Mr. H. Farmer's "I'll follow thee," a showy song, but remarkable chiefly for the absurd number of repetitions of the words forming its title; these, however, were nearly the only words that could be heard, for the lady's articulation was so indistinct, that she might advantageously take a lesson from Miss Romer in this respect. If the two could be rolled into one, or the excellencies of both could be blended, and the defect thrown away, a good useful vocalist would be the result. Miss Romer's voice appeared juvenile and scarcely formed, but she exhibited considerable feeling, and the most of the power she possessed, and above all, articulated her words with perfect distinctness, a most worthy quality in a singer. Miss Cobb, on the other hand, exhibited a command over a contralto and soprano range of voice, but the lower notes were forced and coarse, the middle ones weak and indistinct, and the upper deficient in power and brilliancy, while at the same time her intonation was imperfect, and she indulged too much in startling contrasts of forte and pianissimo, though she displayed considerable execution and warmth of feeling, sufficient to ensure her a reasonable share of popularity and applause. Of the instrumental music it is not necessary to say much, as it consisted merely of an overture and a selection from the *Sonambula*, presenting nothing remarkable either in the music or its execution. The concerted vocal music, with the exception of "Sweet Sister Fay" and "La ci darem," in addition to the duet already mentioned, consisted of Bishop's popular glee, "The Chough and Crow," and the everlasting National Anthem, of which, of course, it is impossible to speak particularly, excepting to remark that, in the chorus parts, the small number of voices assembled were completely smothered by the orchestra. *Sic transit gloria mundi* (Monday).

April 23rd, 1850.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### GREGORIAN CHANTS.

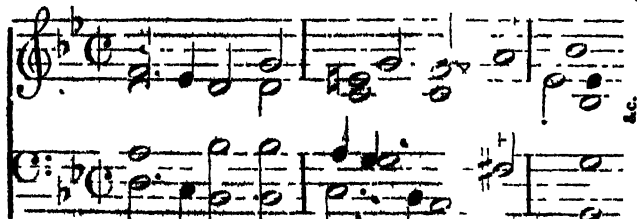
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR—Before continuing my comments on the letters of Dr. Gauntlett, I ought, perhaps, for the satisfaction of your readers, to state, that it is not my intention to follow the Doctor through any part of his labyrinth of strange and contradictory reasoning; though it is very desirable that even this should be done, since the Gregorianists are apt to believe that, what is not answered is unanswerable; but that, after offering a few remarks on one or two points not yet entered upon, and which must suffice for the present, I intend saying something on the much more important topic of the origin of this said Gregorian movement in the English Church, and the wilful mis-statements by which its cause has been chiefly supported.

Dr. Gauntlett tells us, the Chants of Tallis, Byrde, and Farrant, are forgeries. I have seen this much stated before; the grounds being, that neither the autograph MS. nor a contemporary printed copy of them, are known to exist. The Gregorianists sometimes have rather odd ways with them. Like the heretics of old, they will, when it suits their purpose, only believe what they see, and cry out, show us a miracle. Now, where the most positive and actual proof of a word or deed are wanting, tradition is usually

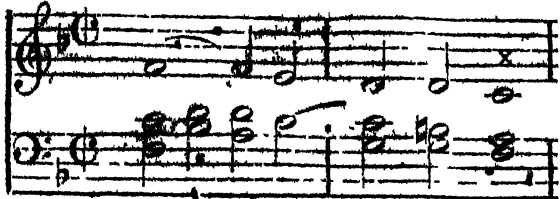
understood to be the next circumstance most entitled to acceptance, as being the most likely to be nearest the truth. Going by this rule, it is true we have not, at present, the most obvious proof of the authorship of the Chants in question; but we have many old MSS. which attribute them to the composers to whom they are generally, and, as it is believed, correctly assigned; and these are certainly much more entitled to acceptance than Dr. Gauntlett's bare unsupported denial. Why, Sir, the Gregorian Chants themselves may be declared to be spurious on the very same miserable grounds. Neither the MS., nor, of course, a contemporary printed copy, exist of those scanty specimens of musical medievalism. But there is a *design* in all this, which I shall presently take upon myself to expose.

The next piece of absurdity—for I really can call it by no milder term—that I will cull from the Doctor's epistles, is, that "the Gregorian modes are the foundation of all form and structure." Let us pause for a moment to consider what may be comprehended under the heads "form and structure." A musical composition, to be symmetrical in "form," must be written in an intelligible, artistic, primary scale. This primary scale will have others, which are by nature nearly allied to it (attendant keys), into some or other, or all, of which the music will resolve itself (or modulate), in the course of its onward progress. Then, as to "structure," there must be occasional repose (or cadences), to check any wandering or restless effect; the melody of each voice part must flow easily and naturally, yet at the same time so that they form, combinedly, clear and pure harmony; and the modulations must be conducted without awkwardness or stiffness. These I take to be the simplest rules that can be laid down on the subject of "form and structure" in musical composition. Now, how sadly at variance with even these, simple as they are, is the Doctor's position. The old modes do not contain one complete artistic scale (although they present a number of conventional ones), consequently music written strictly according to those modes, can have no attendant scales, as surely as where there is no root there can be no tree. There could be no symmetricality in such compositions, because there were no bars by which to reduce the music to proportion by phrasing. Where the old modes were adhered to it was not possible to be sure of the production of pure harmony; and as an illustration of this fact, I give an extract from Tallis's anthem, "I call and cry," one of the most sublime pieces of church music, according to the creed of the Gregorian wisacres, where we have an inversion of dominant harmony of G minor, with the atrocious dissonance of a major and minor third at the same time.



[See Boyce's "Cathedral Music," vol. II p. 7, score 2, bar 4.]

Where the old scales were adopted, the modulations were often as unnatural and barbarous as the harmonies, a fact that is sufficiently illustrated by the following extract from another of the "Gregorian subtilities" ("Bow thine ear," Byrd), and which may be found in the same volume of Boyce's Cathedral Music that contains the other treasure, page 92, score 3, bar 3. In this instance we have the dominant harmony of G resolving itself into the triad of F, producing about as agreeable an effect to a sensitive musical ear as it must do to a spider when it has nearly reached the ceiling, to find itself suddenly sprawling on its back on the ground.



I think I have now adduced sufficient evidence of the utter incorrectness of the Doctor's newfangled notion, that the Gregorian modes (or old scales) are the foundation of all form and structure; and why such a position should be repudiated by all who have any regard to their character as sound ecclesiastical musicians.

One word more regarding Dr. Gauntlett's letters. In his second communication he complains that Purcell's compositions—which are more symmetrical than the works of any of his predecessors or contemporaries—are wanting in *plan* (only another name for *form*), and adds, "surely no man in his senses can compare the misshapen and strange house of Purcell to the systematical structures of Handel, or the models of more recent times." There is a man, however, and one whom we all believe and sincerely hope is in his right senses, who does not only do all this, but who takes the still more extravagant view, that what is "without form and void" is the foundation of all that is symmetrical. And this is no less a personage than the worthy Doctor himself, who has been endeavouring so earnestly, but I do trust unsuccessfully, to delude people into the belief that Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, &c., stand indebted for their loftiest thought, to shapeless masses of musical hideousness; and who has *dared* to attempt to recommend his worthless inventions to the consideration of the readers of the *Musical World*, by attaching to them the sacred name of *tautn*. I have now done with the Doctor for the present, and will only add, in all sincerity, that before he again undertakes to lecture Mr. Monk or Mr. anyone else, he will, for his own credit's sake, as well as for the satisfaction of his readers, form some definite idea of what he intends to write about. I must defer my observations on the present position of church music till next week; and in the mean time, beg to subscribe myself, dear Mr. Editor, your very sincerely and obliged,

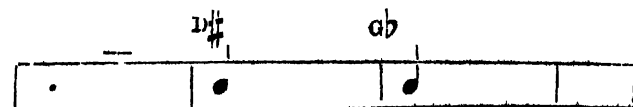
April 24th.

AN ORGANIST.

(To the Editor of the Musical World)

Sir—I have taken the liberty of addressing you for the purpose of asking one or two questions, trusting that the distance and other disadvantages which us colonists labour under will be sufficient excuse for so doing.

I see advertised in your journal a flute designed by a Mr. Briceaiah. Now, sir, as I have no opportunity of ascertaining the nature and advantage of the improvements said to be effected in this instrument, I will be grateful to you for an explanation of them. I lately imported a very good flute made by Clementi, London, having ten keys, the two extra keys being situated thus—



The upper one, brought to the heel of the first finger of the left hand, I make out to be D sharp; the other, in the third joint, to be G flat. There was no scale sent with it. Does Mr. Briceaiah's flute at all resemble mine?

Again, I see advertised "The Goeuphonic Grammar." Is it superior to Hamilton, Goss, &c., &c., on thorough bass?

I may mention that, about a year and a half ago, he got up a Philharmonic Society here, which has done a deal of good, both old and young joining it. We number about sixty members, and have twenty capable of sustaining a part with instruments. We have already given two concerts.

I need scarcely say that, as I have subscribed to your journal for some time, and supposing that you would not be unwilling to give us a word of advice now and then, I have thus approached upon your goodness. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

J. F. M.

Antigua, 28th March, 1860.

STIGELLI.—For the same reason (want of space) we must be satisfied to record that this excellent tenor made a highly favorable impression in the "Hornet," from *Masaniello*, at the same concert. He was loudly cheered.

## MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

(From a Correspondent.)

I know you the programme of a *Musée*, given to his friends and pupils, at the Hopetoun Rooms, by our friend, T. M. Mudie, upon Saturday last. It consists mainly of the classics; and, indeed, as Mudie's own style has been entirely formed upon this school, the whole of it may be esteemed classical. It would really have been considered rather hazardous to have issued a programme without one specimen of the noise and make-believe of the modern capriccio or fantasia, but the crowded room shewed that we have entered upon a new era, and that the word sonata has lost its terrors. Mudie was in excellent finger, and did justice to all that he had given out. The largo of Beethoven's Op., 7, one of the loveliest that its composer ever wrote for the piano forte, was exquisitely rendered; mere fingers could not have achieved anything on such a work, but, seconded as they were by the deepest feeling, the effect was sublime. The only part that seemed to hang a little heavy was Mozart's beautiful Rondo Sentimentale: this, perhaps, requires a drawing room for its performance, and a very small and well-chosen knot of friends for listeners. Mr. Mudie's own compositions stood the test which they were exposed to very well indeed. His *motivo grazioso*, "La Gentilezza," is quite a gem, and was very warmly received by the audience: and the Triumphal March, with its frank, well-marked melody, formed a very appropriate close to the performance. I believe neither of these pieces are yet further than MS., but I hope soon to see them on the pianofortes of all persons of real musical taste. Mr. Mudie's compositions, generally, are full of excellence, and must eventually give their author a high standing as a writer for the pianoforte. His military movement is one of the most effective pieces for four hands that I know, and though it contains no passages of great difficulty, is extremely brilliant, and well suited for the instrument. If you do not know it, pray get a copy immediately; you must be pleased with its elegance.

I am sure you will be pleased to let your readers know that our friend, T. M. Mudie (*late of the Royal Academy*), is still alive, and, although in the far north, is still as musical as ever.

The following is the programme in question:—

Sonata in E flat, Op. 78, 1st movement,—"Allegro con Maestà."	Haydn.
Leider ohne Worte (from 3d Book).—1. Duet in A flat, "Andante con Moto." Part II, "Presto molto vivace," in E minor	Mendelssohn
Rondo Sentimentale in A minor	Mozart.
Notturmo, MS. "Il compianto."	T. M. Mudie.
Rondo, MS. in A minor	T. M. Mudie.
Grand Sonata in E flat, Op. 7.	Beethoven.
La Gentilezza, "Motivo grazioso," MS. "Allegretto grazioso," (composed as a duet.)	T. M. Mudie.
Il Trionfo, "Marcia Eroica," MS. (composed as a duet)	T. M. Mudie.

[It is scarcely necessary for us to remind our readers that Mr. Mudie is one of the most accomplished and original of our composers.—*Ep. M. W.*]

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NANCY.—Last night *The Barbier de Seville* introduced to the audience Mons. Fleury, a tenor of no common pretensions, who has been singing during the past winter at the Strasbourg Theatre. The first air in the opening of the opera was sufficient to show he had an excellent voice, which would be still more effective if used with less ornament.

However, after Mons. Lac at the St. James's, he was very refreshing. Madame Huré was charming in *Rosina*; it is quite impossible to imagine anything more perfect in operas of this genre; there is a *naïveté* of expression, when singing, which gives an unspeakable charm to all she does. Her roulades too are always in good taste, and the execution of them faultless. Mons. Huré was a capital Basil, and Vincent full of fun as Figaro. The band, under the direction of Mons. Mouline, was perfect, and the chorus efficient. My the-bye, since writing my last notice of this successful little troupe, I have had an opportunity of hearing two of the members of the orchestra play each a solo on the violin, Mons. Mouline, the conductor, the one, and Mons. Huré, the first violin, the other. They are both remarkable for their execution, and the only wonder to me is, that, possessing the talents they do, they should remain in, (comparatively speaking) so obscure a position.

MONTPELLIER.—Since writing the above, which I forgot to send you, I have traced my steps from the capital of Lorraine to this favoured spot of the sunny south. What with descending the Rhone in a steamer to Avignon, and thence taking advantage of the rail, I have got over a great deal of ground in a very short space of time. At Lyons, where I arrived on Sunday after a fatiguing day's journey, but refreshed with a good dinner and some generous wines, I started off to the theatre to see Verdi's *Jerusalem*, which appealed to me to be a mixture of *Ernani* and *Nabucco*, and so like were some of the noisy choruses, that had I not known what opera was being sung, I should have decidedly said, the latter; however, I only saw three acts of it, being too tired to remain, without a seat, for the house, being Sunday, was crammed. The orchestra was disgracefully bad. At Avignon, Signor Bellini was starring it in "Robert," but I had not time to see him. This is indeed a lovely spot, and *The Hotel du Midi* may with truth be called a palace of luxury, comfort, and economy. It is impossible to find fault with a single thing; the dinners are excellent, and the chef deserves to be immortalised. The proprietor, with his *cara sposa*, shew you every attention, and the rooms are the patterns of cleanliness and comfort. In spite of the uncertain state of politics in this country, the hotel is nearly full of English families of consequence, and at the *table d'hôte* our fair countrywomen often carry away the palm of beauty. I have been in the best hotels in every town on the continent, and I must say, without fear of contradiction, that the *Hotel du Midi* immeasurably distances all others. On going to hire a pianoforte, I had a long *cuse* with the Marchand de Musique, who in giving me the names of many famous artists, whom Montpellier had given birth to, said at last, "Ah! Monsieur, sans doute vous avez cytendu parler de Massol le baryton," thinking of his King in the *Favourite*, *Pietro*, &c. &c., I said, "Je crois bien," to which he said with a sort of reverential air, "Il est de Montpellier, oui, Monsieur." He went on to tell me that the operatic troupe, with the exception of the barytone, was very bad, but that Madame Anne Thillon was coming, and mentioned the wonderful impression Alboni had made here. Never had an artiste been known to cause such a sensation. The prices were all doubled, but in spite of that, the theatre was crammed, and the stalls were sold at a premium. She might have given three more representations with the same success, had her other engagements permitted her. Next week I will give you an account of Anna Thillon, who plays *Rosina* to-morrow evening.

T. E. B.

ORLEANS, April 16.—(From a Correspondent).—An unusual excitement prevailed in our theatrical cliques on Sunday, in

consequence of an announcement that an Italian troupe, of high reputation, in England, was about to give a series of representations at our theatre. The name of Montenegro, with its European fame, was sufficient to guarantee the performance, and the consequence was, the theatre, at an early hour, presented a brilliant assemblage. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, and it would seem from the extraordinary dramatic, as well as musical powers of this charming prima donna, she could not have chosen a more favourable rôle to stamp herself among us as an artiste of the first order. The tenor, Signor Santiago, possesses a voice of good quality, and sings with taste and feeling. "Deh Pescator," was vehemently enquired, and most deservedly so, and the scenes between the unhappy mother and son were worked up with a genuine earnestness that called forth the most flattering marks of approval. Madame Santiago, with a contralto voice of considerable compass, gave great effect to Orsini, and was encored with much enthusiasm in Albani's own, "Il segrito per ager felice." "The Duke Alphonso" met with an able representative in Signor Ghislanzoni, and in short, throughout, the opera gave the greatest satisfaction. At the end of each act, Madame Montenegro, with Signor and Signora Santiago, were called before the curtain, to be almost smothered with bouquets.

L. G.

#### OUR COTEMPORARIES.

We find it inconvenient, nay, impracticable, to re-produce all the articles of importance on musical subjects that appear in the columns of the newspapers, daily and weekly, metropolitan and provincial. We had hoped to be able to allot space for them; but once in the thick of the season the zeal of our highly respectable contemporaries waxes hotter. Elaborate and ably-written critiques become no longer of rare occurrence, and we are at our wit's end to know what to select and what to abandon. We have therefore given up our first idea, of re-producing everything, for another, with which our readers will probably be better pleased, of re-producing nothing—that is, nothing entire. Instead of robbing our contemporaries wholesale, we shall rob them in detail, we shall detail or retail (re-tale) their wares as the time serves. They may, perhaps, be less satisfied—for we are aware that the great aim of a musical critic who writes in the papers, now-a-days, is to have his articles re-produced in the *Musical World*. But the number of our columns is restricted to thirty and two. Some of the notices of our contemporaries are as long-winded as they are weighty, and were we to let loose the reins of our sympathy, we should quickly see our catirc sheet covered with the writings of other pens, panting for publicity. A broadside of voluntary contributions, in the tempting shape of "reprint," would be poured upon us hebdomadally, by critics whose visions of literary notoriety would find our columns the surest medium of realization. We should then be like the belly in the Roman fable; our contemporaries the members to supply us with nourishment. But the end of the parable would be different from that of Menenius. Instead of starvation, we should die of a surfeit, unless we took one of the articles in the ——— as an emetic, which would be an insult to our contemporaries, who, in examining us with good things, have it in their minds equally to make us fat and themselves prosperous. To extract the surplus, we shall, therefore, not swallow all that comes under our hands, but make a choice of what to eat and what to throw away. We may not be so fat in the upset; but we shall be better minded, and able to walk faster, in search of

intelligence for our readers. Without further delay, however, let us begin to put our new principle in practice.

One of the musical events of the last fortnight, has been the new birth of the Beethoven Quartet Society, under the auspices of Scipion Rousselot. A more careful, tender, and skillful midwife might in vain have been sought to bring the bantling to a second life. Last year M. Rousselot set upon the scattered memories of his dead society, as Marius upon the ruined walls of Carthage. But the French sapper was cleverer than the Roman soldier. Marius moped moodily over the remnants of past magnificence, without the power to gather up the pieces and make a second Carthage; Rousselot, on the contrary, has restored the object of his lamentations to life and vigour. To show how general an interest is felt in the reorganisation of the Beethoven Quartet Society by our brethren of the quill, we shall cite extracts from two articles. In the first of which, from the *Morning Post*, will be traced a resemblance to the style of the French feuilleton.

"Twelve o'clock has chimed by full half a dozen clocks in various keys, sounds of bacchanalian rejoicing issue over and anon from the windows of a neighbouring public-house, where lingering revellers are wildly striving to drown in 'potations pottle deep' all memory of their unpaid bills and treacherous friends; amorous cats begin to infest the streets, 'making night hideous' by their semi-human cries; the houseless outcast shrinks for shelter beneath the porch of his well-kid fellow-man, who, sunk upon a bed of down, dreams not of woe; ghostly policemen parade with martial stalk the thinning streets, 'the cabman homeward plods his weary way,' and leaves the world to music and to us.

"Our notes of the week's performances lie before us, and their notes are still ringing in our editorial ears. Let us see Beethoven, Blewit, Mozart, Verdi, Handel, Bellini, Bach, Donizetti, Rossini, Liszt, Revere, Heller—what a confusion of ideas dwell these names create in our 'poor distracted globe!' No matter. We have promised our readers an hebdomadal account of the musical doings of this vast capital. Our lamp (a genuine Palmer), which, however, 'will not burn as long as we must watch,' is replenished—our goose-quill sharpened for the attack—little white pieces of paper, whose virgin purity woe us to kiss them with our thought, are spread before us, and we proceed at once, in spite of fate and a headache, to do our duty (as the song has it).

"Firstly, then, on Wednesday last took place the inaugural meeting of the Beethoven Quartet Society, in some new, extremely pretty, and sound favouring rooms, situate in Queen Ann's-street, Cavendish square. On entering these elegant apartments we discovered a number of artists and literati assembled to pay homage to the ruling idea of the intellectual feast. We next observed, upon a programme with which we were presented by a polite functionary, who received the visitors with ineffable grace, the words "Honour to Beethoven!" the perusal of which occasioned us an involuntary curl of the lip, of which a handsome "bit" of opposite to which we were standing made us aware. Not wishing to enter the rooms with a sneer, or to cast disagreeable reflections upon the new furniture, we addressed ourselves at once to carbing this labial commentary upon the folly of mankind, and took our seat beside one of the many artist acquaintances with which the room was thronged.

"Who can think on the sorrows and mortifications which Beethoven experienced, and forbear a bitter smile at these solemn speckles now that he is a clod of the valley?

"Can battery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

"While he lived and fought, he was poor and neglected, at the best of times comparatively, and frequently absolutely so. 'Composers without a title of his genius or his moral worth, heeded in the sunshine of earthly favour, and enjoyed the passage of the great and powerful, while he was pining in comparative obscurity, a prey to misanthropy and poverty, and now that he is above human sympathies he is to be honoured! Misdeeds! Moreover, after the grand scene at Bonn some years ago, when crowned heads who paid him no homage while living became the patrons of his genius, and placed pieces of parchment containing their approving

Says an English singer, we are prepared for anything in these matters, applied especially to the case of Beethoven, may we not recognise the fact, plain truth and genius from the beginning of the world. Ignorance and neglect while living, and a hypocritical admiration when dead? It is, then, for those who love and reverence true genius to become its champions, to give no quarter, and to be swayed by no considerations save one. "Let Honour to whom honour is due" be their motto; let them study to know the truth, and knowing, assert it undimly. Let us not shut our eyes to one of God's truths, however its brightness may dazzle us. It is thus that we must atone for the misdeeds of which we have so frequently been guilty—and it is thus that we must avoid for the future the fatal injustice of placing the laurel wreath only upon the unconscious brow of death.

"The above is a society of artists established for the sole purpose, we believe, of diffusing a knowledge of the chamber music of the great master, and does not arise out of any mere venal display of classic zeal or commercial reverence for great works. The object is a noble one, and these artists honour themselves in honouring Beethoven. The programme included the quartets No. 1 in F, No. 9 in C, No. 13 in B flat, and the pianoforte trio in D, op. 70. The performance was truly admirable, the executants being Herr Ernst (first violin), Mr. H. C. Cooper, (second violin), Mr. Dando (tenor), Mr. Rousselot, the managing director of the society (violinocello), and M. Stephen Heller, who made his first public appearance in London on this occasion, pianoforte.

"We cannot say that we never heard a better ensemble than that of the string quartet, because we have heard artists of equal merit who have been in the habit of playing together for years perform this style of music; and it is well known that, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the score, which is indispensable, the constant habit of practising together, and the intimate knowledge on the part of the performers of each other's styles arising out of it, is absolutely necessary to perfect quartet-playing. The artists of whom we are now speaking could scarcely have enjoyed the latter advantage; but still the directing influence of Herr Ernst's poetical mind was sensibly felt throughout, and there were moments when the quartet moved with 'one intelligence,' and certain passages were given in a spirit worthy of the renowned Schöppanzigh party at Vienna, over which Beethoven used to preside. The greatest praise we can accord to Herr Ernst is that he did not in his performance stand out from the rest, but that he stived throughout to imbue his companions with his spirit, and to make them become a portion of him, and where that was impossible he readily conformed to the tone which they had adopted, and became a portion of them. There was no attempt at individual display, but the ensemble was the ruling idea. All who are acquainted with Ernst's cantabile playing will easily form an idea of the effect produced by the execution of the 'adagio affettuoso ed appassionato' in the first quartet, and the andante and cavatina in the first and second. It was truly beautiful singing. Mr. Cooper was an excellent second violin, and Mr. Dando (who played the tenor) an admirable substitute for Mr. Hill (who was unable to attend on this occasion). Mr. Rousselot is a good musician, and possesses extensive knowledge of chamber music, and considerable experience in its performance. His mechanism is also safe and satisfactory. M. Stephen Heller's merits as a composer we have already spoken at some length in these columns, and we are happy to be now enabled to pay a tribute to his great talent as a pianist. A touch at once firm and light, an admirable style of phrasing, a remarkably clear and distinct articulation, even in the most rapid passages, and perfect equalisation of the hands, are the qualities due to his mechanism, while the higher qualities of mind and expression he displays are such as we have a right to look for in a composer of distinguished ability. Nothing could be better than his execution of the remarkably difficult trio in B, and great was the applause bestowed upon it. We hope to have many opportunities of hearing this admirable artist during the present season. This was a delightful evening. On ascending the stairs we encountered an old friend, with whom we had not met way, filled with the thoughts which Beethoven's music had suggested to us. After passing through a few streets, we found ourselves in a quiet street, opposite the residence of the late Madame Dülken at Harley Street. A chill passed over our hearts as we realised that the illustrious lady,

whom we had known and respected, and whose musical talent and so frequently delighted us, was lying dead in that house. The cold night wind seemed to creep more closely round us, and the fatal gusts, as they moaned through the bare trees of the neighbouring squares, sounded like the lamentations of human beings for that not which first brought life and death into the world. We could not forbear a shudder, and a shudder, whose kinship to grief is proverbial, appeared to share our feelings. We passed rapidly together, and spoke no word save "poor Madame Dülken!"

We are certain that our readers will have perused the above with satisfaction. There is both feeling and poetry in it, not to speak of a thorough knowledge of the subject. The following, from the *Herald*, is of a different stamp, is pretended to be nothing further than a simple criticism, a plain statement of what passed at the Beethoven Quartet Society, in its new locale, with a plain commentary on the merits of the performers.

"Every amateur of the highest order of chamber music will be pleased to know that M. Scipion Rousselot recommenced a series of his interesting performances on Wednesday night, the 17th inst., after a year's silence, which led to a fact that the Beethoven Quartet Society was defunct. To judge from the auspicious termination of this renewed effort, however, M. Rousselot appears to have a fair chance of a highly prosperous season. He has changed his locale from the Beethoven Rooms to a spacious and splendid suite of chambers in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, where there is every possible accommodation to ensure personal comfort, besides a striking adaptability for the purposes of music. The tea and coffee, between the first and second parts, seems as timely and acceptable as of yore, and everything wears an aspect of promise for the future.

"The subscription is, we understand, exceedingly good, and this must partly be attributed to the announcement that the celebrated Ernst was to hold the first violin at all the meetings. M. Rousselot could not have made a wiser choice. Every musician and every amateur well know that in the performance of the chamber compositions of the great masters, Herr Ernst stands alone. His poetical genius and his marvellous powers of execution combine in affording him facilities that few possess, while his extensive acquaintance with the classical writers affords him a familiarity with the text of their undying inspirations which is of invaluable account in the act of interpretation. Mr. Cooper, who made so brilliant a debut at the last Philharmonic Concert, is engaged as second violin for the entire series. Mr. Hill, as tenor, and Mr. A. Rousselot himself will monopolise the violinocello. A stranger and more efficient quartet could not readily be gathered together for an exhibition of executive art.

"The programme of the first performance was upon the principle which was current at the foundation of the Beethoven Quartet Society. An early quartet, one from the middle period, and one of the posthumous works, were given, whereby the audience had an opportunity to view the genius of the mighty "poet of sound" in its three different and important stages of progress and development. The quartets on the present occasion were the No. 1 in F, the No. 9 in C (from the Razumovsky set), and the "Posthumous" in B flat, No. 13. In all three the genius of Ernst was exhibited with transcendent effect, shining with equal brightness in passages of energy and tenderness, of playful simplicity and of the sublimest expression. Perhaps the most perfect display of the evening was the *adagio* in D minor from the first quartet; the *Andante*, beginning with the spirited and well-known figure of the Razumovsky; and the *Adagio* in B flat minor, of the Posthumous. In the first of these, a movement of overflowing passion and tenderness, the music of Ernst sang in so touching and pathetic a manner that few were left unmoved among the audience. The last, a *presto*, fast playing, half fantastic, was unanimously admired. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Dando, (who took the tenor part in consequence of Mr. Hill's unavoidable absence), and M. Rousselot seconded the efforts of Herr Ernst with praiseworthy energy and skill, and the result was an ensemble little short of perfection.

"The novelty of the evening, and a feature of national interest,



was the first appearance before a London musical public of M. Stephen Heller, one of the most gifted and celebrated among modern composers for the pianoforte. To all amateurs and professors of that instrument the works of M. Stephen Heller are, or ought to be, familiar. But we were not prepared to find in M. Heller a pianist so thoroughly accomplished in all the essentials of style and execution. M. Heller selected the grand trio of Beethoven in D major for his debut, and was assisted by Herr Ernst and M. Rousselot in the violin and violoncello parts. The performance of this fine and difficult work was as nearly faultless as any exhibition of skill we have for a long time listened to. M. Heller produces an exquisitely musical tone from the instrument. His style is full of natural expression, and devoid of all that is ultra in sentiment. Without the slightest tendency to intrinsic display, or any of the prevalent trickeries, his mechanism is admirable, and his execution clear, precise, and brilliant. M. Heller is a classical pianist, and a great one, in the truest and fullest acceptance of the term. His success was triumphant. Every movement of the trio was loudly applauded, and the *finale* encored; but by refraining from complying with this demand, and contenting himself with bowing to the audience in acknowledgment for their continued and unanimous applause, M. Heller showed good sense as strongly as in his performance of the trio he had already evinced talent and genius of the rarest order.

"The meeting, gratifying in every respect, was an excellent augury of those that are to follow."

Few recent events have afforded us so much real pleasure as the unanimous appreciation of the merits of M. Stephen Heller, by the public as by the press, on the occasion of his debut as a pianist before an English audience. Great as are the abilities of this gentleman, his retiring disposition is a stumbling block in his way. He is liked for it all the more warmly by those who know him, but it interferes with his artistic progress, and should be conquered. M. Heller is a pianist of first-rate power, and has no reason to doubt the verdict of any audience in Europe. He must play often in public; the oftener the better. We are glad to find him announced in company with Ernst, at the next "sitting" of Mr. Ella's Musical Union.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**DEYSSCHOCK.**—This celebrated pianist made his debut at the last Wednesday Concert, and was received with enthusiasm. We are compelled to defer our report till next week.

**MISS DURLACHER,** the vocalist, has, we are happy to say, entirely recovered from her late severe indisposition.

**M. JASLL.**—In announcing the arrival of this pianist, last week, his name was misprinted Taell. \* M. Jaell, according to Mr. Ella's Record, is an Italian, and comes from Trieste. He is then what the Neapolitan's call a "semi-tesesco" pianist.

**MISS LOUISE BENDIXEN,** the pianist and composer, was lately married to a clergyman in Sussex.

**M. LILJEW,** (son of M. Lübeck, the Director of the Conservatoire at the Hague), a pianist of considerable note in Holland, has arrived in London for the season.

**THE FRENCH OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY** have been playing with the greatest success at Newcastle. Mr. Davis having engaged them to give three representations, notwithstanding the high prices, the dress circle has been nightly crowded.

**MADAME DULCKEN.**—Musical London is in process of being rapidly cleared of its "familiar faces." This day week we were startled by the news of the death of Madame Dulcken, after a painful illness. Whenever the names of female musicians are collected, Madame Dulcken must be commemorated as an executive pianist of the first class. Her musical sensibility was not of the finest quality or highest order; but her brilliancy of finger was remarkable, and her command over the novelties of her instrument entitled her to a place in the highest rank of players, together with Madame Schumann and Madame Pleyel. Madame Dulcken belonged to a musical family in North Germany, being sister to that excellent violinist, musician, and composer, Herr David. She

will be deservedly lamented as a devoted, energetic, and kind-hearted woman, who, we fear, by taxing herself beyond her strength, brought on the malady which proved fatal.—*Athenaeum.*

**M. SILAS.**—Every indication of novelty acquires added value from every new loss. Thus we are more than ordinarily glad, on trustworthy authority, to give a good report of M. Silas, the young Dutch composer, announced some weeks ago, who the other day appeared at a Philharmonic Concert in Liverpool, and performed the *allegro* of a pianoforte Concerto in C minor, of his own composition. Of the entire work we have an encouraging description. It is said to be unborrowed, if not strikingly original, and the orchestra very well treated. M. Silas, too, is commended as an accomplished pianist, familiar with the best music. This is a prelude of hopeful import.—*Ibid.*

**M. ECKERT.**—We are also enabled—so far as perusal of a score avails—to give cordial welcome to Herr Eckert, whose opera, *Guillaume d'Orange*, we have read. It need not be said, however, that such a mode of making acquaintance with a stage composition does not justify review or final judgment, especially when, as in the present case, the production is a grand four-act work, with *ballets*, double choruses, &c.—an opera, in short, aimed at theatres which M. Meyerbeer has occupied. Herr Eckert's music is of the eclectic school, rather than pure German, or pure Italian, or pure French—containing simple and flowing melodies, most wisely within the scope of average singers—more than one attractive piece of vocal combination—and choruses, we imagine, of considerable vivacity and effect. His treatment of the orchestra, too, seems to be masterly, in the modern style. As a first opera, *Guillaume d'Orange* seems full of promise. Let us return a moment on our epithet "eclectic," to provide against misinterpretation. The most original of composers have often begun with eclecticism, or direct imitation.—*Ibid.*

**MR. PLATT'S FAREWELL CONCERT.**—We learn that this concert has not been as productive as the friends of the disabled artist expected, and that, in consequence, a subscription list has been opened by the Committee of Management. We trust that the musical public will take the claims of this favourite performer into their consideration, as we are assured that he stands in need of their charity.

**RONCONI** has successfully addressed the French Government for a *subvention*. He has been granted 85 000 francs per annum.

**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—On Friday evening, *Judas Maccabeus* was given, to a hall crammed in every part. This oratorio is, after *The Messiah*, the most popular of Handel's works. Besides its containing some of his very finest choruses, (the famous "Fallen is the foe" being one of them,) its many popular solo pieces, and perhaps, more than all, the spirit-stirring martial music which abounds in it, will always keep it high in the public estimation. The soloists were the Misses Williams, Messrs. Frank Bodda and Sims Reeves, and the entire performance was as near perfection as possible. The Misses Williams gave the duet "In this dread scene," admirably, and Miss Ann Williams imparted as much expression to the song "Pious orgies," as perhaps it is capable of, not being one of Handel's very deepest inspirations. Mr. Sims Reeves was vociferously encored in the popular song "Sound an Alarm," and Mr. Bodda took the part of bass with great credit to himself. The choir was, to the full, as effective as ever. The two elaborate and difficult choruses, "For Sion lamentation make," and "Fallen is the foe," if not absolutely faultless in the execution, came as near to that desirable consummation as we have heard them. The *Creation* will be given on the 6th of May.—(From a Correspondent.)

**MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.**—Last Wednesday evening the first concert of this young pianist took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on which occasion an elegant and crowded audience had assembled together. We are happy that we can congratulate Mr. Aguilar on the highly favourable impression he has made; his success last Wednesday cannot fail to establish his reputation amongst us, not only as a composer of thought, but likewise as an executant of classical works, and thus entitle him to a place amongst our best native professors. Mr. Aguilar was born in London, and studied the pianoforte under Messrs. Neate and Coag. For several years afterwards he studied composition under Schneider de Wartenburg, in Frankfurt. He also gave successful concerts in Leipzig and Dresden, and his name is well known in musical



Germany. Mr. Aguilar seems acquainted with the best of the ancient and modern pianoforte works, although, on the present occasion, he confined his choice to the latter class. Mozart's exquisite quintet in E flat, with hautboy, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, (Messrs. Nicholson, Lazarus, Jariett, and Baumann), was in all parts beautifully played, the delicacy and smoothness of Mr. Aguilar's touch was admirable. Mr. Aguilar's next performance, solo, of Chopin's second Scherzo in D flat, (the same our friend Charles Hallé has frequently played in public), was perfect, entering into the peculiar and striking nuances of this Scherzo with much judgment. Equally intimate acquaintance with the author's work he showed in Mendelssohn's D minor trio, with Ernst and Hausmann; the effect was decided. Mr. Aguilar's last performances were of his own compositions—"Etude," "Arothuse Melodie," Romanza in A flat. But as we shall shortly have to speak again on these works, it will be enough here to say that we shall be glad to see more of Mr. Aguilar's effusions, and that "The Romanza" in particular proved most effective. Herr Hausmann, in a fantasia on national airs, afforded much pleasure, whilst the great violinist of the age, Ernst, as usual, created a *furore* in his celebrated "Pirata Fantasia." The vocal department was capitally sustained throughout. Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, and obtained an unanimous encore in a very pretty ballad by Desanges, called, "Hear'st thou my name?" Miss Lincombe and Sims Reeves sang also a duet, and Miss Lecombe a barcarolle, both by the same composer, which pleased. The Misses Cole sang a duet, by Mendelssohn, and another by Panofka, with unaffected simplicity. The grand scena from *Der Freischutz* was excellently rendered by Mdlle. Schloers. Her bell like voice and distinct enunciation are always gratifying. In Schubert's charming lied, "Within a streamlet," she obtained great applause. M. Benedict accompanied it to perfection. Last, though not least, we have to introduce Mdlle. Graumann to notice. She is a general favourite with the musical public, and deservedly so. We never heard Molière's Schifferlied, "Come all ye glad and free," rendered with so much joyousness and spirit; the more so is certain. Mdlle. Graumann sang with Signor Marhesi the comic duet "Al capricci," from "L'italiana in Algeri," in capital style. The concert ended with the *Preghiera* from *Mosè*. M. Benedict, with his usual ability, presided at the pianoforte.

**BETHOVEN'S ROOMS**—Mr. and Madame Szczepanowski gave a concert at these rooms, in Harley-street, on Wednesday morning, which was fashionably attended. The *beneficitaire*, who visited this country some few years since, with the success to which his talents entitled him, has attained considerable reputation on the Continent for his performance on the guitar, which is such as to make us forget, in the effects he produces, the very limited capacity of this instrument. He played on this occasion three *morceaux* of his own composition, and two of Sor's. Mr. Szczepanowski played also a solo on the Violoncello, which exhibited the powers of expression of Mendelssohn's air with variations, in which he was supported by his fair lady on the pianoforte, who played likewise one of the very graceful pieces of Mr. Wallace. A new Russian singer, with an extraordinary *contralto* voice, made her first appearance, but created no very extraordinary impression in her favour. A young English vocalist, Mdlle. Moore, also made her first appearance, and pleased greatly by her clear, fresh, soprano voice; she sang a ballad of Moore, and with Madame Macfarren the brightly duet of "The Fairy Ring." Miss A. Bunn, the Misses Cole, whose taste in the choice of beautiful duets always creates an interest in their performance, and Madame Macfarren, who in her two songs from *Semiramide* and *King Charles II.* displayed equally the variety and excellence of her powers; completed the list of vocalists. The conductor was Mr. W. C. Macfarren, and there could not have been a better.—(From a Correspondent.)

**Jenny Lind.**—In making an extract lately from an English paper, we were led, in common with our contemporaries, to exaggerate very grossly the terms obtained by this lady from Mr. Barnum. We have set eyes on the contract itself, with the fair Jenny's name appended thereto in bold and legible round text. She receives 1000 guineas per night, for 120 nights. Benedict, the celebrated pianist and composer, and Barnum, the baritone singer, are to accompany her professionally, the former receiving 5000*l.* sterling

for his services, the latter one-half that sum. The party, including her secretary and servants, are to be brought on, lodged, boarded, and so forth, in first rate style, by Mr. Barnum; and, further still, if he should net 15,000*l.* from the first seventy-five performances, Miss Jenny comes in for a fifth of the profits subsequently made. She is to sail from Liverpool by the last mail steamer in August, or the first in September; but we do not know whether the price of the passage will be raised accordingly. The engagement extends over eighteen months. Jenny is to sing only at concerts and oratorios—and these are the full, true, and particular accounts.—*New York Tribune.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

**MESSERS. LEADER AND COCK** beg to announce that they have in immediate course of publication a New and Complete Edition of Beethoven's Works, edited by WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, and the Queen's Colleges.

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## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place

ON THURSDAY, NEXT, MAY 2ND, when will be presented, for the first time this Season, Brilli's celebrated Opera, entitled

## LA SONNAMBULA.

Amina - - - - - Madame SONTAG.  
Lise - - - - - Madlle. MALPONTI.  
Count Rodolphe - - - - - Signor BELLETTI.  
and  
Elvino - - - - - Signor BAUCARDE.

In the course of the Evening, will be presented, for the first time, a new and original Grand Pas de Trois, composed by M. PAUL TAGLIONI, the Music by Signor PUCCI, entitled

## LES GRACES.

By Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, and Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS.

With other entertainments, in which Mr. SIMS REEVES and Signors COLETTI and LABLACHE will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

## MR. CREVELLI.

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

## THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions to the Bass Voice, may be had at

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## MR. G. A. OSBORNE.

BEGS to announce that his SECOND MATINEE MUSICAL will take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 76, Harley Street, on THURSDAY NEXT, May 2nd, at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Osborne will be assisted by Messrs. Ernst and Platti, and some of the most distinguished Vocalists.

Singla Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, Family Tickets (admitting Three), One Guinea. To be had at Mr. Osborne's, 33, Devonshire Street, Portland Place; and at the Principal Music-sellers.

## BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

MR. SCIPION ROUSSELOT respectfully announces that the Second Exclusive Performance of Herr KUNT at these Quartet Parties, will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of May, at 27, Queen Anne Street, at Eight o'clock.

Quartet, No. 3, in D major, No. 8, in E minor, No. 12, in E flat. Grand Sonatas, for Piano-forte and Violoncello, in G minor, Beethoven. Executants:—Herr Kunt, H. C. Cooper, H. Hill, S. Rousselet, and Bernardine Bennett.

Names will be received at Messrs. Rousselet and Arban's, 66, Conduit Street, Regent's Street.

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.

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FOR THE RELIEF OF ITS DISTRESSED MEMBERS.

Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 5th, 1850, at the MANOVS, SQUARE ROOMS, will be performed, for the benefit of this Institution, a Grand Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Leader Mr. H. G. BRACROVE.  
Conductors, Mr. BENEDICT and Mr. W. STERNDALE BARNETT.  
J. W. HOLLAND, Secretary,  
15, Manchester Street, Soho.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN.

ON TUESDAY Next, April 30th, 1850, the New Grand Opera

## ZORA,

(Founded on Rossini's *Mois in Egyppte*), will be repeated.

Anals	Madame Castellan,
Sinaide	Madlle. VERA,
Nicotri	Madlle. d'OKOLSKI,
Morimane	Signor TAMBURINI,
Zora	Mons. ZELGER,
Nabias	Signor LAVIA,
Opris	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
The Oracle	Signor POIONINI,
Aude	Signor SOLDI,

Amenoff Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Divertissement in the 3rd Act, will be supported by Monsieur ALLXANDRE, and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

ON THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 2nd, 1850,

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place, on which occasion will be performed (for the first time this Season), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

## LES HUGUENOTS.

Valentina	Madame GRISI.
Marguerite de Valois	Madame CASTELLAN.
Dama d'onore	Mademoiselle COTTE.
Urban	Mademoiselle de MERIE.
The Huguenot Soldier	Signor LAVIA.
Il Conte di San Bris	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Il Conte di Nevers	Monsieur MASSOL.
De Coumb	Signor LUIGI MEI.
Le Rotz	Signor POLONINI.
Mera	Signor ROMMI.
Maurevert	Signor SOLDI.
Captano della Guardia	Signor TALAMO.
Marcello	Herr FORMES.

Raoul de Nangis Signor MARIO.  
Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor Mr. COSTA.  
The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open from Ten till Five.

The Directors have the honour to announce that a GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY, May 10th, 1850. The First Part of the Concert will consist of Rossini's celebrated

## STABAT MATER;

and the Second, of a most attractive MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION. The whole supported by

Madame GRISI,	Madame CASTELLAN,	Madlle. VERA,
Madlle. de MERIE,	Signor TAMBURINI,	
Signor POLONINI,	Signor TAGLIAFICO,	
Mons. ZELGER,	Signor LAVIA,	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Signor TAMBERLIK,	Mons. MASSOL,	Herr FORMES,
Signor MARIO,		

With the GRAND ORCHESTRA and FULL CHORUS of the Royal Italian Opera.

Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

Pieces of Admission:—Boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; £2 2s., £2 12s. 6d., and £3 3s.  
Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d. Pit, 5s. Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.  
Amphitheatre, 2s.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely. Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Bow Street and Hart Street, Covent Garden, which is open from Ten till Five; and at the principal Librarians.

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# The Musical World.

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No. 18.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE  
STAMPED FOURPENCE

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, Donizetti's sentimental opera, *Linda di Chamouni*, re-introduced us to Madame Sontag, in the part of the heroine, in which she made her *reentrée* last season, after an absence of twenty years—the first link of a second chain of brilliant triumphs, which has, for a second time, bound the affections of an English public in sweet and unbreakable bondage. The portrayal of the unhappy Linda through all the vicissitudes of village and metropolitan life, by this accomplished, and, in her own way, univalled songstress, has been too often and too recently apostrophised, to require present analysis. Suffice it, it is a gush of feeling drawn up from the hidden wells of the human heart, as pure as the private life of the fair actress who embodies the character. We have, we think, more than once lately remarked, that Madame Sontag's voice, while retaining all its ancient sweetness, has regained remarkably in strength. This was manifested with singular force on Saturday night in the finale to the second act, when the bereaved Linda, withering under the influence of her father's curse, gives vent, in tones of wandering intensity, to the conflicting emotions which overwhelm and sink her to the lowest depths of despair. Of Madame Sontag's brilliant and unerring vocalization, of that delicious *mezza voce*, which resembles the warbling of a lone bird on a willow branch wailing for its mate, we had more than one exquisite example during the performance. Need we say, that the opening cavatina, the well-known "O luce di quest'anima," the best of Donizetti's, was executed with the highest degree of artistic perfection; that the duet with Carlo, in the first act, "A consolarmi affetti," with its sparkling and piquante *cabaletta*, was loudly encored; and that the florid bravura finale, vocalised with an unrestrained fluency, and a subdued sweetness peculiar to Madame Sontag, opened the hearts and closed the hands of the audience, who, as with one voice and one palm, pronounced their undivided verdict of approval. Further mention of encores, recalls, &c. &c., "ovations," as the *Morning Post* styles them, which from long experience, must begin to pall upon the senses of Madame Sontag, would be superfluous, nay, impertinent.

Mr. Lumley has turned up a trump card, and no mistake, in Signor Baucarde, the new tenor; not only a trump, but an honour, not merely an honour, but an ace; eye, and of spades, since, from the vocal mine he digs up treasures of tone and sweetness, with a hardihood which shows that his heart no less than his voice is in his task. Let us, nevertheless, while fairly apostrophising the merits of this youthful artist, qualify. He cannot be cited as the *beau idéal* of manly beauty, nor does the expression of his face overwhelm with its intelligence, blind with a flood of intellectual light, but his features are good, and declare that their possessor thinks not lightly of himself—a *sine qua non* to the arrival at artistic excellence (with deference). His voice is not the

finest at present on the stage; still less is it equal to Mario's; but, to carry out our figure (voice upon the stage), a much worse might be easily picked up by a better singer. The *ut de poitrine*, spoken of by some of our contemporaries, we have not heard; and indeed his higher notes are, in our opinion, by no means the best part of the organ; but the middle voice is remarkably even, full, and of a most agreeable quality, as was evinced by his manner of singing the air in the second act, which was perfectly artistic, vocally satisfactory, elegantly expressive, fluent without excess, tender without mawkishness, and eminently deserved the warm encore bestowed upon it by Mr. Lumley's discriminating and aristocratic audience. Indeed in the third act, where Linda is gradually restored to reason, Signor Baucarde infused such passionate warmth into the passage when he recalls to her wandering senses the scenes and feelings of early days, that the audience, equally surprised and pleased, rapturously applauded him.

Mlle. Ida Bertrand, a contralto, from the concerts at Paris, made a very successful *début* in *Pierotto*. If, as we are led to imagine, this artist made her first appearance on the stage, it was something remarkable, as we have seldom witnessed more confidence and self-possession in the most experienced stager. Mlle. Ida Bertrand possesses a mezzo-soprano rather than a contralto voice, which is easy and pleasing rather than surprising and powerful. She is an excellent vocalist, and sings with great taste and feeling. She impressed the audience favourably after her first song, and rose considerably in estimation by her unaffected singing of the pretty ballad, "Per sua madre," in the second act, and the duet with Linda, the last of which was encored with considerable applause. As an actress, she has abundance of energy and animation. Her conception of *Pierotto* was original and striking, and differed from the *Pierottos* we have been accustomed to witness on the Italian stage. We shall be glad to see Mlle. Ida Bertrand in a part which shall exhibit to greater advantage her dramatic and vocal powers. *Pierotto* is but a secondary character, and from what we have seen and heard of Mlle. Ida Bertrand, we are inclined to think she has metal enough to render her conspicuous in a first part. Mr. Lumley has made another good addition to his vocal corps in the new contralto.

A word for the vocal excellence of Coletti's Antonio, and a general verdict of eulogy for the completeness with which the opera was played under Mr. Balfe's able direction, must conclude our notice of Saturday evening's performances. There was no novelty in the ballet.

On Tuesday the *Linda* was repeated.

On Thursday there was an extra night. The opera was *Sonnambula*. Mlle. Sontag's *Agina* was as prepossessing as ever, and Mr. Sims Reeves came out with all his strength in *Elvino*. Belletti's *Rodolpho* was vocally excellent. The opera went off with the greatest enthusiasm. A scene from *Guillaume Tell*, in which the grand duet and trio occur, was

given later in the evening. Baucarde, who was assisted by Coletti and Lablache, made a still further impression on the audience.

The grand event of the evening was M. Paul Taglioni's new *pas de trois*, entitled *Les Grâces*, composed expressly for Carlotta Grisi, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni. Of this splendid display of terpsichorean gifts, we shall reserve our own account till next week, contenting ourself at present with quoting the opinions of some of our cotemporaries. The *Morning Chronicle* says:—

"After the opera came a new divertissement, constructed to afford an opportunity for combining in one group the choreographic talents of Carlotta Grisi, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni. This little ballet is entitled *Les Grâces*, and it is another and a triumphant evidence of the poetical feeling (the term is not too strong for the instance) of M. Paul Taglioni as an inventor in this style of performance. A series of very beautiful and original groupings by the *corps de ballet* introduces and accompanies the grand *pas*, or rather succession of dances, by the three chief artists. Scope is given for the peculiar and distinctive excellencies of each; of Carlotta Grisi in her inimitable grace and vivacity of movement, her elegance, buoyance, and versatility—more than all these, of that piquancy and humour which *flings* such a charm over every *pose* and motion, inspired as they are by the true poetry of her art—of Marie Taglioni's daring energy—and of the wondrous precision and *aplomb* of Ferraris. Each of these accomplished dancers introduced some new invention, some new phrase in the expressive language of her art, and it was only with difficulty that the audience could be restrained from encoring the different *pas*, as they followed each other in a rapid succession of brilliant and exciting excellence. This new dance rivals the celebrated "*Pas des Quatros*," and will equal it in attraction.

The *Morning Post* is equally favourable, though more laconic:—

A new grand *pas de trois*, entitled *Les Grâces*, was introduced, and afforded Mdlles. Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris the opportunity of uniting their several and surpassing excellences into an *ensemble* of perfection rarely equalled and never surpassed. The design of this *dance* is exquisitely classical, and reflects infinite credit both on the invention and the taste of M. Paul Taglioni, the accomplished composer. In all matters of this kind, however, the execution is the charm, and never were the *Grâces* themselves more graciously presented. The beautiful creation of ancient mythology was realized to admiration in every movement of the *four artistes*. Each seemed to vie with her sister *Grace* in the ease and brilliancy of her achievements. It is impossible to say which was most bewitching. The style of each is so different from that of the others that it is no paradox to affirm of every one, by herself, that she was unapproachable by existing competition.

The *Morning Herald* is also loud in eulogy of M. Taglioni's new *pas*, about which it writes thus quaintly:—

"After the opera a new *pas de trois* was introduced for the first time, executed by Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris. Mr. Lumley has always been of good diplomatic address as a vanquisher of Terpsichorean antipathies, and his adroitness in this way was made splendidly manifest in those memorable days of the ballet when Taglioni condescended to combine herself with a troop of younger danseuses, who honourably combatted their great mistress and won wreaths of flowers from idolatrous audiences. *Les Grâces*, the name of the present divertissement, is an incident of the same kind. Composed by M. Paul Taglioni, who has a lively genius for such inventions, it brings out the three artists who are now the stars of Mr. Lumley's company in certain pleasant passages of competition. The "*variations*" allotted to Amalia Ferraris were executed with a spirited *aplomb* that found admiration, though the exquisite grace and finish of Carlotta Grisi seemed to strike all the brighter in the warfare of rivalry. Carlotta

in fact, never danced better. Her second movement was matchless as a piece of twinkling quickness, being one of those demisemi-quaver *pas* in which Fanny Elssler was wont to inflame the house into ecstasies; while another, in which she struck a series of rapid attitudes, detailing a gallery of statuesque *poses*, was equally beautiful. The methodical Marie Taglioni was but an inferior "*Grace*" compared with the other two; but she went into the contest with some show of animation, and disported herself with a bravery that achieved applause. One of the "*variations*," in which the three danseuses performed simultaneously the same figures, was encored. The *pas* was quite successful, and no doubt it will continue to be a feature in the bills for some time to come. It contains, we should not omit to remark, some pretty incidental groupings; the emerald-green hue of the declivity in the back ground putting the forms of the white-muslined *corps de ballet* into a quaint and novel kind of relief.

We have not *The Times* at hand, but next week we shall quote that too, and, moreover, shall take up the cudgels for our favorite Marie Taglioni. There seems to be but one impression about *Les Grâces*, which leads to a hope that it may prove as popular, and do as much for the theatre, as the *Pas de Quatre* itself. Why not? The soul of the *Pas de Quatre*, CARLOTTA GRISI, is still with Mr. Lumley.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE *Donna del Lago* was repeated on Saturday. The performance surpassed by many degrees the previous Thursday's. Still it was hardly what it should have been at Covent Garden. But without Alboni the *Donna del Lago* could not be rendered to perfection. Enough, the directors did what they could with their means.

The third performance of the *Mosé*, on Tuesday, was decidedly the most splendid and complete of the three. The same enthusiasm was awakened throughout, and the same *furor* created at the end of the third act. To every one of the principals the highest praise must be extended, and the band and chorus were as irreproachable as ever. We never witnessed an auditory more excited from beginning to end of a performance. What apity it is that Rossini's glorious work should be wedded to so uninteresting a subject!

The revival of the *Huguenots*, on Thursday, brought the most crowded audience of the season. The cast has varied considerably from that of last year. Castellan resumed her original part of the Queen, in the room of Dorus Gras; De Meric supplied the place of Angri in the Page; and Formes filled up the part of Marcel, left vacant by the secession of Marini.

Of Madame Castellan's Marguerite de Valois it is sufficient to say that it is an agreeable change from the Marguerite of last season. Of De Meric's Urbano it is sufficient to say that it was admirably acted and cleverly sung. Of Formes' Marcel it is not sufficient to say a few words.

The Marcel of Formes is a remarkable performance, both in a lyric and dramatic point of view. His conception of the character is bold and striking; his acting graphic and energetic; and his singing powerful and impressive. However much we liked Marini in the part of the old Puritan, without the least hesitation we must award the palm of superiority to Formes. As in his Caspar, the German basso takes an entirely original view of Marcel. Like all great artists, he has studied his author intently and intensely, and studied to render in vivid colours his own conception. He has left nothing to chance. Every note, every attitude, every motion has its aim. The desire to surpass, or, perhaps, the wish to vivify his own impressions, has carried Formes into certain

exaggerations both in his acting and singing. We see no necessity for making Marcel so old as Formes does. A shaky old man on the stage is not a very agreeable picture; nor do we think the senility of Marcel, as represented by the artist on Thursday, would be subscribed to by Scribe or Meyerbeer. The only fault we have to find with Formes' singing is an occasional drawing of the notes, and an endeavour to make too many points. With these exceptions, his performance was extremely grand and powerful, and produced an immense impression. He was encored with great acclamations in the "Piff, paff" song, which was given with extraordinary fire and energy. The last scene of Formes' Marcel was as great as that of his Caspar. We have seldom witnessed any acting more imbued with earnestness and reality. We have much more to say of this fine performance, but are driven away from our desire at present by stern necessity.

One word must suffice for Grisi and Mario—both were transcendent as ever, and the same enthusiasm as before was created in the grand duet in the third act.

The whole performance was one of astonishing brilliancy.

*Zora* will be repeated to night.

*Guillaume Tell* is in rehearsal. We must warn the directors against producing this work in the inefficient manner in which it was given before. If they bring it out in its integrity, as far as that may be accomplished, they may depend on a great success—otherwise, it will fail as before.

#### GRISI AND MARIO.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

Grisi's personation of Elena, in the *Donna del Lago* is well known, and to praise her is now superfluous. When it is said that her singing was as brilliant, as facile, and as exquisite as ever, every idea of sympathy, grace, and excellence will be suggested. We have no words to express in appropriate terms the pleasure that every one felt in listening to the incomparable skill of this incomparable vocalist. Her ability is transcendent, and neither the advances of time, nor the vicissitudes of climate, seem to impair it. We believe she will never grow old, but should she—evil will be the day for the lyric drama. Mario, like Grisi, ripens in excellence, rather than the reverse. His embodiment of the King is the quintessence of manly and chivalric elegance. He sang superbly in the romance; in the second act, he was encored; and nothing indeed could be more beautiful. Such impassioned love complaints as these are irresistible.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

SIGNOR MARIO was in fine voice throughout the evening, and gave us a version of Raoul, which we shall not easily forget. We never before saw the character so naturally delineated. There was nothing overstrained, no effect-seeking, no misplaced melo-dramatic heroism, such as we have seen practised by popular French tenors performing the same part; but all was easy, gentlemanlike, and civilised, until the grand moments for the display of passion and energy arrived, when Signor Mario rose at once with his subject, and nobly met, both mentally and physically, the exigencies of the dramatic action. His delivery of the passage in the septuor in the second act, on the words, "Per tutti il cielo ciascun per se," was one of the grandest bursts of physical power and artistic feeling we ever listened to. It was rapturously encored. In the grand scene of the third act he was also very great. His delivery of several passages of the duet, amongst which we cite the exclamation, "Tu m'ami!" after Valentina declares her love

for Raul, "Venga or la morte, a me dolce sarà il morir;" and the concluding benediction upon his beloved, before rushing to the fight, was worthy of the greatest artist that ever adorned the stage.

Upon Madame Grisi's impersonation of Valentina, did but time and space permit, we could write until our "eyelids could no longer wag;" but as it is, we can but touch lightly upon its manifold beauties. Her performance throughout was so sublime, that, were we to enumerate all its excellences, our criticism would be converted into one long panegyric upon her genius. Her tones, while uttering the words, "Salva Raoul, per me non temo," and those in the duet, "Resta io t'amo!" besides many other wonderful and thrilling things, are still ringing in our ears, and convincing us how inadequate are mere words to convey an idea of the effect they produced. Valentina is one of Madame Grisi's greatest performances, and should be witnessed by all who appreciate the loftiest order of artistic genius.

#### ERNST IN DUBLIN.

(From the *Freeman's Journal*.)

We have ever regarded this society in unison (to use a concert phrase) with its "Antient" compeer, as the representative of the musical taste and genius of our city. We have had frequent and delightful opportunities of forming an opinion as to its merits as a musical society, and it has been our pride frequently before now to offer the tribute of admiration to its taste and discrimination in the selection of its musical entertainments, as presenting much that was new and attractive, and to congratulate our musical public on possessing a musical society numbering amongst its performing members many proficient in vocal and instrumental art, yet so unselfish and devoted to carrying out the one happy principle of giving and receiving mutual delight in the triumph of musical genius, as to be ever ready to appropriate and present every musical attraction of the day which by possibility can be made available at each concert meeting of the society. The truth of these remarks will, we feel assured, be sustained by the patrons and visitors who attended in crowds at last evening's concert.

We have but one objection to make, one disagreeable contingency to speak of, and we would wish to get rid of it at once. The performance was unreasonably protracted—it was past twelve o'clock before the concert was ended. The programme was, perhaps, somewhat lengthy, and the *encores*, of course, occupied time, but the main cause of all the inconvenience—the loss of the last Kingstown train by numerous families, the disarrangement of a thousand private and family *agremens*, all arose from the lateness of the hour at which the concert commenced, and this was of course, inevitable, as it would be, out of all question, a case of "*late vice majeste*" to open the concert, *manque* the presence of the viceregal president of the society.

The concert opened with Beethoven's celebrated Pastoral Symphony, which was given with beautiful effect by the orchestral band, led by our gifted townsman, Mr. Levey. Nothing could be finer or in more perfect accord than the instrumentation of the several performers in this glorious rendering of imaginative idea through harmonic media, the opening allegro passage breathing in every bar and cadence of rural delights, the flutes babbled of green fields, the piccolos, clarionets, and oboes simulated the songs of the birds, and the bass instruments seemed to echo the roar of cascades, and the rushing of the summer breeze through the woods with all their

leaves. Again, the sweet movement in *andante molto*, told on the ear like the warbling of the mountain rivulet over its pebbly bed; and then the sweet motive interpreting the village dance of the peasants, led the imagination captive by its portraiture of innocence and happiness. Then the storm, with its terrors, rendered by magnificent instrumentation; and, finally, the shepherd's song, in six-eighth time, came, as it were, like a burst of sunshine, lively, graceful, and beautiful; the very echoes of the valley simulated by violin and violoncello; all concluding with an instrumental accord, which told with thrilling effect. The lions of the evening were (we give the lady the *pas*), Mdlle. Charton, the *prima donna Française*; Mrs. Joseph Robinson, the highly-gifted pianist; and Herr Ernst, *Le Diable de Violin*, as somebody called him. After the overture, the first vocal piece was sung by Mdlle. Charton. It was the *romanza* which we have noticed as sung by the fair Donna in the opera of *Le Domino Noir*. On her appearance the fair contralto was welcomed by a burst of cordial and admiring plaudits. Her voice told, perhaps, with better effect in a building comparatively circumscribed, more compact, and constructed with a view to vocal effect. At all events, she seemed imbued with greater power of voice, whilst her tones retained all their magic sweetness. She was rapturously encored, and in the repetition of the latter part of the air, she achieved a brilliant cadenza, varied by a succession of exquisite intonations that evinced not only power of voice, but also wondrous command over its thrilling inflections. It need not be said that she was rapturously applauded. Next came "Il desiderata," the idol of the violin worship, Herr Ernst. His reception was flattering in the highest degree. His performance was a concerto from a theme by Mendelssohn, in three movements—the first slow and divinely beautiful in its melody, the second in an allegro which the gifted artiste diversified with ornate and wondrous harmonic effects, but in the concluding *arpeggio*, nothing could equal the decisive brilliancy of his touch, or (could we use the word) the "ex-cruciating" series of harmonic effect which flowed from his "familiar" instrument beneath his almost magic instrumentation. The audience were positively wrapped in listening delight to the conclusion, when applause, such as true genius merits, broke forth in repeated peals. An encore was called for, but the artiste who had only arrived after a very fatiguing journey, bowed his demurrer.

The next piece was a recitative and aria from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. This was sung by Mr. Joseph Robinson in a style which, without anything at all like partial pride in our native vocalists, may be called magnificent. His version of the air, "O ruddier than the cherry," was remarkable for power, depth, and sweetness of inflection; and no one present could believe that we have not a vocalist of his class with whom Staudigl may compete, but no more. Mr. Robinson was warmly and deservedly applauded! After this, the next performance was a grand concerto on the pianoforte, by Mrs. Joseph Robinson. The piece was one of Mendelssohn's finest compositions. The fair and young performer, on her appearance, was greeted with repeated rounds of welcome. It was the debut of this highly gifted artiste, Mrs. Robinson; but our musical public, so devoted to the refinements of harmonic art, could not forget the sensation created by the performance of this peerless pianist on her first appearance last season. She then succeeded in arresting the absorbed attention, and creating the delight of our patrons of music, by the magic delicacy of finger, and wondrous power and brilliancy of execution, that characterized her pianism. It was, therefore, no wonder that her appearance, last evening was hailed

with delight; and assuredly by her playing she justified every previous impression in her favour. Her performance was brilliant in the extreme, and the repeated and enthusiastic plaudits of the entire audience evinced their appreciation of her genius.

In the second part, Mdlle. Charton sang the well-known gem, "Di piacer," from Rossini's opera of *La Gazza Ladra*. The fair artiste rendered the words from the French version. No *morceau* of music could be more happily suited to the florid brilliancy and charmingly flexible melody of the fair artiste's delicate soprano voice than this bit of opera. She seemed to know her power of rendering it in all its beauty. She aimed at no high effects requiring sustained effort, but with true artistic skill revelled in the harmonic notes within the compass of her truly sweet voice, and succeeded, *a merveille*, in rendering this sweet aria with superb effect.

Mrs. Joseph Robinson again appeared, and was received with repeated demonstrations of applause. She performed a long, and trying, and most beautiful fantasia on the pianoforte, with sustained spirit and effect. It was a masterpiece of Thalberg's complicated musical idealisms, founded on passages in the *Don Giovanni*. Her playing was marked by the same consummate taste, delicacy of touch, and brilliancy of execution that now seem to distinguish her as the only lady professor of the pianoforte, worthy to succeed the regretted Madame Dulcken, whose *manners* and style of instrumentation is forcibly brought to memory by this young artiste's magnificent control over this noble instrument.

The next piece was a recitative and aria of glorious Spohr, from his opera of *Faust*. Nothing could be more splendid than the resonance and power thrown into the recitative of this aria by Mr. Joseph Robinson. Nor could anything be more exquisite than the fluent melody of his tones in the *larghetto* passages. He was most enthusiastically applauded. Herr Ernst appeared again to the delight of all, and performed a splendid fantasia on a theme from the airs in Bellini's opera of *Il Pirata*. He was, of course, rapturously encored, and in concluding another performance, the gifted artist selected the air, "Il Biondin," from the *Carnival de Venise*, and delighted every one with his exquisite variations and magnificent effects. Mdlle. Charton concluded by the aria, "Rossignol" with a splendid flute accompaniment by M. Demeur.

A fine overture, from Reissiger, finished the concert, which we must consider the most brilliant of the season.

[We cite this as a fair specimen of Dublin enthusiasm, which, like Dublin stout, is generally three parts froth. Amidst its strange jumble of words, its *melée* of celebrities and obscurities, in one common confusion, there is nevertheless the evidence of hearty enjoyment, if not of loud appreciation.—Ed. M. W.]

#### APHORISMS.

(Continued from last Year.)

The vulgar sweetness of revenge is not to be compared with that exquisite flavour of satisfaction afforded by the legitimate reclamation of a wrong, which, while it assuages the individual, violates the established laws of a whole community. The savage who dissects a scalp for scalp, or conflagrates a wig for wig, enjoys not half so palatable a triumph as that which lights up the countenance, and purges the bosom of conscious rectitude, on the heart of him who hauls up an extortionate cubman to Bow Street on purely public grounds. There is a complexity in the pleasing emotions that he experiences in accomplishing this act, which, like the



diversified savour of the pine-apple, is the result of cultivation purely artificial. He has in his person fulfilled the conditions of existence of a merely abstract entity, while at the same time the impulses of his concrete nature have been indirectly assuaged. He has stood between nature and civil polity, and has joined their hands, like the uncle in the play; or—to use a more genuine and dignified metaphor—like Gog and Magog, he has had his head in the clouds, while his feet were firmly planted on *terra firma*.

MONEY is the sinews of war, railways the arteries of trade, and electric telegraphs the nerves of civilisation.

The same power, whose only activity was destruction, and whose only voice an inarticulate terror, has now become the discreet and whispering messenger of men's thoughts, the bond of unity, and the pledge of universal peace.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ANNA THILLON.

MONTEFELTRO.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The theatre, during the past week, has been crowded every night there has been a representation, to hear that charming vocalist, Anna Thillon. I more than enter into the rhapsodies of your Toulouse correspondent, and still more warmly appreciate the genius of this queen of opera comique. She looked as well, and sang better than I ever heard her; the sunny south, no doubt, giving additional power to the tones of her melodious voice. Her last representation was on Sunday, when the *Fille du Regiment* was given for the second time. To compare Madame Thillon with Jenny Lind would be a bad compliment in this part, because, as a comic actress, she is so much superior; and, if I mistake not, the *Fille au Regiment* was written expressly for her; however, I can say with truth that never was Lind more enthusiastically cheered or showered with bouquets than was Anna Thillon on this occasion. Mons. Hardou, who played Sulpice, had enough to do to collect and present them to her. The *Itatplan* was encored with a *furor* only known in the theatres of the Midi. The director could not persuade Madame Thillon to extend her engagement, as she is travelling more for pleasure than professionally; and I regret to add that it is the intention of this popular artiste to purchase a property in the neighbourhood of Mir, where she may at will retire and enjoy the pleasures of that luxurious climate. From this I fear an unwillingness to visit old England again, which will be a loss we cannot easily replace. Let us hope, however, although the Princess's is going into other hands, that, on the off nights, Mr. Maddox may give us a really efficient *opera-comique troupe*, with a good orchestra and Thillon at their head. T. E. R.

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

THE version of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, which was produced with such success at Covent Garden, some years ago, was very judiciously performed on Tuesday night, on the occasion of Miss Vandenhoff's benefit, for the character of the Greek heroine is unquestionably the one in which her talents are displayed to the best advantage, while Creon is an excellent character for Mr. Vandenhoff. The music was sung by the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. At the conclusion, Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff were both called with enthusiasm.

PRINCESS'S.

SIGNOR SCHIRA took his revenge on Friday night last week for the partial success of his *Missa* by another three-act opera,

called *The Orphan of Geneva*, which, if less ambitious in style, is far more genial in spirit. The story of *Therese*, originally of French extraction, is well known. It was for a long time in possession of the English stage as a melodrama of stirring interest; and we coincide with the author of the *libretto*, who cites the *Mountain Sylph*, the *Night Dancers*, *Maritana*, and *Charles II.* (among English compositions) as convincing proofs of the wisdom of adopting familiar stories for the foundation of operatic works. He might, with as much reason, have adduced the *Sonnambula*, the *Gazza Ladra*, *Barbieri*, and a host of Italian operas, as foreign illustrations of his argument. It is enough to remind our readers that *Therese* is a young girl, the supposed foster-child, but really the child, of a noble lady in Geneva; that through the machinations of a rascally advocate, who wished to obtain possession of her wealth and person, she is presumed to have forged the will which bequeathed her all the property of her mother; that subsequently, through the villainy of the same individual, she is arraigned for an attempt to murder her benefactress, the mother of the man who loves her; that, as in the course of semi-serious melodramas, her character and innocence are ultimately cleared up and established; and that all ends happily to the satisfaction of everybody except the rascally advocate, the *hôte noir* of the drama, who encounters the just punishment of his misdeeds. The story has been cleverly adapted for musical purposes by Mr. C. Jefferys, the words of the songs and the verse in general being so much better than the generality of such things, as to have rendered the apology advanced in the preface to the printed book, and the appeal to the mercy of periodical criticism equally superfluous.

Signor Schira's music is of so very light a character throughout, that elaborate criticism would be out of place. From the overture to the final *romance* it is entirely of that *ad captandum* character, which aims simply at pleasing the many without soliciting the approbation of "the few." There is not even an attempt at embodying the *caulver locale*, which, in pieces laid in Switzerland, is so tempting and so easy of attainment to a musician of fancy; but to make amends, Signor Schira has produced some exceedingly graceful songs, one or two pretty ballads, and several sparkling choruses, the most striking of which may be specialized in noticing the performance.

The part of *Therese*, the heroine, was sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, who has added another to her list of successes. To this lady are allotted some of the most agreeable songs in the opera. Her first air, "A poor unfriended outcast," is a ballad of touching and plaintive character, which, through its own merits and the pleasing manner in which it was sung, won and deserved a unanimous encore. Still better was the duet with Count de Morville (Mr. Allen), "I'll not believe that guile can dwell," a thoroughly sentimental effusion. Best of all, however, in a musical point of view, was the recitative and air, "My young days are overshadowed." The recitative cannot fail to remind the hearer of a passage in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*; but the air is in the highest degree vocal and melodious, without once violating the ballad-like simplicity which is its principal charm. Miss Pyne sang it in her most winning manner, and was honoured by an encore, which was the genuine expression of the feelings of the audience. A *ronde finale* in the *bravura* style, a lively tune, embellished by brilliant passages of triplets, gave Miss Pyne an opportunity of exemplifying her command of florid vocalisation, and brought down the curtain with an enthusiastic encore. Miss Pyne has not yet acquired that warmth and energy, of the want of which we have complained on more than one occasion; nevertheless, her singing, while by no means de-

ficient in feeling, was always intelligent and prepossessing. The Count de Morville, Thérèse's lover, was represented by Mr. Allen, who sang the music allotted to him with graceful expression and artistic finish. He obtained encores for two airs, which are among the gems of the opera. The first, a sort of ballad with quartet accompaniment, "Ah, what joy to hear!" is elegant and spirited; the second, a pathetic ballad, "Unhappy maid, her reason wanders," illustrates very truthfully the situation in which it occurs, and may be praised as much for its melodic attractions as for the tasteful manner in which it is accompanied. This was Mr. Allen's best vocal effort during the evening, and is likely, we think, to become the most popular song in the opera. Mr. Weiss has a very disagreeable part in Carwin, the unprincipled cause of all the misfortunes of Thérèse; but Signor Schira has contrived to make the best of his fine bass voice in the concerted music, and has also given him a song, "She shall be mine," which, although singularly out of keeping with the sentiment of the words, has some points of decided originality. The small part of the Countess de Morville was elevated to an agreeable prominence by the clever acting of Miss Villars, who looked well, was dressed well, and never lost sight of the business of the scene. Miss Villars had but little to sing, but what fell to her lot was executed with a musician-like correctness which was of eminent value in the *morceaux d'ensemble*. The subordinate characters were respectably filled by Messrs. Corri, Latter, and Wynn. The last-named gentleman refrained on this occasion from making a caricature of his part, which was an improvement on some of his recent impersonations. Mr. Wynn is by no means devoid of talent as an actor, but he is at times so eager for display that he becomes almost obtrusive. On his singing we cannot compliment him, although the gallery encored him in a *buffo* song, "She was once so demure,"—a compliment, we are inclined to think, solely due to the music, which is characteristic and original.

Signor Schira presided in the orchestra, and laboured zealously to make the best of the materials at his disposal. Some of the choruses are very lively, and produced a marked effect; among the most noticeable may be mentioned a glée (not a "round," as it is styled in the books), "The flocks are in the fold," without accompaniments, which possesses some unquestionable features of originality, and has a good chance of becoming popular. The overture, a sort of *pot pourri*, was played very noisily and encored very noisily, but after two attentive hearings we could find nothing in it that called for special notice. Signor Schira has a good notion of instrumentation, but is too prodigal in his use of the louder instruments—an expedient which invariably fails to conceal the want of ideas.

At the fall of the curtain the principal performers were recalled upon the stage, and the same honour was afterwards paid to Signor Schira, who appeared before the curtain and was loudly cheered. The opera was entirely successful.

#### SADLER'S WELLS.

On the occasion of Mr. George Bennett's benefit, his daughter, Miss Jane Bennett, played the character of Alice, in his excellent drama, *Retribution*. The young lady had previously acted in some of the private performances at Miss Kelly's Theatre, but this was her first appearance in public. To the difficulties naturally belonging to a *début*, were added the disadvantages of sustaining a character which had been familiarized to her audience, illustrated with all the tragic in-

tensity of Miss Glyn. However, she passed through her probation very successfully. She is very young, and gives instances of a careful training, while here and there were touches of pathos which promise well for her future career.

The revival of Sheridan Knowles's play of *William Tell*, on Wednesday, was attended with the usual success of the novelties at this theatre. This play is not, on the whole, one of the most highly dramatic of the author's productions; but it has three or four powerful situations. Among them is the scene in which Tell is informed by Melctal of the outrage committed on him—that in which the hero is confronted with his son, before Gesler, with the view to discover their relationship,—and finally, the famous scene of the shooting at the apple. The feature of the evening was, of course, Mr. Phelps's performance of the hero, which is undoubtedly one of his very best efforts. The character of the stern Freeman of the Mountains is finely mingled of the epic and dramatic, and both phases were given with consummate skill and effect. The scene with Melctal elicited a call at the end of the act. No one better understands the effect of contrast in the expression of deep passion than Mr. Phelps. Thus, for example, after Melctal's disclosure, while Tell is meditating the insurrection, and bidding his son cross the mountains with the gage of rebellion—the dagger, nothing could be happier, or more true to nature than his sudden starts of parental anxiety, as he examined his boy's accoutrements, and in a tone of household familiarity bid him tie his sandal, and draw his belt closer round him. Miss J. Marston, a handsome miniature of her father, played Albert, with so much cleverness and promise as to obtain a well-deserved call at the end of the play, which, aided by the new and beautiful mountain scenery, went off with even unusual spirit.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The engagement of Mdlle. Denain and Mr. Samson, has been productive of one great result, inasmuch as it has afforded us the gratification of enjoying the best comedies, both of the modern and ancient repertoire. Many persons have been accustomed to judge of the French stage by the fantastic immoralities of the Porte St. Martin, or the light, airy, although witty productions of the minor theatres of the Vaudeville and Palais Royal; forgetting that there existed another and higher source of pleasure, situated in the Rue de Richelieu, where the stage is elevated to the dignity of a school of morality, whose professors are selected from the most eminent adepts in the histrionic art. Pure comedy is now the order of the day at the St. James's, and we opine that a more steady adherence to the better class of authors, will be productive of a really beneficial influence on the taste of the English public. We, therefore, strongly object to the waste of time and patience necessary to sit through such a piece as Marivaux's *Le jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*. Admitting a certain neatness of construction, and the art displayed in the grouping of the characters, we have to wade through three acts of heavy, witless, tedious dialogue, with few or no incidents to enliven the monotony. We are ready to admit, that the old story of the double exchange of characters was not so very old at the time of its first production, but this does not furnish a pretence for its retention on the stage, to the exclusion of much better and more original productions. Of the acting we can speak in terms of high praise. Mdlle. Denain made an admirable Sylvia, and displayed a great amount of tact, delicacy, and feminine tenderness; she never, for a moment, lost sight of her part; she fretted through the ordeal imposed by herself with wonderful perseverance,

and was positive perfection in the scene where she forces her Dorante to offer her marriage, even before he is aware of her real rank and station. M. Samson was delicious as the valet personifying his master, and went far towards conquering our prejudices against the piece. But those who would see M. Samson to perfection, must study him in some of his own pieces; his Menard, in *Un Veuve*, where he plays the part of a widower, bent on enjoying his independence, and hunted to death by the persecutions of mothers, friends, and maids, is an admirable conception, full of delicate touches and traits of originality. This impersonation of the retired comedian, Raymond Poisson, is another of his great parts which will handsomely repay a visit to the theatre. The severity of the old man, who has weaned his thoughts from the vain enjoyments of this world, but whose *amour propre* is not proof against flattery when properly administered; his dormant love for his art, his self-complacency, his confusion on his being discovered giving his grandson a lesson in the art of drunkenness, his vindications of the dignity of the profession of an author, his sly allusions to the works of Molière, formed a most complete and finished picture to all such as prefer truth and nature to rant and caricature. The part of Marianne was cleverly rendered by Mlle. Brasseur, and that of Arnould, by M. Fétard.

*La Belle Mère et le Gendre*, is another of M. Samson's pieces, and is known in English, under the title of *My Wife's Mother*, played, for the first time in England, some sixteen years ago, when Mr. Farrer undertook the part now played by M. Samson. This piece is too well known, as one of the best farces ever produced on the English stage, to require any further details; we may, however, remark that the English adapter has taken a few liberties with the part of the uncle, Duchemain—in English, Fizzle—which destroy his identity in a great measure. In French, however, the piece is a comedy in verse; in English, it is a farce, and this may excuse the alterations in some measure. It was well played by Mlles. Denain and Juina, and Messrs. Samson, Lugnet, and Simmonet.

On Wednesday last, the finest play in the French language, the *Misanthrope*, was produced; Mlle. Denain taking the part of Célimène, and M. Samson, that of Alceste. We have rarely seen so careful a study as that of these two excellent actors. Mlle. Denain evinced capabilities of the highest order; the great scandal scene, in the second act, was given with admirable finesse and tact, and her general rendering of the part reconciled us, in a measure, to the perverseness of her nature. We must also mention in terms of high praise, her *scène à elle* with Arsinoë, which was the perfection of murderous, womanly satire. M. Samson's Alceste was a highly-finished and elaborate picture, and forcibly reminded us of what perseverance and careful study can do when united to no more than an average amount of natural talent.

On Wednesday last, Scribe's comedy of "*La Camaraderie*," produced in Paris in 1837, was played for the first time before a London audience. On previously reading the play, we were inclined to the opinion that there was a want of incident and movement, in short a sameness pervading the whole structure which would preclude anything like an enthusiastic reception; but we were decidedly mistaken, or rather we had reckoned without the superior tact of the great adept in theatrical combinations, whose best pieces are scarcely readable in the closet, yet obtain the most triumphant success on the boards. A more admirable representation we never witnessed than that of Wednesday. The play never flagged for a moment; scene after scene was enacted with excellent *ensemble*, point,

succeeded point; bustle, confusion, excitement, intrigue, wit, brilliant repartee, and sly sarcasm—all the elements of dramatic excellence, seemed to be convoked, and presented us with the most perfect picture we ever witnessed. If we add that four Parisian stars were convoked to impersonate the principal characters, some idea will be formed of the excellence of the performance.

The moral of the piece is directed against the *clique* system. We find a certain number of persons, artists, poets, physicians, lawyers, united in one common bond, the object of which is to advance their own interest, and cry down that of all other candidates. The chiefs of this *clique* are a Dr. Bernardet (M. Regnier) and Césarine (Mlle. Denain), a *ci-devant* governess, and now the wife of a peer of France, the Comte de Miremont (M. Samson), who has fallen into a state of uxorious imbecility. A vacancy occurs in the representation of St. Denis, and the *clique* have adopted Oscar Rigaut (M. Fétard), a cousin of Césarine's, as their candidate, in opposition to the claims of Edmond de Varennes (M. Lugnet), a young lawyer, in love with the peer's daughter by a former marriage. But a new element is now introduced into the plot through the agency of Zoé (Mlle. Nathalie), who is kindly disposed towards the young lawyer, and is a mortal enemy of Césarine's. She spoils the game of the associates by insinuating that Edmond de Varennes loves and always has loved Césarine, who from the first had conceived for him an affection which time has not effaced. Césarine immediately changes her batteries, and through her influence with the Minister, secures the election of her supposed admirer, and only discovers her mistake when too late. This is but a slight sketch of the groundwork of the plot, which is supported by several minor underplots, which enliven the piece and bear us triumphantly to the conclusion.

The acting was perfect in every respect. Mlle. Denain presented a perfect picture of the intriguing politician in petticoats, convinced of the infallibility of her own tact; her surprise at being beaten by a mere *débutante* in the art was well portrayed. The part of Zoé, the apparently naïve friend, was given with point and archness, by Mlle. Nathalie. This young lady, already known to the English public, has wonderfully improved since her association with the *Theatre Français*, and is now as elegant and fascinating an actress as she is a beautiful woman. Her costume was perfection. M. Samson was admirable as the consequential, profound statesman, verging on apathy; his self-importance and conviction of his authority over his wife, formed a profound study of character. The mainspring of the piece is, however, Dr. Bernardet, and M. Regnier played the part with admirable *à propos*. He seemed perfectly at home in the character, to which nothing was wanting to make it a masterpiece of truth and nature. Polished, conciliating, supple, oily, smooth-tongued, he seemed the very incarnation of intrigue. The piece was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the actors were called twice before the curtain. During the evening the National Anthem was sung by Miss Messent and M. Drayton, on account of Her Majesty's recent confinement.

J. DE C—.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

It is worth a visit to Exeter Hall to hear the overture and incidental music of Beethoven to Goethe's tragedy of *Egmont*, which was performed on Wednesday at the ninth concert of the spring series. To find continual novelty for a series of thirty concerts, of such a miscellaneous kind, is no easy matter;

but the director does his best, and merits the patronage he receives from the public. The *Ligments* ranks high among the very few examples of dramatic music which Beethoven has left. The overture is well known as one of the sublimest compositions of the master, but the rest of the music is almost new to this country. It comprises two songs for a soprano voice, and several instrumental pieces descriptive of certain passages in the tragedy. The two songs belong to Clare, the betrothed of Egmont; the first, illustrating the young maiden's aspirations when her lover is gone to the wars, is a composition of peculiar wildness and beauty. The second, which describes Clare's feelings previous to her last interview with Egmont, is in a half-joyful, half-melancholy strain, that captivates and enchains the attention by its intense earnestness. The instrumental pieces, consisting of a brilliant war march, and a number of movements of different characters, which give musical expression to the most prominent situations of the drama, are all highly dramatic, and some exquisitely beautiful. In order to facilitate the public performance of the music of Beethoven, independent of the theatre, Dr. Moisegeil wrote a poem which embodied the most important characters and points of tragedy of *Egmont*, with pauses and directions for the music to come in. It is a very loose translation of this poem which Mr. Stammers recites at Exeter Hall, between the intervals of the music, the instrumental portions of which were exceedingly well performed by the band, under the direction of Herr Anschütz, while the two songs of Clare are sung with a great deal of energy and enthusiasm by Madame Zimmerman.

Herr Drayschock, the pianist, has also been engaged at the Wednesday Concerts, and made his second appearance on Wednesday. This gentleman has very few rivals in his peculiar style—that of the modern *bravura*. The difficulties he performs are astonishing. His left hand has extraordinary strength and agility, while his octave playing, for force and rapidity, is almost unparalleled. Herr Drayschock introduced some pieces of his own composition, calculated to display his remarkable powers of execution to great advantage. Some variations on the National Anthem, for the left hand alone, in which he accomplished quite as much as the majority of pianists could achieve with both hands, created an immense sensation, and were enthusiastically encored. In response to this compliment, Herr Drayschock played a capriccio, terminating with a passage of octaves for both hands, which, had we not heard, we should have considered impossible. He is certainly a prodigy in his way, for those who are interested in the progress of executive mechanism, his performances cannot fail to possess the highest interest.

In the vocal department, Miss M. Braham was encored in "Where the bee sucks;" Mrs. A. Newton, in "O luce di quest'anima," and Flori Stigelli rapturously in Wallace's "There is a flower that bloometh." Herr Stigelli has a tenor voice of great sweetness and expression; he is, moreover, an excellent artist. He sang the "Sleep song," from *Alvarado* in the first part, and narrowly escaped an encore. He created an evident sensation on Wednesday night.

The other vocal performers demand no particular mention. Mr. Stammers delivered the poetry attached to Beethoven's music, with marked emphasis and good propriety.

The rest of the programme was of the usual kind, the only novelty being the first appearance of Signor Ballini, a new singer, who, in one of Verdi's airs, displayed a deep barytone voice of good quality, accompanied by any particular refinement of style. At the next concert, Mademoiselle Angri, the well-known contralto, who is engaged for several performances, is announced to appear.

### MR. ALEXANDER BILLET'S CONCERTS.

At the second, which took place on Friday week, the programme was as follows:—

#### PART I.

Grand Sonata, in A flat, Pianoforte, M. Billet	Spohr.
Duet, "Fairy King," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Mar. Farren.
Suite, in E minor, with Fugue ( <i>Suites de Pieces</i> ), Piano-forte, M. Billet	Handel.
Duet, "May," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Bosch.
Grand Sonata, in F minor, <i>L'Invocation</i> , Pianoforte, (by desire), M. Billet	Diabelli.

#### PART II.

Sonata, in E major, Pianoforte, (first time in public), M. Billet	Mendelssohn.
Two part Song, "Autumn Song," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Mendelssohn.
Sonata, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, Pianoforte, M. Billet	Beethoven
Conductor, Herr Ganz	

M. Billet was in splendid finger, and played this rich collection of almost unknown *chefs d'œuvre* in masterly style. The sonatas of Spohr and Mendelssohn, the former a late, the latter an early work of its composer, were equal treats in their way, although so opposite in manner. Handel's *suite*, with its most brilliant and difficult of fugues, and Beethoven's poetical sonata, were equally well interpreted. But the greatest treat of all was the *Invocation* of Diabelli, a feast of musical beauty. M. Billet, who understands it well, played it most admirably. M. Billet is a prophet in his way, and a lesson to the majority of pianists.

### THE LATE MRS. EDMUNDS.

FORMERLY MRS. MARY LAWRE, OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

(From a Correspondent)

Mrs. EDMUNDS was the daughter of the artist, Mr. John Crosse—an excellent musical amateur. She was born the 14th of December, 1803, at No. 13, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, London.

As early as her fourth year she shewed a singular taste for music, and as her parents went frequently to the opera, taking her with them, she would, the next day, sing over the melodies she had heard, as she played with her toys. These and other indications of musical talent, induced her parents to commence teaching her music—even before the usual course of reading, &c. and thus, ere she was seven years old, she played on the pianoforte the fifth concerto of Schroeter, accompanied by distinguished professors, G. Ware, James Taylor, &c. About this time G. Ware was engaged to give her and her sister Harriet, who had shown a similar talent, regular lessons in music. The sisters sang a duet of their master's composition, at a choral-fund concert, accompanied by the late Mr. Chetorix. After this, Mr. Robert Landrey introduced them in 1821 to Sir George Smart, to whom they were attached until they came of age, their parents superintending the exercises enjoined by their instructor.

This was a fortunate introduction, as Sir George Smart made it a standing rule that his pupils should be good readers of music, or, in other words, sight singers. The study of the works of Handel, Mozart, Pergolesi, &c. followed, and laid the foundation for future excellence. C. M. Von Weller, at that time residing with Sir George Smart, heard Mary Crosse sing the principal soprano part in Mozart's "Duetto Commedia," and was so much struck with the fine quality of her fresh ringing voice, and the extraordinary facility with

which she executed passages extending to F in alt., that he exclaimed, "Ah! if I had you in Saxony, I would make you the first singer in Europe." "The Minstrel of Romance" understood her talent. She had afterwards the great advantage of singing the scenes, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," "Softly sighs the voice of evening," &c., to the great *Maestro's* accompaniment, and he took every opportunity of testifying his appreciation of her merits. Engagements at concerts and musical parties succeeded, and in 1826 she made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in the opera of "The Castle of Sorrento," remodelled for the occasion by the composer, the late Mr. Atwood. Her success was decided, and she was engaged for five years, during which her services were also secured for the oratorios under the management of Sir George Smart, Sir Henry Bishop, and Mr. Hawes. During her connexion with Covent Garden, Mary Cawse supported principal singing parts in *Fra Diavolo*, *Azor and Zemira*, *Robert the Devil*, *Der Freischutz*, *John of Paris*, *Cinderella*, &c. In 1828-29 we find her at the English Opera, where she appeared in the *Swiss Family*, the *Vampire*, by Marschner, *Così fan tutti*, Mozart, &c. In 1832-33 she was secured by the late Capt. Pothill for Drury Lane Theatre, with Malibran, Templeton, H. Phillips, &c. Her last season in London was at the Haymarket Theatre, in the summer of 1833; and in the November following she left for Hull, where she had accepted an engagement with the late Mr. Downes, and appeared at the Theatre Royal with eminent success. Of the impression she made in Hull, the writer of this article can only speak from the report of others; but, during her engagement, the boxes of the theatre were taken by the first people of the place, and a most successful season for the manager was the result.

It was here that she first became acquainted with Mr. Edmunds, who was also engaged as principal tenor singer at the theatre. At the close of the season she married this gentleman; and after fulfilling her engagements at York, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, she finally, with her husband, retired from the stage.

For the last ten years she has resided in Edinburgh, where Mr. Edmunds and herself have met with distinguished success as teachers of the vocal art. At the beginning of this year she suffered from a severe attack of influenza, from the effects of which she had scarcely recovered, when she was seized with bronchitis; the disease had a fatal termination on the 14th of April. She died, leaving a husband and six children, three of them mere infants, to lament their sad bereavement.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

To your regular accepted correspondent here, for the kind feeling expressed towards us, we offer our mark of thanks, and beg to assure that gentleman we shall at all times most cheerfully reciprocate any little courtesies received at his hands; and have only to hope, that by our combined contributions, your readers may receive a full and faithful record of all the musical doings here.

We welcomed with much satisfaction the enormous mass of our clever workman, Mr. Glover, and we have no hesitation in reiterating our former opinion that the introduction of "Jerusalem" in the metropolis would abundantly repay the pains necessarily bestowed in preparing a new work. We provincials should also take it as an indication of an healthier feeling did we see more enterprise manifested in the "little village" towards encouraging our native original composers. Could not Mr. Surman or Mr.

Hullah engage this work? at least it is worth a thought. When we witness this desirable consummation, we may look forward to London "cheap trip excursions" proving remunerative. However, we must proceed. The "immortal land of Avon" was surely a prophet as well as poet; he has somewhat observed as follows:—"This will prove a brave kingdom to me when I shall have music for nothing." That we have arrived at this happy period will be readily conceded by every votary of the muse in this neighbourhood.

The "People's Concerts" have now extended over seven months, the spacious "Free Trade Hall" presenting, each Monday evening, some three to four thousand well-dressed auditors, who enjoy a couple of hours most rationally, listening to the works of standard glee writers, varied with oratorio. The artists engaged are the best we have among us, and all for the positive fee of 3d. and 6d. We must not omit to add that by those who regularly frequent these gatherings, the concerts are spoken of with the highest satisfaction. The great success must, however, in a great degree, be attributed to the indefatigable and unceasing exertions of the excellent conductor, M. D. W. Banks. As regards our own private opinion, we are not blind to the fact that the establishment and continuance of these concerts have, for a time at least, dealt a severe blow to music and musical artists generally here, and in this we are only echoing a very general opinion among the patrons and supporters of music. It is very painful to find high class concerts literally deserted. The magnetic names of Reeves, Hayes, Benedict, and a host of others have failed in "drawing." On Good Friday, we had a visit from Miss M. Williams, Miss Stewart, Messrs. Lookey and Whitworth, with the early parts of "St. Paul;" but to our disgrace—we confess it—there was a "beggary account of empty benches." A few days ago we had another "grand concert" puffed off, in which Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Whitnall, and others of our local artists took part, this met with a similar fate. By the bye, we ought to name that a Mr. Lawler was announced, from the Sacred Harmonic Society, London, but did not appear, or even deign to send an apology; this *faux pas* will do this gentleman no good in this quarter. Last evening we had "Bump on the Stage," and any person could easily count the heads of the auditors. We were delighted with the monologue entertainment of the ex-manager, who treats his subjects with admirable coolness and good humour. Latterly the good folks here seem quite satiated of amusements, the benefit season, even at the Theatre Royal, has been meagre. Certainly there has been no lack of resources to while away the fatiguing hours between eight and eleven p.m., scarcely an evening passing without some tempting bill of fare issuing from the classic precincts of Peter-street. In conclusion, we observe the series of the weekly concerts are drawing to a close, next Monday being the last. An extra night is, however, talked of, for the benefit of the conductor, Mr. Banks, who, most undoubtedly, deserves an overflowing house. We sincerely hope it may be realized. More anon.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I HAVE not time this week to send you my regular account of things musical and dramatic; but I enclose you instead an extract from the *Liverpool Courier*, in which you will find all that is needful.

Last evening we had pleasure in being present at the fourth subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society for the year, which was progressing very satisfactorily at the hour we had to leave, in order to go to press. The performances were to include a selection of Italian and English vocal music, three overtures, Beethoven's Septuor, and three choruses, which, so far as they were executed, we shall refer to; meanwhile, we should state that the vocalists were our old favourites, Miss Poole, Signor Nicholas Covas, the young tenor who appeared first in Liverpool at the opening of the Philharmonic Hall in a single song, and so on that occasion so many very superior and old established artists sang, the public had not an opportunity of fairly judging of his abilities. Last evening, however, he had much more scope, and so far as we heard



him, which was in an aria from *Belisario*, and a duet from *Lucia*, with Drayton, we regret to say we were not more pleased than when we heard him first. He lacks power much, and his execution, apparently very fair, is so little heard that it goes for nothing. He may be an agreeable chamber singer, but he is quite out of place in a room so large as the Philharmonic Hall.

The third soloist was Mr. Henri Drayton Dorissac, who sang in the first concert of this year, with Maras and Mdlle. Cherton, without the foreign termination to his name. We were not so much pleased with him in the duet with Miss Poole, but in the recitative and air of Labarre he appeared to great advantage. The slow movement pleased us exceedingly, and he threw a great deal of fire into the allegro. In the duet with Covas, he completely drowned him.

The principal executants in the "Septuor" were Mr. Thomas on the violin, Baetens the tenor, Waud double bass, Haddock violoncello, H. P. Sorge clarionet, Jarret horn, and Cary bassoon. The allegro went extremely well. The way in which the different instruments, but particularly the clarionet and horn took up the theme, was deserving of all praise. In the adagio cantabile, the horn, which has an extremely prominent passage, was most efficiently rendered by Mr. Jarrett. There was a slight unsteadiness in the trio, but not sufficient to mar the excellence of the performance. Mr. Thomas appeared to great advantage, as did the tenor, violoncello, and bassoon. The music was throughout most perfectly performed, each phrase being correctly and beautifully marked. Mr. Sorge has improved vastly since he left Liverpool: we hail his return to our band with pleasure; he is, undoubtedly, a first-rate clarionet player.

The choruses in this part were, "Now by day's retiring lamp," from Bishop's "Henri Quatre," which was rendered with a precision which this society has become so celebrated for, and hardly escaped an encore; and "Crown ye the altars," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," also went very well, as did the march which preceded it.

Miss Poole sang Balfe's "I'm a merry Zingara," which was encored. A duet from "Faust," with Drayton, went very well; and the old recitative and air from Gluck's "Orfeo," which, often as we have heard it by all sorts of singers, though losing none of its charms by frequent repetition, was as pleasing as ever, if not more so, in Miss Poole's hands. She was in very good voice. The band executed the overture to *Cenerentola* very well. Indeed, the precision with which the different wind instruments took up the various points was only equalled by the perfection of their tone and the purity of tone. The violins and other string instruments were in capital order, and Mr. Hermann conducted very well.

Mr. Bunn appears in Liverpool on the 13th instant, and gives his popular Shakespearean Monologue. The ex-lessee of Drury Lane will be heartily welcomed by the Liverpool folks.

The *Jewess* has been produced with extraordinary splendour at the Amphitheatre, upwards of two hundred supernumeraries being employed nightly. The dresses are costly and magnificent, and would almost rival those of the Italian Opera.

Musical people here talk of nothing but the *Mosé in Egitto* at Covent Garden. By all accounts it must be something wonderful. I shall certainly borrow a holiday from business and run up to town to see it.

#### MUSIC AT SHEFFIELD.

(From a Correspondent.)

The last of twelve grand promenade concerts, given by Mr. Saunders, took place on Monday evening, April 10, on which occasion, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the saloon was well filled, and the gallery densely crowded. Generally excellent as the previous concerts have been, we think the last surpassed them all, both in the quality and the performance of the music. The band exerted themselves with more than usual vigour. In the overture *Fra Diavolo* and *Gustavus*, in the "Olga" and "Rainbow" waltzes, in the "Post Horn Gallop," the "Caledonian" quadrilles, and in the two charming polkas, "The Third Dragon

Guards," and the "Storm," most original and startling effects were produced. Mr. Rungeling delighted all by his playing on the clarionet; and Trumpet Major Williams was very good on the horn. The band was ably led by M. Bell. Mr. J. S. Booth's excellent and careful accompaniments to all the vocal pieces, showed him to be quite at home in his vocation. Mrs. Jessop sang two songs, in both of which she was encored. Miss Bland created a sensation by the power and quality of her voice, and by her general style of singing. Mrs. Thomas sang several songs, which were encored; her manner of singing is refined, and her knowledge of music sufficient. Mr. Saunders sang two songs, and received hearty encores. So numerous were the encores that the concert was not over until half-past eleven. At the conclusion, Mr. Saunders, in a neat speech, thanked the audience for their kind attendance, and assured them he was fully satisfied with the general result of the speculation; and that next autumn, he again purposed resuming the concerts. Certainly, the public generally is indebted to Mr. Saunders for placing before them superior concerts at so low a price of admission. We understand that the Instrumental Society of Sheffield, fully appreciating Mr. Saunders's efforts, and to mark their sense of his general kindness, presented to him a very handsome diamond ring.

#### MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, was lately given at the Victoria-rooms, Clifton, by the Classical Harmonist Society. The large hall was filled, and amongst the audience were some of the principal families and residents in the neighbourhood of Bristol and Clifton. Of the performance we can scarcely speak too highly. The principal vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Messrs. Benson, Lawler, &c. I have neither time nor space to enter into detail. The most effective performances of the evening were—"Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," sung by Miss C. Hayes, and encored; "O God have mercy," (bass solo, Mr. Lawler); duet (Messrs. Benson and Lawler), "Now are we ambassadors for Christ," admirably sung, and repeated by unanimous request; "I praise thee, O Lord," bass solo and chorus in 6-8 time; "How lovely are the messengers;" and the chorale (beautifully sung), "O thou, the true and only light." We might greatly extend our commendations, but that we are pressed for time. Mr. Cooper led and Mr. Smith conducted with their accustomed ability; and, what is of prime importance in an oratorio, the choruses were well sustained.

The second concert of the Conservatoire took place at the Music Hall, Park-street, under the direction of M. B. v. d. Mark, and was attended by a numerous audience. The concert commenced with two sacred pieces, after which B. v. d. Mark introduced some of his pupils, who have received lessons upon his new system of teaching the pianoforte in twelve practical lessons, when they displayed acquirement in pianoforte playing and singing, more particularly Master Albert Caird and Mr. Jones, who has only received four lessons, and played a theme with variations. Miss E. Lewis sang two songs very prettily, and was warmly encored. Miss Hammond rendered two sonatas of Beethoven with great taste. Whilst congratulating M. v. d. Mark upon the success of his mode of teaching the pianoforte, we must not omit to mention some of his new compositions, especially the Leigh Court Quadrilles and Leigh Court Polka, in which Mr. B. v. d. Mark displayed both skill and invention. The concert concluded with the "Lord's Prayer" and "God save the Queen."

AMATEUR MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—Monday was fixed for the opening night of the above society. Not being able to attend, I cannot report. I observed in the programme several of our old favourites, such as "When all alone," "Lovely Phillis," and others of equal celebrity. Our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. F. Hartable, also added to the attraction of the evening as pianist.—*Felix Harley.*

#### MUSIC AT OLDHAM.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

The enterprising Directors of the Choral Society here, gave the



third of their series of "Concerts for the People" on Monday evening last. The large room of the Working Man's Hall, which is capable of accommodating some fifteen hundred persons, was crowded on the occasion. The principal vocalists were Miss Morris, of Manchester; Mr. Edmondson, of Stockport; and Mr. Mellor, of Oldham; Mr. John Lees ably fulfilling the duties of accompanist. The lady vocalist was most enthusiastically received, and encored in both her songs—the much hacknied "Meet me in the willow glen," and Lover's "May dew." Mr. Edmondson lacks power in his lower notes; he, nevertheless, sang with feeling and expression, Braham's famous song, "The death of Nelson." Mr. Mellor also deserves a word of praise of his rendering of "When the sails were unfurled." The accompaniments to the various vocal pieces were marked with much discrimination and good taste,—traits of no mean order when found in so young a person as Mr. Lees. We yet expect to find this young gentleman occupying a distinction among his professional brethren. Let him only will on in earnestness and love, and we do not fear he will fulfil our predictions. This young gentleman also evinces much promise as a composer. On the present occasion we thought the chorus lacked rehearsal; the pieces, at times, being unsteady with the band. We have also to complain of their not obeying the conductor's baton. They must not rest on their laurels, but labour on in good fellowship together, if efficiency is to be attained. Mr. Winterbottom conducted, and Mr. James Taylor led the band. The proceeds were kindly handed over to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, in connection with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

## MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

THE temporary sojourn of Mr. Mitchell's operatic *troupe* in this city, has afforded our amateurs an opportunity of increasing their knowledge of a branch of lyric art which seldom falls in their way, we mean French Opera Comique. The operas performed have been *Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *La Dame Blanche*, &c.

Mlle. Charton's success in the character of Angèle in the *Domino Noir* exceeded everything of the kind that has ever been witnessed in Dublin, with the exception, perhaps, of the sensation created by the performances of Jenny Lind. Mlle. Charton is in every respect one of nature's artists, possessing a beautiful and sympathetic voice, a lovely person, and a certain lady-like earnestness of tone and gesture which gives an interest to every note and action, and indeed constitutes this lady's marked *specialité*. So natural and unaffected an *artiste* we have very rarely seen.

It would be unnecessary to enter into any detailed analysis of the performance; suffice it to say that Mlle. Charton was most enthusiastically applauded in everything she sang, and that the greater part of her *morceaux* were encored.

The impersonation, which in this opera, after Mlle. Charton's, deserves the most honourable mention, is that of the English "Mi lord," by M. Chateaufort, whose singing, acting, and "making up," were all equally praiseworthy. M. Bugnet, gave the couplets "*Nous allons avoir*" admirably. His terror, when in the duet with Charton, he mistakes that lady in her black domino, for a phantom, was most humourously, although most naturally depicted, and his stare of petrified resignation, on being dragged out of *Dame Jacinthe's* apartment, called aloud for the record of a Cruikshank. M. Soyer was lively, albeit somewhat too bounding as Juliano. We must not omit mentioning the gentlemanly bearing and behaviour of the members of the chorus, who personated the guests at Juliano's supper. Their appropriate and unexaggerated dress gave a reality to the scene, for which we might look in vain on our English stage, where all the old coats in the wardrobe are turned out to assist in the assumption of the most difficult of all impersonations—a gentleman.

In *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, Mlle. Charton proved equally attractive although the singular concordance of the character of Angèle with Mlle. Charton's personal and vocal accomplishments, make the latter part her favourite one. The duet and solo in the second act served as a vehicle for the display

of the flexibility of Mlle. Charton's voice, and the brilliancy of her vocalization.

The *Dame Blanche* was produced on Wednesday. Mlle. Charton's part in the opera is but slight; but of that little she made a great deal. M. Lac sang "Ah quel plaisir," with considerable fire and energy. By the bye, we never yet heard a French tenor in this part who had the remotest notion how to pronounce the name of the character he represents—George Brown.

The brilliant choruses of this opera went exceedingly well, as indeed have done those of all the operas represented—a circumstance which, together with the careful *mise-en-scène* of each opera, reflects the greatest credit on M. Folleville, the clever chorus-master and *regisseur* of the troupe.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been present at the greater part of the performances, which have been fashionably and well attended.

May 1st, 1850.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—There is a passage in Dr. Burney's account of the Commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, that goes so far to prove, inferentially, the correctness of the position I have taken in defence of Handel and other of our illustrious musical worthies, that I cannot forbear quoting it. At page 39 of the "account," note b, Dr. Burney says, in speaking of the "Horse and his rider," chorus, "the art with which Handel in the midst of all the fire of imagination and obullition of genius, introduces a sober, chanting kind of counter-subject, while the other is carried on with uninterrupted spirit, is marvellous," &c. Now, living so near to Handel's time as Burney did, and conversing with so many who had personally known Handel as Burney did, there can be no doubt that had it been an understood thing that Handel purloined from the Gregorian chants, Burney must have heard something of the matter; and, supposing him to have given any credence at all to the absurd report, he would not, at any rate, have italicised the word "chanting," as he has done, with the view to directing attention to a coincidence, the detection of which he evidently looked upon as a discovery on his own part.

Further on, in the same note Dr. Burney remarks the similarity between Handel's Canto Fermo and the subject of Bird's Canon, "*Non Nobis Domine*."



I will sing un - to the Lord.



Non No-bis Do-mi-ne Non No-bis.

and observes, with proper judgment and feeling, "Whether the subject occurred to Handel accidentally, or was taken with design, I know not; but in either case the notes are happily selected, and ingeniously used." So that Burney set little or no value on the notes for any similarity, real or imaginary, that they may bear to a Gregorian chant; but for their happy selection, i.e., their thorough applicability to the required purpose, (the very point, be it remembered, that I have all along been contending for), and the ingenious use Handel has made of them, for which latter circumstance the subject is not of course, entitled, to the smallest share of the merit.

Dr. Burney then goes on to say, "As to the original inventor, or right owner of that series of notes upon which the canon, which tradition has given to Bird, was constructed, they have been the subject of dispute to Zarlino, and to old Adrian Villart, his master, long before Bird was born, and, indeed, constitute one of the different species of *tetrachord* used by the Greeks, in the highest antiquity." If, then, that allowance, which every candid musician

will make for the musical coincidences which are still every day occurring, is to be denied to Handel, it must be denied also to the Gregorianists. The fact is the want of candour, moderation, and good taste evinced in their writings, has led them to over-estimate and ruin their own positions. But supposing it were otherwise, and to return to first principles—supposing Handel had *truly*, and intentionally, have made one of these chants, the Gregorian chants would not have immortalised him, but he the Gregorian chant.

I beg to remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

April 30, 1850.

AN ORGANIST.

MISS BOTIBOL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Being much surprised at an inconsistent omission in all those papers which mentioned the last Academy Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, April 27th, I take the liberty of addressing you, feeling assured that you will be disposed to render justice where it appears due, as on the present occasion.

The omission to which I refer is with reference to Miss Botibol, a pupil of the Royal Academy, who sang for the first time at these concerts on the above occasion. The excellent qualities of voice she displayed, and the great feeling she evinced in Mozart's beautiful aria "Sorgi amor," procured for her a general and warm applause; but I am sorry to say not one encomium or remark of any kind from the papers. Silence (as you know) is worse than censure, and the motive which has induced them to keep it on this occasion cannot be the same as that which influenced them on the one previous, about a month ago, as they then made no remark about the very worst singer of the concert, and this time of the very best.

By inserting a few lines on this subject in your valuable columns, you will oblige, sir, yours gratefully,

A. HEARD.

M. SILAS.

The following letter has been forwarded to our office:—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I am surprised to perceive that you quote the *Liverpool Chronicle and Journal* as musical authorities, on the merits of M. Silas, as a composer and pianist.

It is well understood here that the critics employed on those newspapers, are utterly incompetent to give an opinion on any of the branches of musical composition.

I am sure the elaborate critiques contained in the *Liverpool Albion and Mercury*, have not been forwarded by your correspondent, and am therefore the more sorry that M. Silas's reputation should be estimated according to the valueless opinions of the *Journal and Chronicle*. You will greatly oblige the *Liverpool* readers of your valuable journal by the insertion of this explanatory note, as I can assure you, we do not feel peculiarly gratified by allowing the musical taste of the town to be represented by the extracts above alluded to.

I beg to remain, sir, yours faithfully,

Liverpool, May 2nd, 1850.

MUSICUS.

We readily insert the above, although we cannot discover its explanatory qualities.

#### REVIEWS.

"Flight of Care," a Quadrille, with Vocal Finale. By F. DE YRIGOTTI. E. RANSFORD.

These Contradances are originally conceived, and M. de Yrigotti has applied the music of the dance to a moral purpose. Both in his music and the lithograph upon the forehead of the publication, we can plainly perceive the gaunt figure of Care fleeing from the unanticipated kicks of hilarity. Of the three figures, all of which are spirited and eager, we prefer the last, which has the novel

characteristic of a vocal accompaniment, in *Andante*, without words, suspended at intervals, to be renewed with greater vigour. The third figure is lively, but M. de Yrigotti should either have consecutive octaves in bars 2—3, line 5, the consecutive fifths in bars 1—2, and bars 5—6, and change the E at the top of the last chord of the first bar of the 4th line into D. We might also point out to his attention the consecutive octaves in bars 3—4, line 1; in bars 2—3, line 2; and in bars 3—4, line 4; which had better be expunged. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. We like the figure 4, in A minor, *Pastorale*, very well; but we like not the consecutive octaves in bar 3 and bars 3—4, line 1; nor those in bars 1—2, line 2. In other respects this figure is perfectly correct. In the last figure, by the way, the E in the second chord in the treble of bar 4, line 4, should be changed to D. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. In the first figure, *con spirito*, in G, we do not exactly like the manner in which the chord of the ninth is prepared and disposed of in bars 3—4, line 1. The modulation into D, by means of an undisposed-of pedal, or, rather, two roughly-disposed-of pedals, is beyond our comprehension. Bars 6—7, line 3, present the same objections as bars 2—3, line 1. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. In the second figure, *ben marcato*, in C, we like the second part, *grazioso*, except at bars 4—5, line 3, where the bass changes, and bar 1, line 4, where the bass does not change; the first being incorrect by reason of the bass changing, the second being incorrect by reason of the bass not changing. In both instances, the chord of the G—4 is unfairly treated. We recommend M. de Yrigotti either never to change his basses at all, to avoid faults of transition, or to change them at every note of the melody, to avoid erroneous treatment of pedals. In other respects, figure 2 is perfectly correct; and the whole set is animated, especially the voice part, which is unobliged. The poetry to the voice part is by Isidore de Yrigotti. And that much for the "Flight of Care," a quadrille with vocal finale. The rest may be seen at Mr. Ransford's, music publisher.

"The Holy Family," admired Sacred Melodies, by the most celebrated composers. Arranged for the Piano by WILLIAM HUTCHES CALVERT. JULIEN & Co.

This selection comprises seven works, including the names of Handel, Hummel, Haydn, Rossini, Marcello, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The airs are all well known, and Mr. Calvert has effected his arrangement in an able manner. The principal attraction of the work, however, will be found in the frontispiece, which represents the Virgin and Child, and is really admirably done. It is printed in oil colors, and is a very beautiful specimen of this new school of drawing. Mr. C. Baxter is the artist. The selection of sacred melodies is worth purchasing for the sake of the illustration.

"The Hibernian Quadrille," composed and dedicated to LORD ADOLPHUS FITZGERALDE, by JULIEN. JULIEN & Co.

A NEW SET of Irish quadrilles, from the pen of Julien, will be a welcome-bought to the Terpsichorean public. The airs are all good, and the quadrilles wined up capitally with our old friend, "Patrick's Day." A beautiful illustration in oil colors is given in the frontispiece. It represents the Queen's landing at Kingstown, and affords a striking and picturesque view of the Bay of Dublin and shipping. The illustration is even more beautiful and happy than that of the "Holy Family."

"O mein Lieb," ("Oh my Love") Serenade. CARL ANTONIUS. GREGG.

This serenade was composed by the spirited musical conductor of the Wednesday Concerts, and is intended for the use of his friend, Carl Formes, the celebrated bass. The words are translated from one Wolfenstein, a minister who flourished in the fifteenth century. They are very pretty and tender. The music is expressive, although the melody, (in E flat), assumes a fragmentary character from continual changes of measure, from 2/4 to 3/4. The harmony is musician-like and richly disposed, although the close, in C minor, at the bottom of the first page, through the

want of a dominant chord to confirm the modulation, has a somewhat vague effect. The song, however, is altogether superior to the average quality of compositions of its length, is exceedingly vocal, and is admirable keeping with the words. An obligato accompaniment for violoncello, horn, or concertina is added. This song has been sung with great effect at the London Wednesday Concerts, by Heri Formes, accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Lovell Phillips, and is likely, and well deserves, to become popular.

### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

#### Plagiarism the Forty-seventh.

*And music too—dear music—that ope touch  
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much;  
Now heard far off—so far, as but to seem  
Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.*

This is twaddlesimus. And it is twaddled from a very good twaddler.

#### LARGHETTO.

*The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,  
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,  
Though now the visionary scenes appear  
Like the faint traces of a vanished dream.*

#### Plagiarism the Forty-eighth.

*It is for thee, for thee alone, I seek  
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek  
With warm approval—in that gentle look  
To read my praises, as in an angel's book.*

I am well pleased with a simile like this. If anything is like an angel's look, or whatever is brighter, purer, and better—it is assuredly beautiful features. One of our old writers, contemplating such a face as thus described by Tom, exclaimed enthusiastically,—

The story of the heavens is very like her!

I do not mean to produce this as the original of the above thought, for I have two ready, waiting to be called in and examined;—

SIR W. JONES, vol. ii., p. 524. (*Edy Arabshah.*)

*Ubi sunt ii, quorum facies tanquam sanctus libro splendebant?*

SIR W. JONES, *Traité sur la Poésie Orientale*, vol. v., p. 473.

*Où êtes-vous joun héros, dont les viages resplendissoient comme les feuillots du livre sacré?*

Albany Fonblanque offers to make oath that Moore never saw either.

#### Plagiarism the Forty-ninth.

*He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,  
And of the time when, full of blissful nights,  
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes;  
Silent and happy, as if God had given  
Thought etc worth looking at on this side heaven.*

*And think all tells rewarded when from thee  
I gain a smile worth immortality.*

We all know the value and originality of poetical commonplace gallantry of this kind. It may do for the ball-room, but it cannot expect to pass upon those all-knowing fellows called critics as original. Why, I could mention a dozen similar passages in a breath, if space and inclination allowed me to do so.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**CONCERTS.**—We stated that Carlotta Grisi was engaged by Mr. Lumley up to the end of May; we should have said up to the end of June.

**M. BILLET.**—As we anticipated, the classical pianoforte concerts of M. Alexandre Billet have been so successful as to justify his giving a second series of three. The first of these took place last

evening at St. Martin's Hall, and, like the previous ones, it was extremely well attended. The distinguishing feature of M. Billet's scheme is that he gives selections from the works of the various composers for the pianoforte, so arranged as to indicate the gradual development of this branch of composition. This alone must prove a strong recommendation to M. Billet's concerts with all amateurs of the best pianoforte music. *Morning Chronicle.*

**M. LLE. NOTRE,** the vocalist, prima donna at the opera in Hanover, has arrived in London.

**MR. HENRY BOYS.**—The concert given at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the benefit of Mr. Boys, has proved a very successful effort, in the best reception of the term, the amount realised being far higher than any concert of a similar kind for a long period. After deducting the expenses of advertisements, printing, and some other items, the committee has announced a surplus of three hundred and seventy pounds. The exertions, therefore, of the committee, and of Mr. Boys' friends, have been most amply rewarded. The artistes who so generously gave their assistance on this occasion were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Poole, Miss Dolby, Madame Lablache, Mr. Wrighton, M. Henri Drayton, and Mr. Sims Reeves. In addition to these were Signor Braccialdi, Ernest, Piatti, and Benedict—the latter of whom played a grand concertante duet with Mr. Brinley Richards, on two pianofortes. The orchestra was very numerous and efficient, and received considerable assistance from many members of the Amateur Society. In the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, a young violoncellist, named Aylward, (a student in the Royal Academy), did himself great credit in his interpretation of the difficult introduction. The whole of the concert was very ably conducted by Mr. Brinley Richards.

**CROSBY HALL.**—The third and last lecture of a course of three, on the *Progress of English Vocal Music*, by Sir Henry Croby, took place on Thursday evening, the 22nd of April, before a most attentive audience. The illustrations have been, on each occasion, ably sustained by Miss Messelt, Miss Thornton, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. W. H. Seguin.

**MADEMOISELLE ANGEL**, the celebrated contralto, is engaged by Mr. Stammers for the next Wednesday Concert.

**DEMOISELLE ANNA ZINGGELER**, well known in Germany as the blind vocalist of Zurich, came to London with strong recommendations from sundry professors. When calamity combined with talent appeal to the public, benevolence makes use of her most powerful advocates.

**MODELS OF THE TWO ITALIAN OPERAS.**—Messrs. Leader and Cock have published two plans of the rival Operas—*Musees*, in a miniature and portable form, which will be found extremely useful to the frequenters. The plans show the position and number of the boxes, stalls, &c. &c., and will save interminable trouble to those who wish to procure particular places. They are printed on thick board, in very neat type, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. The plans are not for sale, but are submitted by the enterprising publishers for gratuitous circulation.

**M. LLE. MOULIN'S CONCERT.**—Another young pianiste, of great talent, has appeared in the musical world, and gave her first concert in London on Wednesday evening, April 17th, at the New-Bethoven Rooms, 27, Queen Ann street, to a numerous and fashionable audience. Mlle. Moulin was assisted by M. de Bismarck (a young vocalist of great promise, who, at the last moment, had kindly undertaken to supply the place of M. de Bismarck, who was unavoidably absent), Messrs. Rousselot, Deloffre, Drayton, &c. The fair *beneficiaire* performed, with Messrs. Rousselot and Deloffre, Beethoven's grand trio in E-flat in a most masterly style; the grand duo of Mendelssohn's, in D major, in which she was most ably seconded by that distinguished and excellent musician, M. Scipion Rousselot; Mendelssohn's Caprice in E major, and Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, each and all Mlle. Moulin succeeded in interpreting with great skill and truth. M. Drayton sang an air from "Les Deux Familles," with taste and expression. M. Deloffre executed a solo on the violin. This talented artiste, whom we so lately have the pleasure of hearing as a solo performer, was greatly applauded. The concert went off well, and was ably conducted by Mr. W. Beale. The new rooms in Queen Ann street are as favourable for sound as could be wished, and richly decorated. (*Press & Correspondent.*)

**MR. TALFOURD.**—We have just been favoured with the sight of a portrait of a lady of Plymouth, which, for originality of treatment, beauty of drawing, and delicacy of execution, strikes us as meriting very far more than the eulogy usually awarded to a modern portrait. From obvious motives we hesitate to publish the lady's name; but the proprietor of the picture has authorised us to mention it to any one who may be desirous of seeing this beautiful work of art; and the interest we must needs feel, in the just appreciation of such a painter as Mr. Talfourd, induces us to hope that the picture will be seen by the many of this locality, who are so well able to estimate its surpassing excellence. We understand that Mr. Talfourd is now engaged on a portrait of Sir N. Talfourd, the judge, whose highly refined poetical genius seems to find most sympathetic kindred in the pictorial talent of his artist brother. Mr. F. Talfourd's portraits have the singular merit of being entirely free from all mannerism, and from anything conventional. We have seen several of them together, looking like the distinct works of so many different artists; because, in fact, each takes its individual character from the particular sitter. This we hold to be the very perfection of portrait. It is true, each subject must be seen through the one artist's peculiar medium; and the medium of Mr. Talfourd is a truly poetical one; but still, this accomplished artist has the power of so adapting to each sitter, his varied ability of composition, coloring, and "handling," that the result is always distinguished by the most characteristic individuality.—[We have much pleasure in inserting the above extract from a Plymouth paper, forwarded to us by our zealous correspondent, T. E. B.—Ed.]

**THE SWORD OF CHARLES I.**—Mr. Planché inquires (No. 12, p. 183), "When did the real sword of Charles the First's time, which, but a few years back, hung at the side of that Monarch's equestrian figure at Charing-cross, disappear?" It disappeared about the time of the coronation of her present Majesty, when some scaffolding was erected about the statue, which afforded great facilities for removing the rapier (for such it was); and I always understood it found its way, by some means or other, to the museum called, of the notoriously frolicsome Captain D—, where, in company with the wand of the Great Wizard of the North, and other well-known articles, it was carefully labelled and numbered, and a little account appended of the circumstances of its acquisition and removal.—**JOHN STREET.**

[Sure! Sen Burke was right, and the "age of chivalry is past!"—Otherwise, the idea of disarming a statue would never have entered the head of any man of arms, even in his most frolicsome of moods.]—**Notes and Queries.**

**THE POET BOWLES.**—The canon's absence of mind was very great, and when his coachman drove him into Bath, he had to practise all kinds of cautions to keep him to time and place. The poet once left our office in company with a well-known antiquarian of our neighbourhood, since deceased, and who was as absent as Mr. Bowles himself. The servant of the latter came to our establishment to look for him, and, on learning that he had gone away with the gentleman to whom we have referred, the man exclaimed, in a tone of ludicrous distress, "What, those two wandered away together; then they'll never be found any more!" The act of composition was a slow and laborious operation with Mr. Bowles. He altered and re-wrote his MS. until, sometimes, hardly anything remained of the original, excepting the general conception. When we add that his handwriting was one of the worst that ever man wrote—inasmuch, that frequently he could not read that which he had written the day before—we need not say that his printers had very tough work in getting his works into type. At the time when we printed for Mr. Bowles, we had one compositor in our office (his death is recorded in our paper of to-day), who had a sort of knack in making out the poet's hieroglyphics, and he was once actually sent for by Mr. Bowles into Wiltshire, to copy some MS., written a year or two before, which the poet had himself vainly endeavoured to decipher.—**Bath Chronicle.**

**HULL.**—Messrs. Distin gave a concert in the Music-hall, in this town, on Friday evening, April 12th, which attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. The brilliant success of the entertainment led to a second performance on Monday evening, when the room was again crowded. On this occasion the interest of the programme was considerably heightened by the announcement that the band of the 81st regiment would take part in the concert. The

popularity and well-known excellence of the Messrs. Distin is so well known to our readers as to render unnecessary any further notice of their performances than that they went through their duties in superior style, and with repeated marks of approbation. The Distin family have, indeed, seldom appeared to greater advantage. The quiet precision in their instrumental performance, their brilliant execution, and a peculiar harmonising which pertains to the sax-horn, combine to produce the most gratifying results. The ear is not stunned by the oft-experienced clangour of wind instruments, nor is the judgment shocked by uncouth or unmusical sounds. The repeated encores of the Distins, as well in their instrumental as their vocal efforts along with Miss O'Connor, sufficiently attest the delight their talents conferred. Of the lady, we must speak very highly. Her Irish ballade, "Kate O'Shane," on the first evening, and "The Emigrant," on Monday, were real gems.—**Eastern Counties Herald.**

**MR. GUSTAVS GEARY,** the popular tenor from Dublin, is engaged by Mr. Stammers for the next Wednesday Concert. Mr. Geary bears a high name as a vocalist in the Irish capital, and much is expected from his first appearance at Exeter Hall.

**PANORAMA.**—*Frémont's Overland Route to Oregon, Texas, and California, across the Rocky Mountains.*—We attended on Wednesday week a private view of a new grand moving painting, bearing the above title, which has lately arrived from Washington City, and which opened for public exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday last. This painting portrays the entire route of Col. Frémont and party (sent by the United States Government to explore the Rocky Mountains), from the Missouri shores, through Oregon, into California, and shows the workings of the great gold mines, which now occupy so much of public attention. The painting is of a gigantic class, and works on four cylinders, portraying the different sections of country and life, and as a work of art has decidedly the preference of any American panorama ever exhibited in London. The scenes are vivid and bright: we pass through the wild territory, and witness the majestic peaks of the Rocky Mountains, the beautiful prairies, boundless in extent, and learn the manner of emigration. We then follow Frémont through the snows of the mountains, and glean an idea of how terrible must have been their sufferings; or we stop at those missions which the Christian has planted among the savages. Many of the scenes and figures are admirably drawn, and reflect great credit on the artists. The sketches are entirely made by Col. Frémont, Capt. Wilkes, and L. Drayton, Esq., of the U. S. Topographical Engineers for the United States Government, and we owe the enterprise of having it presented to the British public to M. I. Skirving, of Washington City, and Mr. W. H. Paul, at the Egyptian Hall. Of these exhibitions we cannot speak too highly, and on this subject, which is now so popular, this exhibition will assist the reader in forming a correct idea of the country, by presenting to the eye what has already been impressed on the mind by reading, and the visitor will be well repaid for the time spent.

**THE PLASTER MODELS** of Thorwaldsen, which were purchased at Copenhagen in October last by the French Director of the Beaux-Arts, are said, by the *Journal des Débats*, to have arrived in the Louvre in a very dilapidated condition. On the cases which contained them being opened, it was found that of the four large figures the "Hebe" alone was uninjured. The "Venus" and "Ganymede" were damaged in several places. Of the "Mercury" there is scarcely a fragment entire. The two models of horses have also suffered considerably; the small one is almost entirely destroyed. The series of bas-reliefs composing the "Triumph of Alexander" have escaped with least injury.

**ILLNESS OF THE POET MOORE.**—Letters have been received from Stoperton, giving a most painful account of the decaying health of the poet Moore, whose death was daily apprehended. For three months past Mr. Moore had not left his room, and altogether his condition was considered hopeless.

**BARON CORNELIUS,** it is reported, has finished the cartoons for the frescoes which are to ornament the new royal burial-ground and walls of the Campo-Santo constructing near Chantebourg, in resemblance of those at Pisa and at Munich. For these designs Government has granted to the illustrious artist 25,000 thalers—upwards of 14,000 sterling. Their execution in fresco will cost about 25,000.

**MR. G. A. OSBORNE'S CONCERT.**—The second *Matinée* of Mr. Osborne was held on Thursday at the Beethoven Rooms. Ernst played Beethoven's trio in E flat, played by Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti, was a rare treat. We were much impressed with Osborne's classic feeling. The sonata of Mendelssohn in B flat was very finely executed by the pianist and Piatti. Ernst enraptured the audience with a romance, composed jointly by himself and Heller. Osborne's trio in A, and his nocturne, "The Elves," and the study in E minor, afforded excellent specimens of the composer's talent. Each received its due meed of applause. The study, played by the composer, was encored unanimously and vociferously, and moreover, deservedly. The vocal department was consigned to Mdle. Graumann and Fraulein Franziska Rummel. The last named lady is a strong and true soprano, and is a dramatic singer in the good school. She was in London some three years since. She sang an aria from *Beatrice di Tenda*, and a romance of Henrich, with excellent effect. The attendance was fashionable and select.

**MR. HENRY WYLDE'S CONCERTS.**—The *Matinée Musicale* of this talented composer and pianist took place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday, the 15th ult., and was full and fashionably attended. Mr. Henry Wyld was assisted by Ernst, Willy, Hill, Hausmann, and Sterndale Bennett,—an admirable team of instrumentalists; and by Madlle. Schloss, as vocalist. The programme had many features of interest. In the first part, Ernst played twice; in Haydn's quartet in B flat, with Willy, Hill, and Hausmann; and in Mozart's quartet in G minor, with Hill, Hausmann, and Wyld. Both these were admirable performances, and were loudly applauded. Mr. Sterndale Bennett played Henry Wyld's sonata in E major, an exceedingly clever and brilliant composition, which displays considerable poetic temperament, and a nice feeling for classic harmony. It was inimitably played. Beethoven's Sonata in F, opened the second part. It was interpreted by Ernst and Henry Wyld, and was altogether a fine display. Ernst's playing in the andante was nothing short of the miraculous. Beethoven's trio in C minor, in the hands of Henry Wyld, Ernst, and Hausmann, went off with immense *éclat*. Madlle. Schloss contributed largely to the entertainment. She sang Mendelssohn's "Youth and Maiden," the grand scena from *Freischütz*, a song of Molique's, and two songs of Henry Wyld, called "Amalia," and "Ich Vin so Sehr alleine." Mr. Wyld's songs are full of character. The last is exceedingly simple and touching, and was much liked by the entire audience. Madlle. Schloss gave them both to perfection.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Handel's *Israel in Egypt* is announced for performance next Friday, the 10th instant.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

### MR. CREVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on  
**THE ART OF SINGING,**  
Adapted with alterations and additions for the *ASS VOICE*, may be had at his Residence,  
**71, UPPER NORTON STREET;**  
And at all the principal Music-sellers.

Vocal Duet—Second Edition just published, price 2s.

### "THE MIDNIGHT WIND."

Composed by Edward Deale, Mus. D.

Published by BLACKMAN, 5, Bridge Street, Southwark, and NOVELLO, 63, Dean Street, Soho; and will be sent free by Post, on receipt of Twenty-four Postage Stamps, by the author, Newark on Trent.

"A charming duet, for a soprano, and mezzo-soprano voice, or for tenor and baritone, which, correctly performed, cannot fail to give pleasure, and elicit applause. The symphonies, and accompaniments are in perfect keeping with the principal parts." *Musician's World*.

### GRAND PIANOFORTE

BY BROADWOOD.

**A**N Excellent and a half tone Grand Pianoforte, with a Cylinder Pedal, to be sold for only Twenty Five Pounds, the property of a Lady visiting England. By the permission of Mr. Lyon, it may be seen at his residence, 23, Nassau Street, Marylebone. Warranted to be a real Broadwood instrument.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

Conductor

Mr. COSTA.

**NEXT FRIDAY, Handel's "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."**—Vocalists:—Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Newton, Miss Holby; Mr. Sims Rogers, Mr. Machin, and Mr. H. Phillips; with Orchestra of 700 performers. Tickets, 2s., 5s., and Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross. To commence at Eight o'clock.

Under the Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Royal Family, Nobility, &c.

### THE CHORAL FUND

**HAVE** the honor to announce for their **ANNUAL CONCERT**, a Performance at EXETER HALL, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 17, of Haydn's celebrated *Oratorio*, *THE SEASONS*, under the able Conductorship of Mr. Benedict. This charity was instituted in 1791, by the late Dr. Arnold, for the relief of its distressed and afflicted members, their widows and orphans. Doors open at Seven, performance to commence at half-past Seven. Tickets to be had at the principal Music-sellers, and of Exeter Hall Western Gallery, 2s.; Area, 3s.; Reserved, 5s.; ditto Numbered, 7s.; Royal Galleries, 10s. 6d.

### ST. MARTIN'S HALL,

89, LONG ACRE.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET

(From St. Petersburg),

**BEGS** to announce a Second Series of **THREE EVENING CONCERTS** of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the above Hall, on FRIDAYS, May 10th and 24th: in the course of which he will perform specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, including Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Steibelt, Pinto, Clementi, Woelfl, Moscheles, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, (Moslow, Spohr, Cramer, Putter, Hummel, Chopin, Henselt, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett, Schumann, Macfarren, &c. &c. PROGRAMME of the SECOND CONCERT, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 10th,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

**PART I.**—1. Grand Sonata in C minor, with Fugue, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Woelfl); Air, de Don Juan, "Batti, Batti, O del Masetto," Madlle. Davinci (Mozart).—2. Sonata, in E flat, first time in public, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Haydn).—3. Duet, Volklied, "O, wert thou," the Misses Cole (Mendelssohn); Andro and Fugue, D minor (Scarlatti); Prelude and Fugue, F major (Bach); Prelude and Fugue, F minor, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Mendelssohn).

**PART II.**—4. Sonata in A major, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Macfarren); Scena, El Solero, "Domani o me felice," Madlle. Davinci (Giuseppe Lillo).—5. Fantasia in F sharp minor, (by desire) Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Mendelssohn); Duet, "Remember now thy Creator," the Misses Cole (S. Bennett).—6. Selection of Modern Studies.—G flat major (Chopin). F sharp major (Henselt). Rade Tarantelle (Stephen Heller). G minor, Study of Octaves (W. S. Bennett), Pianoforte, Mr. Billet.

Conductor, HERR GANK.

At the THIRD and LAST CONCERT, Friday, May 24th, Mr. BILLET will have the honour to introduce:—1. Fantasia in A major (W. S. Bennett).—2. Grand Duet in F minor (Moslow).—3. Grand Duet in A minor (Schubert).—4. Grand Sonata in E flat, dedicated to Madame Bonaparte, (Steibelt).—5. Progressive Selection of Studies from Clementi, Cramer, Steibelt, Moscheles, Hummel, Putter, Schumann, and Mendelssohn.

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## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place

**ON THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 9TH,**

when will be presented, for the first time these two years, Bellini's celebrated Opera, entitled

## I PURITANI.

Elvira - - - - - Madame SONTAG.  
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)  
Georgio - - - - - Signor LABLACHE.  
Riccardo - - - - - Signor COLETTI.  
Arturo - - - - - Signor BAUCARDE.  
(His first appearance in that Character.)

With various Entertainments in the Ballet Department, including the highly successful, new, and original Grand Pas de Trois, by MM. PAUL TAGLIONI et GOSSELAN, the Music by Signor PUONI, entitled

## LES GRACES.

Euphrosyne - - - - - Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.  
Thalia - - - - - Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI.  
Eglia - - - - - Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS.  
Mlle. JULIEN, LAMOREUX, ROSA, AUSSANDON, &c., &c.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

The Directors have the honor to announce, that a **Grand**

## MORNING CONCERT

will take place on **FRIDAY, May 10th, 1850.** The First Part of the Concert will consist of ROSSINI's celebrated

## STABAT MATER;

and the Second, of a most attractive MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION. The whole supported by

Madame GRISI, Madame CASTELLAN, Madlle. VERA,  
Madlle. de MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI,  
Signor TAGLIAFICO,  
Signor POLONINI, Signor LAVIA, Signor LUIGI MEI,  
Mons. ZELGER, Mons. MASSOL, Herr FORMES,  
Signor TAMBERLIK, and Signor MARIO.

With the **GRAND ORCHESTRA** and **FULL CHORUS** of the Royal Italian Opera.

Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

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## THE CONCERT WILL COMMENCE AT TWO O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

Correct Copies of the authorized editions of all the Operas may be had of Mr. LAWRENCE, Rupert Street; and of all Booksellers and Music Sellers. Price 1s. 6d.

Subscribers for the Season will have the option of paying their Subscriptions in advance (as heretofore), or by Monthly instalments.

The Terms may be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, (corner of Hart Street and Bow Street), which is open daily, from 10 till 5 o'clock.

## HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

Handel's sublime **ORATORIO** will be performed on **Wednesday, Evening, May 8th**, in the Hanover Square Rooms, commencing at **Eight o'clock**, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. Principal Singers, Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Miss Ellen Lyon and Miss Birch. Mr. Lockey, Mr. Benson, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Lawler, Mr. G. A. Novello, and Mr. Henry Phillips, Conductor, Mr. Costa. The public rehearsal will take place on **Monday Evening, May 6th**, to commence at 12 o'clock.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

## SECOND NIGHT OF LES HUGUENOTS.

**ON TUESDAY Next, May 7th, 1850, will be performed,**  
MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera,

## LES HUGUENOTS,

The Principal Characters by

Madame GRISI. Madame CASTELLAN.  
Mademoiselle COTTI. Madlle. de MERIC.  
Signor LAVIA. Signor TAGLIAFICO.  
Monsieur MASSOL. Signor LUIGI MEI.  
Signor POLONINI. Signor ROMMI.  
Signor SOLDI. Signor TALAMO.  
Herr FORMES. AND Signor MARIO.

## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

NEXT THURSDAY, MAY 9th.

## LA DONNA DEL LAGO.—DER FREISCHUTZ.

ON THURSDAY NEXT, May 9th, A **GRAND COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT** will be given, consisting of the **FIRST ACT** of ROSSINI's Grand Opera,

## LA DONNA DEL LAGO,

with the **GREAT FINALE** representing the Gathering of the Scottish Clans, and the Chorus of Bards, executed by all the Principal Artists, Two Military Bands in addition to the usual Orchestra, and the **FULL CHORUS** of NINETEEN VOICES.

Also, WEBER's Grand Romantic Opera (the Entire Opera),

## DER FREISCHUTZ,

The whole an Entertainment embracing the talents of

Madame GRISI,  
Madame CASTELLAN, Mademoiselle VERA,  
Mademoiselle COTTI, Mademoiselle de MERIC,  
Monsieur MASSOL, Signor TAGLIAFICO,  
Signor LUIGI MEI, Signor SOLDI,  
Signor ROMMI, Signor POLONINI,  
Herr DIERING, Monsieur ZELGER,  
Signor ENRICO MABALTI, Herr FORMES,  
Signor TAMBERLIK, and Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor. **Mr. COSTA.**

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

## MORNING CONCERT.

The **FIRST MORNING CONCERT** of the SEASON will take place on **FRIDAY NEXT, MAY 10th**, supported by every Artist of the Establishment.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes, £1 1s 6d.; £1 2s.; £1 12s. 6d., and £1 3s.  
Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d. Pit, 5s. Amphitheatre Stalls, 2s.  
Amphitheatre, 2s.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Bow Street and Hart Street, Covent Garden, which is open from Ten till Five; and at the principal Libraries.

MEYERBEER'S celebrated Opera,

## ROBERT LE DIABLE,

will positively be produced during the forthcoming Week, with the most powerful Cast.

Signor RENCONI

will make his First Appearance this Season in the course of a few days.

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# The Musical World.

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No. 19.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE  
STAMPED FOURPENCE

## ALBONI.

THE Concerts given by this great singer at the *Academie Royale de Musique* have been brilliantly attended. The receipts have equalled those of the most successful representation of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. The enthusiasm created by Alboni on these occasions has surpassed even that which was excited on the occasion of her first appearance at Paris, when she gave four concerts in the same theatre. The third and last concert of the present series took place on Monday.

"Alboni," says our excellent contemporary, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "will now almost immediately appear in an opera, but that opera will not be *La Favorite*, as was anticipated and announced by ourselves, and other Paris journalists," (our contemporary might have added—until corrected by the better authenticated information of the *Musical World* of London,) "which would of itself have been an object of sufficient public interest. The great *cantatrice* has decided upon attempting a much bolder task for her *coup d'essai*: she will sing the part of *Ejdes*, and thus restore the *Prophète*, that *chef d'œuvre* of which the absence of Madame Viardot Garcia had threatened to deprive us. We certainly approve of this resolution, which has the additional advantage, that not the slightest resemblance exists between the talents of Madame Viardot and Madlle. Alboni, either in respect of style or of physical qualifications. All ideas of comparison or rivalry are therefore out of the question. We shall have an absolutely new *Ejdes* to judge, and if the reports which have reached us from the rehearsals be confirmed, to applaud. The magnificent success of the *Prophète* cannot but increase by this unexpected event, and once more come to the aid of the administration and treasury of the opera."

We have an opinion on the subject, but shall refrain from giving it at present, content to express our conviction, that Alboni is not likely to commit herself unadvisedly. Meanwhile, a special reporter will be sent from this journal to attend her first performance. We quite agree, however, with *la Gazette Musicale*, that there can be no possible comparison between Alboni and her admirable predecessor. Each has her own particular way of reaching the public heart.

## VIVIER.

THE analyst may trace back, link by link, the chain of devices by which a work of art has been produced, but the appreciator of feeling, content to receive the impression, conscious of its gradual development, does not trouble himself about the secret mechanism, the unseen wheels that bear the car of enterprise to the goal of accomplishment.

*Quid tum postea?*

How many ideas, and at what various intervals derived, are indispensable to make a picture, which, when completed, to the looker-on presents but one principal image, to which

all the rest appears, as it were, subordinate and of little import!

*Après?*

To account for the influence of genius, the man and the artist should be sifted until nothing is visible but the monad, round which has collected an atmosphere of attractions as impenetrable as the fire which circles about the sun and prevents the naked eye from perceiving its identity.

*What then?*

Genius, like the sun, dazzles with its rays; its outward glory is so bright, that in vain you would pierce into its inner form. Descending from metaphor—you are charmed, intoxicated, you know not how, nor why. Is it worth while to enquire? The analyst says "Yes"; the poet says "No;" the sceptic is indifferent, neither feeling its effect, nor curious of its causes. Anaxagoras would exclaim; Epicurus enjoy; Democritus point his finger. The sufferer is the unhappiest of the three. His intelligence and his heart are equally void, since indifference is food for neither. Forlorn is he in whom the spirit of enquiry and the faculty of enjoyment are wanting. Either is good; both is better; neither is death in life.

We are not of a mind with any of these gentlemen. Our present object is simply to say something, which, we hope, will interest and amuse our readers, about the life and talent of Eugene Vivier, one of the most remarkable of the present race of musical artists. When we find it necessary we shall analyse to the best of our power. When we find that, unnecessary, we shall appreciate without enquiry; and, should the spirit move us, we shall point our finger and laugh at Vivier—as we should at any one else, ourselves included—heartily, without let or hindrance. *Lacrymas excire* is one thing; *risum movere* is another. He who writes to please should have the power of effecting both, as the theme upon which he exercises his wit may allow. We pretend to be little other than poor penmen—but honest as the skin between our brows; that is for penny-a-liners, and no honestier than ourselves. A truce to palaver. *Bis dat qui cito dat*—as saith the poet. We will keep our readers no longer in suspense, and, as we mean well, shall show it quickly.

Eugene Vivier was born at—

(To be continued in our next.)

## HALEVY.

ON his arrival in London, Halévy immediately went to Her Majesty's Theatre, where Balfe and the Orchestra were engaged in rehearsing an opera. No sooner was the composer of *La Juive* recognized than the members of the orchestra, their talented director at their head, gave him a welcome in a regular English fashion. Halévy, much touched by this warm and unexpected reception, addressed a short speech to the band, in the course of which he said:—"Gentlemen, I have

just had the pleasure of hearing you play, and can therefore applaud you conscientiously. You have applauded me without knowing whether I deserve it or not. I feel grateful for your courtesy, but, when you have heard my music, if your feelings towards me remain the same, your applause will afford me tenfold pleasure." Halévy, of course, spoke in French.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday night, Verdi's aboriginal opera *I Due Foscari*, was given, with Parodi, Giuliani, Coletti, and Baucarde in the principal parts. Coletti's personation of the Doge is justly regarded as one of his happiest dramatic and vocal efforts. Parodi's Lucrezia is a forcible performance, and, in several points, exhibits tragic powers of no common order. Baucarde, the new and successful tenor, gained new laurels in Jacopo. The opera was performed with great spirit throughout, and all the traditional points told.

After the *Foscari*, the band, under Balfe's direction, executed the overture to *Guillaume Tell* with such brilliancy and decision as to obtain a unanimous encore.

The entertainments concluded with Paul Taglioni's new *divertissement*, *Les Trois Graces*.

On Tuesday, *Ernani* was given for the last time, Mr. Sims Reeves personating the hero with more than his usual energy, and more than his usual success. The other characters were as before.

The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was a second time performed with brilliancy, and a second time encored with acclamations.

The *Trois Graces* followed, and was received with the usual success; Carlotta achieving a more brilliant success than on any preceding evening.

Thursday was a great night for the admirers of Sontag and Bellini. The favourite *Puritani* was the opera, and Sontag's essaying for the first time the part of Elvira lent the performance an additional interest. The character of Elvira in the *Puritani* was one of Grisi's most perfect assumptions, in the days before Grisi mounted the tragic throne. Madame Sontag's Elvira, it may be readily surmised, is very different from Grisi's. But the music is admirably adapted to the style of Madame Sontag, and she produced an effect in it which few who have preceded her ever surpassed. Her delivery of the principal *morceaux*—those upon which the stamp of familiarity is so deeply set—was exquisite. The famous polacca, "Souverain," was a masterpiece of execution. Nothing more sparkling or fairy-like could well be conceived. It was not to its disparagement that this air, as well as the others wherein the vocalist has the opportunity of displaying her arts of mechanism, was rendered wholly in the *mezza voce*. It is probably, we may add, the absence of fiery brilliancy and point that gives the executancy of Sontag its peculiar potency. The notes, small as they are, are as distinct as if they were emitted from an organ of three times the volume; and, like all the sounds that are so constituted, can be heard without the slightest difficulty, no matter how remote the listener. The command which Sontag exercises over the delivery of rapid passages and playful floriture is, therefore, not accomplished at the expense of physical effort. Nothing in the shape of singing, where velocity is a material attribute, was ever more critically articulate. The elegance and aerial finish, which are just as remarkable as the difficulties that are overcome, are, however, the exclusive features of this artist, and for this is she so universally admired. There is absolute witchery in the character of the decorations which she bestows

upon any one of the Italian themes that she touches, but it is the witchery of *manner*. It would be impossible to describe it; but who is insensible to its delicate and ineffable grace?

The polacca to which we have alluded, and which Sontag sang in her most alluring style, was loudly applauded and as loudly encored. The "Qui la voce" in the mad scene—in fact, the whole of the music which belongs to this particular section of the opera—was likewise a succession of the loveliest vocal fluencies, all those specific graces which hover so ravishingly about the lips of Sontag, developing themselves as freely and as naturally as if there was neither art nor accomplishment at stake.

The second novelty in the cast was the Arturo of Baucarde, who continues to exhibit those characteristics of excellence on which we have already expatiated. The liquid tones of his voice, and the enthusiastic method of his delivery, found engaging exemplification in the present opera, and he met with several strong manifestations of liking and encouragement. He gave the "A te, o cara" with feeling as well as correctness, and it was re-demanded. The Riccardo of Coletti, and Giorgio of the elder Lablache, are personations too well known to need a word. The excellencies of each were as conspicuous as ever. The principal singers were called before the curtain at the termination of the opera.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The fourth performance of *Zora* took place on Saturday. The subscribers and fashionables did not throng in such crowds as on the preceding Thursday, when the *Huguenots* was given; but the musical public gathered more eagerly to hear Rossini's *chef d'œuvre* than to hear that of Meyerbeer, and, in consequence, every stall was taken, and the pit and amphitheatre were filled to repletion. The opera went off with immense enthusiasm.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Tuesday. The house was crammed to excess, and a long list of rank and fashion attended. The remarks we made last week on Formes, in the character of Marc, in reference to his general conception and acting, hold good after seeing him a second time. His performance possesses amazing vividness and dramatic colouring, and is as natural as it is striking and powerful. There can be no doubt that Formes' notion of the character, in the main, is the same as that which Scribe had fashioned in his mind and has transformed to his page. We must except the extreme old age put on by Herr Formes. It is not easy to reconcile the tremendous power of the artist's voice with any physical weakness, nor is there any necessity to make an old soldier, whom exposure to rude winds and weather should have rendered hardy and tough, tottering and feeble. It is, we allow, difficult to put on the semblance of years, without affording an idea of imbecility; but art can conquer any difficulty, and Herr Formes has art enough to accomplish anything. With regard to Herr Formes' singing, we noticed a decided improvement as well in the economising his *fortissimo* tones, as in the lightness and variety, the want of which we felt in the first performance. Altogether, the Marcel of Herr Formes, in the second performance, was a league in advance of the first, powerful and effective as that undoubtedly was, and we expect to find a still greater improvement after a few more repetitions. By a great artist, these remarks, made in the spirit of perfect fairness and with a thorough appreciation of his merits, cannot be taken in a sense other than that in which they are intended.

The performances on Thursday included the first act of

*La Donna del Lago*, and the whole of *Der Freischütz*—an entertainment worthy the very longest of long Thursdays. We cannot say we admire these extra-ordinary performances; but the public, we suppose, must be fed with the *pabulum* they like best, and as they pay for it we cannot blame the directors for doling it out to them by the yard, like French bread.

Yesterday morning the first grand concert of the season was given. The eternal—not immortal—*Stabat Mater* of Rossini was the opening fare, and occupied the first part. The second part was devoted to a miscellany. But we shall supply the programme, which will be found to contain some choice novelties.

## PART I.

Chorus with solos by Madlle. Vera, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Larin, and Signor Tagliafico	
Solo, "Cujus Animam," Signor Mario	
Duo, "Quis est homo," Madame Castellan and Madlle. de Meric	
Solo, "Pro peccatis," Signor Tamburini	
Solo, with chorus, "Eia mater fons amoris," Herr Formes	Rossini.
Quartette, "Sancta mater," Madlle. de Meric, Madlle. Vera, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Tamberlik	
Solo, "Eia me vera," Madlle. de Meric	
Solo, with chorus, "Indomitus," Madame Grisi	
Quartette, "Quando corpus," Madlle. Grisi, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Tamburini, and Signor Mario	
Chorus, "In sempiterna secula—Amen."	

## PART II.

Overture ( <i>Euryanthe</i> )	Weber.
Air, "In diesen heiligen Hallen" ( <i>Die Zauberflöte</i> ), Herr Formes	Mozart.
Duo ( <i>Matilda di Shabran</i> ), Madame Castellan and Madlle. Vera	Rossini.
Trio ( <i>Guillaume Tell</i> ), Sig. Mario, Mons. Massol, and Mons. Zöger	Rossini.
Aria, "Alma soava e cara" ( <i>Maria di Rohan</i> ), Signor Tamberlik	Donizetti.
Duo ( <i>Don Pasquale</i> ), Madame Grisi and Signor Mario	Donizetti.
Grand scena, with chorus ( <i>Iphigenia in Tauris</i> ), Mons. Massol	Gluck.
Duo, "Laci darem la mai" ( <i>Don Giovanni</i> ), Madame Castellan and Signor Tamburini	Mozart.
Romance, "Com'è gentil" ( <i>Don Pasquale</i> ), Signor Mario	Donizetti.
Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," by the Chorus	Festa.
Duo, "O amor di patria," ( <i>Masaniello</i> ), Signor Tamberlik and Monsieur Massol	Auber.
The "Wedding March," ( <i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i> )	Mendelssohn.

It will be seen the entire of the *Stabat Mater* was given. The performance was admirable throughout, a few weak points being counterbalanced by numerous excellencies. Mario sang the "Cujus animam" divinely, and threw at least as much religious fervour into it as the composer intended. The "Pro peccatis" was a fine performance. Tamburini's expression and taste were not expended in vain. The solo and chorus, Formes leading, went well. In the contralto song, Mademoiselle de Meric exhibited nice feeling and good judgment. Grisi came out with prodigious fire in the "Inflammatus" chorus, and was admirably supported by the choir. This piece was splendidly sung, and produced an immense effect. The unaccompanied quartet was as fine a specimen of ensemble singing as could be heard. The "Amen" chorus, though not particularly happy in its fugue, exhibits most wonderful writing for the voices. The *Stabat Mater* is certainly the least inspired of Rossini's works; but it, as certainly, possesses that within it which could have originated from no musical mind of a common order.

The performance of the overture to *Euryanthe* was perfect.

Formes was encored in Mozart's fine air, a compliment he well deserved, as his singing was not only remarkable for its forcibleness, but it was subdued even to the very quality of the music.

The duet from *Matilda di Shabran* was charmingly rendered by the two fair artists. The cadenzas of Madame Castellan were brilliantly given.

The trio from *Guillaume Tell*, magnificent as it is, loses by transplantation. It is too dramatic for a concert room, and was quite out of place. It was, however, capitally sung.

Donizetti's aria was beautifully and tenderly given by Tamberlik. More expressive and touching singing we have not often heard.

Grisi and Mario were encored in the pleasing and happy duo from *Don Pasquale*. The "Diva" was in admirable spirits and voice, and produced a marked effect by the introduction of three shakes into the final cadence.

The scena from the *Iphigenia in Tauride* is a splendid thing, and the directors would do well to introduce more specimens of the great composer, whose works are but little known to the frequenters of the opera. As far as Massol was concerned the scena was splendidly sung; but the chorus, at times, was uncertain, and the dances were taken too quick.

The delicious duet from *Don Giovanni* wanted the stage to bring out its points, if not its musical charms.

Of course Mario was encored in the romance from *Don Pasquale* which, of course, he sang beautifully.

We congratulate the directors on the introduction of the madrigal into the programme, and trust that few concerts will be given at the Royal Italian Opera, without one or more of them. The notion which originated the introduction, was exceedingly happy, and the success achieved yesterday, must not be overlooked. Festa's madrigal is, perhaps, the most beautiful ever written. It was rapturously encored, the chorus having sung it to perfection, thus making some amends for their imperfection in the chorus from *Iphigenia*.

The duet was splendidly given by Tamberlik and Massol, and narrowly escaped an encore.

The "Wedding March" was magnificently played, and wound up, on the whole, a concert of unusual interest.

## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fifth concert, which took place on Monday night in the presence of an unusually full attendance, was exceedingly interesting, but much too long, as may be surmised from the following programme:—

## PART I.

Sinfonia in F, No. 8	Beethoven.
Aria con Coro, "Possenti Numi" ( <i>Il Flauto Magico</i> ), Mr. Phillips and chorus	Mozart.
Quartett, No. 81, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Blagrove, Sainton, Hill, and Lucas	Haydn.
Aria, "Chio-faro" ( <i>Orfeo</i> ), Miss M. Williams	Gluck.
Concerto in C minor, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper	Mozart.
Air and chorus, "Yes, lovely Kunegunda" ( <i>Faust</i> ), Mr. Benson and Chorus	Spohr.
Overture (MS.) Shakspeare's "Tempest"	J. Henry Griesbach.
(First time of performance.)	

## PART II.

The First Walpurgis Night—Miss M. Williams, Mr. Benson, Mr. Phillips, and chorus	Mendelssohn.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.	

The four instrumental pieces in the first part, three of which are of the length and importance of symphonies, made just one too many. We have already stated our opinion that

quartets, which are essentially chamber music, are out of place at concerts where a grand orchestra forms the prominent attraction; and the performance of Monday night only served to confirm us in this impression.) We do not for one instant contest the very great merits of Haydn's quartet, one of his latest and most admirable works; nor have we any fault to find with the execution of Messrs. Blagrove, Sainton, Hill, and Lucas, which was as correct as possible; but, after the symphony of Beethoven, in which the resources of the orchestra are so brilliantly developed, the effect of the four stringed instruments was pitifully small, and almost succeeded in throwing a damp upon the rest of the concert. The excuse for the introduction of a quartet at this concert, as we have heard, was, that on a former occasion Mr. Blagrove having played second violin to M. Sainton, it was necessary to afford the Englishman an opportunity in which, the places being reversed, he might become leader in his turn. But, without intending any slight to Mr. Blagrove, we have a right to complain that tenacity in respect to position on the part of two violinists in the Philharmonic orchestra should be visited as an infliction on the public and the subscribers—for we insist that it was an infliction to be obliged to listen attentively to three symphonies (quartets and concertos being symphonies in another form) in almost immediate succession, and to come to the longest and most elaborate piece of the evening, *The First Walpurgis Night*, mentally and physically exhausted, so as to render a proper appreciation of its grandeur and poetical beauty almost impossible. Moreover, we confess our inability to understand that any temporary forfeiture of position can derive from holding the second violin in a quartet, since it is as difficult a post and as honourable in its way as the first. At the Beethoven Quartet Society such artists as Sivori and ~~others~~ *temp*s have played second to M. Sainton; yet no one ever presumed they lost caste by their condescension. The point in question, however, is, that chamber music is quite foreign to the present constitution of the Philharmonic Concerts; that it can be heard elsewhere with far greater effect; and that, consequently, there is no excuse for spinning out the performances to a tedious prolixity by its introduction. On this consideration, without discussing the reasons that may influence the directors, we feel called upon to condemn unconditionally the attempt to revive an old practice, which, when the concerts were held in a smaller room, and the programmes were differently arranged, and quartets could not be heard competently executed in other places, might have been even advisable, but which, in the actual order of things, is irrelevant and superfluous.

*En passant*, it may be worthy noticing that Mr. Blagrove and M. Sainton have each appeared *three times* at the Philharmonic this season. Molique is in London, nevertheless; to say nothing of Ernst.

On the whole we have rarely heard the symphony in F executed with more spirit, precision, and finish than on Monday night under Mr. Costa's direction. Although one of the least elaborate of the nine, it is one of the most original: continuously melodious—a song, from first to last, in which the invention of the composer never tires of producing phrases of the utmost fancy and beauty. The style is joyous throughout, the mysterious episode in the second part of the last movement, while contrasting strongly with what precedes and follows it, by no means departing from the general vivacity of tone, which is sustained to the end with astonishing power. The only points for criticism in the whole performance occurred in the minuetto and trio; in the former we did not altogether like the forced accentuation of the opening bars; in the latter,

which is almost invariably the case, the obligato passages were more than once imperfectly rendered. We own that this trio is exceedingly difficult for certain instruments; but Beethoven was too good a judge of effect to have written what was impossible. We are compelled, therefore, to assign the obstinate imperfection which has for many years attended the execution of this trio to negligent rehearsal or indifference, neither of which is intelligible where Beethoven is concerned. The delicate and playful allegretto in B flat, given to perfection, was unanimously redemanded.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper must be complimented for his choice of Mozart's concerto, one of the happiest efforts of its great composer. It was the first appearance of our young countryman before a Philharmonic audience. He has, nevertheless, already established himself in other places as an accomplished musician, and a master of the instrument which he professes. Mr. Sloper's performance was one of the most satisfactory kind, tasteful, intellectual, and finished. His accentuation was so decisive, his time so correct, his articulation so distinct, that the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's attentive guidance, followed him with ease, and the tones of the pianoforte were clearly heard in the midst of the most elaborate instrumentation. In the first movement Mr. Sloper introduced a cadenza of his own, which displayed great musical knowledge and a thorough command of the instrument. At the same time, much as we were pleased with Mr. Sloper's cadenza, we must express our objection to the custom, ancient as it is, of interpolating long and elaborate preludes, prepared for the occasion, into the works of the classical masters. The intention of the old composers in leaving a pause at certain points of their concertos was to offer skilful players an opportunity of exercising their readiness and talent in an improvisation on the principal themes; cadenzas should, therefore, be played impromptu or abandoned altogether. It is true the talent for improvisation is exceedingly rare, and perhaps we may never hear again in our time one of those sudden bursts of inspiration which used to make the cadenzas of Mendelssohn the wonder alike of pianists and musicians. Mr. Sloper's success was most decided, and the applause bestowed upon his performance was liberal and frequent. The objection to English pianists appears to be wearing away at Philharmonic headquarters; it is likely that the warm reception accorded to Kate Loder and Mr. Sloper may open the door to others of decided merit, from among whom, as there are several, it would be invidious to signalise any one in particular by name.

Mr. Griesbach's overture is a composition of merit, but we failed to detect in it any poetic relation with the poem of Shakspeare which it professes to illustrate. That Mr. Griesbach is an able musician is evident. He writes with facility, and handles the orchestra like one well acquainted with its resources. This said we have said all, since his overture—which consists of an introduction, intended, we presume, as a musical picture of a storm; and an allegro chiefly remarkable for its length—offers no indications of fancy or originality, but on the other hand, suggests a more than average quantity of reminiscences. Every pains was taken by Mr. Costa to secure an effective performance; the execution was really admirable; and the overture much applauded. Mr. Griesbach is one of the seven directors of the Philharmonic Society for the present year.

*The First Walpurgis Night*, of the design and elevated merits of which we have more than once spoken in due terms of admiration, was disadvantageously placed, after such a lengthy succession of vocal and instrumental pieces. It nevertheless created a profound impression, and indeed we

have seldom heard many parts of it more efficiently executed. The opening instrumental movement in A minor, in which the composer has endeavoured to paint, by the aid of the orchestra, a storm in the Hartz mountains, clearing away at the approach of spring, was dashed off with a fiery impetuosity peculiar to the Philharmonic band, and which in certain compositions leaves it without a rival. Some of the choral effects were developed with equal force, especially the chorus of the Druid guards, "Disperse, disperse," and that of the guards and the people, "Come with torches brightly flashing," where the Druids, by feigned incantations, seek to frighten away the Christian soldiers, in order to be enabled to perform their religious ceremonies unmolested. The imagination of Mendelssohn was never more powerfully manifested than in this chorus, and indeed the *Walpurgis Night* must altogether be regarded as one of the most extraordinary inspirations of his genius. We retain our opinion, however, that a larger arena is indispensable to insure the effect of which it is capable. Nothing better could be desired for the instrumental portions than the band under Mr. Costa's direction; but the chorus should be at least treble the number, a desideratum which the accommodation afforded by the Hanover-square Rooms puts out of the question. The vocal solo parts were carefully and efficiently rendered by Miss M. Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. H. Phillips.

Of the other vocal music we have little to say. Mr. Phillips sang Mozart's aria impressively, and Miss M. Williams gave the "Che farò" with such fervour and feeling as to obtain the loudest applause. The air and chorus from Spohr's *Faust* might have been omitted with advantage. It is ineffective in a concert-room, and was only introduced because there was a chorus at hand. It resulted from the superabundance of good things that the audience were restlessly disturbed during the performance of the *Walpurgis Night* by persons leaving the room, and celebrating their departure with a more than ordinary degree of noise. The Philharmonic directors should learn to apply the adage, "Enough is as good as a feast." We should then have shorter programmes, and probably better concerts.

#### THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Council of the Royal Academy having this year resolved, for the first time, to include in their invitations the private view of their annual exhibition the leading representatives of the metropolitan press, we are enabled to respond to this act of courtesy by a more careful survey of the works of art collected in the apartments of that learned body. In other places, and at other times, the Royal Academy may be called upon to defend or to abandon its invidious privileges and an anomalous constitution. These are subjects into which it would be ungracious and unnecessary to enter at this moment. But one counsel we may venture to address to the Academicians most zealous in defence of their corporate position, since they have shown on the present occasion an increased desire to place themselves on the ground of common convenience and public opinion. Let them be assured that their greatest safety and consideration lie in a sense of the actual services they may render to the public; that the Academy exists not only for Artists but for art; and that in an age when the interests of Art and the love of Art are happily extending to a very large proportion of the community, it is essentially by a popular spirit and by national services that such an institution can alone maintain its ground in the country.

We do not disparage the time-honoured usage which, from the foundation of the Academy, has set apart one day in the year for the reception of an assemblage in the halls of the Academy, from which Royalty itself has never withheld its countenance, and at which all that is most distinguished in rank, in intellect, and in the public service of this empire, has esteemed it an honour to meet

together. It has tended to strengthen social ties between those most concerned in the production of these works of imagination and of taste—it has tended also to assign to genius and to skill that exalted place to which they are entitled in polished society; but we venture to add that the increased liberality of the distribution of tickets on this occasion did not impair the vivacity or the brilliancy of the scene.

The artists have done their part, and we must endeavour to do ours—ray rather, the public is itself called upon to perform the most lasting and certain work of all, to raise genius to its loftiest eminence, to chastise impertinence, to dispel illusions, to condemn mediocrity. We serve but as ushers to the throng which will crowd in a day or two to form their own judgment from the works before them. But on that judgment depends, almost as much as on the bent of the creative talent, the direction given to English art. If a want of correctness and elevation are still prominent defects in the English school of painting, in comparison not only with the ancient masters, but with contemporary schools abroad, the fault rests at least as much with the critic and the purchaser as with the artist. There are men amongst those who have covered these walls, and especially amongst the younger generation of our artists, who bid fair to accomplish anything they resolve to undertake; all that they require is the consciousness that they are understood, and that the highest rewards of their profession are not confined to narrow objects or depraved taste.

The present Exhibition displays a large amount of force in the old and well known favourites of the country, combined with an advance in several artists who had hitherto occupied a secondary rank, and with some novelty, a little wayward and perplexing, but not devoid of promise and not unworthy of closer attention. On entering the Great Room, the eye first rests on No. 189, "A Dialogue at Waterloo," by Edwin Landseer. The speakers in that dialogue are no other than the Duke of Wellington himself and the Marchioness of Douro, revisiting, on some fine autumn day, that forgotten ridge from which the same expressive finger which now points its familiar explanation of the ground, once beckoned the Guards to victory. The Flemish girl who offers to the unknown visitor that tale of rote which he could best tell to her and all mankind—the Garde-Chasse listlessly throwing his game on the bank—a Belgian farmer half suspecting that the face before him is one of those which no man who has once seen it forgets, and the other accessories of the group contribute to give extreme interest to this picture. That interest was heightened yesterday by the presence of the Duke himself, who lingered with evident satisfaction before the canvass, which seemed to render him twice over a spectator of his own greatness. The picture is one of Mr. Landseer's largest productions, and it is fortunately destined to take its place in the Vernon Gallery at Marlborough-house. In point of composition perhaps it wants unity, in point of treatment it might bear a warmer tone of colour; but the portraits are like the horses and other animals have all the charm of Mr. Landseer's brush, and the details of the picture are ingenious and effective.

Immediately opposite this painting will be found a work of a very different character—(72) "The Good Samaritan," by Mr. Eastlake. For several years, that is since the "Christ over Jerusalem" was first exhibited, we have had no work from Mr. Eastlake's pencil at all comparable to this picture. In design, in impression, in sentiment, it is of the highest order. The wounded man, barely raised from the dust in which he lay, is supported by the hand of mercy and of love. The drawing and colour of his naked form are finished with extreme care, and his face turns upwards with an expression of exquisite gratitude and trust; in some other respects the picture is still unfinished, but we hardly like it the less for the subdued and unobtrusive character of all secondary objects. It is on the sufferer and the Samaritan that the mind and the eye rest, for in the symbolical robe and the majestic countenance of that compassionate being we trace at once the Samaritan over his afflicted brother—the Saviour over afflicted man. The repetition of Mr. Eastlake's "Escape of Francesco di Carrara" (169), painted also for the Vernon Gallery, has considerable more force and movement than the original picture; it is slight, it is terror, and will remain a specimen of the artist's most elaborate manner though the subject is not one susceptible of much interest.

To the numerous class of visitors uninitiated in the works of Mr. Turner, the four pictures exhibited this year by that veteran artist will convey no notions more distinct than the fragments of that mysterious MS., "The fallacies of Hope," which still serves, to amuse Mr. Turner, and to perplex the world. When we look back to those earlier works which have long since taken their place amongst the greatest productions of this country, it would seem as if Mr. Turner had possessed in youth all the dignity of age to exchange it in age for the effervescence of youth. But to the more practised eyes which still trace through these eccentricities the hand of a great master, and a matchless command over the materials of painting, careless of form and prodigal of light, these four pictures are not deficient in beauty and interest. The "Mercury" (174) and "The Departure of the Fleet" (482) have the coolness of dawn or twilight thrown, as it were, through the radiance of a southern sun, which gives the glow and the iridescence of the opal. Even in the wilder pictures (192) in which the most definite object would seem to be a black cat, and in the "Visit to the Tomb" (373) the confused and luminous mass subsides at a distance into an order of its own, which those who have discovered that Turner has a purpose in most of his productions, may, with the aid of Mr. Raskin, appreciate.

From these subjects, if we turn to works of less pretension but more universal interest, we shall find an amply supply of pleasing performances. Mr. Leslie exhibits three pictures—a "Beatrice in the Garden" (95), a "Tom Jones and Sophia," and a "Scene from Henry VIII." (136). Mr. MacLise has hit off, with uncommon drollery, life, and expression, "The Return of Moses to the Vicar of Wakefield, with the gross of green spectacles" (56); and Mr. Webster presents us with several pictures, of which one especially, "A Cherry-seller" (98), combines all the finish of Dutch handling, with the charm of English feeling. These gems are, however, on the smallest scale, and we regret that the success of his last year's picture did not encourage him to repeat as considerable a work.

Among pictures of a high character, the well known "Cromwell looking at the dead body of Charles" (369), by Paul de la Roche, has been re-painted by that eminent artist, for the purpose of being exhibited for the first time in this country. Mr. E. M. Ward has produced one of the most interesting pictures of the gallery,—"James II. in his Palace, of Whitehall, receiving the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange, in 1688" (350)—worthy in point of invention and allusion of the author of the "South Sea Bubble," but inferior to some former works in colour. In this class, however, we are not sure that the first place does not belong to a young artist, as yet only an associate of the Academy, Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, whose "Samson Betrayed" (16) is a work of extraordinary power and originality. His "Rape of Proserpine" (264) is also a very remarkable work, though somewhat crude in the colour of the Nymph Cyane and her Naiads. To this division we must add a class of pictures, remarkable for depth of feeling, for intention, and originality—some coming near to perfection, and some absolutely offensive to taste and judgment—but all conceived in a spirit of peculiar reverence for the more ancient forms of art. At this moment we can only summarily allude to them. "The meeting of Jacob and Rachel" (92), by Mr. Dyce, is of this class by far the most perfect and successful. Designed with exquisite purity, yet conceived with extreme passion, in this picture Mr. Dyce has caught that difficult art of following the dry and severe style of the elder painters without sacrificing the more important conditions of feeling and nature. Mr. Cope's pictures, "The Death of King Lear" (39), the sketches for the frescoes in the House of Lords, the "Study of a Child" (206), partake of the same quality; and though we dislike its allegorical character, inherent in the subject, as much may be said for Mr. MacLise's "Justice" (160). But the example of these artists, and the mediæval tastes of the day, have led some of their more enthusiastic brethren to adopt a style taken, we should apprehend, chiefly from the Bayeux tapestry, or the manners and customs of the English. Mr. Millais, still retaining strong marks of that power which distinguished his Beccafico picture last year, has sunk into extravagance bordering, in one instance, on irreverence (518 and 504), and he again is followed by Mr. Hunt (553), and Mr. Collins (535), till nothing remains of chiaroscuro, perspective, nature, or truth. We

shall revert to these pictures, but we must at once protest against the introduction of such a style into English art.

To turn to landscape, we find ourselves at once on less questionable ground. Mr. Stanfield exhibits his usual fertility, and in one instance (131), "Scene on the Mass" (painted, we believe, for the gallery of Sir R. Peel), more than his usual power. His "Macbeth meeting with the Witches" (67), painted for Mr. Brunel's Shakspeare Gallery, is, we fear, less successful. Mr. Creswick, again abandoning his groves and dells for the sea beach and the retiring tides of our island, has produced two pictures of great merit, "The wind on shore" (48), and "The first glimpse of the sea" (258). The cattle of Mr. Sidney Cooper, especially in "Summer Showers" (239), may entitle him to honours not far below those of a Paul Potter; and Mr. Lee has some pleasing landscapes in his accustomed and not very animated manner.

The portraits, which complete in great profusion the upper furniture of the apartments, are not of a high order, and it may deserve to be discussed on some future occasion to what the present state of portrait painting in this country is attributable. Mr. Grant still takes the lead, and in the treatment of some of his fairer subjects he deserves it. Of these the picture of his daughter and of Lady Bruce are the best; but nothing can justify such a performance as the same artist's caricature of the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Henry Phillips has several portraits of great merit, more even as portraits of intellect than portraits of beauty: and we must notice, even in this hasty sketch, the portrait of Mr. Brotherton by Mr. Westcott—an artist hitherto of provincial celebrity only, but inferior in this instance to no painter in that branch of his profession. The Scotch artists have declined. Mr. Watson Gordon's portraits are feeble, and Mr. Swinton's are below his former rank. It is fair, however, to add that one of the most interesting works of this artist was naturally withdrawn after a recent event in private life which has called forth very general and merited sympathy. The portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Sant, still retains its place. In the miniatures, Mr. Thorburn has all his pre-eminence, which has given an air of grandeur and elevation to the most contracted branch of the art.

The sculpture, still imprisoned in the vault assigned to it, and now more than ever over-crowded, is not deficient in interest. Mr. Macdowall's "Virginius" and "Psyche," Mr. Bailey's "Sleeping Girl," Baron Marochetti's "Sappho," and Mr. R. Westmacott's recumbent monument to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, are works of great merit. But after this hasty survey of the whole Exhibition, we shall take an early opportunity of reverting, in greater detail, to the different parts of it.

(To be continued.)

## MUSICAL UNION.

THE fourth meeting took place on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms, and was attended by the most crowded audience of the season. The second appearance before a London audience of M. Stephen Heller, the first performance of a posthumous quartet of Mendelssohn, and the presidency of Herr Ernst, as leader of the quartets, imparted a more than common importance to the programme, which, independently of these advantages, was one of a high order.

The quartet in F minor (No. 6), of Mendelssohn, in all probability the last work that he lived to finish, was written in Switzerland during the summer of 1847, under peculiar circumstances. The early and unexpected death of a sister, the intimate associate of his early life and for whom he entertained a strong attachment, so worked upon the spirits of Mendelssohn that his health, already precarious, was materially injured, and he became a prey to the lowest despondency. In this state of mind he resorted to his art for consolation, and the quartet in F minor may be regarded as a portrayal of his feelings during that period of suffering. A few days after it was completed, he returned to his favourite residence at Leipsic, which he never quitted alive. For those who love the music of Mendelssohn, and are capable of justly



estimating his genius, this quartet must possess a deep and individual interest. But, irrespective of associations, it claims attention as a work of singular beauty and originality. Perhaps never before was passion expressed with such intensity by the simple combination of four musical instruments. It is the very eloquence of grief, and, were we inclined to seek its parallel in a sister art, we could find nothing so appropriate as the *Adonais* of Shelley, the poet's lament for the death of his young friend, Keates. As a composition, the quartet in F minor must be noted for its dissimilarity to other essays of the kind by Mendelssohn. It would appear as if, prostrate under the weight of affliction, he had found himself unable to conjure up any of those fanciful images so brightly conspicuous in his previous works. The sparkling showers of notes that told of fairy land, the circling *cantilena* that found no repose for its ever-moving melody, the *scherso*, exciting and fantastic, which held the attention in a magic spell, are no longer heard; but in their place a sullen and dejected strain, interrupted ever and anon by bursts of wild and passionate harmony, indicative of nothing but despair. The first, second, and last movements are all in this style; they are written in F minor, a key well adapted for the expression of gloom and despondency. In the second part of the second movement a short theme, allotted to the violoncello, appears to promise a transitory repose; but this is immediately cut short by a phrase in the prevailing minor key, by which the violin seems to reproach its companion for even an instant's intrusion on the sanctuary of grief. The only movement in the major key is the *adagio* in A flat, the characteristics of which are pathos and resignation. The relief afforded by this cessation from the monotonous tone of complaint is a fine stroke of art, and the relapse into a still wilder and more passionate strain in the *finale*, which seems to set consolation at defiance, produces an unparalleled effect. A technical analysis of such a composition would be nothing better than an absurdity. It is enough to say, as an instance of Mendelssohn's supreme command of the materials of his art, that through all its variety of impulse the outline is as well defined, the development as clear and consistent, as in any of his previous quartets. Mendelssohn knew, or rather felt, on this particular occasion, that in art, where form is vague or absent, expression loses more than half its strength. It is the province of art to convey to others, in one lucid and intelligible whole, thoughts and emotions that have presented themselves to the imagination at various intervals, in fragmentary disorder. Mozart himself had not a more exquisite sensibility for symmetry of form than Mendelssohn—an assertion which may be established by a careful investigation of any of his works, great or small.

We have no intention to enquire what place the quartet in F minor is entitled to hold in the catalogue of Mendelssohn's works, nor do we desire to compare it with those of other masters, satisfied with the conviction that, as an exhibition of strong and earnest feeling, it has been surpassed by few things in music. That the circumstance which induced its composition was one of so sad a nature can hardly be too deeply regretted.

Having said so much of the quartet, there is small space left to do justice to the executants—Ernst, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti—who must be satisfied with the unqualified verdict of approval due to a highly impressive and admirable performance. Let us add that if ever a work was calculated to bring out with more than ordinary effect the peculiar characteristics of Ernst's talent, it is this quartet, the latest, and most striking of Mendelssohn's contributions to chamber-music. The impressions derived from hearing M. Stephen

Heller play the trio in D, at the first meeting of the Beethoven Quartet Society, were more than confirmed on Tuesday by his performance of another trio by the same great master,—that in B flat, the longest, most beautiful, and most difficult of them all. In this work, M. Heller had opportunities for executive display which the first trio failed to supply. The opening *allegro moderato* demands largeness of expression, the *scherso* a command of strong contrasts, the *adagio* depth of sentiment, and the *finale* force and delicacy of execution; so that the abilities of a pianist are taxed to the utmost, and the trio in B flat may be safely taken as a test of efficiency. M. Heller was not found wanting in any of the desired requisites; but, on the contrary, showed himself a thorough proficient in them all. His performance, equally finished and brilliant, was distinguished throughout by intelligence and rare appreciation of his author. More genuine and warmer applause has seldom been bestowed than that which was accorded to M. Heller by the discriminating audience of the *Musical Union*. Ernst and Piatti held the violin and violoncello in the trio, and the *ensemble* was perfect. The other quartet was Haydn's, No. 57, in C, one of the most remarkable works of that prolific composer. Three of the *Pensées Pugnatives*—a set of short and elegant duets for the pianoforte and violin—executed with the utmost grace and spirit by M. Heller and Herr Ernst, by whom they were composed in fellowship, retained the audience delighted to the end, and worthily concluded one of the most interesting and classical entertainments that Mr. Ella has provided for his subscribers.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND ITS PROFESSORS OF PAINTING.

"As you have not been taught to flatter us, do not learn to flatter yourselves."  
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The following extract from the letter of an artist educated in the Royal Academy, appears to me satisfactorily to account for the utter worthlessness of academic instruction, and its pernicious influence upon the fine arts. The writer says:—

"I can, from experience, state that the schools of the Royal Academy, during the whole period of my term there, from 1823, to 1833, afforded no real instruction to the pupils. I look back with dismay to the time I spent there; for I never heard a single principle of art explained by any of the body entitled Royal Academicians in any of the schools,—the Antique, the Life, or the School of Painting. Nor does it appear to be much improved at the present time; for when lately conversing with the attendant professor in the School of Painting, that gentleman ridiculed the application of *principles* to the guidance of the pupil in the pursuit of art."

This disregard of all general rules,—this no-principle principle is the reason why the Royal Academy schools of art have proved a signal failure. Hence the constant succession of monthly visitors, the landscape painter inculcating on the students attention to colour only, the painter of history dwelling chiefly on the importance of outline, one visitor refusing to sanction the use of white lead, while another is all for lead. Hence also the regulations which prevent the student in the Antique from studying in the Life School, until he have made a drawing in the former approved by the Council; whereas, without an accurate knowledge of the living form, how can the student learn to distinguish the different substances which he has to imitate—bone, muscle, and flesh? He should, moreover, make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy, if he can, in frequent dissections: for a young artist, without this knowledge, is capable of comprehending the peculiar beauty of the antique models, nor of appreciating the character of the antique, which consists in a particular classification of the parts of the body, and in a perfect comprehension of the essential as

distinguished from the accidental forms of nature. The Royal Academic student seldom or never returns to the Antique after once entering the Life School—not having, in the first instance, learned to appreciate the works of art which were there presented to him for study; and thus, after eighty years' trial of the Royal Academic system, we find ourselves in a worse position than before.

The lecture delivered by the present Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, on the late W. Etty, R.A., as reported in the *Athenæum* of the 30th March, singularly illustrates the Royal Academic no-principle principle. It appears, from the prefatory observations to the lecture, that, on the last anniversary of the Academy, the students heard from the lips of the keeper, who is neither "an able painter of history" nor "sculptor," "a just eulogy" on Mr. Etty. He exhorted them to imitate "the unwearied perseverance" which so much contributed to his success, rather than "attempt to copy that facility of hand which he only attained after years of patient labour," and which must and can only be attained by patient labour. Facility of hand cannot be "copied," though it may be acquired.

We are told by the Professor of Painting that, in 1821, William Etty, at the age of 34, in the full development of his faculties, after his pictures had been rejected "year after year," both at the Royal Academy and at the British Gallery, after having exhibited several pictures to no purpose for nine successive years, the "Coral Fishers" the year before, "one morning, nearly thirty years ago," "awoke famous"—which means that the Royal Academicians were at last awakened. Our professor quotes an *Eclectic* reviewer as an authority in support of his opinion that Mr. Etty's pictures are "great in deed or manner;" and then he has a fling at the "painful trifling" of Van Huseum—a first-rate painter in his particular line—a workman who was perfect master of his tools; and again the reviewer is brought to the rescue to prove that Mr. Etty "must rank hereafter among the greatest colourists the world has yet seen, often rivaling Rubens and the great Venetians on their own ground, and, moreover, having developed power peculiar to himself." That is to say Mr. Etty is as great a colourist as Titian and Rubens, "with power peculiar to himself" regardless of the fact that there is a wide difference between the colouring of Titian and Rubens, Titian painting in broad, unbroken masses of colour, while Rubens breaks up his colours with white. His colouring, called tinted, as Reynolds observes, "is totally different from that of Titian, Correggio, or any of the great colourists." As a fitting climax to this kind of criticism, the Professor asserts that "it is a proud thing for English art to be able to say this, which cannot be said of any painter out of England since the death of Watteau," "the clever 'genre Versailles' painter." That is to say that Mr. Etty is as great a colourist—nay, a greater—than Titian and Rubens; and that this cannot be said of any painter out of England (that is, it can be said of English painters) except Watteau; therefore Watteau is also as great, nay, a greater colourist than Titian and Rubens. Reynolds, who classes Watteau with Borgognone and other inferior artists, says these painters have the same right, in different degrees, to the name of painter, which a satirist, an epigrammatist, a sonneteer, a writer of pastorals, has to a poet.

The professor is of opinion that West pursued high art (small art?) "on a large scale, with fame and profit"—i.e., with Court patronage and 1,500*l.* a year—and that Barry's "art," though profitless, attracted "quite as much attention as it deserved." What! Barry, the friend of Edmund Burke, who ranks, and must hereafter rank, "with our most distinguished British artists, whose lectures are now given as prizes to the students of the Academy, yet who found great difficulty in obtaining even 50*l.* from the Society of Arts in the Adelphi to pay for the necessary models (he was then gratuitously decorating the great room of that society), and who died the object of a public subscription, of which he never lived to receive a farthing. The works of Barry received as much attention as they deserved? Truly that is an academic kick at the dead lion—at the earnest, brave, heroic Barry, expelled from the Royal Academy for not having graduated in the school of genuine humbugism. We are then told that the works of Stothart "are of the highest order;" and that "in time" John Constable will take his place among "the greatest of landscape painters"—the professor

prudently sticking to the prophetic vein. We then encounter some curious contradictions.

The professor says that he has "no other recollection of the first pictures he (Etty) exhibited than as black, colourless attempts at ideal subjects;" but he afterwards discovers that "in Etty, after his powers were fully developed, we scarcely observe any change, certainly no change of principle; for, from the first, he was right." Therefore, the Academy was wrong in ever rejecting his pictures. Q. E. D. Again, "I scarcely remember a female face by Etty in which the expression is impure." Contradiction: "It cannot be doubted that the voluptuous treatment of his subjects, in very many instances, recommended them more powerfully than their admirable art."

The critic who classes Titian, Rubens, and Watteau in the same category, naturally "thinks it not profane to speak of Etty and Correggio together," and then again favours us with a "Ruskinian" quotation from the *Eclectic*. "Drawing and colouring cannot, in fact, be given in equal proportions of perfection in art, because not actually so occurring in nature herself." If this were true in nature, which I deny, unless an artist possessed the power of combining and abstracting, he would produce only uninteresting trifles; and without an accurate knowledge of forms, the power of combination and abstraction would be useless.

It appears that Mr. Etty painted in the house of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and that "the contemplation and copying the works of that eminent man" (who first introduced the free use of crude white lead, since carried to its utmost perfection in the Academy, where the exhibitors seem to outvie one another in crudity) "could not but in some degree affect his style, and, indeed, the art of Lawrence had so much fascination in it as to maintain a widely-spread influence over the rising talent of the day, and gradually to undermine till it almost superseded the taste imparted by Reynolds and Gainsborough to English portraiture." This is precisely what I have all along maintained, that the Royal Academicians—Lawrence at their head—have systematically, and, alas! too successfully, lowered the public taste to the level of their own capacity. The lecturer himself is compelled to acknowledge that, "the school of the great portrait painter was certainly not one of colour," and he states that Mr. Etty's first impressions of harmony were derived from Fuseli!

With respect to Mr. Etty's fame as a colourist, so far from believing that "hereafter" his works will rise in the market (the modern test of merit), I am convinced that they are already too highly estimated. The Academicians who neglected him when unpatronised would now, to forward their own views, exalt him as the successful rival of the unrivalled Venetian colourists; but they will only succeed in proving to the world that, both in their public conduct as an "unincorporated" body, as well as in their public capacity as lecturers upon art, they are guided by no sure principle whatever, unless, indeed, it be the non-principle principle.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town, April 20.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE following programme was presented on Saturday, the 27th ult., at the second concert given by the pupils of the institution, in the Hanover Square Rooms:—

### PART I.

Overture and Introduction to the 1st Act. ( <i>Alfred the Great</i> ). (M.S.)	John Thomas.
Recit "Spurs." Miss Owen. ( <i>Orfeo</i> )	Gluck.
Aria "Che farò."	
Rondo brillante in E Flat—Pianoforte. Miss Lohmann.	Mendelssohn.
Terzetto—"Pria di Partir." Miss Clara Fraser, Miss Howe, and Miss W. Lyon. ( <i>Idomeneo</i> )	Mozart.
Recit "Sediziosa Voci."	
Aria "Casta Dira." Miss Helen Taylor. ( <i>Norma</i> )	Belini.
Andante and Polacca—Violoncello. Mr. Aylward.	Romberg.
Finale—1st Act—Principal parts by Miss Holroyd, Miss Pitt, Messrs. Swift, Cocking, and Pollard. ( <i>Guglielmo Tell</i> )	Rossini.

## PART II.

Dramatic Concerto for Violin—Mr. Hill. *Spoehr.*  
 Canto—"Ah grazie."—Solo, Mr. Swift. (*La Clemenza*  
*di Tito*) *Mozart.*  
 Duetta—"Mille Sospiri." Miss Clara Fraser and Miss  
 Owen. (*L'Aureliano in Palmyra*) *Rossini.*  
 Aria—"Foggi Amor." Miss Botibol. (*Le Nozze di*  
*Figaro*) *Mozart.*  
 Concerto in A (first movement)—Pianoforte. Mr.  
 Bembridge. *Hummel.*  
 Part Song—(M.S.) "Yon Golden sun is setting."  
 Romanza—"Spirto gentil." Mr. Swift. (*La Favorita*) *C. Staggall.*  
 Chorus—"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."—Solo, Miss  
 Holroyd. (*The Knight of Snowdon*) *Donizetti.*  
 Conductor—Mr. C. Lucas. *Sir II. Bishop.*

As we were unable to attend the concert we cannot offer any opinion on the new compositions of the pupils. We have heard good reports, however, from competent authorities.

## REVIEWS.

"The Lisette Polka," by C. A. DURLACHER.—OLLIVIER.

SPARKLING, light, and graceful, are terms that may be appropriately applied to the "Lisette Polka." The rhythm is well marked, and the tune, a real polka tune, which is a desideratum in a "dance polka." The polka is dedicated to Miss Durlacher, the vocalist, and sister of the composer, and may be cordially recommended as admirably suited to the intended purpose.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VENICE.—Verdi is composing a new opera for the *Fenice*. It will be represented at the approaching Carnival. At the theatre, *Gullo a Santo Benedetto*, *I Lombardi*, of the same composer, has been given with two new artists, Madame Crespolani, *prima donna*, and Signor Rossi Guerra, a tenor. The well-known tenor, Frascini, will shortly make his appearance at this theatre in *Ernani*, with Mdlle. Bendazzi, a *debutante* of whom report speaks well.

GENOA.—Verdi's *Ernani* has been produced here with very little success; the feebleness of the execution making the emptiness of the music doubly apparent. The only one who sang decently in the opera was Mdlle. Gruitz, a singer of reputation and talent. The tenor, a Signor Mirata, was worse than mediocre.

VERONA.—An Italian musician here, Lauro Rossi by name, has had the impudence to put music of his own to the libretto of Auber's *Domino Noir*. This new production of the Italian school was partially saved from condemnation by the talent of the artists. The operas at present most in vogue at Verona, are Paccini's *Saffo*, Nicolai's *Il Templario*, and Donizetti's *Maria Di Rohan*.

NAPLES.—De Bassani, the celebrated barytone, and his wife, Mademoiselle Gabussi, have made their appearance in the *Due Foscari* of Verdi, with the tenor Miraglia, who, in spite of great nervousness, exhibited a fine voice and a good method. Verdi has very shabbily refused to write an opera for the *San Carlo*, a theatre to which he owes so much, without receiving the money in advance. The heart of this composer would seem to be as poor and barren as his musical ideas. The art, indeed, must be in a queer state in Italy, when the prosperity of a theatre like the *San Carlo* depends on the pen of a Verdi.

TOURS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—It is impossible to give you any idea of the sensation occasioned in our usually quiet town by the performances of the distinguished artist, Madame Montenegro. The Tours public are not of an ex-

citable nature—they are what the provincial Directors call *très difficile*, which means that they will not have people thrust down their throats whom they think possess no talent. In the case of Madame Montenegro, things were different. Her fame and success in the north of France and Belgium had already preceded her, and she met with the enthusiastic reception she so well merited. She appeared in *Norma*. Her 'Casta Diva' was a brilliant performance, and displayed a perfect knowledge of music and a dramatic power of a high order. Madame Montenegro's countenance is full of expression and dignity, which must strike the most listless observer. The duet with Adalgisa (Madame Santiago), admirably sung, was encored, and both were called on the stage several times, and the showers of bouquets reminded me of our own Grist and Albani in London. I have heard Madame Montenegro at Her Majesty's Theatre, and I find her voice improved, and her execution more brilliant. Madame Santiago was a good Adalgisa. Nerini was a very efficient Orovoso, and Martini sang the music of the thankless Pollio with considerable effect. What is worthy of remark in this Italian troupe is the perfect harmony which exists among them—never is there a note out of tune. From being in the habit of singing together, the ensemble is perfect. On Tuesday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, which, besides the charming Montenegro in the heroine, introduced Signor Santiago, as Edgar. This artist's voice is of great compass and good quality. His method of singing, too, is excellent. I have seldom heard the music sung with more pathos or neater execution. Madame Montenegro and Santiago were called before the curtain at the end of each act. The house was crammed in every part. W. C. M.

## LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The first appearance at these entertainments of the celebrated vocalist, Madlle. Angri, drew a crowded audience, and gave great *éclat* to the tenth concert of the spring series, which took place on Wednesday. The programme was a very good one, and in addition to the above attraction, embraced several novelties and other points of interest, not the least of which were the extraordinary performances of Herr Dreyschock on the pianoforte.

The excellences of Mademoiselle Angri's singing are well known to the English public, and were duly appreciated when she was engaged as *prima contralto* at the Royal Italian Opera last season. She has quite a manner of her own, the principal charm of which consists in a certain dramatic *abandon*, which gives life and spirit to everything she sings. This peculiarity Madlle. Angri carries from the stage into the concert-room. Her performances on Wednesday were essentially dramatic, and she imparted the strongest individual colouring to each of the four pieces allotted to her in the programme. Her success was most brilliant; the four songs were all encored with enthusiasm, and three of them repeated. A better selection could not have been made to display the varied excellences of Mademoiselle Angri's talent. In the "Una voce poco fa," and the "Non più mesta," her *floriture* were as daring as they were energetically executed; in the pretty air, "Son leggero nell'amore," from *Maria Di Rohan*, which was altered by Donizetti expressly for Mademoiselle Angri, there was a happy mixture of playfulness and passion which suited the words exactly; and in the "Bridal," the dashing off-hand vigour with which she gave the words, "Scherzo e bevo," created an effect that was not to be resisted, and Mademoiselle Angri was forced to repeat the air three times for the satisfaction of the audience. The engagement of this vocalist betokens a spirit of enterprise

on the part of the managers of the Wednesday Concerts which merits the patronage of the public. A warmer reception was never accorded to any singer since these entertainments were first projected, nor has a greater success been achieved, or more entirely deserved.

Herr Dreyschock played twice, and on each occasion performed feats of execution, which it is no exaggeration to term wonderful. In certain peculiarities of mechanism this gentleman surpasses every pianist of the modern school whom it has been our fortune to hear; while the ease and *laissez aller* with which he plays *bravura* passages of the most perilous nature, never losing the equality of touch and marked accentuation indispensable to satisfy the ear, partake of the incredible. The pianoforte would seem to have become a mere plaything in the hands of a class of performers of whom Liszt, Leopold de Meyer, and Herr Dreyschock are the chiefs, and the only point to be decided is where this mechanical facility will stop. Herr Dreyschock was applauded "to the echo," but he had the good sense to refrain from accepting the encores which were accorded to both his pieces, being satisfied to return to the orchestra, and bow his acknowledgments to the audience. At the next concert we understand Herr Dreyschock will play the *Concert Stück* of Weber, and one of his own compositions, accompanied by the orchestra. His performance of the former, we are told, is one of the marvels of modern execution.

Two novelties in the vocal performances deserve mention, Herr Stigelli, a German tenor, who sang with success at several concerts last year, has been engaged by Mr. Stammers, and made his third appearance on Wednesday night. This gentleman has a voice of pleasing quality and more than ordinary power; he sings with a genial warmth of manner, and manages his *falssetto*, which is very good, with great taste. Vincent Wallace's graceful ballad, "There is a flower that bloometh," was chosen by Herr Stigelli for this occasion, and sung with so much feeling as to obtain a unanimous encore. Herr Stigelli accompanied himself on the pianoforte. The other novelty was Mr. Gustavus Geary, another tenor, a young professor, who enjoys a high reputation in the sister isle. From the specimen of his abilities which Mr. Geary afforded us on Wednesday we are not inclined to dispute the verdict of his countrymen. His voice is a low tenor of fine quality, with a clear *falssetto*, and considerable flexibility. Mr. Geary selected a very difficult song for his *début*—the tenor *scena* from *Der Freischütz*,—but his performance was artistic and full of unaffected expression. He made a highly favourable impression, and later in the evening obtained an encore for the beautiful ballad, "Though o'er life's pleasures roving," from Macfarren's *King Charles II.*, which he sang with unexceptionable taste, accompanying himself on the pianoforte.

The remainder of the concert included a miscellaneous selection of pieces chiefly vocal, the most attractive of which were the performances of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was more than once encored, and in the "Death of Nelson," created the usual *furor*. The other vocalists were Miss Lycombe, Mrs. A. Newton, and Mr. H. Drayton. Mr. Giulio Regondi played one of his ingenious fantasias on the concertina, and was compelled to repeat it. The band, under Herr Anschuetz, performed the overtures to *L'Italiana*, *Camerentola*, and *Acideon*. The programme was longer than usual, and was still further spun out by the encores—those inevitable nuisances at mixed concerts.

FELIX GODFREY, the celebrated harpist and composer, is expected daily in London.

#### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE posthumous quartet of Mendelssohn, played at the last meeting of Mr. Ella's Musical Union, has given occasion for some excellent writing on the part of sundry of our contemporaries. The following really eloquent notice is from the pen of the musical and dramatic reporter of the *Morning Chronicle*:—

"The chief attraction of this well-selected list lay in the promise of the first public performance of Mendelssohn's posthumous quartet, about which so much interest and curiosity has been felt. Even those who had had the opportunity of hearing the work in private could scarcely have enjoyed the means of forming a perfect judgment of the composition, such as were afforded yesterday to the subscribers of the Musical Union by the combined executive and interpretative talents of such artists as Ernst, Piatti, Deloffre, and Hill. This quartet is not a composition of the kind that can be at all visibly characterized by a technical description. As well might one attempt by words to convey the beauty of Shelley in his saddest imaginative moods. It is a wild flight, a passionate outpouring of thoughts and feelings which lie in the soul of every creative genius, till they are warmed into life by some deep-stirring joy or sorrow. The sources of its inspiration must be looked for far beneath the surface—in the innermost heart of the composer, not in his intellectual part, his imagination, or his fancy. To many it may have seemed loose and incoherent, even incomprehensible, because so wayward, so fitful in its ebb and flow of emotion, so impulsive in its bursts of sorrowful feeling of wild joy, so impatient of the restraint of forms. Heard, however, with the kindred spiritual ear, this singularly beautiful work comes forth as poetry of the purest and most touching order, as a revelation of the beauty of the composer's nature, not in its calmer and more radiant aspect, but when the serenity of his soul and the light of his imaginative faculty had been stirred and clouded by the deepest sorrow. It was written but a short time before his death, and while he was still overwhelmed by the loss of his dearly-loved sister—to him a heart-wreck. It is impossible not to trace throughout the composition the past and present distraction, the conscious yearnings for a future already shadowed forth. Unless heard with the remembrance of these conditions, this quartet had better not be heard at all; because a comprehension of its outer form would only suggest vague ideas of mysticism, melancholy, unlicensed wildness of humour, and isolated snatches of beautiful melody, seemingly ill-fitted to the general themes. But strike first the chord of suffering, and there is the key. It is this spirit of poignant grief and melancholy which inspires and explains the whole—it is found not only tingling the exquisitely touching theme of the *adagio*, but also in the wild beauty of the *allegro*, so changeful in its multitudinous phases, in the expression of that passionate frenzy of excitement which, with the aspect of mirth, is instinct with the spirit of sorrow. In Ernst, the genius of the composer found a congenial interpreter. No accomplished formalist, no finished musician merely, however perfect in the mechanics of his art, could have approached a composition so peculiar in its character. But to the intellectual and imaginative nature of Ernst it came home; it was exactly the subject to inspire him and stimulate him to produce the marvels of his playing. Every phase of thought and feeling, every changeful mode of expression, from the rugged to the pathetic, from the sombre to the joyous, was given with a rapidity of conception and a finish of touch that proclaimed him engaged on a labour of love. Great as have been his triumphs as an instrumentalist, we doubt if he ever yet soared higher, or more happily reached that fusion of the intellectual and the emotional which is essential to the highest order of instrumental art. Nor should the exquisite tone or sympathetic handling of Piatti and his compeers pass unpraised; the best that can be said is, that they followed the daring lead of Ernst so closely, and in such a kindred spirit, that the four seemed as one interpreter. Rarely have we received enjoyment so keen and yet so peculiar as from this posthumous work. It will stand alone among chamber compositions, alike for its intrinsic beauty and the associations it kindles."

The same writer, in the same article, speaks thus of Stephen Heller:—

"Another feature of interest in this *matinée* was the first appearance here of Stephen Heller, a pianist, we need scarcely say, of the first rank, whose notoriety bears no reasonable proportion to his merit. Mr. Heller, by his pianoforte performance in Beethoven's *trio*, asserted his high character alike in the interpretation and the execution. His style is remarkably pure, yet singularly vigorous—classical, without being cold or formal—free, without the slightest tendency to show or false effect. He was most warmly received."

The critic of the *Morning Post* makes the following sensible observations on Mendelssohn's quartet:—

"We were not fortunate enough to hear the opening movement of Mendelssohn's quartet, but, in the *adagio* and *finale*, to which we gave the utmost attention, we were certainly unable to detect any of the *remplissage*, or vague and incomprehensible passages of which Mr. Ella speaks in his "Synopsis Analytique." On the contrary, we could discover nothing in them but the most bright and burning thoughts, expressed with perfect lucidity. The *adagio* contains many ravishing beauties, and the passionate and exciting *finale* is truly what the composer's countrymen would term *hinreissend* in its effect. It was superbly played."

The critic also renders homage to the admirable talent of Stephen Heller in the following terms:—

"M. Stephen Heller's performance of the pianoforte part of Beethoven's extremely difficult *trio* was on the whole very good. He was somewhat nervous at the commencement, but the encouraging marks of approval which the audience bestowed upon him whenever he afforded them a fair opportunity for so doing, exercised a beneficial influence upon his evidently sensitive temperament, and enabled him to do more justice both to himself and his author as the performance proceeded. The *andante* and *finale* were admirably given, and there is no doubt that M. Heller made a highly favourable impression in this *trio*; but it was in the beautiful *Pensées Fugitives* that he produced the greatest effect, and in reference to which we can award him the greatest praise, both as pianist and composer. These little compositions, of which there are thirteen in number, are perfect gems of grace and expression. They are admirably written for both instruments, and may be considered in every respect most valuable additions to our chamber music."

"Those selected for performance on this occasion were the Romance in F, No. 3, the Intermezzo in B minor, No. 11, and the Lied in A, No. 4. Of these, we prefer the first. It has a remarkably pretty subject, which is charmingly dialogued by the two instruments. First uttered in the bass, the violin soon replies in soft and flowing tones, of a plaintive and amorous character. This form of treatment is continued throughout, except in some occasional glowing and passionate passages, in which the instruments unite for the purpose of strengthening the effect of a particular phrase. The whole thing resembles a love scene, in which the piano represents the man, the violin the lady. We have pathetic entreaty, wavering denial, fervid confession, yielding compassion, and all the attributes and concomitants of the tender passion plainly and poetically illustrated in this charming little piece. The three *Pensées Fugitives* were played to perfection by the authors, and created the greatest enthusiasm."

Our own opinion, both Mendelssohn's quartet and Stephen Heller's playing, may be found in another column.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### ADELPHI.

On Monday night a comic drama, entitled *White Sergeants*; or, *the Buttermilk Volunteers*, was played for the first time. It is one of those numerous pieces in which a series of *tableaux* is kept up by balancing a number of military ladies with a number of military gentlemen. A party of tradesmen, acted by Messrs. Paul Bedford, Cullenford, Freeborn, and Lindon, go to a yeomanry meeting, and are highly delighted with the

prospect of leading a bachelor's life for three weeks; but their wives, who are impersonated by Mrs. Frank Matthews, Miss E. Chaplin, Miss E. Harding, and Miss H. Covey, and are led by an eloquent French lady, played by Madame Celeste, resolve to spoil sport, and follow their worse halves in a sort of female military attire. A party of Hussar officers, played by Messrs. Lambert, O. Smith, Boyce, C. J. Smith, and Worrell, have come down to review the yeomanry, and meeting the adventurous wives, dare to make love to them. The ladies not only repel their unvirtuous addresses with indignation, but contrive that their own wives shall come to the spot, and make them in turn jealous of the yeomanry. This is a slight story, which, however, is spread into two long acts, and by the picturesque manner in which the incidents are contrived is rendered effective. The characters to which we have referred are not much developed as individuals, but are opposed to each other in masses, and an agreeable feeling of symmetry is produced by all the couples moving in a parallel direction.

The personages who afford most scope for acting are those least connected with the plot. Mr. Wright, as the "boots" of the inn, where the action takes place, and Miss Woolgar, as the chambermaid, had a scene of love and jealousy, which was marked by really refined comic acting. The dogged ill-humour of Wright, and the hearty affectionate manner of Miss Woolgar, who gradually made the scowl of her lover soften to a smile, could scarcely be surpassed. For the assumption of a country dialect and an appropriate *gaucherie*, Miss Woolgar has a decided talent, which is displayed in this piece. Another couple who support the comic business are Mr. Munyard and Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, the former of whom acts a fancy baker attached to the yeomanry, while the latter plays an Abigail, who follows the military dames. The representation of drunkenness by Mr. Munyard is remarkable for its strong nature, and is one proof more of the original talent of this rising actor. The songs which were introduced into her character were very prettily sung by Miss Fitzwilliam.

The piece, in which the article of costume is very essential, is put on the stage most effectively, and Madame Celeste, though her character is not such as to display much histrionic power, shows great tact in managing those picturesque manœuvres which are constantly prominent. At the fall of the curtain she announced the piece for repetition amid general applause.

##### NEW STRAND THEATRE.

A FARCE, called *Not to be Done*, was brought out on Monday night. Two young men, played by Messrs. Leigh Murray and H. Farren, have laid a wager, by the terms of which the one that remains single on the day when the piece begins is to pay a hundred pounds to the other. The most interesting personage of the two (Mr. Leigh Murray) has taken to himself a wife, while the other, who prides himself on the impossibility of being "done," has remained a bachelor, and has therefore fairly lost his wager. Determined, however, to avoid paying the penalty, if possible, he tries to pass off a servant-girl as his wife at a New Year's party which is given by an old uncle. The vulgarities of the girl shock the old gentleman, whose susceptibilities are still further offended by the appearance of a very low man and woman purporting to be her father and mother. The knowing nephew is glad to repudiate his pretended wife, and the other party to the wager, who, to counteract the machinations of his adversary, has himself successively personated the father and mother, is declared the winner. The dialogue of this little piece is



written with more than usual smartness, and the action, nearly the whole of which takes place in the midst of a company assembled at dessert, is highly amusing, and is managed with much dramatic tact. Mr. Leigh Murray in assuming the characters of the drunken old cobbler and snuffy old woman exhibits a new talent, his acting being highly coloured, without exaggeration. Miss M. Marshall is vivacity itself as the vulgar, upstart servant; and the knowing man is effectively represented by Mr. H. Farren. The fault of the piece lies in certain gross lines, which now and then occasioned sibilations, but which may be easily eradicated.

MARY LEBONE.

Since our last notice of this theatre, Mr. Brooke has been performing to very full houses, some of his favourite characters. Among these have been Hamlet, Shylock, and Sir Giles Overreach. Hamlet is proverbial for the lofty and varied requisites it demands in the actor. Mr. Brooke was most successful in the epic portions of the characters, and in the passages of wit and sarcasm. His advice to the players was given with a truth and repose that made us hope that the actor might be induced to apply Hamlet's counsel to some of his own defects. For example, "In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of your passions, you must acquire and beget a temperance which may give it smoothness." For want of this, Mr. Brooke's Shylock must, we fear, be designated a failure. The Sir Giles Overreach is better; but here the actor's colloquial passages were invariably the best. Nothing could be better than his advice to his daughter that when Lord Lovel kissed her she should "kiss close." There were many more touches of the same kind, and of equal force. The last scene was impressive, but over-wrought with Mr. Brooke's usual mannerism. We regret that we cannot speak of this gentleman with the admiration that we still think his talents would excite if he would give them fair-play by study and self-examination. G.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

**CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.**—On Monday evening last was given the most interesting concert of the season, the occasion being for the benefit of the regular conductor, Mr. David Ward Banks. On no former occasion have we witnessed such a general desire to support a local artist. For a long time before the doors were announced to be opened, hundreds were besieging the precincts of the Free-Trade Hall, and at the time for commencing, the immense hall was filled to overflowing in every part, there being not less than five to six thousand persons absolutely jammed in the place; this, indeed, is a worthy tribute to the talented and indefatigable chef, Mr. Banks, and proved most unequivocally the high position that gentleman maintains among his professional brethren, and in the esteem of the public. Mr. Banks has throughout a long and arduous season of thirty-two nights, directed these musical gatherings with a most indomitable spirit and energy, and in addition to his musical acquirements, which are by no means very small, he possesses a tact of meeting any circumstances, which admirably fit him for the position he at present occupies; and we are sure the spirited projector of these cheap rational entertainments, Mr. Beacock, may justly congratulate himself and the public, in having at the head of his orchestra so excellent a personage as Mr. David Ward Banks. On Monday last the attractions were a little more than on ordinary nights, the new stars being our old veteran buffo, Signor Paltoni, and the accomplished violinist, Mr. C. A. Seymour.

The lady vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Shaw, the remainder comprising the stated principals at these concerts. Mr. Banks on entering the platform, was received with the most vociferous applause from all parts of the house, and having bowed his acknowledgements, took his seat at the organ, and played a series of movements from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, which afforded the highest satisfaction to the numerous auditory. Among the most prominent vocal pieces of the evening, we may instance that ever charming glee of Mendelssohn's "O hills! O vales!" given by the full choir with most consummate effect. The marks of expression were most truthfully given, and the suspension on the close of the third line, where the subject of the melody is, as it were, struggling on existence, had, indeed, a most lovely effect; we certainly never heard this glee so well sung before, and are afraid will be long ere we shall again—all praise to the excellent choir and worthy conductor of the Monday Concerts. Our genial Italian friend, Paltoni, was most uproariously encored in the well-known "Non piu andrai," and Mrs. Sunderland shone most captivating in a piece of Weber's, "Songs sweetly sounding," and Handel's "Sweet Bird;" the latter being accompanied with the violin obligato by Mr. Seymour. Mrs. Sunderland most certainly merits the appellation of the English "nightingale;" her singing on all occasions, winning the universal approbation and admiration of the *habitués* of the concerts in this neighbourhood. A rising singer here, Mrs. Thomas, with a full-toned contralto voice, gave the favourite "Trab, trab," with much humour, and received an encore. The treat of the evening was, however, the familiar duo for pianoforte and violin arranged by Benedict in conjunction with De Beriot; the subject is taken from the popular themes of *La Sonnambula*, and was played by Messrs. Banks and Seymour in most excellent style. The former gentleman too rarely appears amongst us as a solo pianist, did we hear him oftener, we are inclined to think he would, to use a homely figure of speech, "Take the gilt off the gingerbread" of many persons of much higher pretensions. In manual dexterity, we should say Mr. Banks far outstrips any one of his professional brethren in this locality. We have now only time to notice the excellent singing and acting of Mrs. Sunderland and the Signor, in Fioravante's much hacknied, but often spoiled, "Singing Lesson." Suffice it, that although heard by us for the hundred and first time, we seldom were more delighted, and joined rapturously in the hearty encore awarded to the performers. Altogether, we never recollect attending a more successful concert, and was glad to find our predictions fulfilled with respect to the numbers; the result will, we hope, prove a handsome accession to the coffers of the talented *beneficiario*. We wish just to add, that the Mr. Bembridge, member of the Royal Academy, who the other week made his debut at the Hanover Square Rooms as solo pianist, is brother-in-law to Mr. Banks, and formerly under his tutelage. Another extra concert is announced for Monday next, in conjunction with the "People's Concerts," being for the benefit of the choir, and last night of the season. A bumper may be expected. S. W.

##### MUSIC AT DONCASTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The fourth and last concert of the Philharmonic for the season took place at the Guild Hall, on Monday evening. The Hall was completely filled, affording convincing proof that the interest in the Philharmonic had not subsided. The vocalists were Mrs. McDougall and Mr. Ryalls. Mr. Rogers conducted. The band was led by Mr. Seale. The performances commenced with the overture to



*Guest, for duty.* Mr. Ryalls sang John Parry's favorite ballad, "Norah, the pride of Kildare, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. J. Rogers. Mrs. M'Dougall sang with Mr. Ryalls, Balfe's duet, "O'er shepherd's pipe and rustic dell," in a style which elicited the approbation of the audience. This was followed by "The blind flower girl's song," from *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Mrs. M'Dougall possesses a voice of sweetness, but not of compass. Some of her notes are round and some brilliant; her articulation is distinct, and she has considerable expression; but her style would be improved by more warmth and energy. Mr. Ryalls sang "The Thorn" with feeling and force, and was loudly encored. He substituted "Sally in our Alley." The overture to *Clemenza di Tito* closed the first part. The second part opened with Rossini's overture to *Tancredi*. The lively fancy of the composer was brought out with effect. The band was honoured with a hearty encore. Mrs. M'Dougall was encored in the song "What a pretty Soubrette, which she gave with smartness and spirit. Another encore succeeded in John Parry's comic duet, "A B C," by this lady and Mr. Ryalls. Thalberg's fantasia for the pianoforte on Russian Airs, by Mr. J. Rogers, was loudly applauded. The encore was tremendous, and Mr. Rogers substituted Thalberg's elaborate and most difficult piece—the *Mossé Fantasia*. At the conclusion, the pianist was received with great applause. A pa-thetic song, "Yon dark neglected Sepulchre, by Mr. Ryalls laboured under the disadvantage of immediately following the preceding performance, besides being disjointed from the scene and action of the opera. Mrs. M'Dougall was applauded in "I have been in the Woods." The overture to *Figaro* succeeded. It was well played, and loudly applauded. Mr. Ryalls sang the song of "The Widow Machree" with characteristic humour, which excited the laughter of the audience. On being encored he substituted "The Widow Malone," which was equally well received. The whole concluded with the National Anthem. We cannot close this slight notice of the last treat of the season without congratulating the managing committee on the success with which their labours have been crowned. It is a good earnest for a better future—an auspicious guarantee for next season, for a richer musical banquet to fully establish the reputation of the Philharmonic.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS BOTIBOL AND M. SILAS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Your readers are informed by "A READER," probably a Royal Academy of Music supporter, that Miss Botibol displays "excellent qualities of voice." I am, for one, glad to hear it, and expect nothing less than seeing her at one of the Italian Operas when she has finished her vocal studies: a R. A. M. pupil would be well supported if it could turn out a singer good enough for the Italian stage. To judge of the past, I greatly fear that I shall not live to see a pupil of the R. A. M. in such a distinguished position, however much many, with myself, would rejoice at it. But, Mr. Editor, how many pupils have entered the R. A. M. with excellent qualities of voice that have come, comparatively, to nothing? to enumerate them would, or ought to, make all connected with this public institution blush with shame.\*

I now have a few words to remark on the uncharitable letter of a "Musicus" (a cognomen too often profaned). If Mr. Silas were a musical quack, he could only have deserved such a blow; but, unfortunately, charlatans too often escape paper censure, whilst men of moderate capacities are cut to atoms. I neither know M. Silas nor his music; but after reading "Musicus" letter, I should think he has merit, because the nature of the attack is ill-natured and worthless, inasmuch as he seems unprepared to back his opinions by fair argument.† "Musicus" may turn round upon me and say, "no man is a greater censor than Mr. Flowers." Be it so; but let him remember that I never praise or blame without assigning specific reasons; and in all my public writings, my aim is to be of use. In the case before us, it seems a paper matter; and poor Silas is made the victim. "Musicus" may write in the *Liverpool Albion and Mercury*, for he subjoins the "elaborate

critiques" contained in it, and condemns, in unmeasured terms, the writers of the *Liverpool Chronicle* and *Journal*. If "Musicus" can give no better specimens of his critiques than the letter to which I refer, his contemporaries have little to fear from him.

With respect to M. Silas, I dare venture to predict that his music is as good as most of such foreign fashionable pianoforte pieces; and I think it will tax "Musicus" abilities to describe the inferior portions of his music when compared with other writers of his style.

Lastly,—I am rejoiced to find that the works of British musicians will be recommended and handed to the customers of the various music publishers, on account of the law of copyright. We have, at any rate, to thank Mr. Purday for the "good time coming, boys!" applying the words of a fashionable song!

I am, sir, yours obliged, FLEMING FLOWERS.

P.S.—I do not recur to the treatment I have received from British musicians from any personal feeling, for it is unworthy of care; but with a view to impress our musicians with a thorough understanding of their small ways of dealing with art and artists.

## MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

## Plagiarism the Forty-ninth.

SAPPHO.

Φαίνεται μοι κρηναὶ ὡς θεῶν  
 ἔμμεν ἀνθρ' οὐκ ἐν αὐτοῖς γὰρ  
 τὸ δάει, καὶ πλάσιον ἔδω φέρει  
 εἰς ἑὺτακτοῦν,  
 καὶ γέλαις μερῶν.

PHILARET.

Blest as the immortal God is he,  
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
 And hears and sees thee all the while  
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

In the Greek Anthology there is an Epigram of the most daintily poetical spirit, which Mr. Scotchman Buchanan has very prettily translated thus:—

Qui te videt beatus est  
 Beator qui te audit,  
 Qui basiat semideus est  
 Qui la pollicetur est Deus.

Any person who could not connect from both these passages such lines as the above, ought to be tweaked by the nose, kicked in the breech, and denied, during the whole of his life, the benefit of brandy. But I do not conclude even here.—

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

All in thy looks my life doth whole depend.

CAWLEY.

For ever view those eyes, whose charming light  
 More than the world beside does please my sight.

Now, if any gentleman after these proofs, should have the temerity to say that Moore's lines are original, I declare I will beat him very well.

34. "He wants one true note of a poet, and that is this—  
 "He cannot swagger it well in a tavern." (act i., scene 2). Poets thus being all scamps of this kind: it is rather an anomalous thing to hear them talk of their chastity and constancy, and a small pair of lips, and so forth. And yet they are constantly doing so; so that Mr. Tam Moore has nothing to brag of on the score of originality in the above lines. The thoughts have been worn threadbare.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Coriolanus*.

This kiss

I carried from thee dear, and my true heart  
 Hath virgin'd it ever since.

SHAKESPEARE.—*The Coronation*, act ii., sc. i.

Come, let me take the kiss I gave thee last,  
 I am so confident of thee, no lip

Has ravish'd it from thine.

BYRON.—*To one of his women*.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,  
 Shall never part from mine;

'Till happier hours restore the gift,  
 Untainted, back to thine.

I doubt very much whether his Lordship kept his word.

\* We suspect Mr. Flower has misunderstood *Musicus*.—Ed.

† We are unable to answer the question.—Ed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

CORRANI and her sister have gone to Moscow. They will probably not return to Petersburg until the next operatic season.

HALETT has arrived in London to assist at the rehearsals of his new opera, *La Tempesta*, which, we understand, is to be shortly produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, with extraordinary splendour. The cast will be powerful. Sontag plays Miranda; Colatti, Prospero; Lablache, Caliban; and we have some reasons to suppose the parts of Ferdinand and Ariel to Gardoni and Carlotta Grisi.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—A concert was given on Monday evening in aid of the funds of the library. The vocalists were Misses Dolby, Payne, Lucombe, and Messrs. H. U. Spon, W. Harrison, and Sims Reeves. The instrumental performance was confined to the violinist, Mons. D. Ikelheimer, who played with much brilliant effect. He performed Artot's fantasia on the *Pirata*, and a solo of his own composition, entitled "Souvenirs d'Amerique," both of which were received with the warmest demonstrations of approval. Mons. Ikelheimer joined Mons. Jullien in his late provincial tour, and was highly successful. His tone is pure, and his mechanism facile and brilliant. Mr. Sims Reeves was uproariously received, and, as a matter of course, created an immense sensation. The rest of the singers acquitted themselves well.

OXFORD.—(From a Correspondent).—A concert was given here last Friday, supported by Kate Loder, Miss Messent, Miss Hill, and Messrs. Land and Frank Bodda. There was a good attendance, and the performance passed off with much spirit. Miss Messent was encored in Jetty Troff's "Trab, trab," and Mr. Frank Bodda received the same compliment in "Largo al factotum." Kate Loder played Döhler's fantasia on *Guillaume Tell*, and Schullhoff's galop. She was rapturously encored in both, and played with immense vigour and brilliancy. Her performance was the great feature of the concert.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—A concert of an interesting character took place at these rooms, on Friday evening, for the benefit of a Spaniard, Don M. D. Echeverria. This gentleman, formerly an officer in the Spanish service, found himself, in consequence of the loss of sight, compelled to retire from the military service, and he has since then cultivated his musical talents with remarkable success as a performer on the Bandurria or the old Spanish guitar. The bandurria is now seldom heard, and, indeed, but little known even in Spain, except in the northern parts, especially Arragon. This instrument was in general use among the Spaniards in the days of chivalry and romance, and the Spanish knights, many of whom were themselves distinguished as poets and musicians, were accustomed to address strains of love and devotion to their mistresses with accompaniment of the bandurria. This instrument is remarkably sweet in tone, very much resembling the harp. Echeverria is a masterly performer, and is admitted by his countrymen to be the best bandurrista in Spain. The interest of the concert was greatly heightened by Madame Lozano's Spanish songs.

LONDON SACRED HARMONISTS.—(From a Correspondent).—An audience, again crowded to excess, assembled on Monday evening to hear the *Creation*, a work which, whatever its defects, has certainly, as yet, moulted no feather of its popularity, and indeed, is so thoroughly well known as to render criticism orthodox, the oratorio or its performance, all but needless. If the chorusses, with one splendid exception, are weak and ineffective compared to Handel, the solo portions of the work unquestionably contain some of the most delicious *merceurs* that ever came from the author's pen. The vocalists on this occasion were the syren of the Emerald Isle—Miss Catherine Hayes. Mrs. Temple, a *cantante* here we believe, Messrs. Lockey and Lawler. The Nymph of Erin, and her delicate features and fawn-like eyes, delivered the two songs "With verdure clad," and "On mighty wings," with an impassioned delicacy which was duly responded to by the audience. Miss Hayes's voice is hardly powerful enough for the hall, but this defect is lost in the voluptuous sweetness of its tone, and in the delicacy and finish with which every note is delivered. Mrs. Temple gave the cavatina "The marvellous work," with such gusto and effect, as nearly to obtain an encore, an honour which was reserved for Mr. Lockey in the popular song "In native

worth." Mr. Lawler was as energetic as ever, especially in the majestic song—rather martial, however, than devotional—"Now Heaven in fullest glory," with its stately efforts of the brass instruments. The excellence of the choir has been abundantly moved, and as this oratorio does not contain much to try the mettle of the chorus, remark would be superfluous.

THE LATE MR. WORDSWORTH'S UNPUBLISHED POEM AND BIOGRAPHY.—Mr. Wordsworth has left a poem, consisting of 14 cantos, descriptive of his life, reflections, and opinions, with directions that it should be published after his decease, together with such biographical notices as may be requisite to illustrate his writings, under the editorial care of his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster, whom he has appointed his literary executor, so far as his biographical memoir is concerned, with an expression of a desire that his family, executors, and friends would furnish his biographer with such materials as may be useful for his assistance in the preparation of the work.

MUSIC AMONGST THE MINERS.—Mr. Robert Crawshaw has established amongst his miners in Wales a brass band, which practises once a week throughout the year. It is entirely composed of workmen. They have the good fortune to be led by a man (one of the roll-turners), who must have had somewhere a superior musical education. The correspondent of the *Chronicle* says, "I had the pleasure of hearing them play, and was astonished at their proficiency. They number sixteen instruments. I heard them perform the overtures to *Zampa*, *The Caliph of Bagdad*, and *Fra Diavolo*, some concerted music from *Roberto*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Lucia*, with a quantity of waltzes, polkas, and dance music. The band master had them under excellent control; he everywhere took the time well, and the instruments preserved it, each taking up his lead with spirit and accuracy; in short, I have seldom heard a regimental band more perfect than this handful of workmen, located (far from any place where they might command the benefit of hearing other bands) in the mountains of Wales. When I was informed of the existence of this band, I knew how to account for a circumstance that puzzled me—hearing the boys in Cyfarthfa works whistle the best airs from the most popular operas. The great body of men at these works are extremely proud of their musical performances, and like to boast of them. I have been told it cost Mr. Crawshaw great pains and expense to bring the band to its present excellent condition. If so, he now has his reward."

MR. KEAN'S HAMLET.—We speak it in all honesty, that far and away beyond any competitor of the last quarter of a century, Mr. Charles Kean gives the most genuine evidence of the Shaksperian mind. To the attentive student of his Hamlet there does not appear the actor in his part, but Shakspeare in his mentality. And perhaps Mr. Keane cannot avoid that, even were he willing; for the contemplative nature of the character of itself is peculiarly adapted to his clear analytical intellect and ductile thoughtfulness. None but an intellect of the very highest order could grasp the part with such power and turn it to such advantage as is done by Mr. Kean. Even beside its beauty as a depiction of mind it has a quality which renders it popular, not more to the million, but to the calm and cool thinker. It is the most picturesque delineation we have ever seen, hero or elsewhere, of the pure ideal. Voice, gesture, costume, everything is brought to bear with such a unity, as to make the highest possible approach to perfection—if perfection can exist in anything resulting from human skill. We have seldom seen an audience so completely bound up in ties of feeling with a performer as Mr. Kean's last night. A single cough was the signal for a general "hush" throughout the house, until at times the enthusiasm burst beyond all bounds; for the people did not stop to applaud—they cheered until the roof rang again, and hats were more than once waved by staid and solid men. To use his father's words—"The pit rose at him;" and well-deserved was the spontaneous eulogy. We are admonished that our time is "out of joint," or we should speak of Mrs. Kean's *Opheelia*. That, however, is scarcely necessary, for the genius of the lady and her refinement require no more eulogy than the violet requires perfume or the lily painting. Mr. Alexander's *Polonius* was felicitous in giving a marked instance of how the sycophant can be merged occasionally in the shrewd man of the world. Of the rest we need not speak. *King Rene's Daughter* was taken as an afterpiece. We have not a line left for notice.—*Glasgow Daily Mail*.

MISS CHANDLER'S Evening Concert took place on Friday, the 19th ultimo. The singers who assisted Miss Chandler were Miss L. Pitt, Madame Anschuez, the Misses Cole, Miss Dolby, Mr. Frank Rodda, Kate Loder. Mons. Comas (flute), and Messrs. Sedgwick and E. Barton (concertina), were the instrumentalists. Kate Loder was the great feature of the evening. She played with surprising brilliancy and was encored with acclamation. Miss Dolby sang Ballo's song, "Hopeful Heart," with charming expression, and Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor Saluto," with infinite spirit. Herr Anschuez conducted.

MOVING DIORAMA OF IRELAND.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by Col. Gordon, visited this interesting exhibition on Monday. His Royal Highness was much pleased at the recognition of those scenes of unbounded joy and loyalty that welcomed Her Majesty and himself to the shores of Erin, and repeatedly expressed to Mr. Phillips his approbation of the accuracy and execution of his pictorial labours. A great assemblage of nobility have also visited this characteristic and beautiful diorama.

LOLA MONTES.—A Paris correspondent furnishes the following anecdotes of this lady:—You are aware that the Countess of Landsfeldt, or, as she is generally called, Lola Montes, arrived in Paris about three weeks ago from Boulogne and Spain, after several vain attempts to induce Mr. Heald to return to her. She had sent two persons to London charged to discover him, and use every possible argument to get him to join her, and on their failure even to obtain an interview with Mr. Heald, she placed her interests in the hands of a shrewd and able man named L——, who had on several occasions been her *homme d'affaires*. This person not only contrived to have an interview with Mr. Heald, but also to induce him to return to the Countess, and make reparation for the way in which he had left her in Spain, without friends, and, at that time, without pecuniary resources. Mr. Heald kept his word, joined the Countess at Boulogne, and by means of an agent in Paris, took a lease at a rental of 10,000 fr. a-year, of a beautiful house at Beaujon on the Champs Elysees. This house he has furnished at an outlay of at least 50,000 fr., and he has also paid several old debts of the Countess. They have a large establishment of servants, but Mr. Heald is, they say, a man of order, and takes care to live within his income. As to that of Lola Montes, it is by no means so large as had been supposed. Her settlement from Mr. Heald scarcely exceeds a fifth of the amount which had been stated in the journals, and her pension from the King of Bavaria, which was at first £140 per month, has been reduced by the king one half, in consequence of her having married without his consent. After taking possession of the house at Beaujon, the only visitors of any rank were M. de R——, the owner of the house, and his wife and niece. The countess took at first a great fancy to the niece, and made her a present of an elegant article of dress; but two days afterwards they differed, and the countess ordered the young lady to quit the house and never to return to it. It appears, however, that M. de R—— had left in the cellar about 1,000 bottles of wine, and that three days ago he sent his piece to see it packed up and removed. The countess considered this an intrusion, and again ordered the niece to leave the house. The young lady resisted, and a scuffle ensued, which would have ended in the defeat of the young lady, if the aunt, who is Irish, had not arrived unexpectedly. The latter flew to the aid of her niece, attacking Lola Montes with such energy that, but for the help of a chambermaid, she would, for the first time, have found more than her match. The scuffle made a great noise, and a considerable number of persons collected. It is said that the countess, who did not escape without some scratches, has laid a complaint before the commissary of police of her *arrondissement*; but of this I am by no means certain. If rumour is to be credited, the temper of the countess has been soured by a circumstance which took place before her marriage with Mr. Heald. A young Swede in London, the Count de P——, had promised to marry her, and fixed a rendezvous at Southampton, from whence they were to proceed to Spain, and there have the marriage ceremony performed. He had, however, said that it was necessary for him first to go to Sweden to arrange his affairs; and for this purpose had borrowed (£500 it is said) from the countess. Soon after he had left, it was discovered that he had gone with the intention of not returning. The *homme d'affaires* of the countess followed him to Sweden,

and there, by threats of exposure, obtaining restitution of the money. The countess, therefore, lost nothing, but the conduct of the count left a deep impression on her mind.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.—Any ear may hear the wind. It is a great leveller; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St George's Chapel at Windsor, has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Alboni and that of a street singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air, the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. This air, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and in the forest; and they, like invisible but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies; sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempests, send forth grand and incessant harmonies—now anthems and anon dirges. Sometimes the waves of the ocean respond, like white-robed choristers, to the thunder-bass of the sky, and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which "the heavens are telling," and the earth is praising God. Sometimes deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and form the opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.—*Dr. Cumming.*

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### MISS AND MISS ELIZA BIRCH

**B**EG to announce to their friends and the public, that their CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 15th, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, under the immediate patronage of H. R. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge. Vocalists: Misses Catherine Hayes, Eliza Birch and Miss Birch, Madame F. Lablache and Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Whitworth, and H. Phillips, Signori Marras, Marchesi, and F. Lablache. Pianoforte: Mademoiselle Clara Loveday. Flute: Mr. Richardson. Violin: Mr. H. Blagrove. Conductor: Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Leader: Mr. Willy.

To commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets Seven Shillings each, to be had of the Misses Birch, and at the Principal Music-sellers. Stalls, Half a Guinea each, to be had only at the residence of the Misses Birch, 20, Hereford Street, Park Lane.

#### MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER

**B**EG to announce that their ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on TUESDAY, the 14th inst. To commence at 2 o'clock precisely.

Vocalists: Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, and Miss Birch; Signor Marras and Signor Marchesi.

Instrumentalists.—Signor Fingini, Messrs. H. C. Cooper and Lindsay Sloper. The Orchestra will be complete in every department.

Leader, MR. WILLY. Conductors, MESSRS. BENEDICT and LAVENU. Tickets, 7s. each. May be had at the Principal Music-sellers. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; to be had only of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, 361, Regent Street; Miss Dolby, 2, Hind Street, Manchester Square; and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park Square.

#### THE FLUTE.

**H**ER MAJESTY'S LETTERS PATENT have been obtained for TWO NEW FLUTES, manufactured by Messrs. RUDALL and ROSE, (either in Wood or Silver). The tube and Holes of these Flutes being constructed according to the true principles of Acoustics, there is not a weak or incorrect note throughout the scale, but they possess every perfection of Tone and Tune. One is fingered exactly like the old Flute, for the convenience of those accustomed to that instrument; the fingering of the other is slightly changed, but affords extraordinary facilities of execution.

The Inventor, Mr. Carte, will introduce these instruments in the course of his Lectures on Musical Instruments and Instrumental Music, at the Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, London, 13th May; and the City of London Institution, 15th and 22nd May. They may also be seen at RUDALL and ROSE's Manufactory, 28, Southampton Street, Strand, on and after the 7th May.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



## A GRAND CLASSICAL MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

will take place

On MONDAY MORNING, May 13,

Selected from the following Authors. —

Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Cherubini, Spontini, Gluck, Cimarosa, Beethoven, Zingarelli, Puccini, and Gendissolin, And embracing many highly interesting Novelties.

On this occasion will appear: —

Mme Sontag, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mme. Giuliani, Mdlle. Ida Bertrand, and Mdlle. Parodi. Signori Calzolari, Sims Reeves, and Baccardi, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache, M. Muller, and Signor Lablache, Supported by all the Instrumental and Choral resources of the Theatre.

The whole under the direction of Mr. Balfe.

Amongst other Novelties, Madame SONTAG will have the honour to sing the

SWISS AIRS BY MOZART,

(Composed expressly for her, and sung with the most enthusiastic success at the Concerts of the Grand Conservatoire of Paris.)

The grand scene from "Oberon," the ballad of "Home, sweet Home," and (by general desire) the celebrated hymn, "Hear my Prayer" (with full chorus), by Mendelssohn.

Miss HAYES

will sing the admired Irish ballad "Kathleen Mavourneen," and in other favourite pieces.

Mr. SIMS REEVES

the celebrated "War Song" in Puccini's "King Arthur." Favoured opera by

Signori BAUCARI and CALZOLARI.

Signor LABLACHE and F. LABLACHE, from "I due Barone" of Cimarosa.

There will be also presented,

Grand Selection from the celebrated Mass in C, "Gloria," "Qui tollis," "Quoniam," Mendelssohn, Parodi, Giuliani, Hayes, Ida Bertrand, Signori Baccardi, Calzolari, Sims Reeves, Belletti, Coletti, F. Lablache, Lablache, and full chorus. Beethoven

Sestetto con Coro, with the incidental Dance Music (celebrated Polonaise), Mdlle. Parodi, Giuliani, Signori Calzolari, Belletti, Coletti, Lablache, and Chorus. Spohr.

Scene from Azmina, assisted by Mdlle. Parodi, Giuliani, C. Hayes, Ida Bertrand, Grimaldi, Malpasuta, Signori Baccardi, Calzolari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, Lablache, and Chorus. Gluck.

The whole to conclude with the celebrated Finale to the first Act of La Vestale, Madames Giuliani, Hayes, Ida Bertrand, and Parodi, Signori Calzolari, Sims Reeves, Baccardi, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache, M. Muller, Lablache, and full Chorus. Spontini.

TRIO FOR THREE BASSES.

Signori COLETTI, BELLETTI, and LABLACHE:

TRIO FOR THREE SOPRANOS.

Madames SONTAG, CATHERINE HAYES, and PARODI:

TRIO FOR THREE TENORS.

Signori CALZOLARI, BACCARDI, and REEVES.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Madame GRISI, Madame CASTELLAN, Mademoiselle VERA, Herr FORMES, Monsieur MASSOL, Signor MARALTI, and Signor TAMBERLIK.

ON TUESDAY Next, May 14th, 1850, a Combined Entertainment will be given, consisting of the First Act of Bellini's Opera,

## NORMA,

And the whole of Weber's Dramatic Opera of

## DER FREISCHUTZ,

The whole supported by

Madame GRISI,	Madame CASTELLAN,
Mademoiselle COTTI,	Mademoiselle VERA,
Monsieur MASSOL,	Signor ENRICO MARALTI,
Signor LUIGI MELI,	Signor GREGORIO,
Herr DGERING,	Signor ROMMI,
Herr FORMES	and Signor TAMBERLIK.

## EXTRA NIGHT.

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, May 16th, on which occasion will be performed, for the Fourth Time this Season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

## LES JUGUENOTS,

The Principal Characters by

Madame GRISI.	Madame CASTELLAN.
Mdlle. de MERIO.	Mdlle. de MERIO.
Signor LAVIA.	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Monsieur MASSOL.	Signor LUIGI MELI.
Signor POLONINI.	Signor ROMMI.
Signor SOLDI.	Signor TALAMO.
Herr FORMES.	AND Signor MARIO.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF

## SIGNOR RONCONI.

On SATURDAY NEXT, May 18th, will be produced for the First Time at the Royal Italian Opera, a Grand Opera, founded on VERDI's Opera,

## NABUCCONOSOR,

The Principal Characters by Signor RONCONI, (his First Appearance this Season,) Madame CASTELLAN, Mademoiselle VERA, Sig. TAGLIAFICO, and Signor TAMBERLIK.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor . Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

## MORNING CONCERT.

The SECOND GRAND MORNING CONCERT of the SEASON will take place on FRIDAY, May 24th, which will be supported by every Artist on the Establishment, the Grand Orchestra, and Full Chorus.

Conductor, . . . . Mr. COSTA.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; £2 2s.; £2 12s. 6d., and £3 3s. Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d. Pit, 5s. Amphitheatre Stalls, 2s. Amphitheatre, 1s.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Bow Street and Hart Street, Covent Garden, which is open from Ten till Five; and at the principal Libraries.

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# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 21.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE  
STAMPED FOURPENCE

## EMILE AUGIER.

THIS celebrated French dramatist, the success of whose comedy of *Gabrielle* was so great at the St. James's Theatre, has returned to Paris to fulfil an important engagement. M. Augier is preparing the libretto for a grand opera to be presented at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The music will be written by M. Gounand, an untried composer, of whose talent report speaks highly. M. Gounand is the real "new musical genius" whose advent has been so often hinted in mysterious terms by the *Athenæum*.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY night was rendered important by the appearance of Madame Frezzolini, who, after a triumphant reign of three or four seasons over the Opera at St. Petersburg, returns with her fresh laurels to this country.

The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the first aria, "Com' é bello," with its cabaletta, at once established the success of the vocalist. The upper part of her voice is singularly clear and powerful,—indeed, more so than the middle; and though she goes as high as C or D, these extreme notes are firmly held, and are never deficient in quality. Her execution was marked by the brilliancy of her cadences, and the truth of intonation with which she touched her intervals.

In the second act all her qualities as an actress were not perfectly displayed. The agonies of Lucrezia were rendered with elegance and expression, both of voice and gesture, but there was not the full amount of force in the threats darted at Don Alfonso. But the third act completely took the audience by storm; her acting here was a masterpiece of tragedy for which they were unprepared. The poignant grief of the mother at witnessing the death of the son whom she had regarded as the only consolation of her miserable and sinful existence was as forcible as it was elaborate, and it is scarcely possible to conceive gestures at once so striking and so graceful as those which indicated the last stages of her despair. "M'odi, ah! m'odi," when she implores Gennaro to take the antidote, was a perfect specimen of dramatic singing, every phrase being impregnated with the intense feeling of the situation. This produced an enthusiastic *encore*. But even more striking was the effect she created with the audience by the declaration, "Un Borgia sei," with which she astounds Gennaro. The confession seemed accompanied by an indescribable thrill of agony, and was well met by the horrified astonishment of M. Baucarde, who played Gennaro. It will be observed that at this point there was no passage to *encore*, no art to applaud, in a word, no ordinary starting point for operatic enthusiasm, but the loud approbation which filled up the pause on the stage was the almost involuntary tribute to a genuine histrionic display. The enthusiasm which Madame Frezzolini created by this scene lasted with undiminished force after the fall of the curtain, and on her first appearance

after the conclusion of the opera she was almost overpowered with bouquets. When she retired she was summoned to reappear a second and a third time. It is rarely that we can record an instance of a success so decided.

M. Baucarde maintained his reputation as Gennaro, and, as we have already hinted, ably supported Madame Frezzolini in his last scene. Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand sang very nicely as Orsino, but scarcely gave enough anacreontic gaiety to the famous "Il segreto per esser felice." The admirable performance of Lablache as Don Alfonso is too universally known to need new commendation. The trio in the second act was, of course, an *encore*.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ALTHOUGH Meyerbeer's celebrated work, *Robert le Diable*, was produced last season at the Royal Italian Opera, the *cast* was so unsatisfactory, and the performance—a solitary one—in general so incomplete, that it may be said to have been heard for the first time at this theatre on Thursday, when it was revived with an *ensemble* entirely unparalleled, and a splendour and magnificence seldom, if ever, surpassed. Last year, Salvi was the Robert; Marini, the Bertram; Javia, the Rambaldo; Dorus Gras, the Alice; and Corbani, the Isabella. All these parts were differently sustained on Thursday, Tamberlik being the Robert; Formes, the Bertram; Mario, the Rambaldo; Giani, the Alice; and Castellan, the Princess. The difference of the cast may be estimated at a glance. The result of this powerful array of talent combined in one opera was one of the most crowded audiences ever witnessed within the walls of the Royal Italian Opera.

Unfortunately for the prolonged success of the *Roberto il Diavolo*, two circumstances will be found to exert a counteracting influence. The first is, the vagueness and uninteresting nature of the plot; the second, the interminable length of the work. Though curtailed as much as possible on Thursday night, without robbing it of its fair proportions, and though the first and second, as well as the fourth and fifth acts were united into one, thus abridging the time of the performance considerably, yet the opera was not over until half an hour after midnight. Four hours and a half of serious music, unsupported by moving incident, or thrilling situation, must inevitably prove too much for the nerves of a large auditory; and despite the beauty of the music, the fineness of the singing, and the gorgeousness of the *mise en scene*, towards the close of the performance on Thursday we witnessed all round us unmistakable signs of lassitude and ennui. If the opera be retained at Covent Garden, it must be cut largely. The difficulty is, where is the knife to be used without entailing serious damage. Mr. Costa has already pruned the music with his usual tact, but his skill must be carried to a still greater extent, if he would hope for an enduring success for the *Robert le Diable*.

As a work of art, though not of effect, the *Robert* is, perhaps, superior to the *Huguenots* or *Prophète*. Its power is more equally sustained throughout, and it more abounds in pleasing and natural melodies. In construction and development it certainly leans more to the manner of the great masters than the later works of the composer. It is, in fact, less fragmentary and patchy, and exhibits less of that word-painting, which appears to be the besetting sin of Meyerbeer in his two last grand works.

The effect produced by the *Robert le Diable*, on Thursday, at the Royal Italian Opera, was hardly equal to what might have been foregathered from the list of characters and the complete manner in which the opera was given. Doubtless too much was expected, and disappointment was the inevitable consequence. Great was the curiosity indulged in to hear Mario and Tamberlik in the same piece of music, and great were the expectations raised. Anxious were the many to test Grisi in Jenny Lind's famous part; while Formes' performance of Bertram having been spoken of as something marvellous, helped to create further tantalising anticipations. Now, all his while, it never occurred to the "mighty many," that all these artists, with the exception of Formes, had to undertake their parts for the first time, and never thought of making the least allowance for initiative essays, more especially in music something opposed to their school of singing. In fact, neither Grisi nor Tamberlik felt perfectly at home in their characters; and although at the end they warmed up, and created an immense effect, separately and together, we are certain they have not yet come out in full force. Tamberlik, in the earlier scenes, either husbanded his powers, or was afraid to use them. The famous *Sicilienne* lost much of its effect by the timidity or carelessness of the singer. In the whole of the first act Tamberlik was certainly not himself. In the duet with Formes in the third act he gathered strength, was really great, and sang magnificently. In the trio with Alice and Bertram, and the subsequent duet with Bertram, he fully sustained his reputation as one of our greatest living dramatic singers. The trio was encored, and Formes and Tamberlik were re-called after the duo.

The character of Alice has not metal enough in it for the great powers of a Grisi. The "Diva," though she sang at times magnificently, and acted at times with all her wonted grandeur and impulsiveness—witness the scene at the cross and the duet with Bertram—did not feel entirely at home. Alice is a very charming part, and so is Liuda, and others of that stamp, but it is not of that kind to call forth the highest tragic qualities, and is more suited to the capacities of a Lind, or a Persiani, than a Grisi.

Formes, in Bertram, exhibited that admirable conception of character which we have noticed in all his personations, and that splendour of voice and dramatic energy for which he is so justly celebrated. The character in his performance lost none of its vitality or forbiddance, but was realised with a vigour and carried out with a sustained power impossible to be surpassed. It is much to be lamented that the great German basso did not exhibit as much judgment in his personification as he did other desirable qualities. It is perhaps the custom in Germany to render characters of the Bertram class, which may be said to be half demon and half man, intensely coloured and exaggerated for the purpose of effect. In this case, however, the effect is lost on us. We see nothing strikingly dramatic in Bertram's continually using his cloak as the vampire-bat uses his wings, making himself a Zamiel instead of a Caspar. Here Formes should have discriminated better, and the eternal struggle after effect has

no other effect than to neutralize effect altogether. These remediable faults apart, Formes' performance was powerful and intense, and produced a marked sensation.

In the small part of Rambaldo, Mario displayed the nicest appreciation of character. He played the rustic minstrel with the most becoming *gaucherie*, and looked as pleasantly frightened when sentenced to be hanged by Roberto, as the veriest countryman in all Normandy. His music was not very important, but what he had to sing he sang delightfully.

Castellan made a most charming Isabella, and gave the beautiful music of the part with great brilliancy and expression. The two famous airs, "Idol de ma vie," and "Robert, toi que j'aime," were received with peculiar favour, and the latter encored, although the encore was not accepted by the fair artist.

We have already extended our article beyond our limits. Next week we shall advert to sundry matters connected with the *Roberto il Diavolo*, unavoidably omitted in our current number.

#### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The following was the programme of the sixth concert, which took place on Monday night:—

##### PART I.

Sinfonia in D, No. 4 . . . . .	Mozart.
Aria "So weh' ich mich" (Euryanthe) Herr Formes . . .	C. M. von Weber.
Trio, two violoncellos and contra-basso, Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Howell . . . . .	Corelli.
Aria "Porgi, Amor" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Madame Madeleine Nottes . . . . .	Mozart.
Concerto in D Minor, pianoforte, M. Thalberg . . . . .	Mozart.

##### PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale . . . . .	Beethoven.
Aria, "O tu, in cui dolce possanza" (Fidelio), Madame Madeleine Nottes . . . . .	Beethoven.
Variations of the Baccarollo in L'Elisir d'Amore, pianoforte, M. Thalberg . . . . .	Thalberg.
Duetto "Durch die Nacht" (Les Huguenots), Madame Madeleine Nottes and Herr Formes . . . . .	Meyerbeer.
Overture, <i>Anacrou</i> . . . . .	Cherubini.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.	

That the above selection was attractive to the general public may be surmised from the fact that considerably more than a hundred extra tickets were sold, and the rooms so crowded that many could not find even space for standing. Those who deary concerts where good music and first-rate artists may be heard by large audiences at a moderate charge, and who declare that both the music and the artists are depreciated, might have found reasons last night to modify, if not reverse, their opinion. The undoubted features of attraction, the real combined causes of the unusually full attendance, were M. Thalberg, Herr Formes, and the Pastoral Symphony. Nevertheless, both the pianist and the singer have been constantly, and very recently, heard at the Wednesday Concerts, while the Pastoral Symphony has been one of the mainstays of M. Jullien for five or six years. How can these facts be reconciled with their alleged deterioration in value? The truth is there are two different audiences, never likely to meet in the same arena, although entertaining a taste for the same things in art; and there is no substantial reason why each should not be satisfied in proportion to its means. There is no doubt that, if the Philharmonic Society were materially to reduce its prices of admission, the Hanover Square Rooms would not be large enough to accommodate a sufficient number of subscribers to meet expenses; but this is no argument in favour of monopoly; this does not by any means affect the propriety of a notion rapidly gaining ground



among the multitude of music lovers who reside in the metropolis, that a cheap Philharmonic, in a vast arena, would be an excellent, and is positively a desirable thing. For the 500, or 600 persons who can afford to pay four guineas for eight concerts, or a guinea for one, how many thousands are there equally desirous of hearing the music of the great masters well executed, to whom the fourth part of these sums would be the *maximum* at disposal? The Philharmonic Society was for very many years a regular close borough; but matters have changed, the taste for music has become almost universal, and the annual direction of these exclusive concerts is now as open to public observation and the strictures of the press as the management of a theatre or an opera-house. We are aware that the society itself is very unwilling to own this, and affects to express a thorough independence of out-of-door censure; but the time is not far off when it will be obliged to acknowledge the fact, and shape its course accordingly. One great advantage of another society, with similar views and objects, would be the breaking up of that system of past-worship, and that tendency to cliques, which had there ever been a substantial opposition, would have long ago brought the Philharmonic Society to a proper sense of its position. We will merely suppose that during the present season there had been another society for the performance of the great instrumental compositions of the classical masters, and for the introduction of all that is novel and excellent (so far as the number of concerts might allow) in the school of executive art. What would have been the probable result? First, the public would have had the advantage of hearing and appreciating the talents of such justly eminent men as Charles Hallé, Stephen Heller, Dréyschock, Molique, Ernst, and several others, in concerts of magnitude and importance suited to bring them conspicuously forward. Second, some of the works of Hector Berlioz, which, though of European fame, have been studiously avoided by the Philharmonic Society (simply because they imperatively demand the most careful rehearsal), might have been submitted to the ordeal of an English musical public—the most judicious in the world—while many other works by meritorious composers, at home and abroad, which cannot succeed in finding even a trial at the Philharmonic (the society is too prosperous and lazy to give trials now), might have had a chance of being applauded, or condemned, according to their deserts. But while there is a monopoly all this is impossible, and so long as the Philharmonic Society remains absolute and exclusive, the subscribers and the public must be content to put up with anything that best suits the interests and individual policy of the seven annual directors, who may or may not be competent men, as the die turns.

One of the faults of Monday night's programme was its length, another was its choice of pieces, a third was the manner of their distribution. Mozart's symphony and Mozart's concerto, both in the same part, and both in the same key, was surely a miscalculation. Moreover, the symphony—except the first movement, which is very fine—is one of the weakest of the seven acknowledged grand symphonies of the master. The vocal music was exceedingly heavy, and, with the single exception of Mozart's *aria*, quite unfit for a concert-room. M. Thalberg, with all his talent—which we own to be incomparable in its way—should not have been engaged to play twice, while so many excellent artists, now in London, remain unheard by the Philharmonic subscribers—three of whom, by the way (Charles Hallé, Molique, and Stephen Heller), were observed among the audience. Perhaps M. Thalberg, whose performance of Mozart's concerto was an

unusual condescension on his part to the classical school, was doubtful of the effect of the music of the composer of *Don Giovanni*, and relied upon his own new fantasia on the air of Dulcamara, the Charlatan, to bring him up "with a wet sail" in case of failure. He should have had more confidence in his author, in his own fine playing, and in his audience, who are too used to Mozart to treat him with indifference. The *cadenzas* introduced into the first and last movements of the concerto, moreover, were quite enough to give the audience an opportunity of judging of the difference between the ancient and modern schools, between the styles of Mozart and Thalberg. These *cadenzas*, indeed, were the only points for criticism in M. Thalberg's very striking performance, since, having no quality in common with the concerto, to which they were forcibly allied, they were evidently out of place. We have already entered our protest against prepared *cadenzas* (in other words, impromptus composed ready for use) and we may add, that the only argument at all admissible in their favour is their resemblance in style to the master, whose music they are intended to illustrate. M. Thalberg's execution of his own fantasia was one of the most prodigious feats of mechanism to which we ever listened. The fantasia itself is as good a specimen of its class as most of the later productions of the same pen. It was rapturously enjoyed; and, in reply to the compliment, M. Thalberg played his well-known *Tarantella* in C minor.

Corello's trio, originally composed for two violins and violoncello, is a musty remnant of antiquity which has only been preserved from well-merited oblivion by the occasional performances of Mr. Lindley, who, on this occasion, we understand, made his last public appearance. We never witnessed enthusiasm greater or more unanimous than that which honoured the *entrée* of the "father of the orchestra," who for upwards of half a century has occupied the first rank in his profession. Mr. Lindley played with that vigour of style and fulness of tone which have ever distinguished him, and so great was the satisfaction of the audience that he was compelled to go through the whole composition twice. The cheering was uproarious as the veteran slowly quitted the orchestra, carrying his beloved instrument himself, as though unwilling to trust so old and tried a friend to any other hands.

The symphony of Mozart was finely played, but the grand treat of the evening was the magnificent pastoral poem of Beethoven, the execution of which, apart from one or two slight inaccuracies, and some rare instances of want of delicacy in the delivery of subordinate passages, Mr. Costa has brought to a perfection almost impossible to surpass. Never was this glorious work more keenly relished.

Herr Formes gave a graphic and powerful reading of the fine scene from Weber's *Buryanthe*, an opera which has yet to become appreciated in this country. Madame Madeleine Nottes, owing to some mistake, arrived an hour too late, and was obliged to sing both her airs in the second part. This lady, we believe, enjoys considerable reputation in Vienna, Hanover, and other German towns, as a dramatic singer. She has a *mezzo soprano* voice of excellent quality, strong, and of ample register. She sings with an immense deal of feeling; but, like many German vocalists, is given to exaggerate expression. Her intonation is generally, but not always, correct. Madame Nottes produced a favourable sensation in both her songs, but her best effort was decidedly the air from *Figaro*. The overture to *Anacreon* was almost too good to play the audience out, but more than half of them left after M. Thalberg's second performance. The introduction of Corello's trio—which, though even more objectionable

than a quartet; was excusable on account of the interest attached to Mr. Lindley's performance—deprived us of one of the two overtures which the subscribers have been accustomed to expect at every concert.

#### THE MUSICAL UNION.

The novelty of the fifth meeting was the first appearance in London of Mr. Silas, a young composer and pianist, of whom such flattering reports had reached us from abroad that we had every reason to suppose a new genius had arisen in the musical horizon. Mr. Silas began his education in Germany, and finished it at the Paris Conservatoire, where, we are told, he obtained the *premier prix* for a performance on the organ. It would appear that the difficulty is to avoid gaining a first prize at the French Musical Academy, since there is scarcely on record an example of any pupil leaving the institution without some such distinction. That it is not a proof of genius, or even of uncommon talent, Mr. Silas is by no means the first, or the twentieth, to have established. That continental fame may be as unstable as water, Mr. Silas has also been able to demonstrate in his own person. Though a very young man, we have read accounts of him in foreign journals which contain the most extravagant eulogies, and some go even so far as to make a comparison between Mr. Silas and the late Felix Mendelssohn. A Liverpool paper, in quoting one of these articles from the *Handelblad*, an Amsterdam print, suggests that "it is not to be classed with the inflated feuilletons of the Paris press." It was recently, at one of the concerts of the Liverpool Philharmonic, that Mr. Silas made his first appearance in England. He played a concerto and conducted an orchestral overture of his composition, besides extemporising on "St. Patrick's day," and "Come a gentil." The reports of his performances which appeared in the Liverpool journals were at strange variance. Some raised Mr. Silas to the skies, whilst others sank him into the abyss of insignificance. Mr. Ella, anxious, as usual, to provide his subscribers with the latest novelties, engaged Mr. Silas for the fifth meeting of the Musical Union, where his pretensions were fairly and dispassionately considered. Mr. Silas played the first movement of Sebastian Bach's concerto in D minor (with guitar accompaniment), and three *lieder*—*ahn* *ways* of his own composition. He also extemporised on the theme of a slow movement from one of Haydn's quartets, which formed part of the morning's programme.

It is with sincere regret that in offering our opinion of the talents of Mr. Silas we are unable to take rank with his admirers. Still more do we feel the disagreeable responsibility of our office in being compelled, as a matter of justice, to declare that Mr. Silas does not rise above mediocrity either as a composer or a pianist; and that, as an extempore performer, he is beneath it. But it gives us pain that, as it were, to blow away the reputation of a young artist with a breath; but calm reflection assures us that it is only charitable to tell Mr. Silas the truth. With the amount of talent he at present evinces, he cannot decently support the praises that have been lavished upon him; while the hollow fame he has acquired through the mistaken zeal of friends might some day place him in a position from which he would find it difficult to extricate himself with credit. We do not doubt that, by the aid of years of laborious study, Mr. Silas, who has youth to back him, might acquire distinction; but he is now at the very beginning of his career, and if he would honourably prosper he must henceforth depend upon the industrious application of his own resources for success, and not upon the insinuating breath of flattery, which hides a

poison in its sweetness, and is much more likely to send enthusiasm to sleep than spur it on to exertion.

From what we have said it would be evidently superfluous to enter into a detailed criticism of Mr. Silas's performances as pianist, composer, or improviser. Had he not been heralded with strains of unlimited adulation, we should have passed him over in silence, but we owe it to the public on all such occasions as the present to disclose the truth without hesitation, however unthankful the task. There are plenty like Mr. Silas at home, without looking for more elsewhere.

The quartets at this meeting were Haydn in D, No. 79, and Beethoven in C, No. 5 (Razumovsky), both of which were played in first-rate style by MM. Sattin, Deloffre, Hill, and Piat. While mentioning the quartets we may take the liberty of reminding Mr. Ella that Mozart wrote many master-pieces in this form—a fact of which the spirited director appears to be forgetful, if we may judge by the little value he sets upon them. That Haydn was a great man no one will deny, but that Mozart was a greater is equally a truth, and why he should be almost excluded from the Musical Union, where Haydn figures so often, it would not be easily to explain. The Hungarian vocalist, whose admirable performances were so highly lauded last year, sang Kruezer's "Evening Prayer" and Mendelssohn's "Turkish Bacchanal" at the end of the concert, much to the satisfaction of the audience, one of the most crowded of the season.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The twelfth concert was given on Wednesday night, under a new management, and those persons who had purchased tickets for the eleventh, which it may be remembered did not take place, were admitted. The conduct of the musical arrangements is now vested in the hands of Mr. Jarrett, a gentleman whose long experience in these matters will probably inspire confidence, and help to bring the present season to a successful termination. It would be a pity that any reverse of fortune should arrest the progress of the London Wednesday Concerts, since, with all their leaning to popular tendencies, they have done essential service in spreading a taste for music among the multitude, besides having found constant employment for a large number of deserving artists.

The concert was a very attractive one, and gave a good augury of the spirit with which Mr. Jarrett intends to carry them on. Mademoiselle Angri was the vocal queen of the evening, and again created the greatest enthusiasm. She sang three solos—"Ah, quel giorno" from *Semiramide*, the page's second song, "No, no, no," from the *Huguenots*, and the *Hyndes* from *Lucrezia*. She was encored with acclamations of applause in each, and was obliged to give the last three times. She was in fine voice, and sang with increased energy and vivacity of style. Mademoiselle Angri has taken the Exeter-hall audience by storm; her dashing and hearty manner of singing, her dramatic fire, and a certain abandon which is generally confined to the theatre, are something quite novel to the Wednesday Concerts. Herr Stigelli, the new German tenor, continues to improve upon acquaintance. He has a beautiful voice and considerable animation of style, which he displayed to advantage in "All is lost now" (*Sonnambula*), and the serenade from *Don Pasquale*. Herr Stigelli's pronunciation of the English language is pleasing and distinct. The other vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Rose Brühm, Signor Ballini, Mr. B. Frodsham, and Mademoiselle Bordet, a young debutante of French extraction, who in the romance from *Otello* exhibited a soprano voice of the sweetest quality and a great deal of feeling, which the utmost nervousness could

not conceal. Mademoiselle Bordet produced a very favourable impression.

The instrumental part of the concert presented two successful novelties. A young girl, Mademoiselle Euphrasie Bordet, (sister of the vocalist just mentioned), astonished the audience by executing one of the most difficult fantasias of Viotti on the violin, with a fulness and purity of tone, a delicacy of execution, and a depth of expression quite extraordinary in one of her sex and years. Mademoiselle Bordet is certainly not yet a Teresa or Maria Milanollo, but she is the nearest approach we have heard to the celebrated sister violinists. She was honoured with the warmest reception. Herr Hekking, another *débütante*, played a solo on the violoncello, in which he gave proofs of remarkable executive powers. He has the mechanism of the instrument completely at command, but his style is somewhat hard, and we did not like the tone of the instrument upon which he played. His performance was loudly applauded.

Herr Dreyachock shared the honours of the evening with Mlle. Angri. He played twice, and was obliged to repeat both his pieces. In the first, a brilliant rondo of his own composition, accompanied by the orchestra, his prodigious command of octaves was demonstrated with the greatest effect, in several passages of extreme rapidity, where both hands were continually employed. There is a great deal of merit in this rondo, which, while extremely showy, is effectively written, and evinces considerable musical knowledge. After being encored in his variations on "God save the Queen" for the left hand alone—one of the wonders of modern execution—Herr Dreyachock introduced his *Sallarella*, a sparkling and fanciful *morceau de caractère*, which he executed with delightful crispness of touch. The only fault of this concert was its length. Half a dozen of the vocal pieces might have been advantageously omitted.

#### HALEVY

(From the Morning Post.)

For the last fifteen years this distinguished composer has enjoyed a high reputation in England, whether from the success of his works in France, or from their reproduction on our own stage. Circumstances have, however, lately combined on all sides to attract general attention towards him. The French composers have lately superseded the Italian *maestri*; and at the opening of the theatrical campaign in London this year, two of his minor works were given with signal success at St. James's Theatre; another was no less successful at the Princess's; and whilst the Covent-Garden establishment announced the production of two of his serious operas, it was found likewise that he had been engaged, in conjunction with M. Scribe, in writing another of the most important and promising character on the subject of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. On the eve of the production of this work, on account of its authors and of its actors, equally the object of general curiosity, some account of the life of M. Hælevy cannot fail to prove interesting.

Fromental Hælevy was born in Paris at the beginning of the present century: his father was a German, his mother a French lady. As the boy showed a precocious understanding, and his father, like most of his countrymen, was devotedly fond of philosophy and *belles lettres*, the young Hælevy was, at an unusually early age, sent to an academy. However, a few lessons on the pianoforte having been given him, with a view to employ his leisure moments, and to vary and relieve his attention, an invincible love of the musical absorbed all his thoughts. His father finding, at last, he could not withstand

this propensity, wisely gave way, and placed his son, at ten years of age, at the great Conservatoire. There, so rapid was his progress, that, being only twelve years, he won the grand prize of harmony against all his seniors. Soon afterwards he had the still greater good fortune of attracting the attention of one whose name and works will endure as long as the art of music. At thirteen, he studied composition under Cherubini. Only two years afterwards, when that great master was obliged to visit London (in 1815), so high an opinion did he entertain of the young Hælevy that he chose him as his temporary substitute to direct his class at the Conservatoire. From this moment, the great object of ambition with the young artist was to follow the example of Mozart, and visit the schools of Italy. A new triumph afforded him this opportunity. In 1819, having won the grand prize for composition of the Institution, he was sent by the Academy of France to Rome. He spent three years in Italy, travelling from one great musical city to the other, examining the works of such old composers as Marcello and Palestrina, studying under such renowned masters as Salieri and Zingarelli. From Italy he went to Vienna, purposely to visit one who was the particular object of his reverence—Beethoven—and was kindly received by that sublime composer. The time was now come when the young Hælevy must return to Paris, and show "the mettle of his pasture." His first composition was *Pygmalion*, a work which he offered to the Grande Académie de Musique. It was immediately accepted, and highly spoken of by the cognoscenti. Political troubles, however, soon interfered to prevent the production of this opera. Hælevy resumed his studies until 1827. At the beginning of this year he gave the Opera Comique a work entitled *Phidias*. Its success was such that another was immediately demanded. This was *The Artisan*, which fully sustained the opinion entertained of his abilities.

Passing over minor works, we must particularly notice an opera which he subsequently gave at the Italiens, in 1829. This was an Italian opera *buffa*, entitled *Il Dilettante*. It was performed for two consecutive seasons, with immense success, by Malibran, Zucchi, Donzelli, &c. In 1830, he produced, at the Académie de Musique, a ballet, *Manon L'Esquise*; and in 1831, at the same theatre, a ballet opera, *La Tentation*, which was performed, not only in Paris, but in all parts of Europe; its catching, sprightly melodies being re-produced on every hand—organ, then manufactured for the peripatetic musicians of the streets. In 1832, Herold having suddenly died in all the flush of his triumphs, leaving his score of *Ludovic* imperfect, Hælevy undertook the duty of finishing and producing it on the stage; and this year he likewise composed *Les Souvenirs de la Fleuve* for the re-appearance of the celebrated Martin. In 1835 he produced, at the Académie de Musique, an opera of the highest pretensions, *La Juive*, whose success was such that it was immediately brought out in every capital in Europe. He next produced, at the Opera Comique, *L'Eclair*, which has remained ever since one of the favourite works of that theatre's repertoire. In 1837, he produced his grand opera, *Guido and Ginevra*, at the Académie de Musique, with great success. He subsequently produced works whose titles alone suffice for a eulogy. In 1838, *L'Esquise et le Sheriff*, at the Opera Comique; in 1842, *Le Règne de Cypris*, at the Académie; in 1843, *Charles VI.*, at the same theatre; in 1844, he produced *Le Guitarello*; and in 1846, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, at the Opera Comique. In 1848, at the earnest request of the director of the Opera Comique, whose theatre, owing to the disturbed state of society, had been nearly forsaken, he gave *Le Val d'Andorre*, which was performed 165 successive nights,

and restored at once, in spite of every inauspicious circumstance, the vogue and fortunes of that theatre. Last year he was equally successful at the Opéra Comique with *La Fée aux Roses*, of which a translation is at this moment performed in London. Halevy has long since received the highest rewards his country could confer on him. At the court of Louis Philippe he enjoyed the highest favour: the unfortunate Duke of Orleans and his widow, the Duchess of Orleans, had placed him at the head of their *chapelle*. The Conservatoire conferred on him the title of Professeur de Haute Composition; he is an officer of the Legion of Honour, and of a number of foreign orders conferred on him by the different sovereigns who have listened to his compositions; and he enjoys the highest title that can reward exalted merit in France—that of Member of the Institute.

#### JULLIEN AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

WEDNESDAY was a great day for the Surrey Gardens. Jullien and the fine weather collected upwards of fifteen thousand people. It was the first appearance of both this season, was the delight in consequence.

Jullien's mind is a railroad, on which improvement is always travelling. The popular composer-conductor, in his own person, is the incarnation of the march of intellect. Last year, Jullien collected together a splendid band in the orchestra of the Surrey Gardens. But he found a great waste of means in his stringed instruments. They were all excellent, but they could not be heard. The open air drank in all the soft music. Now, this season, Jullien has dispensed with his fiddles entirely, and has manufactured a band of his own creation, nine parts military, and one operatic. He has doubled, or tripled, or quadrupled, as it may be, the wind instruments, and added a very strong battalion of double-basses. The effect is as novel as it is extraordinary, and as extraordinary as it is novel. Certainly the band, as it is at present constituted, is infinitely better adapted for *al fresco* playing than the commonly constructed band, and the effect is tantamount to its adaptation. The music is now heard over every part of the garden, and reaches the bears and the giraffes at the far end, as well as the pumas and hyenas of the round house.

The greeting given to M. Jullien on Monday last when he entered the orchestra was enthusiastic in the extreme. Again and again was the applause renewed, each round being more energetic than the former; and again and again did Jullien's name, sent from a thousand throats, reverberate through the gardens, startling the echoes of the mimic Alps behind the lake.

The bill of fare provided by Jullien for the visitors to the Surrey Gardens is just such a bill of fare as the visitors would cherish—in the main. In the main, we say, because Jullien, in catering for the pleasures of the multitude, aims also at their improvement. Whilst supplying them with popular overtures, valzes, quadrilles, polkas, &c., &c., he slyly slips in his programme an *andante* or a *scherzo* from a symphony of Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and marks how it produces its effect. When the *andante* and the *scherzo* are relished, then will Jullien peril the entire symphony.

The most favourite piece of the week has been Jullien's new *fantasia* on the *Prophète*. It produces an immense effect nightly, and may be reckoned among the composer's most happy and ingenious essays.

Solos have been played by Lazarus (clarinet), Pratten (flute), Kœnig (cornet), Prospero (ophicleide), &c.

The new painting provided by the directors this year represents a view of the Alps, with Napoleon crossing them with

his entire army. In point of colouring and perspective effect, this picture is undoubtedly the best which has been produced at the Surrey Gardens. The distance is preserved with a truthfulness which is quite puzzling, and the broken character of the mountains and the details of the foreground are managed with wonderful effect. This is decidedly a day picture, and should be considered without reference to the fireworks. The passage of the troops, appearing at the foot of the mountains in full size, and decreasing as they ascend gradually until they appear no bigger than pins' points, is capitally managed, and well worth a visit, to say nothing of the splendid fireworks and the magnificent tableau of Napoleon at the end.

The gardens have been crowded to suffocation during the week; and the directors, with the aid of the popular conductor, M. Jullien, and his admirable band, together with their new picture, stand a fair chance of reaping a silver harvest.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—A favourite theme with German journalists is the religious bigotry of Englishmen and their narrowness of view in matters of art; in the more or less complete misrepresentations of England published by German tourists, princes and plebeians, the same charge is often found. It is singular that Berlin, the very focus of German enlightenment, has just produced, in an influential organ of the higher official and educated classes, the new *Preussische Zeitung*, a series of articles that unite the most violent religious bigotry with its most narrow-minded application to a work of art, to a degree never equalled by us *bornierte* islanders. The great composer of *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète* is accused in that journal of a systematic design, that runs through all his music, of undermining and destroying the Christian religion, and desecrating the forms of worship of the Christian church! The basis of the argument is that Meyerbeer is a Jew, and in his operas has frequently employed church music as a means of effect, such as the organ passage in *Robert*, and the Lutheran hymn of Murcel in the *Huguenots*. But all his previous offences sink into insignificance compared with the still more extensive employment of similar means in the *Prophète*. There, a solemn rite of the church, a coronation, is desecrated by the consecration of an impostor, with all the pomp of priestly processions, incense, and anthems. In this spirit the whole of the composer's last opera is criticised; no merit as a work of art redeems it; it is an insidious design against the Christian faith, for the purpose, it must be inferred, of propagating Judaism. The public must therefore beware how they listen to music; the most inspiring and glorious strains of harmony are snares for the soul if their composer is a Jew. This is a new principle in criticism, and deserves to be noticed, because finding readers and approvers among a people who represent themselves the sole possessors of a gift of a deep and philosophical appreciation of art in all its manifestations, and a universality of knowledge that makes prejudice in them impossible. In the case of Meyerbeer this freedom from prejudice has not been exhibited. He is more ungrudgingly admired in Paris and London than Berlin. There, his critics were more enthusiastic and more generous. The *Prophète* is not without honour in his own country, certainly, but it seems to be paid with considerable reservation.

#### REVIEW.

"Grand March of the Protectionists;" by JAMES DACH.

WESSEL AND CO.

From the title of this composition, the intentions of the

author are evident. The "March" is appropriately dedicated to Lord John Manners and the Farmers of England. Should his Lordship have any intention of heading a procession of "Protectionists" to the House of Parliament for the purpose of demanding aid in making John Bull pay, as in the good old war times—£50 a load for wheat—we have little doubt but that the energetic strains of Mr. Dace's "March" would enable his Lordship to screw his courage up to the "sticking place." The "March" is a spirited one, notwithstanding its title, which may not perhaps sound so pleasing to the generality of ears as it does to those of Lord John Manners and the Farmers of England.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### LYCEUM.

It is not usual now-a-days to distinguish the Whitsun holidays by any special dramatic entertainment; but this year the Lyceum and the New Strand have departed from the general rule, and pieces have been produced at both establishments with as much of the holiday character as the works ordinarily brought out at Christmas and Easter.

*Novelty Fair, or Hints for 1851*, belongs to the class of pieces known in Paris as *revues*, with this peculiarity, that in the act of reviewing it rather looks forward than backward. The year 1851, which is personified and acted by Mr. Charles Mathews, is the chorus to the whole, and sings the average quantity of voluble songs. From the "library of time" he calls forth sundry other personified years, each of which has its appropriate characteristic. Thus the year of Magna Charta is represented by a Runnymede Baron; 1792 is a furious French poissarde; and 1848 is a Red Republican, crimson from head to foot. When this prefatory matter is over, the scene of action is transferred to the booth erected to exhibit the industry of all nations. Here Britannia (Miss Julia St. George) presides, and the British Lion (Mr. Frank Matthews) officiates as a sort of beadle. France (Miss Eardley) is the most conspicuous of the foreign visitors, and friendly relations between her and Britannia are maintained by Peace (Miss M. Oliver.) The principal specimens of the industry of all nations are a series of four *tableaux*. The first represents a Parisian group at the barricades, which speedily gives place to a troop of dancing *deburdeurs*. Italian and Spanish peasants, both shown in the act of doing nothing in a very picturesque manner, are the personages of the second and third *tableaux*; and the fourth, which concluded the piece, is devoted to a *Britannia triumphans*, attended by various good genii. In the intervals between these more imposing specimens sundry articles of a satirical purport are shown, such as a filter for the Thames' water, the fountains of Trafalgar-square, and so on—all explained very amusingly by themselves (when personified), and the year 1851, who acts as showman.

The class to which this piece belongs excludes everything like plot or dramatic construction; but the various phenomena are introduced with great tact, and the dialogue is at once marked by its smartness and its wholesome good-humoured tendency, commercial liberty and international peace being the goals to which it chiefly points. This year 1851 is one of those parts that Mr. C. Mathews alone can play; and though, through the nervousness of a first night, he now and then hesitated in his most rapid songs, the ease with which he cleared the gaps was so great that they even drew down additional applause. The three principal female characters were very well sustained by Misses St. George, M. Oliver, and Eardley, the last of whom was a *débutante*; and the Lion was

acted with unctuous burliness by Mr. Frank Matthews. The scenic effects, and especially the four *tableaux*, are beautifully managed.

After the principal actors had been called with tumultuous applause, a cry was raised for the authors, Messrs. Albert Smith and Tom Taylor, who accordingly appeared, and walked across the stage.

##### ADELPHI.

The notion that a sudden elevation from poverty to wealth and rank is attended with anything but an increase of happiness has been popular at least from the time of Lucian, and many a dramatist has illustrated it by his art. Upon this notion is founded a new farce, produced at the Adelphi on Thursday night, under the title of *Jack in the Green*. The hero, represented by Mr. Wright, is a malcontent in the coal and potato line, who, because he is a foundling, and imagines that he is of noble birth, declines to oblige his field, a stern plebeian chimney-sweep (Mr. Paul Bedford), by taking the itinerant part of "Jack in the Green" on May-day, and even objects to the assumption of that ladle-armed character termed the "lady" by his sweetheart, the sweep's daughter (Miss E. Chaplin). A gentleman (Mr. Boyce) works his cure by making him believe that he is the son of an earl, and forcing him to go through a course of etiquette. A dinner where he may not ask twice for soup, eat fish with a knife, and have an "ingon" with his cucumber, proves too much for him, and, abandoning his aristocratic notions with disgust, he is too glad to escape from genteel society, and effecting a reconciliation with his friends, to put on the verdant costume of the May-day "Jack."

The practical "fun" of Mr. Wright at the dinner, where he commits all sorts of enormities, is highly amusing, and the unmixed admiration with which he is regarded by his sweetheart is portrayed with a great deal of force by Miss E. Chaplin. The austere, unambitious *ramoneur* is a stately personage in the hands of Mr. Paul Bedford, and the small character of a sweep who enacts the May-day Clown, and incurs infinite bruises by practising his tumbling, is rendered with so much humour by Mr. Sanders that we regret the part—the newest in the piece—was not more developed.

A fault of the farce is its want of  *vraisemblance* in point of character. The ignorance of the *parvenu* is rather that of the rustic who has seen nothing of cultivated life than that of the low Londoner, who has at any rate witnessed the outside of gentility.

##### NEW STRAND.

THE moral set forth in Mr. Godwin's romance of St. Leon, of the unhappiness consequent on the discovery of the great alchymical secret, has been worked out with less tragical results by Mr. Tom Taylor, in his burlesque of the *Philosopher's Stone*, produced on Monday night with distinguished success. Paracelsus (Mr. Leigh Murray), who is chosen for the hero, having found out the art of transmuting metals, and starts with the most sanguine views of enjoyment, at first becomes a thoroughly *blasé* rich man; tired of the amusements which his inexhaustible wealth procures, and lured to virtue by an amiable girl (Mrs. Stirling) in humble life, he tries philanthropy, but in his benevolent character he produces greater mischief than before, for his profuse charity stops the industry of the poor and causes a famine.

In the construction of the piece, which opens with a scene of all the metals personified, and then introduces them as transformed into beings of human interest, the author has followed the plan of his own *Diogenes*, where he has treated the Greek gods and goddesses in the same fashion. The dia-



logue has all the classic smartness of that celebrated Christmas piece. The characters most prominent are Paracelsus, in which Mr. Leigh Murray admirably shows the effects of successive phases of fortune, and two comic servants, played with great humour and vivacity by Mr. Compton and Miss Marshall. The songs, to popular tunes, are equally effective.

MARY LEBONE.

On Monday evening this theatre opened with the tragedy of *King John*, and a new holiday piece called the *Woodman's Spell*, written by Mr. Stirling. *King John* is one of the best conceived and most even performances we have yet witnessed from Mr. Gustavus Brooke. It showed throughout a marked improvement in manner. The scene, in particular, in which the King tammers with Hubert to induce him to assassinate the young prince, was given with an impressiveness and repose which was loudly applauded. As the new piece is little else than a schelle for scenery and dancing, we need say no more than that the former is exceedingly pretty—that the dances were most of them encoored—that Mr. Herbert, as a woodman, made drunk and maudlin by the genius of Intemperance, kept the house in continual merriment—and that the whole was received with the most decided marks of approval by a crowded audience.

ST. JAMES'S.

**FRANCE PLAYS.**—On Monday last *Le Mari à la Campagne* was given for the first time this season. The piece is known to the English public by Mr. Morris Barnett's clever adaptation, which is much more than a mere translation—the *Serious Family*—containing the bulk of the French piece, and so much of the argument as is compatible with English manners and customs, the omissions being supplied by corresponding national peculiarities in a manner which testifies to the superior tact and nice discrimination of the English dramatist. The French piece is one of the most lively comedies of the modern school; the attention is thoroughly captivated and sustained throughout, the dialogue is piquant, and the impression produced is one of unimixed satisfaction, combined with just sufficient intrigue and uncertainty to maintain the interest of the story. The materials are slight, and the characters are rather broadly sketched than minutely developed, but the filling up is admirably executed by the principal actors, whose bye-play was little short of absolute perfection. Mlle. Nathalie, Mlle. Brassiné, Madame Manenti, and Messrs. Regnier and Lafont, were so perfectly at home in their parts, that we could almost fancy ourselves under the guardianship of the *Diable Boiteux*, witnessing some scenes of the drama of domestic life in all its truth and reality. The part undertaken by Mlle. Nathalie showed her in a light in which we have not yet seen her in London. Her character was one which could derive no assistance from elegant toilettes or coquettish adjustments, in which all French women excel, and in which Mlle. Nathalie is remarkable, even among Frenchwomen. Her dress was forcibly plain, but in every elegant; yet she contrived to avoid the peril of being either ridiculous or inelegant, and with the sole assistance of her great talent, presented us with a most finished and perfect picture. Her acting was remarkable for its extreme simplicity; her love for her husband, her awe for her mother, her respect for her position as a wife, superior, even to her filial duty, were all portrayed with the most perfect judgment. Mlle. Brassiné also sustained the part of the young widow with much liveliness and abandon. Madame Manenti made a good mother-in-law. M. Regnier's part was one of those in which he excels; more particularly in the scenes where he

is free from all trammels—delivered from the forced devotion and seriousness of the family circle—enlivened by the presence of Mr. Mathieu—conscious of the value of the few moments of liberty which he enjoys—forgetful of the past, alive only to the pleasures of the present, he multiplies himself to heap together as much enjoyment as he can crowd into every painful instant of time; he is never quiet, either in word or action; he sets everybody in motion; he communicates his joyous humour to all with whom he is in contact, and even the presence of his mother-in-law can scarcely produce aught beyond a transient gloom on his countenance. Even the audience have some trouble to keep their seats, and the intervention of the orchestra and foot-lights is absolutely necessary to keep us from rushing on the stage, to join in the medley, whilst under the influence of M. Regnier's marvellous vivacity. M. Lafont was most efficient in the part of César, he identified himself perfectly with the character, and was in every respect a gentleman. M. St. Marie did justice to the part of M. Mathieu, and looked a very Tartuffe. M. Alfred de Musset's petite comedy in one act, entitled *Un Caprice* has also been played. It is a clever trifle, more remarkable for the choice and elegance of the language than for originality of character or elaboration of sentiment. There are but three personages in the piece, and the plot—a plot there be—is a somewhat severe lesson on the inconstancy of the worst half of the creation. Mlle. Nathalie was here quite in her element—elegant, capricious, coquettish by turns, she threw much charm into the author's conception, and interpreted his intentions with true feminine delicacy and refinement. The present combination of talent and excellent choices of pieces have drawn excellent houses to this theatre. J. DE C.

The artists' amateur performance in aid of the funds of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution took place on Saturday night, the pieces selected being Mr. Jerrold's *Rant Day* and the *Poor Gentleman*, with the song of "Lord Bateman," given in character by Mr. G. Cruickshank, as an intermediate *bonne bouche*. The performance, which was under the patronage of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, was highly creditable to the amateurs, and attracted a numerous and fashionable audience.

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

**OPERA COMIQUE.**—Before proceeding with our notice of Mr. Mitchell's interesting specimens of French Operas Comique, we wish briefly to allude to a subject of some importance to art and its profession—we mean the extravagantly high price which music is published at in this country. As an illustration of it, we went the other day into a music shop for a pianoforte arrangement of the *Gypsy Diamonds*, wishing for some reminiscence of it, although we do not think it a grand opera, or that its music is of a very high or intellectual character; still, some of it is very pretty. The only arrangement that was published, it was said, was one in five books, the price of each book five shillings, or twenty-five shillings for a pianoforte arrangement of a modern French opera, of course without the words or the overture! The consequence was, in lieu of the five books, but one was bought. It is true Mr. Novello and Messrs. Boosey and Co. have done something to remedy this, and deserve all praise for their excellent and cheap publications—the *Oratorios* of the former, and the *Standard Lyric Drama* of the latter publishers, are what we want, and should like to see carried out to a greater extent, as we feel confident that a more moderate price for music in this country would benefit all concerned, artists and amateurs, composers and conductors, professors and publishers. We are not at all sorry to see the *Lucresia* of Donizetti now publishing in the *Standard Lyric Drama*, and we consider it his



greatest opera, and that it is only fitting a good example from such a master should appear in the work. Messrs. Rockstro and Mould, as well as Messrs. Boosey and Co., must excuse us for hinting, that there is the *one* opera of Beethoven, *Fidelio*, and although we have had the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart, *Figaro*, and *Juan*, there are yet one or two in this great master's limited range of operas that still retain their place on the lyric stage. Gluck, and Cimarosa too—are they quite obsolete? Then Rossini still affords a mine of wealth—how many of his operas are popular as ever? Need we instance *Otello*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Semiramide*, *Tancredi*, *La Donna del Lago*, the recently revived *Mosè*, to say nothing of his last and greatest, *Guillaume Tell*.

We must apologise to you, Mr. Editor, for thus trespassing on your space, and diverging so far from the matter in hand, but the importance of the subject, we trust, will hold us excused.

To the *Opéra Comique*, Auber, and his *Domino Noir*—in particular, we had only time last week to say there was a fair house and a good performance. Mons. Berthe has undoubtedly a more probable story in this libretto than in the *Crown Diamonds*; still it is to our taste, *outré* and extravagant; at the same time to such a charming actress as Madlle. Charton, it affords capital opportunity for displaying her remarkable talent, which completely bewilders poor Horace (Mons. Lac); her assumption of the dress and manner of the Aragonese girl were excellent.

There is the prescribed French pattern of an English Mòrd, as in *Fra Diavolo*, in a Lord Effort. (Where did Scribe conceive or pick up his idea of names for English noblemen? Only fancy Lord Rockbourg! in the latter opera—Lord Allcash we call him in the English version). This part was made very amusing by M. Chateaufort. We often hear in our own plays and farces an English actor represent a Frenchman with his broken English—it is something new to our ears to hear a French actor give the broken French interlarded with scraps of English. "Yea," of an Englishman M. Chateaufort created roars of laughter by his broad slow utterance; he carried out the idea capitally. M. Soyot was very good as Juliano; and the Coquet Porter, Gil Perez, by M. Buguet, was admirable. His song, "Nous allons avoïr," was laughably colored, from the droll character and mock gravity he gave to it. His "Dés grâtes," with the low shake, was truly irresistible. The music, generally speaking, does not rise higher in our estimation than that of the *Crown Diamonds*; it is not a *grand* opera. Some of the music is pretty and well instrumented, but there is nothing great or grand about it. The overture appeared to us a thing of shreds and patches, strung together without any apparent connexion either with each other or the story to which it should have been the prelude—the change of time and key most abrupt and unaided for. The trio in the first scene is rather nice, where Horace is feigning sleep on the sofa, and was nicely given by Madlle. Charton and Guichard, and M. Lac. Many of the songs and other vocalities are very rapid, act to music more like dance music or vocal exercises, than anything else; in fact, one air is sung with a constant accompaniment, (and very pretty it is as given by Madlle. Charton) that is the Aragonese *rondo* in the second act, "La bella Inès." A chorus of male voices occur in the earlier part of the same scene. "Monsieur!" that reminded us of the Hungarian polka. Then how rapid is the utterance required in the aria, *d'agitato*, "Ah! quell' nuit!" in which Angèle (Madlle. Charton) gives an account of her mishaps in her night ramble back to the convent. All was very distinct from Madlle. Charton, with at times great archness and grace; for instance, where she talks of the mud on *taille* two knees, tho' demanding but one. The cavatina or adagio at the close "Amour à toi," was given with much feeling. Madlle. Charton pleases us by her natural unaffected expression; also, that with her fluent execution she is so staying in her ornaments, and places them so judiciously. She was much applauded in this her principal song. She was encored with M. Lac in the duet at the close of the first act, "N'entendez-vous pas," and would have been encored more frequently but for consideration of her arduous part. Mons. Lac pleased us much by the expression he gave to the solo, (accompanied by the organ and chorus of voices behind the scenes) "C'est elle encor!" particularly the line—

Of the rest there is little to be said, musically speaking; there was the same attention to dress and completeness as before, and the acting very good. The French company took the audience somewhat by surprise. Between the first and second acts of the opera, the curtain rose, displaying the whole of them assembled on the stage; for a moment we were quite at a loss; but M. Hansen's baton fell, the first hymn "God save the Queen" commenced, and all was accounted for; it was the day Her Majesty's birthday was kept. The compliment was duly acknowledged, and warmly responded to; the anthem was very fairly sung. Madlle. Guichard taking the first verse, M. Lac the second (Her Majesty's English bothered him, and he it most desperately); of course, Madlle. Charton gave the last, and she gave it with good emphasis and great force, the audience joining freely in the chorus; it was a pleasing episode, and the whole company being foreigners, it told well. The usual recalls were made at the close of the opera, but there were no bouquets. On Friday night, as we anticipated, there was an excellent house, by far the best of the three, to see the popular *Fra Diavolo*. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* of the following day (Saturday), makes the (to us) somewhat startling announcement, that "it was certainly the least successful of the three performances, on the whole; when compared with the others, it was tame and ineffective." Anything more contrary to the fact than this statement we have not lately seen in print, and we notice it, because in general these articles of the *Guardian* have been tolerably accurate, and at times very cleverly written ("Sigma" no longer does the operative critiques in this paper). We fearlessly assert, on the contrary, that it was far the best performance of the three in every sense of the word. We have already stated, in the first place, that there was a better house; the dress-circle was fuller, the pit was fuller, the gallery must have had five times the number it had on either of the other nights, and the upper circle had at least three times as many. The overture was infinitely better music, and right well played by Mr. Seymour and his small but excellent orchestra. The libretto is far more probable and interesting than either of M. Scribe's other two operas; there is the same pattern of an English lord as in *Le Domino Noir* (with the English lady in addition), which, of course, is strongly caricatured; but have we not caricatured the French in our *Mons. Tancrède*, &c.? The music is all, through of a much higher aim and character, to say nothing of its lovely and popular melodies; it is evidently written more with a view to the character and intention of the scenes and persons to which it is distributed. The instrumental accompaniments are much fuller, and the interest throughout, both musically and dramatically, never flags. The opera opens spiritedly with the chorus of carabinciers, which was well sung, "En bonna-millitair." The duet between Mòrd and Milady Rockbourg was very effective, "Je vous lais-bien," from the good acting and careful singing of Madlle. Guichard and M. Chateaufort. The latter makes an admirable Englishman; his dress, his look, his difficulties about his French, the English oath (made one word of in the libretto, "Goddam") and his gentlemanly, easy air on the stage, make his embodiment of this character truly perfect—how much is lost of the humor of this part in the English version, where Michel Allcash becomes a buffoon!—the whole house was convulsed almost with laughter, whenever he was on the stage. The beautiful quintet, which begins sotto voce and staccato—"Que vois-je? c'est elle!" where the pretended Marquis first appears, was as fine a bit of concerted vocal music, as we have listened to in a theatre for a long time; the flowing part, given alternately by Zerlina (Madlle. Charton), *Fra Diavolo* (Mons. Lac), was most beautiful; and Mons. Buguet's bass voice was of great service in sustaining the harmony. The encore was unanimous and it was repeated with the same charming effect. Madlle. Charton next delighted the audience in "Voyez, par cette roche, ce brave!"—so well known in the English, "On your rock reclining;" the expression she threw with this lovely air was admirable. The interest and bustle at the inn is well kept up by the mock *maquis*, and his two ruffian confederates; and the music to the first act is full of incident and mystery. The chorus were not quite so steady here as usual. In the opening scene of the second act, Madlle. Charton introduced a very brilliant aria, said to be "à la Rossini!" whatever it was, or whoever it was composed by, we never listened to such a display of voice and instrument together, as was given in this song by

Madlle. Charton and her wonderfully clever obligato accompanist on the flute, Mons. Demour (said to be her husband, but that Charton being the name by which she has acquired a deserved celebrity, she retains her maiden name as a "Nom du Theatre"). It was a splendid and a perfect performance; the succession of shakes, one above the other, at the close, was most astonishingly perfect, both by voice and flute. The theatre fairly rang again with plaudits. We have not heard such a furor since Jonny Lind's flute trio; the applause continued until Madlle. Charton began again in spite of the cries of "No!" and "Shame!" from the more considerate part of the audience, and she gave it a second time, and Mons. Demour his accompaniment, as if it was no trouble or exertion to either of them. The succeeding trio, by Milord, Milady, and Zerkina, went exceedingly well, too; Madlle. Charton taking her part as if she had not been the cause of such a furor the moment before. Mons. Chateaufort acquitted himself in his singing much better in this opera than either of the preceding two; he is an excellent actor always. Mons. Lac gave with great expression the *Barcarolle* "Agnès la jeune fille," he wants both power and compass, but he has out the latter in the higher notes by a judicious use of the falsetto. The bedroom scene was very neatly, modestly, and cleverly managed, by Madlle. Charton. The by-play of the concealed Marquis and his robbers was very good, as was also the bustling finale to the second act.

The third act opens with the well known "Je vois marcher" ("Proudly and wide" in the English version). We were afraid this would be beyond M. Lac's power to give effect to; he did much better than we anticipated; and in the descriptive portion (the rondo), his talents as an actor assisted in giving it effect. The Palm Sunday Chorus, "C'est aujourd'hui Pâques fleuries!" reminded us of the opening chorus in *Semiramide*, where the voices respond to each other in a sort of double chorus; it went very well, saving that it was deficient in strength. M. Lac had a beautiful dress, but scarcely bright enough in appearance. His velvet jacket and frunka, his silk stockings and gold cloak, looked more like Figaro than Fra Diavolo. Messrs. Josset and Devaux were low brigands to the life, both in dress and action. Altogether, it is generally allowed (by the writers in the *Courier* and the *Examiner* also), that this was not only the most effective of the three operas, but the best performance of *Fra Diavolo* ever given in Manchester. Madlle. Charton took her benefit on Saturday, when the *Crown Diamonds* was repeated; but we were not able to be present. We understand that there was a good house, and an excellent performance.

You must excuse this long notice, Mr. Editor; we fear it will be a long time before there will be a chance of such a communication again, and that we must bid a long farewell to opera!

The Theatre Royal is open every night this Whitsun-week (our race week), with Miss Helen Faucit. She is giving a round of six of her principal characters.

#### MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Mr. Mitchell's Opera Comique Company have this week, for the third time, enlivened this city with their performances, for the first of which, Herold's *Zampa*, has been selected. To this opera we shall, for the present, confine ourselves, deferring, until next week, our report upon the *Caid*.

Were we called upon to select an opera capable of giving pleasure alike to the mere untutored lover of music, the profound and analytic harmonist, or to (and possibly the best judge of the three) the moderately skilled dilettante, who looks not so much to causes as to effects, and whose opinion is influenced more by *couleur locale*, and poetic association than by actual "science," we should unhesitatingly select *Zampa*. From the overture (than which no piece of orchestral music is more popular or more frequently performed in any country), to the prayer, with which the opera concludes, this production is one long succession of exquisite melody—by turns ravishing, reckless, piquant, and sublime. As a proof of the versatile nature of Herold's genius, it would only be necessary to select two duets from this opera—the *buffo* one, between Daniel and Ritta, which deserves to rank among the happiest specimens of comic music ever written, and that between Camille and

Alphonso, the *adagio* of which is the most undulating and "love-lorn" *motivo* ever allotted to two lovers.

Mademoiselle Charton, both as vocalist and actress, was fully worthy of the music and part entrusted to her. It requires no less than this lady's beauty and graceful presence to give probability to the irresistible and headlong passion conceived for Camille by Zampa. In every respect Herold himself could not have desired a more admirable interpreter of his music.

Monsieur Lac was by no means equal to the part of *Zampa*, which requires far greater dramatic and vocal capabilities than are ever likely to be possessed by this gentleman. His dressing of the part, too, was comic in the extreme—being, apparently, intended for something between Sir Philip Sydney and Sir Walter Raleigh.

We must not omit a word of praise for Madlle. Guichard, as the soubrette Ritta; her singing and acting in the *buffo* duet, before adverted to, were highly commendable. Mons. Soyier was very satisfactory as Daniel. His second costume, exhibiting a sailor's notion of a nobleman's dress and demeanour, drew forth a shout of laughter from the audience.

It would be extremely unjust to pass over in silence the impersonation of the Statue: so still and motionless did this individual remain, that until the momentary animation of the *Fiancée de Marbre*, at the end of the 1st act, we felt convinced that the statue was a "dummy." Anything more stony has not existed since the days of Pygmalion. The name of this petrification we understood to be Mons. Eugène.

The choruses and concerted pieces went extremely well, and the orchestra was more than respectable. We regret, however, to say, that our townsmen were rather behind hand in their appreciation of this performance, upon which, singular enough, they did not bestow the same hearty commendation that has attended the representation of the French Operas performed here.

The Festival Choral Society met, for the first time since their departure from the old Music Hall, on Friday evening, at the Collegiate Institution, and all must have felt it a great change for the better. When the suddenness of the movement is taken into account, we think it a very creditable performance (as we believe the society rehearsed elsewhere, never having tried the hall till the night in question) and several matters in the arrangements which might have been better, will doubtless be set to rights before another public night. The programme embraced Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," and Handel's "Jubilate." The band was much improved, only we do wish the trombones would moderate their exertions: several times we really could hardly distinguish anything but their perpetual roaring: the performer's lungs must be made of cast-iron or brass to stand such tearing work. Why does not Mr. Holden curb their virtuous but over-straining zeal? The flute was in good hands, so were the clarinet and oboes. The strings were better than we have very often heard them at the meetings of this society, and Mr. Charles Hermann led with much spirit. The chorus was very creditable, the tenors "barked" rather too much at times, but on the whole, though the body lacks the light and shade so much required by a choral body which aims at perfection, the effect they produced on Thursday in the hall was superior to what they generally led us to believe they were capable of, while their performances were given in that shockingly bad room in Bold Street. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Holden, Mrs. McDougall, Mr. George Holden, Jun., alto (who did not please us), Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong. The ladies acquitted themselves very well, as did the two last-mentioned gentlemen. Mr. Armstrong had nothing to do in the first part, but executed all he had to sing in the second portion of the programme carefully. Mr. Holden conducted as usual, and Mr. Richardson filled his post at the organ with ability.

We should not be doing justice to the subscribers to the Choral Society if we omitted to record the good example they set to the generality of the frequenters of concerts in Liverpool—musical audiences we will not call them. Instead of imitating their superiors, by following the rude and senseless plan of talking, which many are in the habit of doing during the performances of the Philharmonic Concerts, to the annoyance of every one around them, as though the occupance of a stall rendered them totally independent of every one; licensed, as it were, to buz their commonplace small talk in tones loud enough to interfere with their

neighbour's enjoyment of the performances,—instead of this, our readers might have heard a pin drop, so far as the audience of Thursday were concerned; and, in place of an array of nearly empty benches honouring the performance of the last piece, as is usual elsewhere, we believe we exceed the number if we say twelve persons left the room, late though it was, before the last chords were struck. We adhere to our oft-repeated opinion, that a two and three shilling audience is the discriminating portion of our local musical attendants; would it were otherwise, may it soon be changed; and the pecuniary bottom of our concert goes, take a lesson in manners and real sense from those who have lighter purses than themselves.

## MUSIC IN SUNDERLAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is a long time since I last lifted up my voice in your paper, and I scarcely know whether I may venture to address you again in that free and familiar style I was wont to do when I was one of your "own." Things have changed with me, Mr. Editor, and I have been obliged to hoist another flag, and sail for a time in foreign seas; but the heart is still the same, and the first thing I do, on setting my foot once more upon old England's verdant soil, is to inquire after my old friends, among which you and your paper stand foremost. It almost appears an age to me since I have had a sight of the *Musical World*—that great emporium of talent and wit—that repository of knowledge and battle-field of rival geniuses? How are you all going on, Mr. Editor? Does Macfarren still pursue his musical anatomy, or has he done with Beethoven's symphonies? Is your Manchester correspondent still wielding his clever pen? Is Desmond Ryan still alive? Has there been any row going on between Flowers, the cadence-maker, John Barnett, the fire-eater, Aspull, the eloquent, Molineux the Liverpoolian trump, and that incomprehensible being, the meek and "innocent" Teutonius? How I long to see their dear names once more, and all others that used to figure in your columns. Do you be sure, dear sir, send me a paper next Saturday, that I may once more wile away a Sunday's dull morning over its contents; and, that there may be no mistake, I take the precaution of enclosing four royal heads on sticking-paper, lest you might have struck my name from your full list as one dead and gone for ever. If, however, you should object to taking payment from an old friend—as I hope you will—only send back the stamps, and old Anthony Windpipe shall never offend you again by offering vile cash instead of honest thanks for acts of friendship.

Well, as I was going to say—at least I think I was—did you ever hear of such a place as Sunderland, Mr. Editor? If you did not, you would have done so very shortly, and had it not been for me, at your own cost. I am going to explain. Having arrived at Hull a few days ago, with the intention of taking a trip through the North of England and Scotland, I first visited York, to have a peep at its old Minster, and the fine organ therein, and then proceeded to Newcastle, where I at once recollected that I had an old friend and schoolfellow living not more than ten miles off, who might, perhaps, be as glad to see me as I should be to meet him. I never forget old friends, Mr. Editor, and the sight of one of them is such a pleasure to me that I don't mind, old as I am, even walking a few miles out of my way for the gratification of this, I hope, not blameable fancy of mine. In this case, however, I had only to slip into a railway carriage to be whirled down to Sunderland in half an hour. My friend was not a little surprised, and still more pleased, to see me; and we had scarcely finished the first bottle of port—you understand, after dinner, I mean—when he had already succeeded in exacting from me a solemn promise that I would stay with him at least a month. When I got sober—that is to say, when the first excitement of the meeting had cooled down—the enormity of my rash promise began to frighten me. I had returned to England with the express purpose of roaming about from place to place, in order to breathe the refreshing spring air of England's green fields, and to restore the lost equilibrium of the middle parts of my old body. And now I was to sit for a whole month with an old bachelor like myself, shut up in a little back-room (modelled and furnished after the fashion of a ship's cabin), and obliged to listen to long sea-yarns, or laugh at nautical jokes, the points of which I could not catch. I saw a dreary life

before me, and I sighed; I tried to back out of my promise; I found suddenly, that I had most pressing engagements somewhere else; but Captain Wilson said, "No skulking, sir; a word is a word, and stay you must till your time is up." "But I suppose there is not much to be seen in this place," I asked, meekly. "What, boy! nothing to be seen in Sunderland! why there's enough to occupy you a whole year. It's a wonderful place, this Sunderland; a little London, sir. There's first the new docks, then the many shipyards, all full of life and activity; then there's the new light-house, which we wheeled from one side of the harbour to the other, without shifting a timber" ("a brick or stone," he meant), "and the high bridge over the river. There's also the deepest pit in the world, and a curious sort of place they say it is, although I was never in it;—talk of nothing to see in this place, d—mme!" (I am sorry to say, my friend occasionally swears.) "This very morning we launched a brig from Jones's yard, as fine a piece of timber as ever floated on the sea. You shall see her to-morrow morning." "Is there any literary or scientific institutions in this place?" I asked. "Yes, they've got what we call an Athenæum here; and, by the bye, as you are such an old fellow for singing, fiddling, and organ-playing, they have handed me a bill of a concert which is to be given there. I have got it somewhere in my pocket; but they couldn't board me with a ticket; had I known you were coming, I should have taken one." "Out with this bill," I cried, and after some fumbling amongst bits of old twine, pieces of canvas, and a multitude of incongruous articles, Captain Wilson drew forth from the unsavoury depth of his pocket a crumpled sheet of paper printed on one side. I grasped at it, unfolded it, and read—you can imagine with what delight—

"The Committee of the Bishopwearmouth Choral Society respectfully announce, that their last

## GRAND CONCERT

For the present season will be given  
In the *Athenæum*, on Monday Evening, April 26,  
Principal Vocalists: Miss Grant, Miss Brown, and Mr. Ferry.  
Pianist and Conductor: Mr. H. Hills.  
&c. &c.

"Well," I exclaimed, "that's something, any how. Who should have thought it? A Choral Society here, and regular 'Grand Concerts' during the season. For my sake my friend was almost as glad as I, and not a little proud at having pleased me with this unexpected increase of attractions in his native place. He got me a ticket that very night, and the next morning—it was Sunday—I went to Bishopwearmouth Church, to hear the conductor of the concert play the organ. He did not please me very much; his playing was all in the florid style; but, thought I, the gentleman is a pianist; probably he will be quite another man to-morrow night. One thing in the service of this church, however, pleased me uncommonly: I found here the old *turbator chori* (Anglice, choir devil) resuscitated. Our forefathers were aware, as well as we are, that the devil hates, above all, the sound of pure and pious harmony; and that wherever the glorious choir of the blessed angels raise their voices in songs of praise, he endeavours to spoil or drown the heavenly strains by all sorts of hollish music, and sits up his damned companions to shouts of scorn and blasphemy. 'Twas the office of the *turbator chori* to imitate the devil, scream and wail when the hymns and anthems of the choir sounded most delightfully; and the effect of this combination of sound is said to have been most curious and beautiful, so much so, that the blessed angels themselves could scarcely help weeping at such a spectacle of piety and devotion. The choir-devil has been abolished, to the great injury of the service; only here and there one has continued to raise his voice by suffering; but, thanks to God, we are now gradually returning to the good old time, when the church was what it ought to be; and I cannot help expressing my satisfaction and gratification at the fact of seeing one of the most pious customs of the church—the presence of a *turbator chori* restored. In the church I speak of, they have revived it as an improved plan, inasmuch as they employ a whole set of choir-devils instead of one, and do not pay them, but make it a work of love, as it ought to be. They have placed the children of the Sunday-school below the organ loft, and the little creatures—who must have been well trained—acquit themselves to perfection.

I could not help admiring the manner in which they

spoiled the chanting, by being always a bar behind the congregation; nor should I ever have thought it possible that a number of boys and girls, provided with the usual organs of hearing, could have been brought to sing constantly a semitone below the real pitch, in spite of a powerful organ and a not-detonating congregation. The thing was quite marvellous to me; but the effect was so sublime, that I shall not easily forget it, and I hope that some of your Christian readers in authority—organists, for instance—will not let this hint pass unnoticed.

Now, I was going to say something about the concert, but I perceive that my letter has already exceeded the usual length; so I will break off here, and continue my communication next week—that is to say, if you will insert it, and do not forget to send me a paper.

ANTHONY WINNIPS.

#### THE CHORAL FUND AND THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETIES.

THE following letter has been addressed to us, on a subject not without interest, since music and charity are jointly implicated:—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"Strand, May 18th, 1850.

Sir,—On reading *The Daily News* this morning, respecting the Benefit Concert of the above Society, which took place last evening at Exeter Hall, I was struck by one remark. The paragraph states that the concert was "creditableness"—a fact undoubtedly by the amount of applause elicited from the audience after each song and chorus. Yet it asks "Why is not this done by the Sacred Harmonic Society?"—meaning "they alone can do it." I ask—Why the remark? Is not Mr. Benedict able to conduct as Mr. Costa? and the major portion of the choruses of one society belongs to the other. Then, I say, what difference could there be? Yet, I would say, why did not the Sacred Harmonic Society, when applied to first, "sing for this charity?" (I enclose you a copy of the correspondence.) The fact was, one or two of the committee could not have the same despotic sway in the management of this concert as with their own, and suffered their pride to get the better of their judgment in refusing to aid one of the most noble and benevolent institutions for the relief of aged and afflicted musicians. In a case like this, it is a disgrace to any society to allow party feeling to spring up and interfere with an object of charity.

I fancy your excellent journal is free of all party spirit, and therefore trust you will give room for its insertion.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FAIR PLAY.

The correspondence alluded to by "Fair Play," whose benevolence is more remarkable than his English, is subjoined:—

"Dean-street, Soho, March 16th, 1850.

GENTLEMEN,—The concert committee of the Choral Fund beg to inform you that they intend giving two performances at Exeter Hall of Haydn's *Seasons*, on the 17th and 31st of May next, under the conductorship of Sales Benedict, Esq. This change of getting up their annual benefit concert has been necessitated by frequent losses for years past, and increased expenses for widows and orphans. In selecting for this year's performance a work which, from its mixed character, is excluded from the repertoire of your Society, the concert committee hope to obtain from you that assistance and co-operation which will be alike beneficial to us and honourable to yourselves, by assisting a deserving charity. It is, therefore, with confidence in your sympathy with our cause, we are induced to request the gratuitous use of your organ for these two performances, and your kind aid by a selection of about sixty vocal performers from each part of those best capable of doing justice to the oratorio.—Hoping for a favourable answer to our request, we remain, yours respectfully, the Concert Committee.

CHARLES TETT, Sec.

To the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Sacred Harmonic Society, 4, Exeter Hall, April 8th, 1850.

Sir,—The absence from London and subsequent severe illness of Mr. Brawer preventing his attending to business, I am requested to reply to your letter of the 16th of March. The committee of

the Sacred Harmonic Society have taken into their consideration the application of the concert committee of the Choral Fund, for the gratuitous use of the organ in Exeter Hall, and for the assistance of sixty of the best from each department of the Society's chorus, at two performances of Haydn's *Seasons*. It is proposed to give at Exeter Hall on the 17th and 31st of May, the proceeds arising from which, it is hoped, will be beneficial to the fund. I am instructed, in reply, to inform you that, after careful attention to the circumstances of the case, the Committee deem it incumbent upon them to decline acquiescence in either of these requests. At the same time, the committee desire to express their wish for the prosperity of any institution devoted to the relief of those who have been employed in the execution of the works of the great choral writers—a sentiment which is cordially participated in by sir, your obedient servant,

ROBT. BOWLEY.

"Mr. C. TETT, Sec. Choral Fund."

A similar application was made to the committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, requesting the use of their orchestra and the same number of vocal performers, to which the following reply was received:—

"Rectory, Limehouse, March 23rd, 1850.

Sir,—Your letter of the 16th of March was laid before the committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, at our meeting last evening, and I have the satisfaction of informing you that the committee were unanimous in their feeling that we should assist, to the utmost of our power, in furthering the cause of your most excellent charity. Our orchestra will be placed at your service gratuitously, and we will endeavour to select the number of vocal performers you think requisite for doing justice to the *Seasons*. And I may add, that we are most anxious, in every way, to co-operate with the concert committee of the Choral Fund, especially in a performance under the conductorship of Mr. Benedict.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE ROSSARS, Pres. L. S. H. S.

"CHARLES TETT, Esq., Sec. Choral Fund."

Thus it would appear upon the face of these minutes that of the two societies devoted to the cultivation of sacred choral music, the youngest, "The London Sacred," is the more inclined to charity. We have no great faith in charity that begins at Exeter Hall. There is too much spouting and ranting in that notorious temple of puritanism to leave room for any of the feelings that spring from the heart. Our reading of the whole matter under hand, is therefore *sic*:—The Sacred Harmonic Society found it inconvenient to accord the Choral Fund what the Choral Fund demanded, and so, "making no bones," candidly declined. The London Sacred Harmonic Society, the younger institution, and naturally prone to take hold of any means of securing popularity, and wisely concluding that in the eyes of the human race (nineteenths of whom are blind to all the secret springs of action) it would be regarded as a popular and magnanimous step, threw themselves into the arms of Mr. Tett, and placed their "ships" at his disposal. But by a drier into the depths of the human breast, the real motives of all this display of generosity may be seen at the bottom, disposed in irregular rows, like precious stones. After all, to adopt another view of the subject, we are inclined to think that the Sacred Harmonic Society, in refusing its organ, showed more real charity than the London Sacred Harmonic in granting its orchestra and chorus.

We have done our best, however, to place the matter clearly before the world. Let those that are interested in the matter read the letter of "Fair Play," and the correspondence that ensues, and judge for themselves. What we have said is hardly worth consideration; but we have no time to scratch it out.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

PIATTE.—This celebrated violoncellist has been nominated Professor of the Conservatoire of Milan.



Mr. PHILIP RICHARDS' concert will take place on Friday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mr. B. Richards, among other performances, will perform with Messrs. Patti, H. C. Cooper, and Hill, a MS. quartet by G. A. Macfarren, the last movement of which has been expressly arranged for this concert.

**MADAME PUZZI.**—The annual concert of this accomplished professor of the vocal art took place on Monday morning in the music room of Her Majesty's Theatre, and was attended by a brilliant display of rank and fashion. As usual, Madame Puzzi's programme was enriched by the names of all the artists of Mr. Lumley's powerful company, at the head of whom was Madame Sontag, who sang an air by Lachner, with a *violoncello obbligato*, beautifully played by Signor Piatti, and the celebrated variations of Adolphe Adam, on the old French air, "Ah vous dirai-je, Maman?" The latter, introduced by Madame Sontag for the first time in this country, was a wonderful display of voluble execution and expressive singing. The air was delivered with touching simplicity, and the variations rendered with exquisite neatness and grace. M. Remusat played the flute *obbligato*, an important element in the variations, with masterly finish. Madame Sontag was encored in both these airs, in which she was admirably accompanied by Mr. Balfé. It is impossible to enter into details about the remainder of the programme. The performances of Signor Puzzi on the horn, nevertheless, demand a special notice. This gentleman was one of the first to establish the horn as a favorite solo instrument in England. In his day, long before the acoustic marvels of Vivier had doubled the resources of the instrument, Signor Puzzi was unrivalled, and at this moment he possesses a sweetness of tone and a method of playing peculiarly his own, both of which he accomplished to favorable advantage in a *melodie* of Massé, and the *barcarole* from Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*. Signor Puzzi had some difficulty in accommodating his pitch to that of the pianoforte, which was a quarter of a tone too high, but the manner in which he accomplished it showed his perfect knowledge of the peculiarities of the horn. Mr. Thalberg played his *Don Giovanni* fantasia in superb style, and being encored, substituted a part of his *Don Pasquale*. A Mr. Gerhard Taylor executed some very singular variations on the harp in a very original manner; and an endless catalogue of popular vocal *morceaux*, by Mendelssohn, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani, Ida Bertrand, Madame F. Lablache, Signors Bucarda, Calzolari, Coletti, Belletti, Lablache, F. Lablache, and Lorenzo, completed the concert, which, to judge by the warmth of the applause, and the many *encores*, gave the fullest satisfaction to the audience. Mr. Balfé presided at the pianoforte, and was assisted by Signors F. Ronconi, Piffoli, Biletti, and Schwa.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—Mr. Hullah gave a grand performance on Wednesday night, in the large room of his new hall, which was very fully attended. There was a grand orchestra, and the usual numerous choral phalanx from the members of the first upper singing school. The programme was classical and interesting, but containing nothing new, demands no special notice. The first part included Mendelssohn's *London Story* (the English version, "Praise Jehovah"), which Mr. Hullah, to whom the score was presented by the composer, as a thank offering, was the first to introduce in this country; and Beethoven's second symphony in D. The solo voice parts in the *capata* were allotted to Miss Deakin, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. V. H. Seguin. The second part began with Mr. Henry Leslie's festival anthem, "Let God arise," of which we had the pleasure to speak in terms of high favor when it was first played under Mr. Hullah's direction, at the opening of the great room in St. Martin's Hall. Although, on the whole, the execution was not so satisfactory as on the previous occasion, a second hearing impressed us still more strongly in favour of Mr. Leslie's anthem, which is certainly one of the most remarkable choral works from the pen of an English composer. It is satisfactory to find our young musicians engaged in essays of this lofty character; and had Mr. Leslie failed, the attempt itself would have been honourable; but success has fully justified his ambition. The chief defects in the execution last night were with the chorus, which seems to be falling into a habit of dragging the time of every movement, so hard to be avoided in large bodies of singers. In the second part of the impressive chorus, "The Lord gave the word," at the passage, "Kings with their armies did flee," the

composer's idea, which is clear enough, was lost in confusion. We fear Mr. Hullah must often experience the difficulty almost inseparable from amateur associations—that of obtaining proper rehearsals at stated times. The solo parts of the anthem were admirably sustained by Miss Deakin and Mr. Lockey. Miss Deakin, a pupil of Mrs. Alfred Shaw, has a *soprano* voice of excellent quality, and bids fair to rise to a high rank among our professional singers. She obtained an *encore* for the effective solo, "But let the righteous be glad," which her bold and animated style of singing well deserved. The anthem was honoured by the greatest applause throughout. Mr. Hullah conducted with his usual decision and intelligence. The concert concluded with a selection from *Oberon*.

**CHORAL FUNDS.**—We regret that Messrs. Balfé and Co. were unfortunately filled at the concert for this charity on yesterday's evening. The performance was Haydn's "Seasons," conducted by Mr. Benedict, the vocalists being Miss Birch, and Messrs. Phillips and Lockey. Miss Birch sang throughout as if her task had been "a labour of love." The gems of her performance were the little cavatina, "Nature sinks" (the only fault of which is its brevity); and the popular song, "There was a squire." The former was given with charming simplicity; and the latter with so much archness as to obtain an *encore*. Miss Birch was ably supported by Messrs. Lockey and Phillips.

**CREMONA.**—This popular place of amusement opened for the season on Monday last, under the direction of Mr. T. B. Simpson. Mr. G. A. Osborne's third *matinee musicale* took place on Thursday, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor for piano, violin, and violoncello. The performers were Mr. Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti. The trio was splendidly played. Mr. Osborne both read and executed Mendelssohn's music admirably. Miss Catherine Hayes sang Mozart's "Voi che sapete" with infinite grace and expression, and received the warmest congratulations of the audience. Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for piano and violin, an early work of the composer, was played to perfection by Osborne and Ernst. A duo for pianoforte and violoncello, by Osborne, first time of performance, was rendered by the composer and Piatti with immense spirit. The first movement is an air varié; the variations are ingenious and melodious. The second movement is a rondo, sparkling and brilliant, and exceedingly quaint. A very pretty ballad by Mrs. Mackinlay, called, "Remember Israel, yes, Love, for ever," sung by Miss Catherine Hayes, was a capital specimen of pure and unaffected ballad singing. Mr. Osborne's trio in A, for piano, violin, and violoncello, well known as the composer's masterpiece, went off with great *effet* in the hands of Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti. The *matinee* concluded with a brilliant performance by Mr. Osborne of his "Romance sans paroles," a composition highly characteristic and effective. The concert was excellent in every respect, and tended to the gratification of a numerous and attentive audience.

**HALIFAX PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—This new society commenced its concerts for the present season with great *éclat*. Since the visit of Julian's band never has there been a finer than that which filled the orchestra on Tuesday last. The instrumental pieces performed were the *Adagio* and *Allergo* in Mozart's symphony in E flat, the overtures to *Zampa* and *William Tell*, Haydn's *Surprise*, and Weber's *Jubilee* overture. Of these, the *Surprise* and Weber's overture were best appreciated. In the duet pianoforte and violin played by Mr. Frohisher and Mr. Haddock, of Bradford, the latter performer exhibited a quiet even ability in the old school of violin playing. His tone, however, was somewhat thin, and his playing was scarcely a match for the spirited pianoforte playing of Mr. Frohisher. Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Ryalls furnished the vocal relief of the evening's performances, but the music selected was by no means so attractive as at the preliminary concert given in the same room three weeks ago. Each vocalist had a piece from Donizetti, and (as on the former occasion) their duets were all by English composers. But the best song sung by Mrs. Sunderland was Barnett's "I saw him on the mountain," which was worthily *encored*; and an *encore* to a semi-comic song of Lover's enabled Mr. Ryalls to introduce a better song (albeit an older), Carey's ballad, "Sally in our alley." The attendance in the front seats was excellent, but there was much room for improvement in the back seats and gallery.—*Halifax Paper*.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—A grand performance will be given on Monday evening for the benefit of Messrs. G. A. Macfarren and E. Loder. The entertainments consist of the first act of *King Charles II.*, the second act of the *Night Dancers*, a miscellaneous concert, and a farce. In the concert Ernst and Kate Loder will perform, and Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Catherine Hayes will sing. The whole vocal strength of the Princess's Theatre will be employed in the operatic selection.

**BATH.**—Miss Ley's morning concert took place on Wednesday morning, May 8th, at the Assembly Rooms. The programme opened with Beethoven's grand trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, admirably performed by Messrs. Jaques, Ernst, and Hausmann. This was unquestionably the gem of the concert, and was played amidst the breathless attention of a delighted audience, and received with tokens of the most cordial approbation. Miss Ley sang two solos, besides assisting in the concerted pieces. In her rendering of the air from *La Clemenza di Tito*, we were much gratified with the manifestations which she displayed of a highly-cultivated musical faculty. Miss Ley was also listened to with much pleasure in a German song by Kreutzer, with violoncello accompaniment, and took part with Mrs. Millar in the ballad, "Sweet sister lay," and in the trio, "Ti prego," by Curschman. Mrs. Millar was heartily applauded in Costa's aria, "Stanza di pin." Mr. Millar also rendered valuable aid. The great attraction of the concert was, of course, Herr Ernst, the violinist. We believe few went from the room without paying a tribute of admiration to the wondrous facility and skill displayed by this celebrated performer. To us it appeared that he possessed every excellence. His facility and clearness in the execution of the most rapid and difficult passages was astonishing, even to those who had heard the first artists on that difficult instrument. He has also another merit, which is not always to be found among the violinists—he depends entirely on the legitimate resources of his art; there is no leger-domain or clap-net in his performance. He excels equally in the *allegro* and the *andante*, and aims less at astonishing than at pleasing his auditory. He certainly has succeeded in attaining a brilliance and a dashing rapidity which excite the organ of wonder in no mean degree. Herr Hausmann, the talented professor of the violoncello, was, as usual, a general favourite, from his manifest talent and his unassuming manner. His new fantasia on British airs was a very pleasing piece of instrumentation, extracted by the hand of a master from a most difficult and untractable instrument. It consisted entirely of well-known airs, with variations, and formed a good specimen of what a good solo intended for popular ears ought to be. Mr. George Field presided with his accustomed ability.—*Bath Gazette*, May 15.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The notices of several Concerts and other matters are unavoidably postponed till next week.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### MR. CRIVELLI.

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on **THE ART OF SINGING**, Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,  
**71, UPPER NORTON STREET;**  
And at all the principal Musicians.

##### MADAME VERDAVAINNE,

**PROFESSOR** of the Pianoforte and Guitar, has the honor to inform her Patrons, her Friends, and Pupils, that she resides at **No. 4, OLD CAVENDISH STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.**  
 tuition at home and abroad.

#### NEW PIANO MUSIC.

**GRAND MARCH OF THE PROTECTIONIST.**—Dedicated to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P., and the Farmers of England, by JAMES DICK.—Price 2s.

London: WESSEL AND CO., 229, Regent Street;  
and only be had of all music and booksellers.

#### BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

**M. SCIPION ROUSSELOT** respectfully announces that the **FOURTH EXCLUSIVE PERFORMANCE OF HERR ERNST AT THESE QUARTET PARTIES** will take place on **WEDNESDAY, May 20th**, at 27, Queen Ann-street, at Eight o'clock.

Quartets: Haydn, No. 79, in D major; Mendelssohn, No. 4, in E minor; Beethoven, No. 7, in F major, and the Grand Sonata in C sharp minor for Pianoforte.

Excitants—Messrs. ERNST, H. C. COOPER, H. HILL, S. ROUSSELOT, and LINDSAY SLOPER.

Names will be received at Messrs. ROUSSELOT and ARBANS, 66 Conduit-street, Regent-street.

#### MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

**BEGS** to announce that his Concert will take place on **FRIDAY EVENING, May 31st**, at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**, under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, and His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Miss Meassent, Miss Owen, and Madame Macfarren; Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Harrison, W. H. Seguin, Marchesi, and H. Drayton.

Instrumentalists:—Messrs. Piatti, H. C. Cooper, Hill, Mount, and Brinley Richards, who will perform a (MS) Quartett, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the last movement of which has been re-arranged expressly for this Concert.

Mr. Richards will also perform Selections from Bach and Handel; and also a Concertante Duet with Mr. Benedict.

Conductors Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER.  
Single Tickets, 7s. each; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. To be had of all music-sellers; and of Mr. Richards, at 31, New Bond Street.

#### MADLE. COULON

**HAS** the honour to announce that her **ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**, on **MONDAY, June 3rd**, to commence at Two o'clock precisely; on which occasion she will be assisted by the following celebrated artists:—

Vocalists:—Mesdames Birch, Nau, E. Birch, Graumann; Messrs. Stigelli de Becir, Burdini, and Marchesi.

Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madle. Coulon; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Violin, M. Sinton; Flute, M. Briceiaqui; Violoncello, M. Rousselet; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; Oboe, M. Burret; Bassoon, M. Baumann.

Conductors Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER.  
Stalls and Tickets may be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Madle. Coulon, 48, Great Marlborough Street.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

**M. BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT**,  
Under the immediate Patronage of Her Majesty **THE QUEEN**,  
H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and  
their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

**MR. BENEDICT** begs respectfully to announce that his **ANNUAL CONCERT** will take place on the **STAGE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE**, on **FRIDAY MORNING, June 21st, 1850**, with the entire Chorus and Orchestra, on which occasion he will be supported by all the eminent artists of their establishment, including—Mesdames Sonntag, Frezzolini, Parodi, Giuliani, Edm. Bertrand, Miss Catherine Hayes, Signor Gardoni, Calzolari, Baucarde, Coletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and Lablache, under the direction of Mr. Bille. Piano, Messrs. Hallé, Osborne, Lindsay Sloper, and Benedict; Violin, Messrs. Ernst and Molique; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; and French Horn, M. Vivier. Engagements with other distinguished artists are pending.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes, Two, Three, and Four Guineas; Pit Stalls, 2l. 1s.; Pit Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Application for Boxes, &c., to be made at the principal libraries, music warehouses, the Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

Just Published.

**"THE BUSY BEE POLKA."**  
**THE BUSY BEE POLKA** is now ready for delivery by the Dozen or Single Copy.

WESSEL AND CO., 229, Regent Street;  
where may be had

**"THE TWIN POLKAS."**

Also now performing nightly at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,

**"LA POLKA GLISSANTE,"**

Dedicated to W. H. Holmes; and

**"LA POLKA TREMOLA."**



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF  
Madame SONTAG and Madame FREZZOLINI,  
Signori CALZOLARI, BAUCARDE, and REEVES,  
COLETTI, BELLETTI, LORENZO, and LABLACHE.  
Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,  
Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,  
And M. PAUL TAGLIONI,  
will take place on

THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 30TH, 1850,

when will be presented.

(THE LAST TIME.)

BELLINI'S Celebrated Opera, entitled

LA SONNAMBULA.

Amina - Madame SONTAG,  
Count Rodolpho - Signor BELLETTI,

AND

Elvino - Mr. SIMS REEVES.

After which, a Divertissement from the admired Ballet,

THE A.

By MDLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI,

MDLLES. AUSSANDON, JULIEN, LAMOREUX, ROSA, and Corps de Ballet.  
In the course of the Evening, Selections from Rossini's celebrated Opera,

GUGLIELMO TELL.

Guglielmo Tell - Signor COLETTI,  
Arnoldo - Signor BAUCARDE,

AND

Walter - Signor LORENZO.

And the admired

"PAS STYRIEN."

Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI AND M. P. TAGLIONI.  
To be followed by the Last Act of Donizetti's Opera,

L'ELISIR D'AMORE.

Adina - Madame FREZZOLINI,  
Nemorino - Signor CALZOLARI,

AND

Dr. Dulcamara - Signor LABLACHE.

After which, the highly successful New Grand PAS DE TROIS,  
by M. P. TAGLIONI, entitled

LES GRACES.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI,

MDLLE. AMALIA FERRARIS,

MDLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of  
the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Messrs. MACFARREN and LODGE, on  
MONDAY EVENING, 27th May, 1850, when the following Artists will  
appear:

Miss Catherine Hayes and Miss Birch, Madlle. Nau, Madame Macfarren, Mr. Weiss, and Miss Louisa Pye. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allen, Mr. Corri, Mr. Latter, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. W. Harrison. Miss Louisa Howard and Mr. A. Wigan. Herr Ernst will perform a Solo on the Violin. M. Thier will perform a Solo on the Horn. Messrs. Benedict, Brinley Richards, W. C. Macfarren, and Osborne will perform a Quartet on two Pianofortes. Mr. Richardson will perform a Solo on the Flute. Mr. Thomas will perform a Solo on the Harp.

The Performances will comprise the First Act of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's Opera,

KING CHARLES THE SECOND;

A CONCERT;

The Second Act of Mr. Lodge's Opera,

THE NIGHT DANCERS;

And the Extravaganza of

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Tickets to be had of Mr. MACFARREN, 62, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square;  
and of Mr. LODGE, 165, Albany Street; of the principal Music Sellers; and at the  
Box-office of the Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ONE MORE

Grand Classical, Dramatic, Miscellaneous, Concerted  
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

Selected from the following Authors:

MOZART, HANDEL, MERCADANTE, CIMAROSA, MEYERBEER,  
DONIZETTI, RICCI, ROSSINI, BELLINI, VERDI, BALFE,  
A. ADAM, PURCELL, SPOHR, GLUCK, BEETHOVEN, AND  
MENDELSSOHN,  
Will take place on

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 27TH, 1850,

On which occasion the following eminent Artists will appear:

MADAME SONTAG,

MADLLE. PARODI, MISS CATHERINE HAYES,  
MADAME GIULIANI, MADLLE. IDA BERTRAND,

AND MADAME FREZZOLINI.

SIGNORI BAUCARDE, CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES,

COLETTI, BELLETTI, LORENZO,

F. LABLACHE, AND LABLACHE,

SUPPORTED BY

All the Instrumental and Choral Resources of the Theatre.

In addition to which the valuable assistance of M. THALBERG  
has been secured.

The whole under the Direction of Mr. BALFE.

PART I.

Overture (Faust) Spohr.  
Te Deum (Laudamus) Mozart.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,  
Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-  
lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,  
and Lablache, and Chorus.

Cavatina, Madame Frezzolini, "Di qual soavi palpiti,"

(Orazi e Cori) Mercadante.  
Aria, Signor Calzolari, "Spirto gentili," (La Favorita) Donizetti.

Duetto, Mdme. Sontag and Mdle. Ida Bertrand,  
"Her brami ognor," (Samiramide) Rossini.

Romanza, Sig. Baucarde, "La Dea di tutti i cor," (Giuramento) Mercadante.  
"Le Dieu de Paphos," (First time in this country) Gluck.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,  
Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-  
lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,  
and Lablache, and Chorus.

Variations (by desire), Madame Sontag, "Ahl vous dirai-je,"  
Flute Obligato, Mous. Ramusat (La Torreador) A. Adam.

War Song and Chorus (by desire), Mr. Sims Reeves,  
"Come if you dare," (King Arthur) Purcell.

PART II.

Overture (The Isle of Pingel) Mendelssohn.

Recit. e Aria, Signor Coletti, "Liel voci," (Zaira) Mercadante.  
Rondo, Madame Frezzolini (Duty) Meyerbeere.

Duetto, Signor Coletti and Signor Lablache,  
"Qui fra voi," (Elsa e Claudio) Mercadante.

Aria, Madlle. Parodi, "Sempre all'alba," (Giovanna d'Arco) Verdi.

New Variations, Pianoforte, on the "Bacchante," Thalberg.

Air, Madame Sontag, "Let the bright Seraphim" (Sampson) Handel.

(Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Zeiss)  
Aria, Signor Belletti, "Fid-paff" (Gli Ugionotti) Meyerbeere.

Polacca, Madame Giuliani, "Severe esiste encore" (Les Martyrs) Donizetti.

Selections from the "Hymn of Praise" (Lobgesang), the Solos  
by Madame Sontag and Miss C. Hayes and Full Chorus Mendelssohn.

PART III.

Overture (Prometheus) Beethoven.

Russian Ballad, Mdme. Frezzolini, "Zolovoi ou le Rossignol"  
Terzetto, for Three Tenors—(in consequence of the rap-  
turous success of the last Concert.)

Signori Baucarde, Sims Reeves, and Calzolari,  
"In quale aspetto imbelite," (Armida) Rossini.

New Ballad, Miss Catherine Hayes, "The Joy of tears," Balfe.

(First Time of Performance.)  
Fantasia, Pianoforte, M. Thalberg, on subjects from Lucresia  
Borgia, Thalberg.

Duetto, Signori Lorenzo and Coletti, "Che l'anticipata,"  
(Chiara di Rosmeda) Ricci.

"Serbate o Dei Custodi," (La Clemenza di Tito) Mozart.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,  
Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-  
lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,  
and Lablache, and Chorus.

Boxes, 2 Guineas; Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Pit, 5s. 6d.;

Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of  
the Theatre.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

THIRD NIGHT OF ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, May 26th, will be performed, with the following powerful Cast, Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Opera,

## ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Alice . . . . .	Madame GRISI,
Isabella . . . . .	Madame CASTELLAN,
Elena . . . . .	Mlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI,
Alberto . . . . .	Signor ROMMI,
Eraldo . . . . .	Mons. MASSOL,
Il Priore . . . . .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Major Omo . . . . .	Signor SOLDI,
Cavaliers . . . . .	Signori MEI and POLONINI,
Roberto . . . . .	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Bertramo . . . . .	Herr FORMES,
AND	
Rambaldi . . . . .	Signor MARIO,

## EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR RONCONI.

FIRST NIGHT OF "ANATO."

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 30, a GRAND COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT will take place, embracing the whole of the Opera ANATO, in which SIGNOR RONCONI will make his first Appearance this Season, the most striking portions of the Opera LUCREZIA BORGIA, and the Grand Third Act of Rossini's Opera of ZORA, (Mose in Egitto), including the incidental Ballet, the magnificent Chorus, and Finale.

The Performances will commence with (for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera) a Grand Opera, founded on Verdi's *MERUCO DONOSOR*, entitled

## A N A T O.

The Principal Characters by

Signor RONCONI, (*His First Appearance this Season*),

Madme. CASTELLAN, Mlle. VERA,

Signor TAGLIAFICO, AND Signor TAMBERLIK.

After which will be performed the Principal Act (the Second) of DONIZETTI's Opera,

## LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Lucrezia Borgia . . . . .	Madame GRISI,
Maïlo Orsini . . . . .	Mlle. de MERIC,
Don Alphonso . . . . .	Signor TAMBURINI,
Don Apostolo Gazella . . . . .	Signor GREGORIO,
Ascania Petrucci . . . . .	Signor RACHE,
Jeppo Liverotto . . . . .	Signor SOLDI,
Gubetta . . . . .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Oloferno Vitellozzo . . . . .	Signor LUIGI MEI,
AND	
Gennaro . . . . .	Signor MARIO.

To conclude with the THIRD ACT of ROSSINI's Grand Opera,

## ZORA,

including the Magnificent Finale.

Anais . . . . .	Madame CASTELLAN,
Senaide . . . . .	Mademoiselle VERA,
Nicotti . . . . .	Mademoiselle TOKOJSKI,
Meriamano . . . . .	Signor TAMBURINI,
Zora . . . . .	Monsieur ZELGER,
Babias . . . . .	Signor LAVIA,
Ostis . . . . .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Aufide . . . . .	Signor SOLDI,
AND	
Amenofi . . . . .	Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Divertissement will be supported by

Monsieur ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor . . . . . MR. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Han Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open, from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,  
THE QUEEN.

MRS. ANDERSON (Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructress to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal), has the honor to inform her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL

## GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, on

MONDAY, JUNE 10th, 1850,

Commencing at HALF-PAST ONE O'CLOCK precisely.

Mrs. ANDERSON has very great gratification in being able on the above occasion to present to her Patrons and Friends a Grand Work of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY, viz., the Music written by that great Composer to the SOPHOCLEAN TRAGEDY of

## CEDIPUS COLONEUS.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by THE KIND AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it. It will therefore be heard for the first time in public on the above occasion, and will be given with the English version of its Lyrics, and an elucidative MONOLOGUE, written for this occasion by Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, and which will be recited, with extracts from the MS. Tragedy, by

MR. BARTLEY.

who had the honor of reading the Tragedy at Buckingham Palace, by Command of HER MAJESTY.

The Concert will be in Two Parts.—Part I. The Whole of the Music composed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, to the Sophoclean Tragedy of

## CEDIPUS COLONEUS.

Part II. . . . . consist of a

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from the most admired Operas, and Works of the Great Masters and include

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Performed by

MRS. ANDERSON.

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Signor LUIGI MEI,	Mons. ZELGER,
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A summary of the general impressions produced upon him by the music, and the more intimately into the critic's feeling on the matter, although it must rather be regarded as vague adulation than as praise tempered by judgment, or established by argument.

"Our general impression of the music of this opera may be gathered from what has been said of particular parts of it. Like all music of a high class, it requires to be repeatedly heard before it can be fully judged. But we have no hesitation in thinking that *La Tempesta* will be regarded as the chef-d'œuvre of its celebrated author. It is the work of a poet as well as a musician. Like all Halévy's music, it is profound in thought and masterly in construction, while it is bold, free, imaginative, and dramatic, with a great deal of graceful and expressive melody, set off by the most varied and elegant instrumentation. The beauties of melody are profusely scattered through the concerted pieces; the regular and formal airs, as in the best modern operas, being few in number. We think the airs in Miranda's part too stolid and ornate for the simplicity of the character; but the composer doubtless had in view the peculiar style which the accomplished singer has carried to such unrivalled perfection."

We add the *résumé* of the merits of the performance, which is hardly more than just, although a few details would have been acceptable:—

"We have also said enough to convey our general impression of the performance. No praise can be too strong for the manner in which the opera has been prepared and brought upon the stage. The choruses were admirably sung, the concerted music went with the utmost precision and clearness, and the orchestra (which was conducted by Balfe), in respect to power in the descriptive music, and delicacy of accompaniment, left nothing to be desired. The beauty and splendour of the spectacle could not be surpassed."

Notwithstanding all we have quoted we fear that the most attentive reader will get up from the perusal of these extracts, without any very clear idea of M. Halévy's music, or the critic's real opinions.

The *Times* publishes an article of two columns and a half, from which we must content ourselves with a very few extracts. Suffice it that the general tone is highly favourable, while, at the same time, an attempt is made to analyze the music, which we have not observed in other papers. A column and a half of the notice is devoted to M. Halévy's *partition*, and the popular composer is criticised as well as praised, in both respects, we think, fairly. The writer's view of the unusual interest of the event may be gathered from the following introductory paragraph:—

"Saturday evening was one of those exciting occasions that only occur once or twice in two or three years. The engagement, not only of a foreign composer, but of a dramatist of such eminence as M. Scribe to write a *libretto*, was something altogether new. Then there was the popular nature of the subject, the anxiety to see how so national a poem as the *Tempest* would be treated by a French dramatist, and how such poetic imaginings as Ariel and Caliban would be realized by such artists as Carlotta Grisi and Lablache. In short, the combination of circumstances which drew together the vast audience that thronged Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night was something altogether without precedent."

His opinion of M. Scribe, and the importance of that eminent writer's share in the transaction, is expressed with equal plainness:—

"We will begin by considering M. Scribe's portion of the work. In many respects it is the least valuable part of the opera, a very insignificant portion, and the public must so soon have forgotten about the poem. He is useful as a poet, which may be taken from the fact that the work is completed. The writer would have the greatest number of choruses which the orchestra can bear in mind, though some of the French school the French more than half the battle, the more becomingly adapted. It is a slight and unoriginal

here of the opportunity to expand a little on the honourable career of M. Scribe, but, in the first place, a short biography appeared in our columns a few days ago, and, in the second place, it is somewhat setting forth his greatness more adequately than could be done by any dry history has been recently presented to such of the public as were able to appreciate him by the performance of his *Barbier de Sévigne* and his *Camargo* at the St. James's Theatre."

After an elaborate description of the plot, design and conduct of the *libretto*, the writer concludes with the following luminous and philosophical *résumé*:—

"M. Scribe has shown the talent, frequently shown by him already, of seizing upon available points, and so presenting them that each scene has a character of its own. The first scenes of Shakspeare's play rather precede the action than form part of it. In M. Scribe's hands this becomes a prologue in the modern sense of the word; and the manner in which the storm with its horrors is treated leaves an impression of solemnity and a lively curiosity as to how so imposing a commencement will be followed up." In the first act the more graceful side of superstition is brought forward. Here Ariel dances his *pas*, the genii who appear are of the benevolent kind, and their mission is to bring together two youthful lovers with the sanction of a parent. Miranda is the central figure, and an air of female gentleness is diffused over the whole. Caliban has appeared as an isolated dark spot in the picture, but the second act is devoted to his development, the more gloomy side of superstition is thrust forward, and hence arises an admirable contrast. The sorrows of this act consist of the groans of the pent-up witch and the discontent of her son, while the joy is a brutal state of intoxication powerfully set forth. The third act is less striking than the rest in its first incidents, but the appearance of the ship which is to take the *dramatis personæ* to their proper home gives it a distinctive importance. That M. Scribe will escape the animadversion of every Shaksperian purist we will not venture to predict, but we think that those who are forward to censure his modifications of the story will speak only from some unsympathetic theory, and will show their ignorance of the essential differences between a spoken drama and a grand opera. The above remarks, it will be observed, have reference solely to M. Scribe's book, apart from the music of M. Halévy, to which we now proceed."

There is a smack of *Leaning* about this wind-up, which is by no means disagreeable, although it may be odious to the multitude of readers.

We must protest, however, against a notion that is beginning to take root in certain quarters that the music of a grand opera can by any possibility be of secondary consequence, indeed that it be anything else than of the *first* consequence. This notion is encouraged by authors but should be strongly reprobated by musicians and those who advocate the interests and progress of music.

The analysis of the music is prefaced by some remarks, which we quote without comment:—

"It is well known that the *libretto* of *La Tempesta* was originally intended for the late Mendelssohn, who in the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *First Walpurgis Night* of Goethe, had already displayed a rich dramatic vein and the highest poetical felicity in the illustration of romantic and fairy subjects. What Mendelssohn would have made of *The Tempest* may be easily imagined; but it is needless now to regret the loss, his early death has occasioned in the musical stage, to which he had devoted upon devotedly much of his future time, and we have introduced his name merely with a view to a fact which tells highly in favour of M. Halévy's musicality. With the inspirations of Mendelssohn, in the full perfection of their popularity, before his eyes, and with the choruses of Carl Maria von Weber before him, Halévy has not only descended to the level, and that the influence of those remarkable masterpieces was traced in his manner of treating a subject which would have been so congenial to both of them. Almost any modern German composer, to whom the book of *The Tempest* might have been assigned, would have drawn from it



upon the stores of Mendelssohn and Weber, and the result would most probably have been a pale copy of a brilliant original; but M. Halévy is not a copyist; he has a style of his own, and this, as is marked and as individual in *La Tempête* as in any of his previous essays.

After all, the compliment to M. Halévy's originality, which we freely acknowledge, might have been put less equivocally, since it may be a matter of doubt to many whether an absolute non-resemblance to Mendelssohn and Weber, in the treatment of a fairy subject, and indeed of any subject whatever, should be the goal of ambition to an aspiring composer. Although perfectly original in manner, both Mendelssohn and Weber have availed themselves of those general principles of universal truth which constitute so much of the excellence of Mozart, Beethoven, and all the great composers, a departure from which (no innuendo against M. Halévy) is rather to be deprecated than glorified. The *Times* should be less mystic in its expressions of approval. The *esoteric* writing has gone out of date; modern criticism has justly repudiated it, as equivocal and unsound.

In one or two instances the critic of the *Times* complains of a habit in which M. Halévy indulges of beginning a piece in one key and ending it in another. The trio of Miranda, Prospero, and Caliban, which begins in G minor and ends in B flat, though praised for its dramatic effectiveness, is commented upon for an indifference to the rules of "tonality" unprecedented in the works of the great masters. The objection is just; for although it may be urged that B flat is the relative major of G minor, it is also an independent key *per se*, and only establishes its relationship by a deference to the tonic as superior. No piece of music can with propriety begin in a minor key and, and in the relative major, nor vice versa. If in the course of the composition a movement, or a phrase, in the relative, exceeds the delivery of the principal theme in the tonic, another movement, or a return to the first phrase, in the tonic, must follow, or the composition remains unfinished. This is the principle of the symphonic form, the only true one in music. The writer might have cited several other examples in *La Tempête*, and among the rest Miranda's first cavatina, which opens in D and finishes in A—a plain violation of a law that should be absolute and irrefragable.

The critic winds up his notice of the music with the following remarks, which are on the whole exceedingly just:—

"In the above sketchy sketch we have, of course, been able to give but a very imperfect idea of the merits and pretensions of M. Halévy's opera as a work of art, and, doubtless, many points have been passed over, which, in a longer and more elaborate review, might have challenged criticism, if not admiration. Our impression of the whole work, however, is so favorable, that were we justified in offering a decided opinion, we should be inclined to rank *La Tempête* higher than any previous effort of its composer. As in *La Muette*, M. Halévy has essayed to individualise each of the dramatic persons by certain peculiarities of rhythm and orchestral treatment. With Caliban, Miranda, and Ariel he has been remarkably successful; less so with Prospero, whose music, in our opinion, wants the weight and dignity that are naturally associated with the idea of the magician King; while Ferdinand, although always graceful and sometimes passionate, sings much the same kind of music that would be placed in the mouth of any young and romantic lover by a composer of talent and intelligence. The best developed character is certainly Caliban, and next to him, Ariel. Had the music given to Miranda been less ornate and less warmly elaborate, her character might have been associated with the two others; but in considering Miranda M. Halévy evidently thought quite as much of Madame Sophie as of the character, and his vocal facility he could not resist the temptation of bringing into prominence. The instrumentation of

the opera throughout is a masterly example of the modern French school, of which M. Halévy is one of the most celebrated disciples; while the choral writing, in a great measure, illustrates a prevailing fault of that school—want of consistency. The work itself in the opera is Sycorax, a character of which, while it suggests great things, M. Halévy has made little or nothing. A palpable effect presents itself in the second act, where Caliban, having possessed himself of the magic flowers that ensure him the completion of them, wishes to assault Miranda with pretensions of attachment. Had the appeals of Sycorax to be released from her prison under the rock, where she has been confined by Prospero, been skillfully intermingled with the declarations of Caliban and the disdain of Miranda instead of a clever duet, we should probably have had a fine dramatic trio."

A warm tribute to the general performance and to Mr. Balfe's exertions especially, follows in due course:—

"The execution of the work was creditable to all concerned band and chorus no less than principals. Mr. Balfe, who presided in the orchestra, took as much pains as if the opera had been his own composition, and on no previous occasion has the band, which he directs so well and has brought to such a high state of discipline, been enabled to display its strength and general efficiency to such advantage."

We can only find room for a couple of extracts about the performers. Of Lablache, the critic writes thus:—

"The Caliban of Lablache is one of the finest creations ever seen on any stage. The dress and the disposition of the whiskers, which give a remarkably animal expression to the countenance, are in themselves novel and artistic in the highest degree. There is a combination of dull earthiness and brute ferocity in his first appearance that almost denotes an union between the vegetable and the animal kingdom, and the occasional grunt which he gives to his recitative has about it something fearfully sub-human. Under the influence of wine the mass warms up into new vitality. At first there was the proud confidence of intoxication—the unwillingness to believe in the overpowering sense of drunkenness. Then, as the fumes ascended, and there was a determination to obey the inspiration of the moment, the exultation of the savage, notwithstanding the heavy burden of his earthy nature, was most perfect. The vocal task of Lablache has been more arduous than he has had for many years. The music of Caliban is in several places extremely florid, and, both in the trio with Miranda and Prospero, and in the duet with Miranda, he has passages to sing which demand not only unusual flexibility, but also unusual compass. Moreover, the higher register of the voice is frequently taxed. Notwithstanding these unaccustomed calls upon his physical powers, this great singer has never appeared to more striking advantage, and, in spite of the arduous and trying character of the music, it suits him as if M. Halévy had previously taken measure of his resources. He sang with force and energy throughout. His *Baccanale* was a masterpiece."

To Carlotta Grisi, whose Ariel has turned all heads and won all hearts, the following poetical apostrophe is appropriately addressed:—

"As a contrast to the heavy grandeur of Caliban comes the exquisite lightness and poeticism of the character of Carlotta Grisi. For these bewitching facts, which form the main attraction of ordinary human life, she does not afford opportunity, but she, the queen of the stage, never had finer occasion for showing all the merit of her art, and she availed herself of it completely. She is the first operatic, and the first dramatic, creation of the present time; and there is a certain sympathetic sweetness in her expression—a representation of extreme sensitiveness that catches and utters an emotion infinitely more deeply than could not be expressed."

Finally, Madame Grisi, all are praised, and the clever French writer, who is quoted as having written with a special mark of approbation,



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE first representation of *La Tempête*, an opera in three acts, the libretto by Scribe, the music by Halévy, took place on Saturday night, in presence of one of the most crowded and brilliant audiences that ever assembled within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. The curiosity that awaited the production of this opera was almost unprecedented, and arose from a variety of causes. The European name of Scribe, which has been associated with so many brilliant triumphs in every branch of the dramatic art; the celebrity of Halévy, whose operas have of late years been the main support of the two great musical theatres of Paris; the subject, one of Shakspeare's most familiar dramas, which, moreover, had already been set to music by the great English composer, Russell; these and other reasons combined in raising public expectation about *La Tempête* to the highest pitch. When we add that the success of the opera equalled every anticipation, we have said enough to render further preliminary needless, and may at once proceed to consider the merits of the work as a drama and as a musical composition.

So much has been said in the morning papers about the plot, which M. Scribe has constructed upon the materials furnished by Shakspeare's dramatic poem, that we shall not tire our readers with a prolix repetition of details, with which they must already be sufficiently familiar. That M. Scribe has preserved many of the chief incidents in the *Tempest*, most of the dramatic personae, and, in a great degree, the general design, and that he has modified, changed, expanded, and omitted, as seemed to him most fit for dramatic and musical purposes, may be seen by the following abstract of the plot, which we borrow from the *Times*.

The book of *La Tempête* has been rendered into Italian from M. Scribe's French by Signor Giannone. The prologue corresponds to the first scene in Shakspeare's play. The stage represents the deck of the King of Naples' vessel, with himself, Ferdinand, and Antonio on board. The storm is directed by Ariel and other genii, who are seen hovering about. The King and Antonio are occupied with penitential thoughts of the wrongs to Prospero, and their consolences are further allured by the monologues of the chorus. The sailors, after various exhibitions of terror, join in a prayer, at the end of which the vessel strikes.

The first act is laid in a picturesque part of the island, near Prospero's cave, and Miranda, who has been shocked by the sight of the tempest, implores her father to spare the lives of the sailors. Even when informed by him that the persons who caused their exile and solitary life are on board the vessel, her gentle nature is shown to be insusceptible of malice. The entrance of Caliban, who is ordered to fetch wood from the forest, causes the characters of the three personages to be in some measure developed. The deformed slave is morose and insubordinate, Prospero firm and dignified, Miranda timid, but at the same time merciful, inasmuch as she implores her father not to punish the malignant. When Miranda and Caliban have left the stage, Prospero summons Ariel, and, informing him that his restoration to the dukedom depends on the union of Miranda and Ferdinand, exhorts him to use every exertion to promote it. The first meeting of the young pair takes place immediately afterwards, and they at once become enamoured of each other. The act terminates with a storm-breeze, which the delighted Prospero contemplates from the background. Up to this point Shakspeare's plot has been followed without any material alteration.

The second act is remarkable for bold detraction. Caliban, employed in chopping wood near the rock in which his mother, Sycorax, has been confined by Prospero, tells upon her to avenge his wrongs. He then informs him of a strange magic flower which grows in the vicinity, each of which will grant a wish to the possessor. His first duty is to release his mother, but he has no sooner obtained possession of the talisman than he uses one of the flowers to imprison

Ariel in a pine tree, that Miranda may be left unguarded. The imprisonment of Ariel is rather a transposition of one of Shakspeare's incidents than a new introduction, for it will be recollected that in the *Tempest* Prospero refers to the punishment of Ariel by Sycorax. The resistance of Miranda to the rough courtship of Caliban, and her threat to kill herself rather than yield, cause the savage to use another of the three wishes, and lulling Miranda to sleep, he carries her off in his arms, in spite of the exertions of Sycorax, whose voice still cries aloud for liberation. The scene changing to another part of the island, we find Trinculo, Stephano, and the rest of the sailors carousing, and the well-known song, "The master, the washer, the boatswain, and I," is imitated in a spirited manner, Caliban bringing on Miranda, the sailors surround him, but promise to leave him unmolested on his assurance that he will be their guide through the island. They moreover give him wine, which intoxicates him at once, and Miranda, taking advantage of his situation, snatches the flowers from his hand, and when he and the sailors attempt to pursue her, renders them innoxious, and escapes. The bacchanal scene in which Caliban's drunkenness is exhibited, and to which the sailors serve as chorus, is a remarkable instance of an ingenious conversion of a situation proper to spoken drama into one suitable for opera. M. Scribe has exactly seen the musical value of the drunken friendship of Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, and by expanding the comic part into a chorus, has made this phase in the monster's character strikingly operative. The incident of the three flowers is a daring innovation, but there is nothing in the relation between Caliban and Sycorax, which is not perfectly in keeping with the tone of Shakspeare.

The third act opens on the same spot as the first scene of the second. Prospero meets Alonso and Antonio, and reproaches them for their crimes. He soon discovers, by the improvement of the pine-tree that it contains Ariel, whom he at once releases, and who tells him by gesture, Ariel, in M. Scribe's version, is a creature of sunbeams, not of winds, the spirit of Miranda, for he has not witnessed her escape. The three, now reconciled, hasten to deliver her. In the meanwhile, Sycorax still entertains the hope of overthrowing Prospero, and on the appearance of Miranda, endeavours to persuade her that Ferdinand is an impostor, and that she is bound to kill him, to save her father's life. A scene ensues in the interior of the cave, where Ferdinand is asleep, and Miranda standing over him struggles between love and supposed duty. Ferdinand, who awakes and perceives Miranda's intention, gladly offers to die by her hand, but the approach of Caliban and the sailors, who are aghast for vengeance, unites both the lovers in mutual defence. The sight of Ferdinand, their lawful prince, at once brings the sailors to their knees, and Caliban, who has recovered his bunch of flowers, finds that the last wish has been used by Miranda. The entrance of Prospero, Alonso, and Antonio, who join the hands of Ferdinand and Miranda, and the appearance of the vessel which is to take them all to Italy, save Caliban, who is left to enjoy a monarchy like that of Alexander Selkirk, terminates the opera.

We agree, for the most part, with the *Times* in the view above taken of the ingenuity and main effect of M. Scribe's libretto, and we agree altogether in the imputation that the celebrated French dramatist was thoroughly justified in using his own discretion about the materials at his disposal. That Shakspeare's *Tempest* was never intended for an opera may be considered as certain, in the face of all the eloquence and ingenuity of Mr. Morris Barnett, who has laboured hard, in a pamphlet recently printed, to establish the contrary. But that M. Scribe had a perfect right to form a musical libretto upon Shakspeare's play is, we think, equally undeniable. There is nothing new in this sort of adaptation. Every imaginable theme has been employed during the last two centuries as a vehicle for operas and ballets, and there is scarcely a poet, romancer, or historian, who, at one period or another, has not been made to pay toll. Shakspeare has not escaped, and if he had it would have shown little taste on the part of musical composers. *Calisto*, *Macbeth*, *Lucy*, *Richard and Juliet*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, &c., &c., have, each made its

turn, been submitted to the skill and fancy of the musician, and placed in an operatic form before the public with more or less success. We repeat that there is nothing new in such an approximation of the creations of our great poet. There is therefore no necessity to set up a defence for M. Scribe as Mr. Barnett has done, or by a brilliant succession of readable sophistries to endeavour to prove that Shakspeare intended what he never dreamed of. Had music been as far advanced in the reign of Elizabeth as it is now Shakspeare would in all probability have written the *Tempest* exactly in its present form. What he desired in a musical point of view was supplied by Purcell, with whose illustrations Shakspeare would most likely have been satisfied, however strongly he might have objected to the feeble alterations of Dryden—"immortal John." In our consideration of the *libretto* of *La Tempesta*, therefore, we must view it as a drama of M. Scribe, founded on the *Tempest* of Shakspeare, and judge of its merits as a medium for music without any reference to Shakspeare himself, between whose *Tempest* and Scribe's *La Tempesta* we may at once declare there is nothing in common. It is both unjust and illogical to make comparisons between things so utterly different. Who, for one instant, ever complained that the *Otello* of Rossini's opera was not even a shadow of the *Othello* of Shakspeare? As a *libretto* for music we hold with the *Times*, that M. Scribe has not descended from his ordinary level in the construction of the *Tempesta*, however we may regard the incident of Caliban's three wishes as fantastic, and the incident of Miranda attempting the life of Fernando, in the third act, as far-fetched and improbable. The grand thing was to combine an interesting drama with striking musical situations, and in this M. Scribe has succeeded with his accustomed felicity. The Caliban, though not the Caliban of Shakspeare, is a graphic and amusing sketch; the Ariel, nearer allied to Shakspeare's creation, is exquisitely graceful; the Miranda and Fernando, though somewhat pale, might in other hands have been paler; and the Prospero is a highly respectable personage of his class—one ordinarily allotted to barytones and basses. Of the manner in which the book is written we are unable to judge, since M. Scribe's version has of course been submitted to the ordeal of an Italian translation; by which of course it has gained nothing. But M. Scribe has too well earned a reputation among the classic writers of his great country to stand in need of any foreign criticism on his style. We may add here that the English version of the *libretto*, which stands by the side of the Italian in the books of the opera, sold at the theatre, is without any exception the most easy, finished, intelligible, and essentially lyrical we ever saw, in support of which assertion we shall most likely adduce some passages in the course of the present or a future article.

About M. Halévy, the composer of the music, we spoke at length on a recent occasion.\* The following particulars, however, from the columns of a morning contemporary, may serve as a refresher.

"We have recently had occasion to speak of the artistic career of M. Halévy, of the operas that have proceeded from his pen, of the steady growth of his popularity until it reached its acme in *La Juive*, and of the position he holds among modern dramatic composers of the French school. A very few observations will therefore suffice to perfect our analysis, necessarily hasty and imperfect, of the opera produced on Saturday with such distinguished success. Two facts of importance essentially serve to consolidate the reputation which M. Halévy has gained by the

operatic writings. The first is his intimate connexion with his great master, Cherubini, who was well known to entertain the highest esteem for his talents, and who frequently employed him as a substitute in the duties of his office as director of the Conservatoire. From this it is natural to infer that the theoretical acquirements of M. Halévy must be of a more solid order than is usually deemed essential to a musician who devotes his undivided attention to compositions for the stage. The other fact is involved in the influence which the operas of M. Halévy, in the course of the last fifteen years, have had on both the great lyrical theatres of Paris. Since Rossini ceased to write, and Auber confined himself exclusively to the Opera Comique, the Académie Royale de Musique may be said to have existed mainly upon the labours of two composers—Meyerbeer, whose three great works were spread over a space of nearly twenty years (the *Robert* was produced in 1831, the *Prophète* in 1849), and Halévy, whose *Juive*, *Reine de Chypre*, *Guido et Ginevra*, and *Charles VI.* have been the only signal successes, the operas of Meyerbeer excepted, which the first theatre in Paris can record during the major part of that period. Nor has the music of M. Halévy been less beneficial to the interests of the minor establishment—the Opera Comique. To say nothing of *L'Eclair*, one of his earliest and best productions, which still retains its favour with the public, three of his operas—*Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, and *La Fée aux Roses*—have co-operated with some of Auber's most successful efforts in maintaining the prosperity of that theatre in the face of circumstances before which the most firmly rooted of popular amusements have vainly endeavoured to make head. When, besides the honour of having been thus indispensable to two of the most famous musical establishments in Europe, it is added that M. Halévy's operas have been played, and are continually played, in almost every town of France and Germany where a theatre and a lyrical troupe are to be found, it would be difficult for the staunchest adherent to certain schools of art (whose supremacy we do not question), for the hardest opponents of sundry peculiarities of style, to dispute, with any degree of consistency, the claims of M. Halévy as a dramatic composer, or the justice of the place that has been assigned him among his contemporaries by the most reputed critics of the day."

There can be no doubt of the truth of all this, to which we have nothing to add but the expression of our full concurrence. Few musical composers have laboured harder or more conscientiously to acquire a name than M. Halévy, and few have taken firmer hold of the French public, which prides itself on being the first in the world where music is concerned. We may add that Halévy obtains an enormous price for the copyright of his works from the Parisian music-publishers. For *La Juive* and every subsequent opera he has received a sum very nearly if not quite equivalent to that paid to Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer for their most popular works. Nor, from all we can gather, have the spirited publishers (MM. Brandus and Co.) ever had reason to complain of their speculation in Halévy's works, the last three of which, at the Opera Comique, have each long passed their centenary performance. These facts are unanswerable, or else there is no truth in the venerable saw—"the proof of the pudding is in the eating." All the puffing in this age of puffing has never been able to make Verdi's music either popular or saleable. Halévy's is both, without puffing at all—which proves that the public like it, and as Dr. Johnson says, "He who pleases many must have merit." Not that we adduce this maxim of the Doctor's as a proof of Halévy's merit, which we believe to be beyond a question.

The music of *La Tempesta* is not to be disposed of in one review, nor are we so presumptuous as to imagine that, with one or two or three hearings we can possibly arrive at the

\* The successful production of *Le Val d'Andorre* at the St. James's Theatre.

\* *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, and *La Fée aux Roses*.

bottom of it. Halévy composes on a system which is purely his own. He invented it, and no one else has presumed to adopt it. He cannot, therefore, be criticised *ad captandum*. Nor is it for us to speculate on the style in which the late Mendelssohn might have treated the subject of *La Tempête*, which, as every body knows, was first intended for him; or to argue, or trouble our readers with ruminations as to whether Mendelssohn would have done better, and how much better, than Halévy, or the converse. It is enough for us to accept the opera as we find it, and to be thankful that, in the lamented absence of Mendelssohn, the book has fallen into no less skilful hands than those of M. Halévy. Without further preliminary, we shall, therefore, at once proceed to give, to the best of our power, an analysis of the music of this very remarkable production.

The opera is divided into a prologue and three acts. In the prologue occurs some striking and characteristic music, which, as it forms one long connected piece, may be considered simply as the introduction to the work. There is no overture, which is hardly to be regretted, since M. Halévy has not been conspicuous among those who have greatly excelled in this class of writing. A symphony for the orchestra in C minor, mysterious and fragmentary, leads to a chorus of invisible spirits in the same key, "Al dolce e vivido," during the progress of which Ariel appears upon the stage making observations. Duke Alonzo, Antonio, Fernando, and their adherents, then give vent to their sense of danger in desultory recitative, while the invisible chorus assumes an angry strain of reproach. The increasing fury of the tempest is now described in the orchestra, the mariners and dependants expressing their terrors in chorus, until, with one consent, they all join in a hymn, or prayer to Heaven, to save them from their imminent peril, with which the prologue terminates. The effect of this long and elaborate piece depends more upon its general fitness to the scene than on the beauty of isolated points; and, indeed, with the exception of the prayer, "O nume che irato," an impressive piece of choral writing in A flat, it would be difficult to detach any part from the whole. There are, however, some ingenious instrumental effects, and many combinations of orchestra, chorus, and solo voices, which betoken as much musical experience as feeling for dramatic colouring. The instrumental movement which leads to the chorus of unseen spirits is plainly suggestive, and prepares the mind for what is to follow; the passages for the violins, muted, contrast effectively with the melancholy wailing of the violoncellos, and the solemn march of the wind instruments, and may be supposed to indicate the presence of the delicate Ariel amidst the warring of the elements and the terror of the shipwrecked mariners. The idea is poetically and successfully exemplified. In the chorus in F minor, where the invisible spirits reproach Alonzo with his crimes, "Assassin d'un fratello innocente," the burden of which is allotted to the *soprano*, a fine point is made by the responses of the rest of the voices, accompanied by full chords in the orchestra, *fortissimo*, at each section of the melody, on the monosyllable, "Ah"—intended, we presume, for the affirmative exclamation of other spirits, equally invisible, and equally disposed to torment the conscience of the Duke. The introduction offers many other points worthy of notice, but our limits prevent us from entering into further details.

The first act opens with a sparkling orchestral symphony, in which there are some pretty combinations of the harp and wood instruments. A chorus of good genii, in A, "Noi genti amici e vigili," is to be noted for its unaffected simplicity. The entry of Ariel is announced by some light and charac-

teristic music in the orchestra, and in a *grand pas* for Ariel and the attendant sprites M. Halévy has made skilful use of Dr. Arne's celebrated melody, "Where the bee sucks," originally introduced into Purcell's opera of the *Tempest*. The whole of the ballet music in this scene is happy, and instrumented with the utmost taste. The "ethereal Charletta" would seem to have inspired music congenial to her peculiar graces of style. The first vocal solo in this act is the *cavatina* of Miranda, "Parmi una voce il murmure," in which M. Halévy has at once shown in what light he views this exquisite creation of Shakspeare. Although written partly in the florid style of some of the Italian composers, there is a freshness and absence of effort about the melody appropriate to the character of Miranda. It is divided into two movements—*andantino* in D, of a soave and flowing character, and an *allegretto*, which, while distinguished by a different kind of rhythm, preserves the primitive simplicity in consonance with the theme. A trio for Prospero, Caliban, and Miranda, "In quest' isola rapita," is one of the most effective pieces of writing in the opera. The subject is Caliban's sullen discontent, Prospero's reproaches and menaces, Miranda's fear and intercession for the monster. The opening is dramatic and vigorous, but the capital point of the trio is the *ensemble* in B flat, in which the surly moroseness and designing cunning of Caliban are suggested with graphic power; in the second part, *andantino*, a new subject dispersed among the flutes, oboes, clarionets, and horns, is introduced as a counter theme, which imparts a new colouring to the whole. It is in such points of artistic workmanship, addressed to the educated ear, that M. Halévy's association with Cherubini, one of the greatest of contrapuntists, may be traced. The other two pieces in the first act which demand consideration are a *cavatina* with chorus for Fernando, "Cara voce aerea," and a duet for Fernando and Miranda, "Qual mai diva." The first contains a charming melody in G, adorned by the peculiar characteristics of M. Halévy's method of orchestration, in which each instrument sustains, as it were, a separate and independent part. The duet, in C, is expressive and melodious; among other striking points we must especially note a charming phrase in E flat, on the words addressed by Fernando to Miranda, "S'odio e orror di me non hai," which is answered by an equally melodious countertheme for Miranda, and is subsequently more than once repeated with undiminished effect. M. Halévy evidently wrote this duet *con amore*; he has employed all his art to polish and refine it, and there can be little doubt of its being one of the most successful *morceaux* in the opera. Towards the conclusion, Prospero joins in the *coda*, which, although the subject is less original than what precedes it, it is highly animated, and brings down the curtain with *éclat*.

The second act is superior to the first, inasmuch as the dramatist has afforded a larger scope for the musician's powers of expression. The grand figure in the whole picture is Caliban, with whose invocation to his mother, Sycorax, the act commences. M. Halévy's treatment of this character betrays a happy consistency. The invocation begins with a phrase for the basses, which in character recalls the trio in C minor, where Caliban's designs are first laid bare to Prospero, in the first act. The former laments his unhappy fate in declamatory recitative, which eventually, after a desultory conversation with Sycorax, leads to an *arietta* in C, "Ah sento una fiamma incognita," of rude and violent character, in which Caliban reveals his passion for Miranda. A duet and scene for Caliban and Miranda, where the monster attempts to inflame his beautiful captive with a reciprocity of sentiment, is dramatically

conceived and well written, though rather too long for a situation which, in any other hands than those of Lablache and Sontag, might have proved dangerous, and in any hands is equivocal. A passage in B minor, "Ardo per te d'un fuoco," involving Caliban's declaration and Miranda's repugnance, is impressed with great intensity, while the contrast between the two dramatic personae is well sustained. The *finale* begins with an animated scene in which Trinculo and his companions unexpectedly frustrate the completion of Caliban's designs; this includes a lively chorus of sailors, in B flat, "Ci opprime abbattona," and some sparkling couplets for Stefano, "Nostr'ome, il mozzo," in G. The bacchanale with chorus for Caliban, which follows, is perhaps the most original, and certainly the most spirited *morceau d'ensemble* in the whole opera. Some reminiscences of the music of Caliban in the first act, assigned to the orchestra, give way to a *morceau d'ensemble* in A flat for Miranda and Caliban, accompanied at intervals by Stefano, Trinculo, and the chorus; the subject is the despair of Miranda, the gradual intoxication of Caliban, and the jeers of Stefano and his associates, who have been plying him with liquor. As a specimen of vocal writing this concerted piece bears a resemblance to some of the best modern of the modern Italian school; the melody is expressive and ably developed, while the subsequent working up in the orchestra, by means of an exciting and well conducted *crescendo*, leads with immense spirit to the climax, "Se tutto gira," a bacchanalian air in E flat, of strongly marked rhythm, by means of which Caliban's drunkenness is depicted with striking forces. The melody pertains at once of the drinking song and the dance, and the chiming in of the chorus between the couplet adds to the vivacity of the effect. The climax is exceedingly animated, and when Caliban, inflamed to the uttermost by repeated draughts of wine, joins incontinently in the dance, the orchestral accompaniments gathering force as the song proceeds, the whole offers a combination of musical and dramatic effect which easily explains the *furor* and the triple *regal* for Lablache on Saturday night.

The third act, although in a musical point of view unequal to the others, contains several passages of merit. In the first scene there is a good point of accompanied recitative for Prospero, where the magician reproaches Antonio and Alonso with their crimes. The release of Ariel from the tree also gives occasion for some graceful pantomime music. The duet between Miranda and Fernando is powerfully written, and includes some beautiful passages, among which may be specified the reminiscence of Fernando's melody in the duet of the first act where the lovers first meet, and an expressive phrase in the key of D flat, in which Fernando declares his willingness to die by the hand of Miranda. The duet is, nevertheless, like the preceding trio for Prospero, Antonio, and Alonso—too long; and the *cabaletta* is of inferior interest to the rest. The last *morceau* of importance is a brilliant *rondo varié*, which, though more than ordinarily vocal (for the French school), is chiefly remarkable as a medium of displaying to advantage the finished and elegant execution of Madame Sontag. The change of scene which brings about the catastrophe is accompanied by an orchestral symphony on the burden of "Where the bee sucks," the introduction of which fresh and unimpaired English melody is creditable to M. Halévy's taste.

On the getting up of the opera greater care and liberality could not have been bestowed. It is, without an exception, the completest thing that has been played upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre ever since Mr. Lumley took the reins of government. The cast is powerful and varied, the scenery

and costume on the most splendid scale, and all the subordinate items worthy the direction of a theatre of the first rank and magnitude. Success could not have been more richly deserved, since every possible pains were taken to secure it.

We have seldom had a more gratifying task than to speak of the performance, which was honourable to all concerned. To begin with the principals, taking each character in detail: Madame Sontag's Miranda is a most gentle, a most innocent, and a most winning impersonation, characterised, by the way, by a greater manifestation of dramatic power than we ever remember this always intelligent actress to have displayed. Her singing was perfection—no other term could possibly apply to such faultless accuracy and unfailing grace. We will not say that M. Halévy has done all that he might have done to show off the talent of this accomplished artist to advantage; but we will say that not a phrase that he has written but received its perfect interpretation from Madame Sontag, in the excellencies of whose performance we hope to be able next week to speak in better detail.

M. Scribe found in Lablache such a realization of his Caliban as is rarely accorded to an author; while M. Halévy, for his Caliban, found all that was necessary, and much more than was ever expected in that grand artist. Lablache's "make up" was enormously fine—a thing *per se*, certainly not the Caliban that crawled and cursed, but a noble beast, with gestures like a king's. We could imagine Pan grown stout, or Silenus' very self. Lablache's performance is not to be hit off in a paragraph. Leaving details until we have more space, we shall, therefore, merely say that, from his first entry to his final exit, he was infatigable, and transfixed the attention of the audience. The scene where he possesses himself of the person of Miranda, by did of the magic flower, and proffers her his monstrous love, was a terrible dramatist painting. The drunken scene was a realisation of the best creations of Nicolas Poussin—more comic and humorous than Silenus, and more drunk. And, then, the dance! Few who beheld it will deny that in his style Lablache is as great a dancer as Carlotta herself.

And now what can be said for delicate dainty Ariel?—what but that it was the very incarnation of Shakspeare's most spiritual creation—Ariel's self before us; who henceforth must be accepted by the female sex, since Carlotta has established it so, and never was anything more ethereal or more Shakspearian than Carlotta's Ariel seen upon the boards of a theatre. Some have complained that dancing should have been constituted part of Ariel's performance; but we think this objection both absurd and untenable. Why not one art as well as another? Why not dancing as well as music? We do not compare the two, but both are well calculated to idealise the real; and once admit Ariel as a mute instead of a speaking character, whose eloquence is expressed by dumb looks and gestures, and you may consistently allow all that belongs to the graceful in mimetic art to have a share in the illusion. But were the objection tenable, Carlotta's exquisite nature would have demolished it with a look or a gesture. Her presence on the stage was a continual light—a smiling river sparkling through the windings of a landscape—a little bit of sunshine that will get in your eyes—or anything else that is most pleasant, lovable, and grateful. It were as unnecessary to speak of her dancing as of Madame Sontag's singing—both are out of the reach of criticism; but more touching, winning, speaking, suggestive pantomime was never seen. Prospero was indeed to be envied the possession of such a servant, the natural enemy of Caliban and all that is hideous and egotistical.

As, for Madlle. Parodi, who has one song to sing and one scene to play, we feel inclined to praise her more than we ever praised her before. Both her acting and singing were perfect, and her *cane*, executed with genuine spirit and hearty abandon, won an enthusiastic encore, and was one of the most decided "hits" of the opera.

A word of praise, justly earned, to Coletti, who looked and acted nobly as Prospero; to Baucarde, who never sang so well as in Fernando; and to F. Lablache, Lorenzo, Madame Ginliani, and Madlle. Ida Bertrand, who all gave importance to small parts by extreme care and intelligence, is all we can find room for in the present notice.

For Balfe, who presided in the orchestra, no praise can be deemed superfluous. Had the music of *La Tempesta* been his own, he could not have displayed more hearty and unremitting zeal. The band never sounded so well, although its improvement, under Balfe's guidance, is the theme of constant remark, while the chorus seemed to have been strengthened by fifty voices. The prayer in the first act was sung to perfection, and the instrumental accompaniments were correct and effective throughout. Balfe has never more triumphantly proved the value of his services as director of the music at Her Majesty's Theatre.

We cannot conclude without acknowledging the distinguished talent with which Mr. Marshall has given pictorial illustration to the various scenes imagined by Shakspeare in his gorgeous and magnificent poem. The mountain and water scene in the second act is one of the happiest emanations from his pencil.

The reception of the opera was enthusiastic throughout. At the end of each act Madame Sontag and all the principals were recalled; Lablache was compelled to appear three times after the bacchanal of the second act; Carlotta came forward on every occasion with the singers—a novel distinction for a *danseuse* (but, then, Carlotta, as Fiorentino said, dances with her eyes and sings with her feet); after each piece of importance the singers were compelled to reappear; and at the end Halévy and Balfe were successively demanded amidst hurrahs of applause, while the same honour being conferred on M. Seribe and Mr. Lumley, each bowed gracefully and repeatedly from his box, to the accompaniment of cheers and applause that rent the roof.

And thus much till out next of *La Tempesta*, which has been twice repeated since the first night, with augmenting success. The hit is decisive.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

SATURDAY, *Roberto il Diavolo*—Tuesday, the *Huguenots*—and Thursday, an extra night, the *Lucrezia Borgia* and the two middle acts of *Masaniello*—were the last, three performances. The indisposition of Madame Castellan on Tuesday caused a good deal of the music in the first and second acts of the *Huguenots* to be omitted. The substitution of *Lucrezia Borgia* and two acts of *Masaniello* for the first act of *Norma* and the *Gazza Ladra*, Madame Castellan being unable to assume the part of Ninetta, for which she was announced, was a great disappointment.

The *Gazza Ladra*, when produced, will, we have every reason to believe, prove highly attractive, despite the anti-philogistic qualities of the music as compared with the grand operas so much in vogue of late at Covent Garden. Bonconi's *Podesta* is acknowledged to be one of his best parts, and we

expect a good deal from Madame Castellan's Ninetta. But what a loss will the cast have to sustain for want of Alboni's Pippo! Who that heard it can ever forget the luscious beauty of Alboni's voice and her incomparable phrasing in the music of the peasant boy? We fear Alboni and Pippo are reunited for ever. The immense success achieved by the great artist in Ninetta will preclude her from undertaking the contralto part; so that, whether Alboni were at Covent Garden or not, we should have no chance whatever of hearing her in Pippo. We should like much to hear Alboni in Ninetta, and Augri in Pippo. In the absence of either, we must rest contented with Madame de Merie in the character, who will certainly play the part with energy and spirit.

Mario and Tamburini will, of course, sustain their favourite roles, Giannetto and Fernando, in which they have achieved so many triumphs.

The *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Thursday, created an immense sensation, chiefly owing to Mario's transcendent singing and acting. The incomparable tenor surpassed all his former efforts, and excited an absolute *furor*. It was universally expressed that Mario is this year greater than ever. The impression produced by his last scene on Thursday night it is impossible to describe.

Madame Viardot has arrived, or will arrive in the course of the day, and the *Prophete* will be given on Tuesday. There will be several alterations in the cast, and all for the better. Castellan will play Bertha in place of Miss Catherine Hayes; Maralli will take Luigi Mei's place in the tenor Ansbaptist; and Formes, we believe, that of Marini in the bass. All these changes will tend materially to a more perfect performance of Meyerbeer's *chef-d'œuvre*, which, in some instances, was not entirely satisfactory last year.

*Fidèle*, we understand, will be brought out before long. Pauline Garcia, Mario, and Formes sustaining the principal parts. *Guillaume Tell* is also talked of for Tamberlik, Castellan, Massol, and Zelger. Should time permit, Halévy's *Juive* will be given the latter end of the season.

#### MIRANDA'S ROMANCE.

(From the English version of "La Tempesta.")

A SWEET flow'r in a desert is growing;

The stream feeds it, the breeze with it plays,

The bright sun paints its leaves with his rays,

And the morn flings its gems in a shower;

And fair innocence, virtue, and love,

Have to guard it, united their pow'r:

Ev'ry angel and mortal alike

Must admire and must love that sweet flow'r.

Though the gale, with its leaves lightly sporting,

Its sweet perfume may waft through the air,

Yet, ye winds, to touch it forbear—

'Tis in vain that around it ye low'r;

For fair innocence, virtue, and love,

Have to guard it united their pow'r;

And that flow'r is a maiden, my child:

Thou, Miranda, thyself art that flow'r!

M. FROQUART, the celebrated *feuilletonist* of the *Constitutionnel*, has come to London on purpose to render an account in that journal of Seribe and Halévy's opera of *La Tempesta*.



## MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.

The eminent pianist, Mrs. Anderson, gave her annual grand concert on Monday, at the Royal Italian Opera. Mrs. Anderson's concerts have been noted for many years, not only for the variety of attraction contained in the programmes, but for the preponderance of music of a high character which never fails to characterise them. On the present occasion the amateurs of the "classical" were largely conciliated, while those who delight in music of a lighter school were gratified to their hearts' content.

Mrs. Anderson's solid qualities as a pianist are too widely recognised to need insisting on here. Her judgment in the choice of music to perform is also a matter of notoriety; and she selected as the *pièce de résistance* for the present occasion Beethoven's romantic and poetical *fantasia*, for pianoforte and chorus, in C major. The idea which stimulated Beethoven in the composition of this piece was that of a young lady pre-luding off the pianoforte, in the presence of a company of friends, who at length, enchanted by the beauty and skill of her improvisations, break out unharmoniously into an apostrophe to the irresistible charms of music. It is no small credit to Mrs. Anderson, that for some years she has been the only pianist to introduce this fanciful composition in public. She played it on Monday with her accustomed clearness, decision, and taste, and was admirably accompanied by the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Costa, the various *obbligati* for flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon being cleverly rendered by Messrs. Ribas, Barret, Lazarus, and Baumann. Mrs. Anderson also performed Döhler's *Tarantella* for pianoforte and violin, in which she was assisted by M. Sauton. The execution was spirited and brilliant on both hands, and was received with the warmest applause. Besides the above, M. Sauton gave his well-known fantasia on the favourite airs in *La Figlia del Reggimento* with the utmost neatness and precision.

The miscellaneous vocal programme was confided to the "stars" of the Royal Italian Opera Company. The most admired solo pieces were Madame Castellan's "Robert, toi que j'aime;" Herr Formes' "In diesen heiligen Hallen," from *Zauberflöte*; an air from Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy*—an opera almost unknown in this country—by Ronconi; and the lovely aria from *Il Flauto Magico*, "Cara immagine," by Mario. The last was a perfect example of graceful and unaffected singing. By the way, the *Zauberflöte*, Mozart's own favourite opera, should long ago have been produced at the Royal Italian Opera. With the present company a cast of unprecedented strength might be insured. It has been continually promised, and now is the time to redeem the pledge; the two airs so finely sung by Mario and Formes have made everybody desirous of hearing the rest. The *Zauberflöte* is a mine of gems, which has never been thoroughly explored in this country.

Among the duets were the popular "Purlar Spiegat," from *Zora*, sung with great animation by Tamberlik and Tamburini; "Turnami a dir," from *Don Pasquale*, in which Grisi and Mario were as delightful as ever; and "Quanto amore," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. In the last, Ronconi's drollery, as Dulcamara, was highly relished by the audience; and Madame Castellan was much applauded for her finished style of vocalising in the florid passages of Adina. There was also the pretty quartet from *Le Comte Ory*, "Noble Chatelaine!" exceedingly well sung by MM. Maratti, Massol, Rommi, and Zelger; the "Bridesmaids' Chorus," from Beethoven's music in *King Stephen*—a sparkling and melodious inspiration; and Purcell's madrigal "In these delightful, pleasant groves," which received full justice at the hands of the chorus. The

comic duet, "Oh! guardato che figura," from Gnocco's opera, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, by Grisi and Tamburini, was also received with much favour. The mimicry of both artists was highly humorous.

The band played the overtures to Beethoven's "Leonora" and the "Jubilee" of Weber. The former *chef d'œuvre*, under the direction of Mr. Costa, who has greatly contributed to make it popular and generally appreciated in England, was a superb feat of orchestral execution.

We have purposely left what was intended to be the grand feature of the programme to the last, since, though a work of transcendent merit, it by no means received justice at the hands of the performers, and was consequently not understood by the audience. We allude to the music written by Mendelssohn for the *Edipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, one of the three tragedies which the celebrated composer illustrated, by command of the present King of Prussia, for the Court of Berlin. The *Antigone* and *Athalie* are already well known in this country, and by universal consent are included among the most ingenious and original productions of Mendelssohn. The *Edipus* was executed on Monday for the first time in public, Mrs. Anderson having obtained possession of the music through the kindness of Her Majesty the Queen, to whom Mendelssohn presented the score. Those who know it well are quite aware that the *Edipus Coloneus* is equal, if not superior, to either of its fellows; but those who heard it for the first time on Monday must have gone away with a very inadequate notion of its character and pretensions. The band played the instrumental music and accompaniments as well as could be desired; but the chorus, which consisted exclusively of male voices, persisted with such uncompromising obstinacy in singing flat and out of time, from first to last, that it was utterly impossible for uninitiated ears to form any idea of the music; while to those more learned the effect was proportionately disagreeable. The only voice that maintained steadiness of pitch during the entire performance was that of Mr. Bartley, who recited Mr. Bartholomew's translation of the German version—a task which he has had the honor of undertaking more than once at the Palace—with his usual emphasis and clearness. Under these circumstances we must content ourselves with assuring the public that the *Edipus Coloneus* of Mendelssohn has not yet been heard, and decline making any further observations on the work until a more favourable occasion presents itself. It was a spirited idea of Mrs. Anderson to produce this great and elaborate composition at her annual concert; but, while we admit this, we can hardly refrain from taxing the fair and talented concert-giver with some forgetfulness of the respect due to the memory of Mendelssohn in allowing it to be brought forward with such imperfect preparation. The reputation of the first composer of his time ought not to be trifled with on any consideration. Mendelssohn's music cannot be understood at first sight, even by the admirable band over which Mr. Costa presides; and we feel assured that Mr. Costa himself must have been anything but satisfied with the manner in which the *Edipus Coloneus* was rendered on Monday morning.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

## HAYMARKET.

An adaptation of the French drama of *Un Mari Anonyme* was brought out on Saturday, under the title of *None but the Brave deserve the Fair*, and obtained a decided success. The subject had already been made known by another version of



the same French piece, produced likewise with success at the Lyceum some two seasons ago.

The new drama may be looked upon as a very good specimen of that numerous class of works the scene of which is laid in the Peninsula, and in which the chief aim of the dramatist is to show his skill in conducting a complicated intrigue. The nobles of Spain or of Portugal seem to have been created expressly for the purpose of being heroes—half chivalric and half courtly—and the dramatist may play with them as with so many chessmen.

The scene of *None but the Brave deserve the Fair* is laid in Portugal during a civil war. Don Pacheco de Tremulo (Mr. Buckstone) has contracted a marriage between his sister Isabella (Miss Reynolds) and Don Rococo de Frias (Mr. Selby), with whom she is unacquainted. While the bridegroom is expected at Don Pacheco's castle, which is situated on the frontier, Don Flores (Mr. Webster), a detected conspirator against the King, suddenly rushes in for refuge, being pursued by the officers. Isabella, through a sympathy for the stranger, and Don Pacheco through his fears of the penalty incurred by harbouring a rebel, pass off the intruder as the intended bridegroom when the officers enter the castle. To keep up appearances, it is necessary actually to perform the nuptial ceremony between Flores and Isabella, and when poor Don Rococo arrives, he finds no one to welcome him, and is ultimately arrested as the traitor, Flores making his escape. A year elapses before the commencement of the second act. Don Flores has repented of his insurgency, and under a feigned name has acquired glory in the King's army. Coming to court he is delighted to find that Isabella, now the idol of the palace, is unwilling to annul her very peculiar marriage. At the same time he discovers that the King has intentions with respect to her, and a packet of love letters falls into his hand. He upbraids the King, much after the fashion of Don Cesar de Bazan, but is immediately arrested as a traitor. His generosity, however, in giving up a letter to the King himself, when he might have placed it in the Queen's hands, brings about a complimentary pardon, and the tale ends happily.

The three principal characters, on whom the piece depends, were excellently played. Mr. Webster was at home in the reckless, good-humoured soldier. Mr. Buckstone was amusing with his timidity and his nervous oscillation from one party to another, when the safety of his neck is concerned. Miss Reynolds displays in the character of Donna Isabella that elegance and ladylike deportment by which she is so much distinguished.

At the conclusion, when Mr. Webster had announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause, a call was raised for the author, when he informed the audience that he himself was the gentleman in question; which announcement was received with unanimous satisfaction.

## STRAND

"THE retirement of that great actress, Mrs. Glover," says the *Morning Post*, "took place on Saturday night. She leaves the mimic scene, of which she was one of the chief ornaments, after the labours of more than half a century, with not even an aspirant who may hope to fill the void created by her absence. In every line of character Mrs. Glover was unapproachable—in comic passion and truthful pathos especially she was omnipotent. The colouring, though broad, was always natural, and the slightest sketch, by her artistic knowledge became a finished picture. Her voice, even to the last, had lost not one tone of its enchanting melody, her laugh

was joyous and ringing as when in the heyday of her youth, and her eye, as it filled with tears on the occasion of her leave-taking, was bright and lustrous as when we witnessed her first performance of Mrs. Oakley in the *Jealous Wife*, many, many years ago.

"Where may we now look for Juliet's nurse? The rich loquacity and deep grief are even now in our ears and in our hearts. Where look for another Mrs. Heidelberg, with her jovial frankness, heartily laugh, and old English honesty? Where discover the wily housekeeper—the Mrs. Subtle of *Paul Pry*—and innumerable other portraits with which her name and fame will be imperishably associated? In the early days of her dramatic career, Mrs. Glover sustained the loftiest characters in the tragic drama, combined with the leading parts in high comedy; hence her perfect knowledge of all the various exigencies of the stage, and that ripened excellence which had placed her at an eminence as justly merited as honourably achieved.

"The character selected for her last appearance was Mrs. Malaprop, in Sheridan's comedy of the *Rivals*, and never do we remember her more richly humorous or so irresistible in her command over the risible powers of her audience. Each word was anticipated with delight, and each sentence was welcomed with paroxysms of laughter. It was only in those portions of the comedy in which she did not appear that the mind reverted to the painful memory that this was the "last appearance" of her who for fifty-three years had held her sway over the sympathies of many-minded audiences; but who now, laden with years, was to bid a farewell to the scene around which her genius had cast so delightful a halo.

"Her entrance upon the stage in the second scene of the first act was the signal for one spontaneous burst of applause, mingled with cheers and every species of public manifestation of respect and welcome; and at the end of the comedy there arose one universal summons for Mrs. Glover. After a few pauses she was conducted before the curtain by Mr. William Farren, amid waving of handkerchiefs and showers of bouquets. When silence was restored, Mrs. Glover, who was evidently suffering from painful excitement, spoke tremblingly the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I appear before you for the last time as an actress, after a service of fifty-three years before the public in London; and although it is possible I may on one more occasion address you in my profession, this is the termination of my actual theatrical career. I want words to express the feelings of gratitude which actuate my bosom for favours received through so long a period of professional service. To my excellent and kind friend Mr. Farren, I am indebted for the opportunity of meeting you in his charming little theatre to fulfil my last engagement, and to his admirable *troupe* for their able assistance on every occasion where their zeal and talent have been required. I beg leave to offer them and Mr. Farren my most grateful thanks and best wishes. Be pleased, ladies and gentlemen, to receive from me once more my most sincere acknowledgments for past favours, and to bid you a respectful farewell."

"A similar favour followed the delivery of this brief address, and the great actress, accompanied by Mr. Farren, left the stage."

"And now that the professional labours of fifty-three years in the service of the public are completed, will not that public evince its sympathies for the "favourite actress" by administering to the peace and comfort of her remaining days? Is there one true lover of the dramatic art who will not seek to share in the noble effort to shelter those "remainder days" from "doubts" of the future? Of this, however, we entertain no apprehension; for, with the praiseworthy efforts of the committee which has been formed to arrange a final benefit, with the aid of all the native and foreign talent in London,

and the generosity—we may term it the gratitude—of the English public, a sum will assuredly be realised sufficient to enable this gifted woman an honourable and dignified competency.

We can add nothing to the above eloquent tribute to one of the greatest and most natural comedians the world has seen but a hearty "Amen" to every word of it.

The drama of *Power and Principle*, produced on Monday night, though professedly founded by its author, Mr. Morris Bathett, on Schiller's *Kabal und Liebe*, is so much altered from the original that it may be almost considered an independent piece. *Kabal und Liebe* was one of Schiller's early plays, belonging to the so-called "storm and pressure" period, and written with the then popular intention of identifying elevated rank with atrocious wickedness. President von Walter, Prime Minister at a German Court, wishes to marry his son Ferdinand to the English Lady Milford, the Prince's mistress, but the young man indignantly objects, partly from an honourable repugnance to an alliance so discreditable, and partly because he is in love with Louisa, daughter of Miller, an old teacher of music. Thus we have an ambitious and dishonourable father on one side, and an unconventional and honourable son on the other. The President has power to cause Louisa's parents to be arrested, but releases them on her writing a letter of assignation to Baron von Kalb, a ridiculous coxcomb, and taking an oath that she will not reveal the circumstances under which she has performed an act so hateful. The object of the letter, which the poor girl has only written on the supposition that it is the only means of saving her father's life, is to convince Ferdinand that she is unfaithful. The scheme proves too successful, for Ferdinand in his jealousy poisons Louisa and himself also.

Mr. Barnett has not only altered the story, which we have very briefly given, but has in a great measure modified even the tone of the work. Lady Milford, who in the original is made really in love with Ferdinand, and whose character is brought out with great force, is omitted altogether. The musician, Miller, who is a coarse humprist, is softened down into a pathetic father of the ordinary kind; and an old wife, who is the especial target of his obnoxiousness, is struck out, like Lady Milford. Ferdinand, who was aware of a crime that his father has committed, threatens his life in a fearful moment of desperation, is made the nephew, not the son, of the President, and a terrible collision of love and duty is thus avoided. The catastrophe is completely altered. Louisa, not being able to vindicate her fidelity, is about to take poison, when Ferdinand, who has forced the truth from the President's secretary, Wurm, rushes in, saves her life, and rewards her with his hand.

Those who go to the New Strand Theatre with any expectation of seeing the stormy and lengthy play of Schiller, huddled up as it is with the rude strength of his Titanic youth, will not find their expectations realised; but, nevertheless, a very clever practical drama has been created. Mr. Barnett, while reducing the dimensions of the original, has shown considerable ingenuity in detecting the capability of his subject for striking situations, and he has brought every act to a sharp, effective conclusion. On the scene when Louisa is made to write the letter, in spite of her repugnance, he has bestowed especial care, and the ability of Mrs. Stirling to represent the most intense grief and anxiety is employed to excellent effect in the character of Louisa. Generally, the piece is well acted. Mr. Leigh Murray is completely the ardent and devoted Ferdinand; Mr. Compton moves in a well-known track as the Baron; Mr. W. Farren exhibits

much pathos in the not very prominent Miller; Mrs. Dindear aptly assumes the stern malignity of the President; and Mr. H. Farren, as the designing Wurm, gives something of a quiet Mephistophilic air to this part, which shows much artistic feeling. All the principal characters were called at the conclusion, and then the appearance of Mr. Barnett was universally demanded. Mr. Leigh Murray stated that Mr. Barnett was not in the house, and then announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MONTPELLIER.—Since I last wrote to you, the *Sonnambula*, with a repetition of *Norma*, has been given at our theatre. Were it possible to add to the excitement of the play-going community since the arrival of Montenegro, her acting and singing in the *Sonnambula* would have done so, for I have not heard for some time more accomplished singing and more energetic acting. The artless girl, her despair and misery, in supposing she should lose her lover, were each in turn admirably portrayed; and when she arrived at the *finale*, which, from not knowing the opera, the audience were unprepared for, they actually rose *en masse*, and again and again called the *cantatrice* before the curtain to be showered with wreaths and bouquets. Elvino is peculiarly suited to Santiago. He is most happy in any part where pathos is required, and he gave good effect to the great *scena*, in which he was warmly encored. Signor Ghislanzoni has one of the best barytone voices I have heard for some time; he sang "Vi ravviso" remarkably well, and shewed throughout talent of no inferior order. It appears this gentleman has sung at the "Scala," where he was a universal favourite; but, in consequence of some dispute with the management, he declined engaging a second season. The *seconda donna* being ill, Madame Santiago undertook the part of Liza, which in her hands became prominent. In consequence of many applications *Norma* was repeated last night. It is not here the custom to take places, so that people when they expect a full house go to the theatre very early. The opera was not announced to begin until half-past eight, but at eight there were no more tickets, every place being occupied. It is needless to speak of Montenegro's acting and singing; I can only say it was not very far from the perfection of art. A singular and interesting circumstance took place after the opera. Madame Sabatieri, originally Mlle. Unger, the *prima donna* so popular at Vienna, Milan, Florence, and other principal towns in Italy, came from her country house on purpose to hear Montenegro, as she said, "once more in *Norma*." During the opera she entered into all the enthusiasm of the audience, and when it was over she walked across the stage from her box to the dressing-room of Montenegro, where the two popular *artistes*, who had not met for a long time, embraced each other with no common feelings of emotion. Madame Sabatieri took from her finger a brilliant ring, and begged her friend to keep it as a *gage d'amitie*, and said that she would come next Sunday to pass the day with her and witness her triumphs in *Lubrezia*. Perhaps there never were two *artistes* to whom the same roles belonged so completely as Madame Unger and Madame Montenegro, excepting that the latter possesses much superiority as a *cantatrice* and an actress. This little incident has created additional interest on the part of Montenegro, as Madame Sabatieri is one of the leading members among the aristocracy of Montpellier.

T. E. D.

Mrs. Clara Lovelock, the talented pianist, and favourite pupil of Liza, has arrived in town from Paris for the season.

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION OF LADIES.

(From a Correspondent.)

Among the indications of improvement in musical taste as well as acquirement, of which it is every now and then our province to record, no point is either more interesting or of greater importance than the direction into a higher field of the musical studies of young ladies at school. Much has been said of the difficulty of introducing good classical compositions into such establishments; and although, on the one hand, the amount of drudgery run through by our daughters to accomplish the purposes and satisfy the ambition of a musical "education" is proverbial, on the other, the result has been too often the mere forced acquirement of a certain degree of digital dexterity, which, if the pupil is clever, goes on at home in an endless exhibition of quadrilles, waltzes, and so forth; but if she be shy, and not musically gifted, ends where it began—in the unmeaning torture and labour of the practice itself, and in effectually debarring the recipient from any future love for or understanding of the works of the great masters.

But the difficulty our professors have complained of is fast succeeding before the judicious efforts making in some establishments of superior character towards introducing a love for and a proper appreciation of the best music.

What would be said by some of those who deny us any musical character or taste, had they witnessed a performance by young ladies at school of some of the finest and most difficult choral music ever written? Yet we had the gratification the other evening of being present at a private concert at Queen's College Institution for Young Ladies, Tuford Park, Camden Town, and of listening to a performance which, as being supported entirely by amateurs, reflects the greatest credit on all concerned.

The selection began with Mendelssohn's hymn, "Lauda Sion," as adapted to English words by Mr. Bartholomew, accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. Kuhlmarke, and was followed by the first "Walpurgis Night," a composition requiring the greatest precision and pains-taking vigilance, and is, in fact, very difficult from first to last. This was accompanied by Mr. George Osborne. Between these two long pieces, which constituted the principal features, the young ladies sang the trio, "Lift thine eyes," from *Elijah*, and Rossini's *Carlin*, and they were throughout responsible for every note of the music (solo as well as choral) adapted to their voices, and this was not from a mere class of pupils selected for more than ordinary talent, but was supported, in her degree, by every pupil in the establishment, altogether mustering a chorus as numerous as that of the Royal Italian Opera, the male voice parts being supported by gentlemen of Mr. Hullah's upper school, on whose system these ladies have been instructed by his able assistant, Mr. Monk.

We need not say that we regard such instruction as most valuable, both for the sake of the excellent opportunity it affords of grounding the student in real musical knowledge, and especially for the influence it must have in forming a taste for the highest order of musical composition.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## GREGORIAN CHANTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

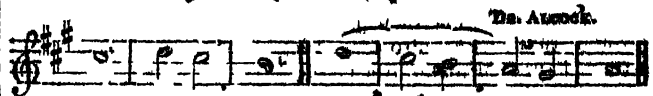
MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I mentioned that the Gregorianisers had been endeavouring to prove that a great number of Anglican Chants were fully traceable to Gregorian sources. It will, perhaps, prove far from uninteresting to some of your readers if I now give them an illustration of the kind of evidence on which this point has been attempted to be established. And, after doing this, I shall take leave to carry out the "tracing system" a little, that the full extent of its enormous absurdity may be more apparent to some than perhaps it may be at present.

The Gregorianising process, then, is thus explained in a book now lying before me, published by a society for the propagation of "good crotchets," "It is not difficult," the book states, "in

looking over any collection of the earliest English chants, to trace their origin in the Gregorian tones, tracing certain fragments of the Gregorian melody, as those of Ascock and Dr. Wm. Hayes, which are little else than the 8th irregular or Peregrine tone." In that case it will not be amiss to bring forward these quoted chants, in conjunction with the Peregrine tone, that your readers may have the opportunity of "tracing" the precise extent of the supposed similarity for themselves. Here, then, is the Peregrine;—



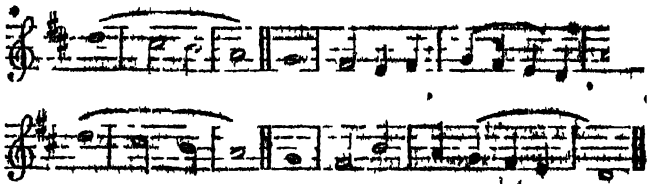
And here are the two Anglican chants in question;—



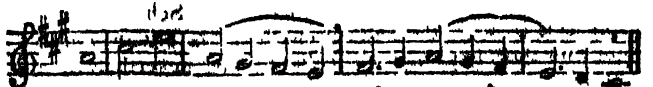
It will be at once perceived that the "longest likeness" that can be discovered to exist in these Anglican chants towards the Peregrine, consists of the descending G-A-B-C tetra-chord, over which, for the sake of perspicuity, I have drawn a curved line. I need not now pause to show that the resemblances above pointed out, are in reality only so to the eye; and that the different situation, accent, comparative length, &c., of the melody notes, and above all, their accompanying harmonies, tend to render them totally dissimilar in effect and character. I will, for the nonce, waive all these legitimate and fatal objections to the pretences of the Gregorianisers, (including the Greek origin of the Tetrachord,) that I may be the better enabled to meet them on their own ground.

It is only necessary, we find it written, to "trace fragments of the Gregorianisers (or rather Greek) melody" in a piece of music, and its Gregorian origin is settled, and its solemn and devotional character proved.

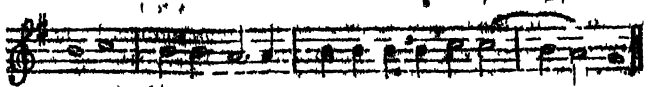
Here, then, is a chant with a "Gregorian fragment" occurring not simply once—as in the case of the chants cited by the Gregorianisers—but four times.



It is absolutely *all* "Peregrine," but is it the more solemn on that account? Here is the first line of a hymn tune, with the same piece of "Peregrine" repeated twice. Is it the more "Church-like" in consequence?



And here, would it be the concluding "fragment" of a popular air which also winds up with the same bit of one of the "uncatholical melodies" to the words "but I hate you, flow."



"Is it "devotional" music on that account?

"To what result, now, it may be asked, do we find this "tracing" theory of the Gregorianisers lead? They tell us that church music has degenerated; that some of our chants are profane; that a

reformation\* of our church music was needed; that our church music ought to be invested with a character peculiarly its own; and a vast deal more in this strain; and then wind up by insisting that, as a necessary step towards purging church music of its secular and worldliness, we ought to "return" to that "heavenly" class of chants, "fragments of the melody" of which are to be found in the greatest abundance in the most "flimsy double chants," "ranting hymn tunes," "nigger melodies," &c. Now, what a sublime specimen of "Gregorian" reformation is this! what an overwhelming case of "Peregrine" pickle does it present! Talk of purging church music, indeed, of its levity by going back to the Gregorian chants!—as well might one talk of ridding the dwellings of the poorer classes of their dirtiness by a "return" to mud huts. Only witness the amazing accumulation of heterogeneous materials which the Gregorians have managed to secure as belonging to their sublime, devotional, heavenly school of church music, by their silly course of ransacking. This will give us an idea of what might be effected from such a course.

But we have now said sufficient, for the present at any rate, concerning these Greek, Gregorian, or Nigger chants. We must not dwell longer on the clumsy arguments by which their advocacy has been propped up, but look to the spirit in which the Gregorian clamour has been started and followed up by people who are still supposed to belong to the English church. The following, then, may be given as a brief history of the whole business.

A grand attempt is made to bring the Gregorian Chants into use in the English church. The attempt is resisted on the ground that the English church possesses what is better, namely, the Anglican chants, which some would nevertheless excommunicate. A reference is made to the writings of the self-elected reformers of English church music; under the natural supposition and with the reasonable expectation that there would be found a defence of all classes of our church music; that there, in musical matters, and in matters of doctrine, the true distinctive principles and characteristics of what belongs to us would be found properly defined. But so far from this being the case, it is discovered that men have been found doing their worst to confuse the Anglican Chants with the Romish: to betray the trust to which they are self-appointed, and on the duties of which, therefore, they need never have entered, if their feelings were so inimical to their honest fulfilment. Thus we find not only the Gregorian Chants given in a harmonised form (for even their advocates are ashamed of them in their original naked shape), so as to make them bear some sort of resemblance to the younger and fairer species—a sufficiently dishonest trick, and one that calls to mind the vain old women that one sometimes meets with, who paint up to the eyes, with the idea of appearing youthful; but, besides this, our own chants subjected to an unnatural system of torturing and patching to force a resemblance from them to the stuck-up Gregorians. There, the utmost is found to be done to prove, if possible, that a long and honorable train of English church composers were little better than so many musical thieves and impostors, who hesitated not to put forth as new productions chants that were "little else than Gregorian Tones;" and which they tried to palm off as their own compositions. In a word, everything is found done that could be done to rob the English church musicians of their fair fame in this branch of their art. And all this subtle designing to degrade the Anglican church music and exalt the Romish, put into practice by those who pretend to have the interest of the English church music sincerely at heart. As a desperate and impudent attempt to force an obedience to the decree of the Archbishop of Mechlin, where the feeling does not naturally exist, it may be all very well, and is certainly very significant; but as a specimen of fair, honest handling of the subject, the less said the better, as Mr. Flowers justly observes.

And I am told that some of the chief instigators and abettors of this movement are "high church" clergymen of the Church of England" (P)—men, in that case, whose province it is, thrice a week, to direct the prayer of the people towards the throne of grace, to be delivered from all "hypocrisy, lying, and deceit." Now, is it easy to conceive a more pitiable state of things than this? At a

time, of all others, when it is necessary that "the party" should be showing itself to be above doubt and distrust, by the observance of a given and consistent course, it is found intimating a readiness to "die in defence of the truth," in regard to a doctrinal question which is at present being agitated in the Church, and yet showing an obstinate determination to "die in defence of a lie," in regard to a musical question that is being agitated in the Church. This is the unenviable situation into which the indiscreet, and certainly not over conscientious, Gregorianisers have managed to place their party by their miserable scribblings.

The first gleam of a better state of things has, however, at length shone forth. At a time when the Gregorianisers fondly hoped that their wily schemes were taking firm root, out comes Mr. Monk's book, which, in a single, short preface, completely demolishes all their claims, and exposes their one-sidedness and unfairness. Its publication is of importance in more senses than one. It speaks well for the college to which its editor is attached. It intimates that in one establishment, at any rate, the distinction between pure Anglicanism and, spurious Romanism is broadly defined; and that genuine Church of England principles, and genuine English church music, are there acknowledged to be such, and that, as such, they are fostered and encouraged, cultivated, AND DEFENDED. Mr. Monk, however, must not expect to escape scot free in quarters where "honesty is held to be not the best policy." Whether his book will be passed over in convenient silence, and its author simply quietly hated; or whether he will come in for a tolerable share of spleen and abuse, as many others have done before him, time only can show. At any rate he deserves the thanks of all those who have any sincere interest in the welfare of English Church music.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,  
Monday, May 27, 1850.

AN ORGANIST.

## REVIEWS.

"*Le Diamant de la Société*," composed by CARLO MIAESI.  
WESSEL AND CO.

UNDER the above title Mr. Carlo Miaesi has composed a pleasing and brilliant waltz. Although the subject does not bear the stamp of any great originality, the manner in which it is worked out deserves praise. The passages are showy and effective, and lie well for the hands. We have no doubt *Le Diamant de la Société*—which is dedicated to Mr. W. H. Holmes—will become a drawing-room favorite. The publishers have brought it out in a very elegant style.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

GARDONI.—This accomplished singer has arrived in London. Gardoni is in excellent health and spirits. He will, we understand, make his debut in *Le Comte d'Arz*, one of the least known, though, at the same time one of the most admirable operas of Rossini.

MADAME VARNOT is expected in town to-day from Berlin. M. DESCHAMPS, partner in the great musical establishment of Brandus and Co., has been in London for a few days, and has returned to Paris.

THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S CATCH CLUB held its usual weekly meeting, on Tuesday last, at the Thatched House, St. James's Street—Lord Wrottesley in the chair—supported by T. Fitzherbert, Esq., the Hon. Archibald McDonald, W. Dixon, Esq., and other distinguished members. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge had signified his intention of presiding, but was unavoidably prevented. Some fine glasses were sung by Messrs. Francis, Laod, Bailey, Bridgford, and Mr. Elliott, the secretary.

Mrs. ALLEN, of Gardiner's Row, Dublin, gave her annual concert to the parents and friends of her pupils on Friday and Saturday in last week. On both occasions a varied selection of music was performed by the young ladies under tuition at the establishment. The following were the most successful morceaux. The *adagio* and *rondo* from Mendelssohn's first concerto in G minor; Mozart's overture to *Zauberflöte*; Henckell's variations on "Io son Nicco"; Ries' Grand Triumphal March; Stephen Heller's *Hommage à Schubert* (No. 14, "The postman's horn"); Winter's overture to *Zaira*; Schulhoff's *Caprice* on Bohemian air, and his

\* A great mistake. All that was wanted was a revision, in moderation and in good taste.

Victoria Waltz, together with others too numerous to mention. The academy is under the *highest* patronage that can be had in Dublin. The Countess of Clarendon, accompanied by her interesting children, the Ladies Villiers (pupils of Miss Allen), lately honored Mrs. Allen's academy with a *second* visit, when the noble Countess expressed herself more than delighted with the musical entertainment provided for her on that as well as on a former occasion. The academy is rendered particularly attractive from the private manner in which it is conducted, being solely under the superintendence of Mrs. Allen and her daughters.

**ITALIAN OPERA AT PLYMOUTH.**—A partly Italian and French troupe have been playing operas at Plymouth. It appears the speculation has not been particularly productive to the liberal manager, Messrs. Combe, as the names of the artistes, with the exception of that of Signor Montelli, are entirely unknown; and the public are a little difficult to please, and not without reason, considering they had Madame Montezzo as *prima donna* last summer; and a report is current that she is about to revisit this favorite resort during the summer months.

**JENNY LIND.**—A letter from Stockholm, of 24th ult. says:—"The day before yesterday *Mdlle. Jenny Lind* arrived here from Lubeck, by the steamer the *Gauthier*. At the landing place, the celebrated cantatrice was received by a great number of young girls, all clothed in white, who offered flowers and wreaths to her. A carriage, drawn by four white horses, sent by the Philharmonic Society, conducted *Mdlle. Lind* to her hotel, where some apartments had been prepared for her. In the evening, the houses adjoining the sea were illuminated by lights placed at all the windows; a chorus of professors and *dilettanti* executed a serenade under her window, and hundreds of young men promenaded the principal streets of the town in procession, carrying flambeaux. *Mdlle. Lind* will give six concerts at the Royal Theatre at Stockholm. According to the custom here when a noted artiste arrives, the tickets for the places are put up to public sale; more than 15,000 persons disputed their possession, and they have been sold at exorbitant prices. *Mdlle. Lind* will quit Stockholm towards the middle of July for the waters at Fies. Her engagement in the United States commences on the 1st of October; but she will not embark for that country before the month of September."

It is with great regret that we have heard that Mr. Samuel Rogers, the well-known poet, met with a very severe accident on Thursday night week, on his return home from dining with a friend. Mr. Rogers was knocked down by a cab in crossing the street, and has ever since continued in such danger as to cause very serious alarm to his numerous friends and admirers.

**DEATH OF WYATT, THE SCULPTOR.**—We regret to report the death, by apoplexy, at Rome, of Wyatt, the eminent sculptor, who for the last twenty years resided there, working out those graceful creations of the chisel which enrich so many European and British galleries.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A CONSTANT READER.**—Signor Gardoni still belongs to the troupe of Her Majesty's Theatre, and will make his first appearance this season in Rossini's *Le Conte Ory*. He has been in Paris since he left St. Petersburg.

**W. B.**—We are compelled to decline, with thanks, our correspondent's poetical contribution. Two similar essays on the same theme have already appeared.

**BULLY.**—Yes.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE Gentlemen of the Huddersfield Glee Club hereby offer a Premium of TEN GUINEAS for the best original serious GLEE for Four voices. To be sent in addressed "To the Huddersfield Glee Club, George Hotel, Huddersfield," on or before the 31st of August next.**

Each composition is to be distinguished by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed letter (containing the real name and address of the composer), indorsed with a corresponding motto.

The manuscripts will be retained by the Club, but the copyright will not be interfered with. The name of the successful candidate will be announced immediately after the decision.

JOHN BREEMAN, President.  
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Huddersfield, May 28th, 1850.

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**RESPECTFULLY announce that their ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT** will take place on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1850.

Vocalists—Miss Poole, Miss Messent, Miss Woodford (Pupil of Mrs. John Roe, her first Appearance in Public), Miss Marrell, Mrs. W. Wilson, and Mrs. John Roe; Mr. Sims Reeves (his first Appearance at this Hall), Mr. Benson, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. W. H. Seguin.

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Conductors—Mr. W. Wilson and Mr. John Roe.

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**MR. JOHN PARRY** will have the honour of giving an entirely new Entertainment, entitled "NOTES VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL," for the first time, at the above Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, commencing at Half-past Eight.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

**MADAME SONTAG** will sing, by general desire, and for the last time, the variations, "Ah! vous dirai-je maman," with flute obligato, by M. Remant; a grand duet, with Madame Frenzelini; Mendelssohn's celebrated trio, from Elijah, with Mdlle. Chaston, Mdlle. L. Bertrand; and a new English ballad, composed expressly for the occasion, of M. BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, which will be given on the Stage of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 21. Boxes and stalls may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a **THIRD EDITION** of **THE ART OF SINGING**, enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Musicians.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

## LA TEMPESTA.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on  
**THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 20th, 1850,**

When will be presented the highly successful New Grand Opera by HALEVY,  
the Poet by SCHUBERT, founded on the Tempest of SHAKESPEARE, and com-  
posed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, entitled

## LA TEMPESTA.

The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

The Costumes executed under the superintendence of Madame GONNET.

## DRAMATIS PERSONA.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper)	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Trinculo	Signor FERRARI.
Stepano	Mlle. PAROISI.
Sycorax	Mlle. IDA BEBEAND.
Spirit of the Air	Madame GULLIANI.
Ariel	Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	Sig. LABLACHE.
Miranda	and Madame SONTAG.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Mr. BALFE.

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In which will appear

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Mlle. AMALIA FERRARI, Mlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,  
M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of  
the Theatre.

## HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

**GRAND MORNING CONCERT**, on Monday, June 17, to  
commence at half-past one o'clock precisely, under the immediate  
patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness  
Prince Albert, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness  
the Duchess of Gloucester, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of  
Cambridge, the Neapolitan Ambassador and suite, and other most distinguished  
personages.

The friends of the late Madame D'ARNO, and the members of the musical  
profession, desiring to testify their respect and esteem for her memory,  
intend to give a **GRAND MORNING CONCERT** for the **BENEFIT** of her  
FAMILY, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, 11, Hanover Square, and, through the  
kind condescension of the direction of her Majesty's Theatre, made for this occasion  
exclusively, several of the leading Artists of that establishment will also appear.  
Full particulars may be obtained at the principal music warehouses and  
libraries; of any of the members of the committee; and of Charles Savin,  
Esq., Hon. Sec., 31, Harley Street.

## MUSICAL UNION.

**CONCERT and BENEVOLENT MEETING**, to be held at 11, Hanover Square, on  
Tuesday, June 18th, at 8 o'clock, at which will be performed, with selections  
from *Secunda*, for voices and band, and vocal solo, will be included in the  
programme for Tuesday next. To begin half-an-hour earlier than usual, viz.,  
at 7 o'clock, at 11, Hanover Square.

Violonists: Sirat, Salntes, Deloffre, Goffie, and Watson.

Violoncello and Mello. Violoncellists: Flay and Flay.

Harmonium: S. H. H. and C. H. H.

Extra Tickets for Boxes, Stalls, and Seats, to be had of Cramer and Co.  
Members will be seated by payment at the doors.

J. ELLA.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT

GARDEN.

## FIRST NIGHT OF LA GAZZA LADRA.

ON THURSDAY NEXT, June 18th, will be performed (for the  
First Time these Three Years) Rossini's favorite Opera,

## LA GAZZA LADRA.

Ninetta	Mme. CASFELLAN,
(Her First Appearance in that Character)	
Lucia	Mlle. COTTI.
Pippo	Mlle. de MERIO.
(Her First Appearance in that Character)	
Fernando	Signor TAMBURINI,
Pedesta	Signor EGNOONI.
(His First Appearance in that Character)	
Fabrizio	Signor TAGLIATICO,
Braccio	Signor LAVIA,
Georgio	Signor POLONANI,
Gianetto	AND Signor MARIO.

## EXTRA NIGHT.

## FIRST NIGHT OF MADAME VIARDOT

## FIRST NIGHT OF LE PROPHETE.

The Directors have the honor to announce that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT  
will take place, on THURSDAY NEXT, June 20th, on which Evening will  
be represented (for the First Time this season), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

## LE PROPHETE.

in which Madame VIARDOT will make her First Appearance this season.

Ides, Madame VIARDOT.

(The Original Representative of the part at the Grand Opera in Paris).

Bertina, Madame CASFELLAN.

(The Original Representative of the part at the Grand Opera in Paris, her

First appearance in the character in England).

Jean de Leyden (the Prophet) Signor MARIO.

Count Obrythal, Signor TAGLIATICO.

Sergeant, Signor LAVIA.

Pasquale, Signor ROMMI and SOLDI.

Giuse, Signor MARALII.

(His First Appearance in that Character).

Mathias, Signor POLONINI.

Zaccaria, Herr FORMES.

(His First Appearance in that Character).

The CHORUS in the Grand ORATORIO SCENE of the third Act, will

combine the powers of the FULL ORCHESTRA, the MILITARY BANDS, the

CHORUS, and ORGAN.

The Incidental Ballet in the Skating Scene will be supported by

Mons. ALEXANDER and Mlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

(as Danced by them at the Grand Opera at Paris), and comprise the cele-

brated QUADRILL DES PÂINEURS.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Scenery by Messrs. GRIVÉ and TELBIN.

The Dresses by Mrs. BAILEY and Madame MARZO.

The Properties and Appointments by Mr. BLANIRE.

The extensive Stage Machinery by Mr. ALLEN.

And the Spectacle under the direction of Mr. A. HARRIS.

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commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or

Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hunt Street and Bow

Street, Covent Garden, which is open from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the

Principal Libraries.

## GRAND MORNING CONCERT.

MONDAY, JULY 1st.

On MONDAY, JULY 1st, the LAST CONCERT of the Season will take

place, on which occasion, in addition to a Miscellaneous Selection, will be

performed HAYDN'S ORATORIO,

## THE CREATION.

Supported by the Ecclesiastical Authorities of the Establishment, the Full Band

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Boxes, £1 1s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s. 2s.; ditto, £3 12s. 6d.; ditto, £3 3s.

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Amphitheatre Stalls, 6d.; ditto, 3d.; ditto, 1s. 6d.; ditto, 1s.

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# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 23.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1850.

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STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## VIVIER.

The following is an extract from the journal of an amateur on the occasion of Vivier's first appearance at M. Jullien's concerts:—

"The *debut* of this extraordinary and accomplished artist is decidedly the most significant musical event of the month; and, if we are not much mistaken, will mark as an epoch in musical annals. M. Vivier has acquired over that rebellious instrument, the French horn, a mastery so absolute, that he draws from it at pleasure tones soft and sweet as those of the flute, notes rough and angry as the trumpet's snarl, melancholy as the hollow wailing of the bassoon, or deep-mouthed and fierce as some wild beast's roar, or the muttering of distant thunder. The twisted brass seems plastic in his hands. Sometimes, in his sliding transition from note to note, the human voice sings mournfully, sometimes he breathes forth earnest entreaty, sometimes passionate remonstrance; and there are long, tremulous, palpitating tones, which seem to express the sobbing of a bosom torn with anguish, or to give shuddering utterance to the most intimate agony of the soul. Next moment, the strains will change, and joyful tones gush forth like the bubbling silver from a fountain, merry and clear as a child's carol, and overflowing like it with careless happiness, bright hope, and delightful memories. It is this rare power of painting in music the varying passions of the soul, and of impressing on his audience emotions profound and vivid as his own, that characterises M. Vivier's performance. As we listen, intellectual appreciation and critical analysis give place to responsive sympathy; we feel ourselves under the influence of genius, and it is no longer the sound of a trumpet, but the soul of a man that absorbs our rapt attention. Just so, when Paganini played, it was not to the mere wooden violin, to the vibrating strings, to the physical undulations of the air, that we used to listen; through those material media an impressioned soul found utterance, and entered into communication with our own."

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday.

On Tuesday Ronconi made his second appearance. The entertainments were the second act of *Anato* and the *Barbiere*. The first part of the performance was not much relished, despite the immense acting and fine singing of Ronconi in the *Usurper*. Verdi cannot obtain a stronghold at Covent Garden. He is disrelished by the band, the singers, the conductor, and the public. The chorus alone hold him in any favor. They have a lean liking for him inasmuch as his unisons give them no trouble. But we shall leave Verdi to the flagellation inflicted on him by the *Morning Post*, which the reader will find transferred into another part of our journal.

The *Barbiere* went off with infinite spirit. Mario is the

very perfection of Count Almaviva, and Ronconi the most mercurial and humorous of Barbers. Never have we seen the two characters represented with so much effect as on Tuesday. It is altogether unaccountable how Mario should have ever resigned the part of the Count to any tenor. It is beyond all question one of his most splendid performances, and surpasses all the Counts heard or seen in this country. Mario's voice is exquisitely adapted to Rossini's music, both in its natural sweetness and its floridness. The "*Ecco ridente*" was a magnificent specimen of singing, and was encored enthusiastically—a compliment we never heard paid to this most beautiful of serenades before. Perhaps one cause of the encore was that Mario did not alter Rossini's notes. This was a lesson the singers had been previously taught by Alboni. Time was when vocalists considered Rossini's airs but frames on which to hang their own *broderies*. They are beginning to be a little more enlightened now, and, to entertain a notion that the *maestro* knew something more of the voice than themselves. However, if they still persisted in their presumption, the public would treat them with disdain, being taught to distinguish the legitimate from the false by two of the greatest singers of all times—Mario and Alboni. To such as loved to hear Rossini's music sung as he wrote it, Mario's performance on Tuesday must have afforded a very rare treat. The beauty of the melodies were rendered with a voice of exquisite richness, and purity, while the florid passages were given with the precision and facility of a violin. Mario's execution is quite marvellous. We do not remember ever to have heard the duct, "*All'idea di que metallo*," provoke so much enthusiasm. Mario's Count Almaviva, in short, is one of the most perfect performances ever witnessed, and, if attractive according to its merits, would draw all London to the Opera for twenty nights.

And then, what a coadjutor had Mario in Ronconi. The *Figaro* of this artist is a performance of great originality. It is the Spanish barber to the life; the sly, the witty, the self-possessed, the liar, the intriguer, the flatterer, the money-seeker. In all these phases Ronconi is curiously happy, and makes every point tell with the audience. His "*Largo al factotum*" was splendidly sung, or, rather, splendidly acted; for, indeed, his every look and motion was so instinct with fun and humour that the hearers' ears were forestalled, and "*made fools of the other sense*." The music of *Figaro* was written for a high baritone, and here Ronconi has a decided advantage over all the *Figaros* in our recollection. His voice has also a good deal of flexibility, without which the music could not be completely rendered.

Madame Castellan made a charming and lively Rosina, and sang the music delightfully. It was the first time, if we mistake not, the fascinating *cantatrice* made her essay in comedy in London. If so, she has no need to apprehend a failure in her new line of impersonation. Madame Castellan introduced, at the piano, an air of a Spanish character, written by De

Beriot for Malibran. This was rendered with peculiar warmth and feeling, and was loudly applauded.

Polonini, with a little practice, would make an excellent Bartolo. He should not have omitted the fine aria in the first act. By the way, why does not Tamburini undertake this part? He would make an immense hit in it, or we are greatly mistaken.

Tagliafico made much of Basilio, and sang the splendid "Calunnia" song very finely, bating a little too much hurrying the time.

Madame de Conti, although a little frightened, acquitted herself capitally in the old duenna. She sang her song in the second act with point and spirit.

If the opera had even one rehearsal—poor Rosini could not have been spared one rehearsal!—the success of the *Barbiere* would have been immense; but some parts went so lamely as to be quite unpardonable. Ronconi was the only individual who knew his part perfectly.

So much for the *Barbiere*, which, with the same performers as on Tuesday night, we would willingly walk twenty miles on foot to hear—provided it had one or two rehearsals.

Thursday was an extra night, and the *Don Giovanni* was given for the second time this season. At the first performance great disappointment was felt that Formes was unable to assume the part of Leporello, which was known to be one of his greatest personations. On Thursday night Formes appeared for the first time as Leporello on the Italian stage, and with a result which his warmest admirers could hardly have anticipated. Truth to say, the Leporello of the German basso is the most satisfactory we have ever seen, as it is not only highly comic, when comedy is requisite, but profoundly serious where the exigencies of the scene demand a total forbearance from any thing verging on the humorous. In the latter respect, his Leporello is the only one that really impressed us with a sense of its reality. All the Italian artists who have played the character, including the greatest of them all, Lablache, have never condescended to consider the awfulness of the last scene, but thought it incumbent on them to create mirth when they should have exhibited terror, and to turn into a joke the most terrible situation in any drama we know. Formes alone has paid due reverence to the situation and the music; and hence the effect of the last scene on Thursday night was something indescribable. We never felt the weight of Mozart's music before. And all this is owing to Formes' knowing what he speaks, and feeling what he sings. How simple the means, and yet what a lesson has the German basso read to all the Italian vocalists who have preceded him. We are certain the lesson of Thursday night will not be thrown away.

The singing of Formes was admirable from first to last. The catalogue song was very finely given. In the duet in the churchyard, and the grand csetet, his splendid voice told with powerful effect.

We noticed many new points in Formes' acting which plainly indicated he had a purpose in all he did—that not a look, an attitude, or motion, was thrown away. We were particularly struck with his devotion to Don Giovanni, in the finale to the last act, and his clinging to him when confronted by the maskers, although he wanted to fasten his guilt upon him. In the last scene his seizing hold of Don Giovanni's hand and endeavouring to force him away from the statue, his look of horror when he hears his master declare his determination to sup with the ghost, and his exit with a shudder, were splendid points, and worthy of any artist.

We have no hesitation in saying that Leporello is by far the best performance of Formes we have yet seen.

Madame Castellan's Zerlina was, on this occasion, delightfully sung and admirably acted. We could hardly have desired a more captivating peasant girl in looks and demeanour, while the fair vocalist never exhibited more thorough indication of being an artist in judgment and a musician in feeling. Mozart's music was revered.

Of Grisi's glorious performance of Donna Anna, of Mario's Ottavio—which suffered slightly from a cold—and of Tamburini's Don—which was rendered doubly grand and impressive in the last scene by Formes' serious acting—it is unnecessary to speak. They are stereotyped in the pages of the *Musical World*.

Tagliafico sang with immense power in the last scene. His voice sounded stony and sepulchral, and was awe-striking in the extreme. We cannot help repeating that this last scene was unparalleled in its effect, and that it was, perhaps, the greatest thing achieved at the Royal Italian Opera. We trust *Don Giovanni* will be repeated; such a performance as that of Thursday night should not overlooked by the directors.

Madame Viardot has arrived, and will appear in the *Prophete* next Saturday.

#### VERDI AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the Morning Post.)

A GREAT uproar took place at this establishment last night; several persons attired in quaint costumes appeared upon the stage, and for some reasons which we in vain endeavoured to make out from the business of the scene, or the requirements of the dramatic action, uttered strange cries and piercing screams. The strain upon their pulmonic resources appeared to be very great indeed, yet on the whole they did their duty manfully. After ruminating for some time at these peculiar proceedings, and searching deeply for the philosophy of this vocal raving, we were at length fortunate enough to discover something which we will venture to lay before our readers, not as a conclusive solution of the problem, but simply as a proposition which may, perhaps, afford a clue to the mystery.

Verdi, the hope of young Italy—Verdi, whose music (?) is being performed with success throughout musical Europe, and is the admiration of many Italian vocalists, must needs possess some wondrous excellence. Musicians (the poor blind creatures!) may not be able to discover it, they may not be able to discern in it any of those attributes of musicianship which they worship in Mozart and other dull writers of the so-called classical school; but musicians are seldom philosophers, and Verdi is—hence his incomprehensible superiority, and the great difference which exists between him and all other great composers. Verdi's style may in a great measure be considered as a tremendous musical illustration of the popular maxim that "unity is power;" but his chief and noblest aim appears to be to show that the human voice, when strained to the utmost, can be made to produce more noise than any combination of instruments whatever, to assert the supremacy of the "voice of Nature," to prove its superiority over mere mechanical inventions and contrivances, even though they be made of brass or sheepskin. Who can deny the elevation of this purpose? Nature versus Art! Why should man or woman be out-roared by an ugly trombone, or out-screamed by an impertinent octave flute?

To the great object we have mentioned, Verdi has devoted

his energies; in the pursuit of it, all smaller considerations to which unphilosophical composers have given their attention, such as melody, harmony, counterpoint, dramatic propriety, originality, &c., have appeared to him insignificant and unworthy the attention of a genius.

We believe, then, we have explained the philosophy of Verdi's music, and the object of his ambition; but, unfortunately, his experiments have only been partially successful; for, with all the superhuman efforts of his vocalists, it is but rarely that they contrive to get above the truly infernal din of the orchestra; but when they do they are richly rewarded by the audience, who seem thoroughly to appreciate the difficulties they have undergone; and, highly gratified by this interesting triumph of human nature, not unfrequently vociferate, "let them roar again!" which they do, accordingly, in a manner which it would "do any man's heart good to hear."

We are by no means sure that we have given a correct explanation of the Verdian musical philosophy, for the meaning of so great and popular a writer is not easily discovered; but perhaps our indulgent readers will accept it until they get a better.

We spoke very severely of this opera when it was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre under the title of *Nino*; and the fact of its being called *Amato* at the Royal Italian Opera by no means induces us to add anything to, or retract anything from, our already expressed opinion. Had not the affair been forced upon our notice by the fact of so deservedly celebrated a singer as Signor Ronconi selecting it for his *début*, we should not again have spoken of it; for as a work of art it is altogether beneath criticism. We shall now merely record that it was sung by Madame Castellan, Mlle. Vera, Signor Tamberlik, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Ronconi; much better than it deserved to be.

Signor Ronconi received a very warm greeting, and was much applauded throughout; but we must decline entering into any details respecting his general merits until we hear him in something more worthy of his talent.

The house was crowded.

#### MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT.

THE Hanover Square Rooms were crowded at the concert of Mr. Brinley Richards, the pianist, and the audience were elegant as numerous. Mr. Richards is an artist who has lawfully earned the repute in which he stands with the profession and with the public, and he did much on the present occasion not only to confirm, but to increase the esteem in which he is held. The most important feature of the evening was Mr. Macfarren's quartet in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and double bass, which was executed by Messrs. Richards, Cooper, Hill, Piatti, and Mount, and was received with great applause. Mr. Richards played also one of the admirable Studies of Cramer, the prelude and very melodious Fugue of Bach in C sharp major, and the Courante, followed by the air with variations, known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith," of Handel, in which the classical purity of his style was displayed to much advantage. He was no less successful in a selection of pieces calculated to test very different qualities in the pianist from those brought into play in the works of these ancient masters, namely, a *Nocturne* and a *Scherzo* of his own composition, the latter of which in particular was extremely effective for the instrument. Further, he performed one of the brilliant fantasias for pianoforte and violin, of Osborne and De Benoit, with Mr. Cooper, an admirable violinist, whose talent is the more esteemed the more it is known; and lastly, an extremely showy *concertante*,

for two pianofortes, and some of the most popular songs of Schubert, with the composer Mr. Benedict. The only other instrumental performance was a solo on the violoncello of Sig. Piatti, whose beautiful style and extraordinary execution elicited much admiration. Among the vocal pieces the most conspicuous were a trio of Mr. Richards, sung by Miss Birch, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Drayton, the American vocalist, which was unanimously redemanded by the audience; and a song, "Hark, maiden, 'tis the battle cry," also the composition of the *beneficiaire*, which was so admirably sung by Mr. Sims Reeves as to deserve and to receive the same compliment. Miss Catherine Hayes sang an aria from the *Somnambula* in her best and most effective manner, and, with Madame Macfarren, two of the beautiful duets of Mendelssohn, in which the charming combination of the exquisite voices of these ladies enhanced even the great beauty of the music. Madame Macfarren surprised us and delighted every one by her truly chaste yet highly impassioned rendering of "Voi che sapete;" we have long admired, in common with all the best musical judges, the beautiful voice and the energetic style of this young lady, but we remember not to have heard her to such advantage as on this occasion, when her evident appreciation of the intention and the intensity of the music, and her skillful command of her vocal resources, enabled her to give a reading to one of Mozart's happiest inspirations that we never wish to hear surpassed. Madame Macfarren's admirable singing of this lovely song was duly appreciated and fully acknowledged by the audience. Misses. Birch, Bussano, and Messent, sung each an aria of Rossini, in which each displayed her accustomed powers. Miss Owen sang an extremely graceful ballad of her brother's, Mr. Owen, the clarinet player, with much sweetness. Signor Marchesi, a vocalist with a good style and a fine organ, Mr. W. Seguin, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Sims Reeves, sang several other pieces which are too well known to need particularising. Mr. Benedict, Mr. J. Sloper, and Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music with their usual excellence, and the whole went off in a manner that must have been gratifying, as it was creditable, to the esteemed artist who furnished the entertainment.

#### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The seventh concert took place on Monday night. The following was the programme:—

PART I.	
Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3.	Mendelssohn Barakallay.
Aria, "Hell raggio," ("Semiramide")	Madame Ottenst.
Maillard.	Rossini.
Concerto, Op. 15, Violin, M. Allard (1st Movement).	Allard.
Motet "Ave Maria," Mr. Sims Reeves, (Clarinet Obligato,	Cherubini.
Mr. Williams)	C. M. von Weber.
Overture, "Preciosa"	
PART II.	
Sinfonia in C Minor	Beethoven.
Dueto, "Ah si tu" ("Eugénie Tell")	Madame Ottenst.
Maillard, and Mr. Sims Reeves	Rossini.
Adagio e Finale of Concerto, Op. 15, Violin, M. Allard	Allard.
Rock et Gavotie "O Pietra del Bal," "Mim pour est	
désarme," ("Le Prophète")	Madame Ottenst.
Maillard.	Meyerbeer.
Overture, "Guise"	Onslow.

The strength of this selection was in the symphonies, both of which are masterpieces, and were played in the very best style. The *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn's was especially good. No two works could have been better chosen as examples of the matured genius of their composers, and none have more materially served to render their fame universal. There is nothing new, however, to be said of either of them, since they are well known and fully appreciated by all lovers of instrumental music, without as within the precincts of the Philharmonic.

It would be unfair to judge M. Allard by his performance

last night. The reputation of this gentleman in Paris, both as a soloist and an accompanist of classical chamber music, stands very high, and we have good reason to know not undeservedly; but the circumstances that induced him to come forward with a concerto of his own composition had an unfortunate influence on his *debut* at the Philharmonic Concerts, and doubtless led those who had no previous knowledge of him to form a very disparaging notion of his talent. M. Aillard does not show us a composer; and, for a work of its pretensions, we have rarely heard anything more destitute of merit than the concerto in B major introduced last night to the subscribers. It is but fair to add, that when invited by the directors to perform at the seventh concert, M. Aillard expressed a desire to play the concerto of Beethoven, or that of Mendelssohn; but both these works had already been given this season—the first by M. Sauton, the last by Mr. Cooper. M. Aillard, it is true, might have resorted to Spahr or Molique, and even De Bériot or Mayrader would have been far preferable to the *pis aller* to which (we must presume) his non-acquaintance with these celebrated writers reduced him. Under the circumstances, however, we feel justified in postponing our decided opinion of M. Aillard's ability as a violinist until we have heard him to better advantage in music more congenial to the taste of an audience so critical as that of the Philharmonic. His performance created very little sensation.

The two overtures were extremely contrasted. *The Precious of Weber*, though light in construction, is full of character and freshness; the *Guide of Onslow*, laborious and weighty, is utterly without interest; the one is the offspring of genius, the other of dull pedantry. The vocal music, except Cherubini's beautiful *Ave Maria*, admirably sung by Mr. Sims-Reeve, was by no means well chosen. Moreover, the lady upon whom two solos and a duet devolved, Madame Ortolan, manifested so unfavorable an impression, by the exaggerated light under which she exhibited all the worst vices of the French school of singing, that after the symphony of Beethoven the audience began gradually to disperse, so that much of the second part of the concert was gone through before a very unaccustomed number of deserted seats. Altogether, this concert cannot be recommended as a successful one. The directors must bear themselves, and make amends at the eighth and last of the present season, hopes of the goodness of which are already entertained by the assurance that Mr. Bonnet is engaged to perform a new concerto of his own, written expressly for the occasion, and that Ernst will play.

#### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We present our readers this week with an extract from the *Morning Post*, apropos of the Philharmonic, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Italian Operas, &c. There is much in the article for the reader to chew upon; but while affording them a space in our columns we do not pledge ourselves to the writer's opinions.

On looking around us, on examining and comparing the operatic and concert programmes which appear during a London season, in the hope of being able to draw therefrom some positive conclusions as to the actual degree of our musical advancement, we are constantly confused by inconsistencies, and confounded by contradictions. The concert of last night, for instance, was an admirable one, all the great works were vociferously applauded, and really appeared to be understood and relished by the audience. People had paid liberally for their admission, and their evident satisfaction proved that they by no means regretted the outlay.

"We find, besides the Philharmonic, our excellent Sacred Har-

monic Society's and Classical Chamber Concerts, &c., constantly crowded to listen to good music, at the same moment that, perhaps, the poorest possible modern opera is attracting full audiences at one or both of our foreign theatres, or the most miserable ballad is enjoying unbounded success. To reconcile these contradictions is a matter of some difficulty, and we confess we are scarcely prepared to do so; but we think a final judgment and a correct estimate of the actual state of musical taste can only be arrived at by comparing the amount of patronage bestowed upon good and bad, or, to use milder terms, inferior and superior music.

We are willing to give the *habitués* of the Philharmonic, Beethoven Quartet Concerts, Musical Union, &c., the full benefit of the reputation for connoisseurship which their constant attendance at these classical entertainments argues; but the mere fact of people frequenting the temples of the classic muse, *decorum prole*, no more proves to us that they are possessed of pure musical taste than others by attending church every Sunday would convince us of the purity of their morals. We wish to know what they do every day. We wish to know their actions when uninfluenced by regard to appearances, or when scared into propriety by the dread of being found out.

"If a man may be judged by the company he keeps, the books he reads, music he hears, and pictures he sees, may surely be allowed to afford an equally powerful means of inferential judgment upon his mind and character.

"It is easy for the vicious or ignorant to assume a reverence for virtue and learning, but it is impossible for the truly virtuous to enter into any compromise with vice; and this trite fact, this truism (which, although admitted in theory, is strangely lost sight of in practice), when applied to the arts, establishes that it is possible for those having a depraved taste for music or painting to assume a reverence for the true and beautiful, but it is utterly impossible for those who know the true to believe in the false.

"We have six Italian opera performances per week, most of which are devoted to inferior works; we have innumerable concerts devoted to the small style of music; and, although there be many in which better things are to be heard, still, on examination, it will be found that the amount of patronage bestowed on the bad or inferior is infinitely greater than that which the good receives even for fashion's sake. But the strongest proof of all of our taste is to be found in the music one hears in private society, at musical parties. What compositions form the chief delight and recreation of our amateurs? Do they sing or play Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or any other great writer? Yes! about one out of fifty thousand on an average; while the other forty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine revel to the Hansons sweets of the modern Italian school, the namby-pamby English ballad, or the impossible melodies and frightful chromaticisms of small German composers. Again, we would ask—what is the kind of music our music-sellers and operatic managers find it to their interest to bring out and pay for? Is it the best? Certainly not, say they; and yet we have a *taste*! Save the mark! What sort of a taste? Ay, there's the rub. We have now come to a point which touches most nearly the interests of all art. Persons who admit that they know nothing may be instructed; at least, they possess a knowledge of their ignorance, which is the next in usefulness to a knowledge of the thing itself. Persons who have a limited knowledge of the thing would rather pride themselves on their learning than on their taste, but it is only those who know nothing whatever, and yet have the presumption to aspire to criticism, who insist so strongly upon their *taste* for art; and it is no wonder they should; for deprive them of this imaginary appreciative power, and what becomes of their approving *good* or deprecating *bad*? This all-sufficient *taste*, which comes, doubtless, like some divine ray of inspiration from above, is the sole supporter of their curule chair; let but the hand of common sense pluck it away, and down come these mighty law-givers, without being able to break their fall by clinging to one scientific truth or artistic fact! Taste, forsooth, without knowledge, which can alone give taste in the usual acceptance of the word! Save us from such taste, for it is the bane of all true art! How many out of all those who listened to and applauded to the echo the masterpieces performed last night would, supposing the same amount of merit, or a portion of it, to exist in the work of one of our own composers, be capable of



recognising or willing to encourage it? Very few, we fear! Yet if they really saw the excellence of the one, they could scarcely fail to discern the excellence of the other. "The greatest works of all kinds resemble each other," said poor Weber; and though a certain individuality and peculiar mode of expression are inseparable from original composition, still the resemblance must be greater than the difference. All great works are wrought upon some principle, which has been only discovered by reflection and experiments, and it is from such works alone that we can deduce all rules of art. Rules of all kinds are drawn from discoveries and based upon experience; they are not abstract inventions. Deep study and comparison can alone lead to a knowledge of them, but hold! may exclaim our transcendentalists—does not inspiration do it all! Such an argument would indeed take us altogether out of this world, upon the things of which we are able to reason. But we do not think that a great work is *judged* by inspiration, or that the faculty which enables us to see and admire its excellence would be able to sympathise so warmly with that which must of necessity be so above its comprehension, beyond its powers of judgment, and, consequently, out of the reach of its sympathies.

"Music is just as much a fixed science as any other. We know that certain causes give certain results; we know that such and such things are, although we may not know *why* they are. The true musical student visits every corner of the tone world, he investigates every possible combination of sound and variety of rhythm, he studies the powers and capabilities of every instrument and voice, and seeks to imbue himself with a feeling of their quality of tone and general effect. He essays the blendings of various instruments, and takes note of the effect produced by the various harmonic combinations so blended; and, in short, endeavours to acquire a certain knowledge based upon experience. The deeper he goes the more he finds to admire in the works of the great masters, in which he sees the application of the means of which he may be master. Out of the various forms and styles of beauty, drawn from tonal combination and succession, he discovers one grand central form, which he at once finds to be in every sense the best, for it includes every manner and style conceivable, every available chord or passage, and is the only means of arriving at the much-desired "variety-in-unity" principle. This form may be termed the whole; and particular styles, or schools, portions of the whole. Each of these may possess some attributes of excellence—some brightly glowing passages; but the knowledge being limited, in much writing repetition becomes unavoidable, and a mannered style inevitably results. In the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, we find everything worth having; and if a composer think to arrive at originality by studiously avoiding a resemblance to what they have written, he will merely fall into eccentricity and absurdity. It is true that a man, by the skilful use of newly-invented instruments, may produce some orchestral effects not to be found in the great masters; but his power stops there; for, without the general knowledge they possessed, he can never arrive at their eminence, and at the best, can lay claim to no greater merit as a musician than he who brings together some brilliant colour effects in painting, without any reference to the general harmony of the whole picture, or correctness of design or expression, would have to be considered a great painter.

"Light rises out of order, and beauty from proportion. Without order and proportion there can be no high art any more than there can be good government. That order, without which true liberty becomes impossible—that order which admits of the development of the greatest variety of character—is that which, applied to the arts, gives the greatest freedom to the imagination, the greatest variety of subordinate form under the salutary reign of the unity of design principle. There may be some small wit, some system-makers, or effect-seekers, who for a time succeed in drawing dust into the eyes of a novelty-loving world; but their reign is ever short, and they merely become ridiculous by their attempts to overturn a principle based upon that of the universe itself. The one only eternal principle of *variety-in-unity*, the variety which enchants the imagination, and the unity which satisfies the reason, the principle of all good governments, of all this art is coeval with the birth of the world, eternal as the Divine will, one and indivisible with the principle of our nature and the world itself.

"The end and aim of the arts is to elevate the mind by pleasing it; pleasure is their object, but pleasure of the most refined and ennobling kind. The mind should be raised to consciousness of that bright glowing world of intensest joy, the future world of golden dreams and hopeful aspirations, the spirit's home, where every thought and beautiful imagining which has haunted our brain here below may find a form—where that which was ideal beauty, either in tones, form, or expression, may become reality. It is only thus that we can be raised above the level of this dull earth, or be enabled to catch a glimpse of eternal truth. But to accomplish this certain means have been furnished to us, and it is only by the use of the Divine attributes of our nature, reason, that we can hope to discover and apply them. No hypocrisies, no poetical phrases will do, without knowledge—a knowledge to be slowly and calmly acquired, by investigation and experience. The means lie within the reach of all but those who are blinded by vanity, and love to prate of inspiration, and those who are too indolent to study."

"The truth and beauty of musical art, like every other, are to be sought in investigation of the principles and experiences (in its highest sense) of the art itself, and verified by comparison with the works of nature and the sister arts. This public, though frequently and grossly wrong and unjust to living talent, never fails to do justice to those who are beyond the reach of its applause. The mistakes of one generation are rectified by another, and in the long run 'The Million' is decidedly right. Even those who are incapable of understanding any other proof will, perhaps, feel some reluctance at entering into a contest in which all civilized human nature is against them! Who now thinks of comparing Pizzetti with Gluck, or Biondini with Handel? Yet those small people had their allies and powerful ones, too, and contended for a long time successfully with the giants of song, whose works are for all time. The mists of error at length clear away, and the greatest men alone remain the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages. But how frequently does the 'Homage of the World' come too late! How often might the critic's pen, able and honestly employed, teach the public to appreciate and reverence that living talent which, without its assistance, may presently fall a victim to ignorance, injustice, or envy! To whom is the aspiring student to look for aid and encouragement, if not to the public critic and instructor.

"The comprehensive view we take of art enables us to recognise even the smallest merit. We can still discern the rays of the sun although they may be obscured by clouds or broken by irregularity. Knowing the whole, we must necessarily know its component parts, also what proportion they bear to each other; and although we desire to have the best in art, it still affords us great pleasure to do justice to merit, be it never so diminutive, wherever we find it. The high standing of the Philharmonic Society, and its great influence upon musical feeling and art in this country have led us into these reflections upon the state of public taste in general."

"We could say much more on this head, but the length to which this notice has already run warns us to proceed at once with the actualities of the concert."

—The length of the above notice precludes our giving any further extract from the programme of this number.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

It is quite impossible to describe to you the sensation the talented cantatrice, Madame Montenegro, has occasioned in our musical coteries. She gave two representations at Nismes, en route from Lyons, so that from the short distance from hence to that place, she had already established a popularity in the neighbourhood; but the frequenters of the theatre were in no way prepared for the impersonation of Norma which they witnessed on Thursday evening. Every one was struck with the impassioned scenes, and in the subdued parts there was a truthful pathos which contrasted well with the jealous rage which followed the discovery of Pollio's infidelity and showed the talent of the artist to the greatest advantage. Madame Montenegro well deserves the laurels she has gained. Madame Santinga, Adalgisa, was

excellent; the progress this lady, not yet twenty-two, has made since I last heard her, is surprising; her voice is clear and of good quality, and she always sings with taste and feeling. Pollio fell into the hands of Signor Santiago, the second tenor not having arrived. The music was charmingly sung, but all the tenors of any repute studiously avoid the part.\* Signor Nerini was the Oreste. His voice, which he uses most judiciously, is powerful; he is very young, and will, if I mistake not, live to be numbered among the bass singers of the day. The chorus was excellent, and the precision of the band under the able guidance of Mons. Henin, was remarkable. The director of the theatre, Mons. Valgalier, after the performance, waited on Madame Montenegro to extend her performances, but having engaged with the director at Toulouse to give three representations, she was unable to accede to his request. From Toulouse she proceeds to Plymouth, where she is engaged on enormous terms to give twenty representations, and from thence to the grand theatre at Madrid, for the *fêtes* given in honour of the Queen's *accouchement* in November. Last night, in spite of the prices being doubled, the theatre was crammed to the ceiling to witness the performance of *Lucia*. It was as brilliant as that of *Norma*. The mad scene was finely given, and indeed the whole performance was entitled to very high praise. The encores which Madame Montenegro with best possible taste complied with, were almost as numerous as the *bouquets* and *coronads* which were thrown at her feet. She was called before the curtain and received with the enthusiasm which is only known in the Midi, when they have talent they appreciate. Santiago might be said to have appeared for the first time, for one can scarcely call Pollio a part for a first tenor; however, the favourable impression he made even in that character, gave him a hearty reception, and he sung the music of *Edgar* with taste and feeling. He was called for at the end of the second act, and after the great scene in the last. There are qualities in Santiago's voice that remind me much of Ivanhoff. He is very young, and with study and practice may take rank among the first tenors of the day. Signor Ghislanzoni was the brother of the unhappy Lucy. This gentleman is young in the profession, but possesses capabilities of being a first-rate baritone. On Thursday *Norma* is to be repeated by general demand. Never was there such a musical town as this. There are several amateur societies, and among them musicians, little, if any, inferior to professionals. There is a tenor, Mons. Costa, with a voice of the most brilliant quality. T. E. B.

Milan. — (From our own Correspondent.) — Dear — You will, I am sure, be right well pleased to hear that our countryman, Charles Brabant, has made a decided hit here. I attended his *début*, which was highly successful. His first attempt before an Italian audience was at a concert of the Academy at the Carcano Theatre. He sang the "Una furtiva lagrima," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was encored, and called for seven times before the curtain. Think of that, ye incomplete and frigid northerners! I understand he has been taking lessons from Rubini, and indeed he has made an immense advance in his profession. I remember him a very innocent singer in London, and now he has become one of the artful. His voice, too, is improved. In short, Italian Charles Brabant is a very different personage from the Princess's Theatre Charles Brabant. The judges all say that, with six or twelve months' study, the young English tenor will make a fortune

in Italy. All the papers are highly encomiastic. Thinking you would be glad to hear of him, I have written this hurried scrawl, which, pray, excuse.

#### ACROSTICS TO MISS CATH'RINE HAYES.

I.  
MANY sweet charms in thee combin'd,  
In varied loveliness we see,  
So rare, so bright, and so refin'd,  
Song, beauty, genius—all in thee.

Chanting divinest melody,  
Ah! you such melting notes prolong,  
That in delight we seem to be,  
Heavenward wafted by your song.  
Rushing through the deep-thrill'd brain,  
In vain we'd check its onward way;  
Now dazzling joy, now rending pain—  
Each changeful feeling owns your sway.

How many hearts hang on thy voice,  
And souls obey such changeful feeling?  
You make to mourn—you say rejoice—  
Each soul then feels through its heart stealing  
Such strange delight, your powers revealing.

ROBERT.

II.  
Most enraptured tones awaking,  
In the soul such heavenly powers,  
Sun-like, when the morn is breaking,  
Showing this bright earth of ours;

Coursing through the rapid heavens,  
Around its light the bright clouds fly,  
Thus thou'st to the rapt soul given,  
Heavenly tones to gild its sky;  
Rending the deep awaken'd soul,  
Inspiring thoughts that death-bound slept.  
Now you make joy hold glad control—  
E'en now we see mild eyes have wept.

How wondrous the unveiled powers  
Awake, when Genius casts its spells,  
You—like to Love, midst Passion's hours,  
Evoke a life no language tells—  
Strange, bright, and sweet, which in us dwells.

ROBERT.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### ADELPHI.

On Monday night a burlesque entitled *Esmeralda* was produced with decided success. The author has not gone back to Mr. Hugo's novel to reconstruct a new drama, but has taken the story as it exists ready dramatized in the ballet which Carlotta Grisi has rendered immortal.

There is something in the story of *Esmeralda* which resists the burlesque treatment. The fate of the fascinating young Bohemian is so thoroughly mournful, that even when her career is suddenly made to terminate happily, as in the ballet, it is impossible to give her fortunes a ludicrous aspect. The anxiety to see her execution is made the vehicle for some satirical allusions to that morbid love of the horrible which was so strikingly manifest some nine months ago, but the truth of the "hit" does not make it the more comical. The character of *Esmeralda*, as represented by Madame Celeste, is completely one of ballet, not of burlesque, and she is entitled to all praise for the elegance of her pantomime, and the characteristic freedom of her *Traudeise*. The Quasimodo of Mr. J. Smith, was perhaps as fine a piece of dumb show as could be seen on any stage. The movements proper to deformity and the stolid ferocity were perfect, but it was the perfection of serious pantomime, not of burlesque. Captain

\* Our correspondent overlooks the fact that Rubini, Donelli, and Mario, have played *Lucia*, and that Tamburini does play the part.—Ed.

Phœbus turned into an exquisite in the Guards, and played by Miss Woolgar; Clipin made into a sort of pompous Blueskin, by Mr. Paul Bedford; and Pierre Gringpire, who afforded some scope for the droll activity of Mr. Wright, were the comic personages of the piece; but the characteristics of none of these artists were displayed with great prominence. Fleur-de-l'ys is a singing character for Miss Fitzwilliam, and is attractive through the merits of the vocalists.

The business of the piece, the dances, the groupings, and so forth, are remarkably well conducted, and we would suggest that the skeleton should be brought together, and that the dialogue should be considerably shortened. At present, to be sure, the actors are not perfect in their metre, but even when present deficiencies are surmounted, we cannot help thinking that there is a considerable want of *ris comica* in the words, and that the piece chiefly depends on its qualities as a spectacle and its pantomimic action.

At the conclusion a scene was introduced totally irrelevant to the plot, but which caused much amusement. Emericda was made to superintend a "wheel of fortune," from which a few prizes were drawn and actually allotted to the audience, the course of luck being determined by tickets given at the entrance to the theatre. Finally a living female statue was awarded to a gentleman in the stalls, represented by Mr. Worrell, and his right to take the article home was disputed by his better half, who, personated by Mr. Wright, in cloak and bonnet, remonstrated with him from a private box.

Madame Celeste and the other principal artists were called at the fall of the curtain, and the fair manager announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause.

#### MARYLEBONE.

On Thursday evening, a performance by the Dramatic Club of the Literary Institution of Edward Street, Portman Square, took place at this theatre, which was very well attended. The play was *Love's Sacrifice*. The female parts (the members of the club being all gentlemen) were assigned to professional artists, Miss T. Bassano and Miss Fitzpatrick taking the principal ones. Time and study enough to embody the impassioned ideals of her thoughts, are alone wanting to make Miss T. Bassano a dramatic star of magnitude. Her best passages in the character of Margaret were the quiet resignation of her manner after she had determined on the sacrifice, and the burst of uncontrollable agony that followed, touches in the true spirit of the tragic drama. Miss Fitzpatrick, in *Hermione*, was as graceful and unimpaired as usual. Among the amateurs, Messrs. Roberts and Austin excited most attention. The former gentleman's *Pilmore* was correct rather than powerful; his declamation was throughout smooth and harmonious, and if his performance presented few points for decided admiration, certainly exhibited nothing to offend. He was more in his element, and therefore more successful, in the two afterpieces, *The Eton Boy* and *Time Trips All*; in the former of which he excited considerable merriment. Mr. Austin's *Jean Rusé* was the best piece of amateur acting in the play. He gave an excellent picture of the cunning and hypocritical serving-man. The rest of the parts, with the due allowance for amateurs, were creditably filled.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—Wednesday last M. Regnier took his benefit, on which occasion Scribe's comedy of the "*Camarderie*" was performed. The cast was somewhat different from what it was on its previous production, when some of the principal artists of the *Théâtre Français* took the leading parts, and by their united efforts contributed essentially to

the perfection of the ensemble. We then stated that we never saw a piece better put on the stage; as it now stands we again affirm that no piece of the modern repertoire is better worth seeing. We lose the *finesse* and finish of M. Samson's conception of the *Comte de Miremont*, peer of France, which is not compensated by the zeal displayed by M. Tourillon; but in other respects the play went admirably. Mlle. Brasseur displayed much archness in the part of Zoé, originally performed by Mad. Nathalie, and the latter lady gave us a most perfect and masterly picture of the ambitious, intriguing, female diplomatist. The sedate, demure, passive expression of the countenance was in excellent keeping with the part; and the violent, although subdued outburst of rage, when Césarine discovers that she has been made a catspaw of, completed the triumph of Mlle. Nathalie under a very difficult ordeal, which naturally provoked a direct comparison with Mlle. Denain, out of which she however came triumphantly. Her reading was somewhat different from that of her predecessor in the part; but it was equally good and forcible, and was rewarded with well-merited applause. The oily, smooth-tongued, intriguing Barnabette, is quite in M. Regnier's line, every word seems written expressly for him; even his slight Gascon accent contributes to the illusion; perpetual motion, both of limb and tongue, is his element, he rattles on in a manner which throws even the *buff comici* of the Italian Opera quite into the shade, so great is his velocity of utterance. In short he seemed the very incarnation of hustle and intrigue. Mad. Nathalie and M. Regnier were called on at the end of the performances. M. Regnier will leave London after next week; he will take with him our deepest sympathy and regret, with the hope that his parting will be but a temporary one. The house was good. The comedy was preceded by the favorite vaudeville *Les extrêmes se touchent*, in which M. Lafont played with true gentlemanly feeling the part of a nobleman of the old school. J. DE C.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC IN SANDERLAND.

(From a Correspondent.)

Sir,—I find, by No. 21 of your journal, that our musical doings, which have hitherto been passed over in silent contempt, are in future to be honoured by the notice of a special correspondent. I trust that the next time he forwards you a critique it will be a little more consistent with truth than his first essay; and were he to separate the private tittle-tattle from the musical matter, it would render his communications far more interesting to your readers generally, and take up less of that space in your columns which may be more usefully filled. However pleasant Mr. Anthony Wimpole's reminiscences may be to himself, or however agreeable his meeting with his old friend, I apprehend that they have little to do with "Music in Sanderland." Therefore, if we are to be visited with another of his literary compositions, pray spare us the three parts of twaddle, and at once introduce us to the pith of his communication.

I should not have troubled you with this letter, had not the statements contained in friend Anthony's epistle been so absolutely false, and the object so evident (especially to any one knowing both the writer and the professional gentleman whose reputation he is attempting to injure), that common honesty towards one who, during his residence in this town, has done very much towards spreading a taste for the highest class of music, demands that the fallacies contained in Wimpole's letter should be exposed.

It appears, by his own statement, that your correspondent went to church solely to hear the organist. Now, whether this was a proper motive or not I still will stay to examine, but will at once proceed to speak of his remarks on this gentleman's performance. The organist did not please him: "his playing was all in the florid style." Perhaps, when Anthony favours us again, he will explain

what he means by the "florid style." In the meantime, I will just tell you what is my impression of Mr. Hill's organ-playing. I consider him to be a sound musician of the most severe school. During the three years he has been organist of Bishopwearmouth Parish Church—although I have been a constant attendant there—I have never heard him on any single occasion alter, in the slightest degree, the music he had to play. In playing the chants, psalm tones, &c., I have never been able to detect the slightest attempt at display—no single shake, turn, or ornament of any kind, but just sufficient organ to support the choir, and no more.

A perusal of the choir books will at once convince any one what his taste in church music is; for whereas, before his coming amongst us, we had nothing but conventional tunes—bass solos, and alto solos, and alto solos, and treble duets, *ad infinitum*—we have now none but old standard tunes; others, more modern, perhaps, but still written on the same models.

Your correspondent goes on to notice (very ingeniously) the Sunday-school; and I would ask any one, reading this part of his letter, what is its evident object? Is it not to induce your readers to believe that these school children form the choir of Bishopwearmouth Church, and, being trained by the organist, are indebted for the faults of their singing to his imperfect tuition? What else does he mean by hoping that some of your Christian readers—organists for instance—will take the hint?

Now, the truth of the matter is, that we have a regular choir—very inadequately paid, indeed, but still a very good choir—totally distinct from the school children. Furthermore, the organist has nothing whatever to do with the Sunday-school children, so that, be their faults what they may, no blame can be attached to him. In addition to all this, the "powerful" organ of which "Wind-pipe" speaks is, in truth, a miserable affair, crammed into the tower behind the western gallery, the case having been horribly mutilated in order to let it under an arch; the swell-organ being in the bell-finger-hole.

The children, again, are placed in the porch of the church, two sets of folding doors having been removed, in order to put them out of the way of the church altogether. The sound of the organ, what he faintly, indeed, when it reaches them, and the idea of the organist being able to hear what they are doing is perfectly absurd—in fact, I doubt whether he was aware that they attempt to sing at all. When your correspondent states that the congregation is not a detonating one, he certainly does come near the truth for once, for, as there are not a dozen people in the whole assembly who attempt to sing (the choral portion of the service being performed by the choir and organist, and the remainder by the priest and clerk), they cannot be said materially to alter the pitch.

Having exposed the unfair nature of Mr. Anthony Windpipe's remarks, I shall not apologise for the length of this, because, having inserted in your journal an article reflecting discredit (most unjustly) on a young professor, you are, in common fairness, bound to afford a place to his refutation.

#### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHARITY SCHOOLS.

The anniversary of this great festival was celebrated on Thursday in St. Paul's Cathedral, with the usual pomp and ceremony. The principal object of the yearly assembly of the metropolitan charity schools is too well known to require explanation; but it gives us pleasure to say that the attendance of visitors was more numerous than for many years past, and that the ends of benevolence are likely to be accomplished with unusual efficacy. It is probable that such a scene as that presented by the interior of St. Paul's on these occasions could not be witnessed throughout the world. The picturesque aspect of between 5,000 and 6,000 children, disposed on raised platforms round the gigantic nave of the Cathedral, the tiers of benches gradually elevated to more than half-way up the height of the pillars upon which the dome reposes, and looked out in party colours, with banners to represent the various schools from which they are sent as missionaries—the boys separated from the girls, and the whole

mass arranged with an eye to symmetry and pleasing contrast—is easier to insist upon than to describe; and when to this is added a dense and animated crowd of nearly 10,000 visitors, who fill the interior to the extremities, while in the background the great organ, with its pendant chain of seventy or eighty singers, arrayed in white surplices, serves to complete the picture, the magnificence of the *coup d'œil* may be well imagined. We shall refrain, however, from going over well-trodden ground by entering into further details about what may, without irreverence, be termed the spectacular part of this gigantic ceremony, and say a few words about the musical proceedings, which involve a large portion of the Cathedral service.

The celebrated composer, Haydn, during his residence in London, was wonderfully struck with the effect of the children's singing at one of the anniversary meetings of the schools, and declared that he never experienced a more profound sensation of delight than that derived from hearing the 100th psalm, sung in unison by such a vast number of young and fresh voices. Haydn was not likely to be snowed without good reason, and we think the impression he describes must be felt with more or less intensity by every one alive to the persuasive eloquence of music. As usual, the service began yesterday at noon, and before the prayers the 100th Psalm was sung by the children. Besides the grand simplicity and breadth that result from the simultaneous combination of all the voices of boys and girls in unison, a very agreeable effect is produced by the occasional employment of the girls' voices alone. The pitch is sustained by the aid of the organ, and four trumpets placed near it, which play the most important notes of the melody. This device, however, does not always answer as well as might be wished, since the trumpets being all together, in a remote corner of the building, are scarcely audible to the majority of the children. If doubled in number, and disposed in four different groups of two each, at four different parts of the Cathedral, and at equal distances from each other, they would be more efficient in insuring general steadiness of intonation, and would also materially help to enforce precision of time. Mr. Bates, from Woodford, upon whom devolves the task of drilling the children all the year round, added to that of conducting at the anniversary festival, is scarcely decided enough in his manner of beating to obtain that pointed accent the absence of which is so detrimental to the effect of masses. He is placed on an elevation from which he can see and be seen by the entire company of youthful executants; but, as the psalms are always accompanied by the organ, it would be advisable for Mr. Bates to regulate his beatings by the suggestions of the organist rather than to depend entirely upon his own impulses. We owe, at the same time, that it must be a very difficult matter to keep such an enormous host of voices continually together. Besides the 100th Psalm the children sang three verses of the 118th, and, after the sermon, four verses of the 104th, the last of which was perhaps the most satisfactory performance of the three. They also sang the "Gloria Patri" in the reading psalms; and joined at indicated places in the Coronation Anthem (*Zadok the Priest*) and the "Hallelujah" chorus (*Messiah*) of Handel, which were executed by the choir. The members of the choir, about 70 in number, are collected on these occasions from (that Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Temple, St. George's Chapel, St. Windsor, &c.). On the whole, they are exceedingly efficient, although, from their being placed together promiscuously, the antiphonal effects aimed at by our anthem composers cannot be properly realized. For this,

however, we fear there is no remedy. Still the choir might be strengthened with advantage, and better music be introduced than Boyce's "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" in A, especially at the anniversary festivals, which could consistently be rendered the medium of a very high order of musical performance. As so splendid and noble a celebration everything should be on the grandest scale, and, with such means, music might be constituted the worthy handmaid of religion and charity. The reading psalms were chanted by the gentlemen of the choir, to Jones's chant in D. This tune was much admired by Haydn, who suggested an alteration in the antepenultimate bar, which was adopted, and has ever since been adhered to. The chanting was good, but would have been better had one system of accentuation been unanimously adopted; this, however, in a choir made up from members of several choirs, each of which may have a peculiar method of pointing the words, was impracticable. We cannot understand, however, why one system should not universally prevail, since we presume only one can be correct. The music set to the *preces*, responses, &c., by Tallis, was executed, and in these severe old tunes the effect of the children's voices was, at times, sublime. In Handel's anthem, however, and in the "Hallelujah" chorals, there was a great want of precision, the choir and the children appearing at intervals to be mutually in the way of each other; without a strict adherence on both sides to the time indicated by the composer, their combination in works of such difficulty is, indeed, a hopeless case. That they kept together as well as they did must be ascribed to the admirably clear and intelligible manner in which the organ part was executed by Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; assisted, we believe, by Mr. George Cooper, sub-organist. On Mr. Goss, a musician of distinguished reputation, devolves the entire direction of the musical proceedings at the anniversary meetings, and with the materials at his disposal he is entitled to high praise for the manner in which he performs the duties of his office. On the whole, our impression of the musical part of the ceremony was favourable; but it was not easy to repress an idea that continually suggested itself, of what great things might, with proper management, and some liberality, be effected on such an occasion. A skilful and ambitious composer would find it worth his while to write something expressly for the combination of the children with the choir, out of which the grandest effects are capable of being produced. It is not absolutely necessary to have always the same anthems in our cathedral service, and the art has assuredly grown out of Dr. Boyce. Something far better might be written—something more in consonance with the advanced state of music; and something would be written very soon, were the efforts of our cathedrals invariably in sound condition; but it must be disheartening to the most enthusiastic lover of his art, to compose music of a lofty and elaborate character—music that can never repay in specie the time and pains it has cost—music that cannot find its way to the public through the medium of the publisher—unless at least there exist a hope of its being efficiently performed, and appreciated by those who are able to understand it.

The sermon was preached on the occasion by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Aachen, who selected for his text the first and second verses of the 127th Psalm. Except the Lord build a house, &c. The whole proceedings terminated shortly after two o'clock, and through the unremitting exertions of Messrs. Fisher and Paller (Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary), under whose zealous management all the arrangements were made, there was not the least disorder or inconvenience when the vast crowd dispersed and left the Cathedral, although

a heavy shower of rain presented an uncomfortable aspect outside. Among the notable persons present were observed His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Westminster (President), Lady Maclesfield, the Hon. Mr. Leitch, Lord and Lady Middleton, Lord and Lady Neville, the Sardinian, Prussian, and Hanoverian Ministers, one of the members of the Neapolitan mission, the Lord Mayor, with all his attendant pageantry, &c.

The patrons of the society dined together in the evening at the London Tavern. Mr. Alderman Glynne, at the request of the Lord Mayor, occupied the chair, and was supported by the Bishop of St. Asaph, the Marquis of Westminster, &c. After the usual toasts, loyal and complimentary, Mr. Glynne stated to the company that the contributions amounted to £589 8s. The musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's, who presided at the piano-forte, were highly satisfactory. Messrs. Hobbs, Francis, Machin, and other members of the choir of St. Paul's and Westminster, supported by twelve boys from the Chapel Royal, and some of the amateurs from the Sacred Harmonic Society, who also assisted in the morning, composed the vocal force.

#### EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL GENIUS.

(From Chamberlain's Journal.)

Music, in its highest degrees of enjoyment, produces effects in the human character, of which the least that can be said is, that they are as worthy of being studied as any other class of mental phenomena. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the gift in its loftiest forms, is the absolute impossibility of repressing it. Even during childhood it is quite in vain, in most instances, to attempt to impose upon it the least control. In spite of the injunctions, the vigilance, the tyranny of masters and parents, the "imprisoned soul" of the musician seems always to find some means of escape, and even when debarred from the use of musical instruments, it is not to one but in the end he is discovered ensconced in some quiet corner, tuning his horse shoes, or should he be so fortunate as to secure as great a prize, like Eulenstein, eliciting new and unknown powers of harmony from the iron tongue of a Jew's harp. Some curious examples of the extent to which this ruling passion has been carried, occasionally occur. Dr. Arne (except Purcell, perhaps our greatest English composer) was bred a lawyer, and as such attached to an attorney, but his musical propensities, which showed themselves at a very early age, soon engrossed his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He used not unfrequently to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery and going to the upper gallery of the Opera House, at that time appropriated to domestics. It is also said that he used to hide a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he practised during the night; for had his father known what was going forward, he probably would have thrown both him and it out of the window. The father, however, never appears to have come to a knowledge of these proceedings, and his son, instead of studying law, was devoting himself entirely to the cultivation of the spinet, the violin, and musical composition, until one day, after he had served out his time, when he happened to call at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was engaged with a musical party, when being ushered into the room, to his utter surprise and horror, he discovered his son in the act of playing the first fiddle, from which period the old gentleman began to think it most prudent to give up the contest, and soon after allowed him to receive regular instructions.

Handel, too, was similarly situated. His father, who was a physician at Halle in Saxony, destined him for the profession of the law, and with this view was so determined to check his early inclination towards music, that he excluded from his house all musical society; nor would he permit any of musical instruments to be ever heard within its walls. The child, however, notwithstanding his parent's precautions, found means to hear somebody



play on the harpsichord, and the delight which he felt having prompted him to endeavor to gain an opportunity of practising what he had heard, he contrived, through a servant, to procure a small clavier or spinet, which he secreted in a garret, and to which he repaired every night after the family had gone to rest, and intuitively, without extraneous aid, learned to extract from it its powers of harmony as well as melody. Upon this subject Mr. Hogarth, in his highly popular *History of Music*, has the following sensible observation:—"A childish love for music or painting, even when accompanied with an aptitude to learn something of these arts, is not, in one case out of a hundred, or rather a thousand, conjoined with that degree of genius, without which it would be a vain and idle pursuit. In the general case, therefore, it is wise to check such propensities where they appear likely to divert or incapacitate the mind from graver pursuits. But, on the other hand, the judgment of a parent of a gifted child ought to be shown by his discerning the genuine talent as soon as it manifests itself, and then bestowing on it every care and culture."

A tale exactly similar is told of Handel's contemporary, John Sebastian Bach, a man of equally stupendous genius, and whose works at the present day are looked up to with the same veneration with which we regard those of the former. He was born at Eisenach in 1685, and when ten years old (his father being dead) was left to the care of his elder brother, an organist, from whom he received his first instructions; but the talent of the pupil so completely outran the slow current of the master's ideas, that pieces of greater difficulty were perpetually in demand, and as often refused. Among other things, young Bach set his heart upon a book containing pieces for the clavier, by the most celebrated composers of the day, but the use of it was pointedly refused. It was in vain, however, to repress the youthful ardor of the composer. The book lay in a cupboard, the door of which was of lattice work; and as the interstices were large enough to admit his little hand, he soon saw that, by rolling it up, he could withdraw and replace it at pleasure; and having found his way thither during the night, he set about copying it, and, having no candle, he could only work by moonlight! In six months, however, his task was completed; but just as he was on the point of reaping the harvest of his toils, his brother unluckily found out the circumstance, and by an act of the most contemptible cruelty, took the book from him; and it was not till after his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered it.

The extraordinary proficiency acquired in this art more than in any other, at an age before the intellectual powers are fully expanded, may be regarded as one of the most interesting results of this early and enthusiastic devotion to music. We can easily imagine a child acquiring considerable powers of execution upon a pianoforte—an instrument which demands no great effort of physical strength, and even pouring forth a rich vein of natural melody; but how excellence in composition, in the combination of the powers of harmony and instrumentation—a process which in adults is usually arrived at after much labor, regular training, and long study of the best models and means of producing effect—how such knowledge and skill can ever exist in a child, is indeed extraordinary; still there can be no doubt of the fact. The genius of a Mozart appears and confounds all abstract speculations. When scarcely eight years of age, this incomparable artist, while in Paris, on his way to Great Britain, had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin accompaniments, which were set in a masterly and finished style. Shortly afterwards, when in London, he wrote his first symphony and a set of sonatas, dedicated to the Queen. Daines Barrington, speaking of him at this time, says that he appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as on giving him a melody, he immediately wrote an excellent bass to it. This he had been in the custom of doing several years previously; and the minuets and little movements which he composed from the age of four till seven are said to have possessed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which were perfectly surprising. Mr. Barrington observes that at the above period, namely, when Mozart was eight years old, his skill in extemporaneous modulation, making smooth and effective transitions from one key to another, was wonderful; that he executed these musical difficulties occasionally with a handkerchief over the keys, and that, with all these displays of genius, his

general deportment was entirely that of a child. While he was playing to Mr. Barrington, his favourite cat came into the room, upon which he immediately left the instrument to play with it, and could not be brought back for some time; after which, he had hardly resumed his performance, when he started off again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse! At twelve years of age he wrote his first opera, *La Finta Semplice*, the score of which contained five hundred and fifty-eight pages; but though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, in consequence of a cabal among the performers, it was never represented. He wrote also at the same age a mass, "Offertorium," &c.; the performance of which he conducted himself. The precocity of Handel, though not quite so striking, was nearly so. At nine years of age he composed some motets of such merit that they were adopted in the service of the church; and about the same age, Purcell, when a singing boy, produced several anthems so beautiful that they have been preserved, and are still sung in our cathedrals. "To beings like these," Mr. Hogarth observes, "music seems to have no rules. What others consider the most profound and learned combinations, are with them the dictates of imagination and feeling, as much as the simplest strains of melody."

Mozart's early passion for arithmetic is well known, and to the last, though extremely improvident in his affairs, he was very fond of figures, and singularly clever in making calculations. Storace, a contemporary and kindred genius, who died in his thirty-third year, and whose English operas are among the few of the last century which still continue to hold their place on our stage, had the same extraordinary turn for calculation. We are not aware whether this can be shown to be a usual concomitant of musical genius, but, if it can, the coincidence might lead to such curious metaphysical inquiry. Certain it is that there exists a connection between that almost intuitive perception of the relation of numbers with which some individuals are gifted, and that faculty of the mind which applies itself to the intervals of the musical scale, the distribution of the chords, their effect separately and in combination, and the adjustment of the different parts of a score. It is by no means improbable, that, owing to some such subtlety of perception, Mozart was enabled to work off an infinitely greater variety and multitude of compositions, in every branch of the art, before he had reached his thirty-sixth year, in which he was cut off, than has ever been produced by any composer within the same space of time, and with a degree of minute scientific accuracy which has disarmed all criticism, and defied the most searching examination.

Nevertheless there is seldom any thing wonderful which is not exaggerated, and many absurd stories have been circulated in regard to these efforts; among others, that the overture to Don Giovanni was composed during the night preceding its first performance. This piece was certainly written down in one night, but it cannot be said to have been composed in that short space of time. The facts are as follow:—He had put off the writing till eleven o'clock of the night before the intended performance, after he had spent the day in the fatiguing business of the rehearsal. His wife sat by him to keep him awake. "He wrote," says Mr. Hogarth, "while she ransacked her memory for the fairy tales of her youth, and all the humorous and amusing stories she could think of. As long as she kept him laughing, till the tears ran down his cheeks, he got on rapidly; but if she was silent for a moment, he dropped asleep. Seeing at last that he could hold out no longer, she persuaded him to lie down for a couple of hours. At five in the morning she awoke him, and at seven, when the copyists appeared, the score was completed. Mozart was not in the habit of composing with the pen in his hand; his practice was not merely to form in his mind a sketch or outline of a piece of music, but to work it well and complete it in all its parts; and it was not till this was done that he committed it to paper, which he did with rapidity, even when surrounded by his friends, and joining in their conversation. There can be no doubt that the overture to Don Giovanni existed fully in his mind when he sat down to write it the night before its performance, and even then, his producing with such rapidity a score for so many instruments, so rich in harmony and contrivance, indicates a strength of conception and a power of memory altogether wonderful." In truth, Mozart's whole life would seem to have consisted of little more than a succession of

musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions appeared to be always thinking about something else. Even in the morning, when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but used to walk up and down his room. At dinner, also, he was apparently lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did. During all this time the mental process was constantly going on; and he himself, in a letter to a friend, gives the following interesting explanation of his habits of composition.

"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole piece stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear, in my imagination, the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once; the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream, but the actual hearing of the whole is, after all, the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced, I do not easily forget; and this is, perhaps, the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough; for every thing, as I said before, is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination."

Apart from his musical triumphs, the personal character of Mozart is deeply interesting. From his earliest childhood, it seemed to be his perpetual endeavour to conciliate the affections of those around him; in truth, he could not bear to be otherwise than loved. The gentlest, the most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practise, if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, we are told that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him, he was then, but not till then, laid in bed perfectly contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for the sake of others than for himself. His great object at the outset was to relieve the necessities of his parents; afterwards his generosity towards his professional brethren, and the impositions practised by the designing on his open and unsuspecting nature, brought on difficulties. And, finally, those exertions so infinitely beyond his strength, which in the ardour of his affection for his wife and children, and in order to save them from impending destitution, he was prompted to use, destroyed his health, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

Mozart was extremely pious. In a letter written in his youth from Augsburg, he says, "I pray every day that I may do honour to myself and to Germany—that I may earn money, and be able to relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again, and live happily together?" It is not difficult to identify these sentiments with the author of the sublimest and most expressive piece of devotional music which the genius of man has ever consecrated to his Maker. Haydn, also, was remarkable for his deep sense of religion. "When I was composing the *Creation*," he used to say, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." It is related also of Handel, that he used to express the great delight which he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ, and that the habitual study of the Scriptures had a strong influence upon his sentiments and conduct.

LONDON SACRED HARMONISTS.—On Friday, 31st May, a second performance of "The Creation" was given by this society to a Hall as crowded as before. Miss Hayes sang as charmingly as ever; Mr. Lockey was, as usual, encored in the popular song, "In native worth;" and the grand chorus, "The Heavens are telling," was given by the choir with the usual precision and brilliancy. The society will, we believe, close its season with a performance of "St. Paul."

MADemoiselle ELISE KRINITZ, a talented pianist from Paris has arrived in London.

## LUTHER'S HYMN.

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,  
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen.  
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,  
Die uns jetzt hat betörfen.  
Der alte böse Feind,  
Mit Einst er's jetzt untint,  
Gross Macht und viel List  
Sein grausam Rüstung ist;  
Huf Erd' ist nicht sehr's Gleich. n.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nicht gethan,  
Wir sind gar zu verloren!  
Es streit' mit uns der rechte Mann,  
Den Gott selbst hat erkoren.  
Eragst du, wer er ist?  
Er heisst Jesus Christ,  
Der Herr Zebaoth,  
Und ist kein andrer Gott.  
Das Feld mutz er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär,  
Und wollten uns verschlingen,  
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr;  
Es soll uns doch gelingen.  
Der Fürst dieser Welt,  
Wie saur' er sich stellt,  
Thut er doch nichts,  
Das macht, er ist gerichtet.  
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn  
Und keinen Dank dazu haben;  
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan,  
Mit seinen Geist und Gaben.  
Nehmen Sie uns den Leib,  
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,  
Latz fahren dahin!  
Sie haben's kein Gewinn,  
Das Reich mutz uns doch bleiben!

The Lord is our good tower of strength,  
Our shield, and sword of terror,  
And He will free our souls at length,  
From evil, and crime, and error.  
The old accursed fiend,  
With night and knavery screams,  
Hell's armour dark and strong,  
Hath risen to work us wrong—  
(On earth he hath no rival.

With arms of flesh we nought avail,  
Our ranks were soon disbanded,  
But the right man doth hell assail,  
As God himself commanded.  
Ask ye, who can he be?  
Jesus the Christ is he—  
God of Sabbath's son,  
By him the fight is won—  
He on our side shall battle.

And, though the world with devils were thick,  
Watchful and soul devouring,  
Ne'er shall our hearts grow faint or sick,  
O'er all their wiles still towering.  
The fiend, as pleaseth him,  
May angry look, and grin,  
Our souls he cannot slay,  
His power hath passed away—  
One little word shall smite him.

That Word, in spite of fraud or force,  
Shall stand alone, immortal,  
Still trampling in its heavenly course,  
Hell, and its giddy portal.  
Slain, but not dead, it shall  
'Reft of goods, wife, and child,  
So be it—let them go,  
Small is the loss, I trow—  
God's mansion is eternal.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ATTACK OF A SINGING MASTER.  
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—On Saturday, May 25th, I attended the Royal Academy of Music Concert, but arriving there late I heard only a few pieces, which, with the exception of the singing, much pleased me. My attention was soon attracted by a gentleman asking me what I thought of her singing (a lady then singing). I shook my head. We entered into conversation. One of my remarks being overheard by a bystander, called forth from him a bitter tone of dissent; I requested him, therefore, to follow me into the passage, so that we might freely discuss without interrupting the audience, three or four other gentlemen accompanying us. I commenced by asking him of what he complained. He opened the debate by a grand philippic on my own standing in the profession, which he pronounced to be no very creditable one, adding that nothing I could advance respecting the singing masters would be taken any notice of. I answered, this depends, not on my personal acquirements, but upon the justness of my opinions; and if I write down *truths*, I fear he will find that they will be valued by honest men and by the dispassionate members of the press. I learned, in the course of the discussion, that this gentleman's name is Cocks or Cox, and having a pugnacious turn of mind, his name is not less pleasant for rhyming with *Box*. In fact he reminds me of Box, who asked Cox if he could fight, and on learning that he could not, he boldly doubled his fists and says "then come on!" As Mr. Cocks accused me of making broad assertions without proving them (though he named none), I will not withhold my reasons for considering him a shallow and pert man, which he can refute if he chooses. A man who impudently looks a stranger in the face, and says "I wonder that a man of your standing in the profession dare" do this that, and the other, knowing all the time that he is addressing his senior, who bears a good professional name by the first musicians, (which, if he do not know it, makes him appear the more ignorant and impudent,) I say such a man displays too insignificant a character to be deeply versed in anything except pertinacity. Now as Mr. Cocks is a singing master, let him prove to the world that he is not what I take him to be, by sending before the public a vocalist properly schooled, which if he cannot do, he will but be another example of what the adage affirms,

"Sooner or later it will come to pass,  
That every braggart will be found an ass."

I press on to give my motive for exposing Mr. Cocks. He was aware that of late I have drawn the attention of your numerous and dispassionate readers to the imperfect methods of vocal instruction, and he being one who felt the shock, was determined to insult me amongst the very parties of whom I had passed judgement. He, no doubt, fancied he could run about to his friends and tell them how gloriously he had set me down before the young students of the Royal Academy of Music. If he wishes to distinguish himself on a permanent footing, he should proceed on principles of a bolder nature than the one he adopted. The *Dox and Cox* method won't do; so I invite him to "come on," and refute one single word I have advanced respecting the singing and singing masters now in vogue, and if he can show that I have mistaken facts, I will apologise for them in the next number of the *Musical World*.

What I complain of is as follows:—Many fine natural voices are spoiled by artificial training. The most generally used works on singing are written for the most unaccommodated voices, viz. the bass, tenor, and soprano, and for the common run of voices, viz. the baritone and mezzo soprano, no suitable exercises are to be found in them; in other words, the book collectors give exercises for the most rare voices, and neglect the most natural or usual voices. The singing masters are notoriously deficient in the high branches of musical science; they teach common-place music; they neglect the Great Masters, and if they teach one song of Mozart's they have the bad taste to daub it with mis-placed cadences and impertinent alterations, which not only shows a want of erudition, but a positive lack of musical perception. Now, Mr. Editor, I think the London singing masters cannot accuse me of assigning no reason for my opinions; and I only wish they could assign ample ones for not teaching our singers the great school of Italian

vocalisation, and further explain how it comes to pass that so many excellent voices have been ruined by teachers. If there be a true art or method in singing, it does not show itself to much advantage, and the mere fact of ruining one voice, or mistaking the character of a voice, permits one to doubt whether there be a fixed art in singing; and if not, the exercises given in singing books are of very little use to the world, because to practice them incorrectly does more harm than good to the voice. If such be the case, what opinion ought a reflecting mind to entertain of a singing master who strongly recommends this or that work on singing? The question is not what is the best work, but what is the best means to improve the voice.

Now, my twelve exercises, properly written for each description of voice, would make a singer, (if rightly practised), I think the masters would show more discretion by giving out such a work, than those now in vogue. But, Mr. Editor, there may be a reason for not doing this, and of this I will treat another time. Excuse the length of this letter, I am your obliged,

FARNER FLOWERS.

P.S. 1.—I have a few words to say on the *Times* article respecting the last concert given at the Royal Italian Opera, and will compare it with another article in another journal, on the same subject.

P.S. 2.—I will answer the member of the Bach Society.

## MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

## Plagiarism the fifty-first.

JUVENAL, as we all know, declares that the chief misfortune of schoolmasters in this life, is their being subject to a certain thing called *crambe repetita*, which an old schoolmaster of mine always called *repeated cabbage*. Now surely the condition of readers are as bad as that of pedagogues when they are condemned to the *crambe repetita* of all the old poets. And what are the lines in the text but cabbage reboiled and rebashed until the eater actually swoons away with disgust? The notion about nature combating with fancy, (old and unpoetical as it is), has many lanterns.

## TERBENVILLE'S Poems.

For nature when she made her did intend  
To paint a piece that no man might amend,  
A pattern for the rest that after should be  
Be made by hand, or cast in cottage mould.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Venus and Adonis*.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
He art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*The Faithful Shepherdess*.

## Non the night

Of those sweet rising cheeks renew the sting  
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory  
He lay infolded 'twixt the budding arms  
Of willing Venus. Methinks stronger charms  
Lay in their speaking eyes, and on that brow  
More sweetness than the painters can allow  
To their best pieces.

Pope's *Reliques*, vol. 1, p. 68.

A mirror make of M. whose should the Dame Nature in disdain  
To please herself and bright her face in beauty razed to reign,  
Whose sunny beams and happy eyes presents a heavenly face,  
And shows the world a wondrous work, such are her gifts of grace.

BUTLER.—*Palamon and Idrius*, book ii.

All that the painter drew with such command  
That Nature might be said to pencil from his hand,  
And that the mother's pain  
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.

DANIEL DEFOE.—*Robinson Crusoe*, or, the Triumph of Bacchus.

When Flora in spring, a grimmer is holding  
Gods's Nature, methinks, a new model is moulding;  
The rays of her eyes shine a thousand times stronger,  
And her plump rose cheeks are still fresher and younger,  
Her lips like two cherries in Paradise growing,  
Seem to blush with delight when the Burgundy's flowing.

Not bad lines, these of D'Urfey.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A NEW PANDORNA.**—A young lady named Bianca has appeared at several of the Italian theatres with remarkable success.

**MISS EADLEY**, who has made so successful a debut at the Lyceum, is from Mr. Newcombe's troupe at Plymouth. She was frequently mentioned by our correspondent as being one of the most rising musical actresses of the day.

**MADAME ELLE CHARTON** has returned to town after a most successful tour in the provinces.

**MISS ANNE PELZER** gave her first *Matinée Musicale* at 'Wills' Rooms, on Wednesday, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland. The *Beneficiaire* exhibited her talents as a pianiste by playing Beethoven's trio, Op. 70, for piano, violin, and violoncello, in which she was ably assisted by M. Maciejowski and Herr Hausmann; Mendelssohn's sonata for piano and violin, with M. Maciejowski; a study by Kufferath, and a duet for two pianofortes by Thalberg, in which she was ably assisted by Mr. Kistmark. Miss Anne Pelzer also performed a solo of Regondi's on the concertina. Signor Regondi played a fantasia on the guitar, as well as a fantasia on the concertina, in his usual superior manner. The vocalists were Miss Pyne, and Miss Lanza. The former well merited the hearty applause awarded to her in Macfarren's ballad from *Kith Charles the Second*, "She shines before me like a star," and the latter received an encore for her manner of singing "Alice Grey." The *matinée* gave general satisfaction.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. G. Barker gave a monster concert at this establishment, at which the attraction of Misses Lucombe, Poole, Nau, Ransford, Li Pyne, Pyne, Law, A. Romer, and Madame Macfarren, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Travers, Weiss, Drayton, Harrison, Mengis, De Koutski, &c., attracted a moderately numerous assembly. Much as the entertainment pleased—for, monstrous though they be, these multitudinous performances have their admirers, who are most vociferous in the testification of their pleasure—much as the entertainment pleased, there was great disappointment expressed at the non-appearance of Miss Poole, and of two or three other vocalists of less importance, and considerable inconvenience experienced from the absence of Mr. Loder and Mr. Lavanu, who were to have officiated as accompanists in conjunction with Signor Schira, which gentleman, finding they did not arrive, took his departure very long before the conclusion of the performance. In consequence of this, the greatest confusion prevailed, and Mr. Barker, whose powers as an orator had been tested even more severely, because more ineffectively, than as a vocalist and as a composer, had to appear in the new light of a pianist, in which character he did the best he could to carry on the proceedings, but this best did not carry them far. In the dilemma, Madame Macfarren, who had been singing an air from the *Huguenots* with great applause, kindly consented to accompany Miss Lucombe and Mr. Sims Reeves in the duet from *Linda di Chamouni*, which was received with such enthusiasm as to restore, in a great measure, the good humour of the audience, and after this, the fair vocalist filled the post of conditress till the end of the concert, in which she evinced a degree of musicality and promptitude such as we scarcely know another vocalist to possess, and proved no less her obliging disposition than her talent. It would be difficult to particularise the features of so miscellaneous and irregular a performance; it must be enough to say, that, *malgré* the many disappointments of the evening, the entertainment appeared to give great amusement, if not entire satisfaction, and the audience dispersed considerably after twelve o'clock (the concert having commenced at seven), with every token of good humour.

**JENNY LIND.**—The Stockholm journals announce an event in the musical world. Jenny Lind has broken through her resolution not to reappear upon the stage. She will perform a part in a new opera, written expressly for the *fête* given in celebration of the marriage of the crown prince with the daughter of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.

**LITTEKARVAX**, like politics, is not in France a steady pursuit, but an exciting adventure—the many are as despotic in letters as in legislation. Success in either depends on universal suffrage; and talent, to make money, must cater to the taste of the ruling power of the day. What that taste is, none seem to know better than that man of many volumes,—the Socialist candidate for the suffrage of the electors of Paris.

**ACCIDENT TO MR. BURN.**—An accident occurred to Mr. Burn, at Nottingham, last week. The talented manager was giving his entertainment at the Mechanics' Hall, when, at the conclusion of the first part, the platform gave way, and he fell with great force, which injured him so much as to compel him to apologise to the audience, and to omit a portion of his performance.

**DRURY-LANE THEATRICAL FUND.**—On Monday evening the usual annual festival of this charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, and was remarkably well attended. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was expected to preside, but at the last moment intimated to Mr. Harley, the treasurer, that he was unable to do so, as his presence was required in the House of Lords. In the absence of his Royal Highness, the chair was filled by Sir Wyndham Anstruther, who, in the most creditable manner to discharge the duties thus cast upon him. The amusements of the evening were well sustained by the gratuitous services of many of our most esteemed and favourite musicians and vocalists; to these were superadded the exertions of Mr. Bacon, the proprietor of the tavern, who provided the dinner of a scale of unusual splendour. Among the ladies and gentlemen who favoured the company with gratuitous performances, were Herr Ernst, Miss P. Horton, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Ransford, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss M. Nelson, Mr. D. W. King, and Mr. Vivier. The proceedings in a business point of view were of the usual character—Mr. Harley, in an amusing speech, reporting on the progress and prospects of the charity, and announcing subscriptions amounting altogether to about \$600. It appears that at present there are fifteen annuitants on the fund, and that in a short time six more are likely to be added to the number. Under these circumstances, unless the friends of the charity come to its support, it is anticipated that a reduction of the allowances to annuitants must take place, or the vested capital of the charity must be interfered with. The whole character of the festival may be described as very successful, if not for the permanent interests of the fund, at least for the amusement of those present, and the hall was graced with a large assemblage of ladies, who took a lively interest in the proceedings.

**MISS CHANDLER** gave an evening concert at the Music Hall, Store Street, which was fully attended. The vocalists were the Misses Cole, Miss L. Pitt, Miss Leslie, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Reed. The instrumentalists were Mdlle. Verdavainne (pianoforte), Miss Kennedy (harp), M. Camis (flute), Herr Hagg (violin), and Mr. Sedgwick and Mr. E. Barton (concertinas). Miss Chandler, the *beneficiaire*, contributed to the pleasures of the evening by performing a duet in conjunction with Herr Hagg for piano and violin, and also sang various songs and duets, in all of which she well merited the applause bestowed upon her. Among the vocalists who obtained the approbation of the audience were Mr. Bodda, in Rossini's *Barbetta*, "La Duna," Mr. Peud, in Kücken's song, "Go bird, and to Bohemia fly," and Miss L. Pitt, in a ballad by Patourel. Miss Kennedy was much applauded for her fantasia on the harp, which she executed with great brilliancy, and in a style superior to any lady harpist we have heard for a long while.

**NORFOLK.**—On Thursday evening, Mr. Distin and his three sons, the celebrated performers on the Sax-horns, gave a concert in St. Andrew's hall. The talents of the Messrs. Distin, evinced in the perfection to which they have carried the use of their "sax horns," are well appreciated by the inhabitants of Norwich, who had an opportunity of hearing them in some concerts a few years ago, and there was a numerous attendance on Thursday night. The programme comprised selections from *Belshazzar*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, &c., for the instrumentalists, and some ballads, quartets, and madrigals for the vocalists (Miss M. O'Connor, and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin). The encores were numerous, expressing, in an unqualified manner, the approbation of the audience. Of the instrumental pieces, the aria, "Albion," played by Mr. H. Distin, the Echo duet, by Messrs. H. and W. Distin; and the selection from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, were most warmly and deservedly applauded. The beautiful madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," by Miss O'Connor and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin, was well sung; and Miss O'Connor earned a loud encore by the sweet manner in which she gave "The Emigrant's Lament." Mr. John Wilby accompanied the vocalists on the piano-forte. —*Norfolk Chronicle*.

MADemoiselle COULON'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT was given at the Hanover Rooms on Monday. In the programme, among a good deal that was common-place—the necessary sacrificial offerings at the shrine of public taste—there were *moreovers* which testified largely to the musical feeling and judgment of the young pianiste. Foremost of these was Beethoven's grand quintet in E flat, for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, played by Mdlle. Coulon and the Messrs. Barret, Lazarus, Bauwann, and Jarret. This was an admirable performance, and was received with considerable applause. Mademoiselle Coulon coming in for her full share of the compliment. The *beneficiaire* did not stint her labors in the evening's entertainment. In addition to her share in Beethoven's quintet, she played Thalberg's *Somnambula* fantasia; a "Sicilienne," by Ravana; and, with Benedict, Osborne's duet on themes from the *Huguenots*. Mademoiselle Coulon was extremely happy in her various efforts. Beethoven was not too classical nor too profound, neither was Thalberg too brilliant or too exacting. Ravana was not too pimple; neither was Osborne too elegant or too fanciful. In all styles she succeeded, and was overwhelmed with plaudits as hearty as they were well merited. Mons. Sainton played a fantasia on the violin with his usual masterly skill and perfect execution. Signor Briccialdi played a solo on the flute, M. Rousset ditto on the violoncello, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton ditto on the harp. The singing was various and good, and apportioned to the Misses Birch, Mdlle. Graumann, Mdlle. Nan, M. De Bessière, Signor Burdini, and Herr Stigelli. Messrs. Benedict, Jules de Gléres, and Lindsay Sloper were the conductors.

HERR WILHELM KUHE, the well known pianist and conductor, gave his annual morning concert on Tuesday, at the Hanover Rooms. The programme was good—the vocal and instrumental portion being well balanced. Among the singers were Mademoiselle Charton, Mademoiselle Schloss, Mademoiselle Graumann, Mademoiselle de Ripplin, Miss Bassano, and Madame Nottes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Stigelli, Herr Mayerhofer, and Signor Chabatti. Miss Catherine Hayes was engaged, but was prevented from attending by illness. Mademoiselle Charton sang "Voi che sapete," the grand air from the *Diamants de la Couronne*, and our English ballad, "Home, sweet home." Italian, French, and English! In each and all Mademoiselle Charton proved herself an admirable artist. Mozart's song was beautifully sung, with the sweetest expression and the most perfect taste, while Auber's sparkling aria served to show the brilliancy and facility of the vocalist. Nor was Mademoiselle Charton less successful in the English ballad. It was rendered with a charm and a simplicity but rarely found in artists of the Italian and French schools. Mademoiselle Charton's pronunciation of the English is excellent. Mademoiselle Schloss sang Mozart's "Parto," and a scherzetto of Molique. This lady has a fine sonorous voice, and sings with great energy. Mozart's aria was finely given. Mr. Sims Reeves sang twice—on the first occasion an air from Verdi's *Lombardi*, and on the second Angelina's ballad, "Sweetest vows were never spoken." Herr Stigelli sang several times. He was encored in a German lied of his own composition. In the instrumental division, we had a solo by Piatti; the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for violin, violoncello, and piano—Molique, Piatti, and Kuhé being the executants; two fantasias on the piano by Herr Kuhé; a fantasia on Hungarian melodies by Molique; a solo on the harp by Mr. Ap. Thomas; and a concertina *valence* by Signor Regondi. The conductors were Messrs. Lavenu, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Herr Kuhé.

AMATEUR CONCERT AT THE GROVENOR STREET MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.—On Saturday last, a party of amateurs gave an exceedingly interesting concert at the above institute. The band, led by Mr. Baetens, performed overtures, &c., in capital style. Mr. Baetens, whose performance in another sphere we have already had an opportunity of admiring, played in the course of the evening some brilliant variations on the violin; and we were much struck with the purity of his tone and the refinement of his style. He is evidently a perfect master of his instrument, and only requires to be heard to be appreciated. Mr. Jennings (first oboe at the Concert Hall and of St. Julian's Concerts), played a solo with great taste and expression, and with Mr. Sarge (first clarinet at the Concert Hall), performed a duet from *Robert le Diable*, arranged for clarinet and Cor Anglais, which was received with

great applause. Messrs. Wand and Kohler also assisted. The execution on the flageolet, displayed by the latter, places him second to Collinet alone. Altogether, the concert did great credit to all engaged in it. It was got up, we understand, for the advantage of the professional gentlemen, in return for their having on a previous occasion given their services to raise funds for the promotion of the objects of the institution.—*Manchester Guardian*.

THEATRE ROYAL.—MISS HELEN FAUCIT.—Last Tuesday, Miss Faucit left the loftier scenes of dramatic poetry, that the public might comprehend how the very simplest work may be made important in the hands of a true artist. The piece selected for performance was a *petite* comedy, in one act, which we should have placed under the category of farce, had it been played by one of less refinement than Miss Faucit. "The Tragedy Queen" is the well-known actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle; and the plot of the piece is founded, if we remember correctly, on an incident in her life. She contrives to fascinate, to disgust, and afterwards win back, the admiration of a rather raw young gentleman who has seen her on the stage, and we are left at the conclusion somewhat doubtful of the final result—whether he is to become her husband, or to continue a mere romantic worshipper. She gains the good opinion of the old gentleman as well as that of the son, and he who came to condemn, stays to admire. The scenes between Mr. Addison, as Ebenezer Standfast (the father), and Mrs. Bracegirdle, are decidedly the most effective. Miss Faucit, in the latter, showed her subtle perception of character, and the elegance and refinement of manner, which made the humour the more telling. Her laugh was catching, and the broad sketchy style of the scene where she would desire to disgust the country novice, was as true to nature as the finer touch of sentiment when she alludes to his kindness and daring on the occasion of a recent situation of peril in which she was placed. It is difficult for criticism to determine whether Miss Faucit excels more in tragedy or comedy; the same intellectual faculty and feeling penetrate all she attempts—the same refinement, the same truthful earnestness. Mr. Addison played the old lawyer with much talent—broad enough in humour, yet not extravagant; and Mr. Vining showed improvement in the son, though there was throughout a little too much *gaucherie*; his great deficiency at all times is that swallowing of his words, thereby completely depriving the audience of one-half the text; he possesses certain qualities useful to an actor, and would take a much higher position in public opinion by allowing nature to have more of her own way. The affectation of rhetoric is a bad habit, upon which few actors build a reputation. Mrs. J. Wood played the part of Bridget (maid servant to Mrs. Bracegirdle) but indifferently; it wanted life and vigour. This actress is evidently a favourite with her audience, and there is considerable cleverness occasionally in what she does, but she has yet very much to learn; and first of all, expression of feature, one of the main points in all good acting; without which, indeed, acting is worthless. She repeats words rather than embodies thought, but her *naïveté* of manner supports her in what would otherwise be frequently very insipid. Presuming her to be young, there is, however, a fair chance, with study, that she may yet gain a respectable position in the arduous profession of which she is a member. To night, Miss Faucit is announced for Beatrice, in which part she stands alone.—*Manchester Examiner*, June 5.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### MISS BINCKES & MR. JOSEPH HAIGH.

**B**EG to announce that they will give an **EVENING CONCERT** at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, June 14, 1850.

Vocal Performers, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mdlle. Da Vinci, and Miss Binckes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Ronconi, and Mr. Joseph Haigh, (his first appearance since his return from Italy).

Instrumental Performers.—Pianoforte, Miss Binckes; Harp, Mr. F. Balser Chatterton (Harpiet to Her Majesty the Queen); Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove; Concertina, Mr. R. Blagrove.

Conductors . . . Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, and Mr. W. C. MACFARREN.

Tickets, 7s. each; to admit four, £1 1s.; and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at the principal music shops; of Miss Binckes, Cornbury Place, O' Kent Road; and of Mr. J. Haigh, 51, Bernard Street, Russell Square. Reserved Seats to be had only of Miss Binckes and Mr. Haigh.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

## LA TEMPESTA.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on

THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 13TH, 1850,

When will be presented, an entirely New Grand Opera, by HALLV, the Poet by SCHINK, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKESPEARE, and composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, entitled

## LA TEMPESTA.

The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	-	-	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	-	-	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper)	-	-	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	-	-	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Trinculo	-	-	Signor FERRARI.
Stephano	-	-	Mdlle. PARODI.
Sycorax	-	-	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	-	-	Madame GIULIANI.
Ariel	-	-	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	-	-	Sig. LABLACHE.
			and
Miranda	-	-	Madame BONTAG.

With a Variety of Entertainments in the

## BALLET DEPARTMENT.

In which

Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,

Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Mdlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,  
M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI,  
Will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

## M. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADAME SONTAG will sing, by general desire, and for the last time, the variations, "Ah! vous dirai-je mamour," with flute obligato, by M. Remusat; a grand-duet with Madame Frezzolini; Mendelssohn's celebrated trio, from *Elijah*, with Mdlle. Charton, Mdlle I. Bertrand, and a new English ballad, composed expressly for the occasion of M. BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, which will be given on the Stage of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, June 21. Boxes and stalls may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

## MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON

HAS the honour to announce his MORNING CONCERT, under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, June 14, to commence at 2 o'clock.

Vocal Performers.—Signora Bongiovanni, Signora Westwalczyk, Mdlle. Teresa Wagner, Misses Mira Griesbach, Rose, and Low, Herr Mengis, Signor Furtado, and Mr. Frank Rodda.

Pianoforte, Mdlle. Coulon; flute, Signor Briccialdi; violin, Mors. Bezeth, and harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, who will perform his grand fantasia *Rimembranza d'Italia*, as played by him before Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Conductors.—Mr. Kiallmark and Mr. Maurice Levy.

Tickets, 7s. each, to be had of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, 8, Duchess-street, Portland Place, and at the principal music warehouses.

## DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MESSRS. DISTIN will perform on the Sax Horns in the following towns:—Monday, June 10th, Diss; 11th, Eye; 12th, Halesworth; 13th, Framlingham.

Vocalist

Pianist

Miss O'CONNOR.

Mr. J. WILLY.

Messrs. Distin will return to London on Friday, the 14th.

All letters to be addressed to Henry Distin's, Sax Horn Depot, 13, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

## MR. URIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a THIRD EDITION of THE ART OF SINGING, enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Musicsellers.

W. H. HOLMES'S

## PIANOFORTE ANDANTE.

Price 2s. To be had of the principal Musicsellers. Also, by the same Composer—BALLAD,

## SCENES OF CHILDHOOD,

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup>. Dolby; 2s.; and New Song,

## MILLY'S CONSOLATION,

Sung by Madame Macfarren; 2s. 6d.

JUST PUBLISHED,

MENDELSSOHN. *Andante and Variations for the Piano-forte*, in E Flat Major, Op. 82, Posth. Works No. 10. Price 3s.

N.B.—Another Set of Variations now in the press.

J. J. Ewart and Co., Newgate Street.

Just Published,

MADLLE. JENNY LIND'S

## "MADELAINE AND THE BIRD."

A DOUBLE SONG, Translated from the German by DIAMOND RYAN, Esq. Words by C. A. ANZOLD. Sung by JENNY LIND in all her late Concerts on the Continent.—Price 1s. SCHOTT and Co., Importers and Publishers.

## TO MUSIC SELLERS.

WANTED, by a Young Man, aged 25, of considerable experience, a SITUATION in a MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT.—He has a thorough knowledge of Tuning and the Mechanism of Pianofortes, acquired at Messrs. Broadwood and Son's manufactory, and has had extensive practice both in London and the Country.

Letters addressed J. E. care of Messrs. Hutton and Co., 22, Skinner Street, London, will meet with immediate attention.

## MADAME VERDAVAINNE.

PROFESSOR of the Pianoforte and Guitar, has the honour to inform her Patrons, her Friends, and Pupils, that she resides at No. 4, OLD CAVENDISH STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE. Tuition at home and abroad.

## TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

AN Eligible Opportunity for a highly respectable and active Youth now offers as an APPRENTICE in a First-rate MUSICAL INSTRUMENT REPOSITORY, in a populous and flourishing Market Town in the Eastern Counties. He will be thoroughly instructed in Tuning and Repairing Pianofortes, and all the various Branches of the Trade, and treated in every respect as one of the Family.—A Premium required, and the highest references given.

Apply personally, or by letter addressed to J. L., care of Metzler and Co. 37, Great Marlborough Street.

THE Gentlemen of the Huddersfield Glee Club hereby offer a Pension of TEN GUINEAS for the best original serious GLEE for four voices. To be sent in addressed "To the Huddersfield Glee Club, George Hotel, Huddersfield," on or before the 31st of August next.

Each composition is to be distinguished by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed letter (containing the real name and address of the composer), indorsed with a corresponding motto.

The manuscripts will be retained by the Club, but the copyright will not be interfered with. The name of the successful candidate will be announced immediately after the decision.

JOHN FREEMAN, President.

C. W. BROOK, Vice-President.

Huddersfield, May 28th, 1850.

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A YOUNG MAN, possessing a knowledge of the Pianoforte, Concertina, and Organ, in each of which he is capable of imparting instruction to a considerable extent, is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION where he could make further improvement, and obtain a moderate remuneration for his services. In Pianoforte Tuning and Quadrille Playing he would also be found useful. Good testimonials can be given of character and ability. Apply, by letter, to E. B. Mr. Allen's, 17, Percy-street, Bedford-square, London.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

## MRS. ANDERSON'S MORNING CONCERT.

On MONDAY, June 10th, Mrs. ANDERSON'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place, commencing at Half-past One precisely. For Particulars see Advertisement.

## LES HUGUENOTS.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, June 11th, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

## LES HUGUENOTS.

The Principal Characters by

Madme. GRISI,	Madme. CASTELLAN,
Madlle. COTTI,	Madlle. de MERIC,
Signor DAVIA,	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Mons. MASSOL,	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Signor POLONINI,	Signor ROMMI,
Signor SOLDI,	Signor TALAMO,
Herr FORMES, and	Signor MARIO.

## EXTRA NIGHT.

## LA GAZZA LADRA.—NORMA.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 13th, GRAND COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT will be given, commencing with the FIRST ACT OF BELLINI'S Opera,

## N O R M A.

Norma,	Madame GRISI.
Adalgisa,	Mademoiselle VERA.
Clotilde,	Mademoiselle COTTI,
Flavio,	Signor SOLDI,
Oroveso,	Herr FORMES,
	AND
Pollio,	Signor TAMBERLIK.

After which will be performed (for the First Time these Three Years) Rossini's favorite Opera,

## LA GAZZA LADRA.

Ninetta	Madme. CASTELLAN,
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Lucia	Madlle. COTTI,
Pippo	Madlle. de MERIC.
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Fernando	Signor TAMBURINI,
Podesta	Signor RONCONI.
(His First Appearance in that Character.)	
Fabrizio	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Isacco	Signor LAVIA,
Georgio	Signor POLONINI,
	AND
Giannetto.	Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

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THE QUEEN.

## MRS. ANDERSON,

Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructress to her Royal Highness the Princess Royal,

Has the honour to announce to her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL

## GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, on

MONDAY, JUNE 10th.

The Concert will be in Two Parts.

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The Whole of the MS. Music, composed by

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY,

To the Sophoclean Tragedy of

## ŒDIPUS COLONEUS,

Which (for the First Time) will be publicly performed, with the English version of its Lyrics, and an elucidative MONOLOGUE, written for this occasion by Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, and which will be recited, with extracts from the MS. Tragedy, by

MR. BARTLEY,

who had the honour of reading the Tragedy by Command of HER MAJESTY.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by THE KIND AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it on this occasion.

PART II. will consist of

## A MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION,

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# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1850.

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STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## SPOHR.

### GOOD NEWS FOR THE PHILHARMONIC.

THIS illustrious musician, having entirely recovered from his recent illness, the result of an accident, an account of which has appeared in these columns, has been devoting his leisure hours to the composition of a new grand symphony, entitled *The Seasons*. We hear, from competent authority, that this work, which constitutes the ninth symphony of the great composer, is one of the most remarkable that has ever proceeded from his fertile pen. From the manner in which Spohr has treated other poetical subjects—need we mention, as examples, the *Power of Sound*, and *Earthliness and Godliness*—we can readily conceive in what a masterly and imaginative style he would be likely to develop so happy and suggestive a theme as that of the *Seasons*. Of course this new and important work, by the greatest living composer for the orchestra, will be seized on with avidity by the directors of the Philharmonic Society, who, panting for novelty, and honourably eager to give entire satisfaction to their subscribers, have thus an opportunity afforded them of which there can be little doubt they will zealously avail themselves.

## ALBONI.

THE *Athenæum* appears incredulous about the success of Alboni in the *Prophète*, notwithstanding that it has been recorded in unmistakeable terms by the whole of the French press, musical and unmusical. In support of his incredulity the critic of that journal quotes a fragment of the *feuilleton* of M. Berlioz, in the *Journal des Débats*, with comments appropriate to the view he takes of the subject. We cite without curtailment:—

"M. Berlioz has rarely, if ever, been more grotesque in his praises than when writing of Mademoiselle Alboni's *Fides*, the singing of which he lauds as beautiful, though as every one must have been prepared to learn, it is deficient in dramatic vigour. 'I should like,' says he, after politely adverting to this, 'to be very young and very handsome. I would try to inspire her with an unhappy passion—to deceive her—from time to time to beat her, and at the end of three or four years of such discipline and grief, the talent of Mdlle. Alboni would be something amazing and complete in every respect!'"

If we may be allowed an opinion on the subject, we shall make bold to say, that it would have been fairer, both to Alboni and to the readers of the *Athenæum*, had the writer quoted at least so much of the *feuilleton* of M. Berlioz as would have conveyed a just impression of that distinguished critic's real opinion of Alboni's performance, which, if we are able to read, and understand what we read, is as warmly and unconditionally eulogistic as any notice of any artistic effort that has appeared in any journal any time this twenty years. The fact is, that Alboni's recent triumph has so astonished many people, the critic of the *Athenæum* among the rest, that they are at a loss what to make of it. We, however, were not

surprised at all, having already witnessed her performance of Leonora, in the *Favorite*, on the Continent. We have no space for a translation of the entire article of M. Berlioz, but shall quote a few passages next week, which may serve to neutralise the erroneous impression likely to be induced by the garbled extract and significant comments of the *Athenæum*.

## VIVIER.

(Continued from No. 19.)

EUGENE VIVIER was born at Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, on the 4th of December, 1822. He is, therefore, though of French extraction by his grandfather's side, no more a Frenchman than Napoleon Buonaparte. Corsica, however, being a department of the French empire, or rather republic, Vivier is a subject of the French crown, or rather presidency. His family is honourable, as might readily be guessed from his manners and conversation, which are those of a polished and accomplished gentleman. His grandfather was a *surgeon-major* (*chirurgien-major*) in the French army, at the conquest of Corsica, whose services were rewarded with the *grand cordon* of St. Michel, a decoration of high distinction, and who in Corsica, contracted a matrimonial alliance with a young lady of noble family. Vivier's father, the eldest-born from this alliance, held for many years an honourable post in France, in the department of Finance.

Eugène, who, when quite a child, a mere *bambino*, displayed a lively disposition and a keen perception of the difference of things, was destined by his parents for the bench, and as soon as he was old enough to learn, was put out to study in that direction. A noble and wealthy kinsman, the Comte Colonna D'Istria, anxious to forward the views of his parents, afforded material aid to young Eugène in his destined career. Meanwhile he was permitted to study music, as a relaxation from his severer pursuits, and the violin was selected as his principal instrument. Apparently better organised to excel as a musician than as a magistrate, Eugène made such rapid progress that in an incredibly short period he could play at sight almost anything placed before him while already that inventive genius, which afterwards enabled him to make so many new discoveries in the properties of instruments—more especially the horn—manifested itself in endless new effects, to the great astonishment of the most ancient and expert performers on the fiddle, who straightway went forth and proclaimed young Vivier a prodigy! And a prodigy he truly was—that is inasmuch as his precocious knowledge of so difficult an instrument was concerned; but in what related to the study of the law, beyond the comprehension of the first principle, *meum est curam*, he had not advanced a step. His backwardness in this respect was a sad disappointment to his parents, and particularly to his kind friend, the Comte Colonna d'Istria, who had indulged in the most extravagant hopes of the eminence his young protégé was destined at some future period to

attain. Vivier, however, who, then as now, was one of the most merry and fascinating of companions, would sooth their ill temper by some humourous remark, some witty rejoinder, or some philosophical axiom, turned in so original a manner that nothing could resist it; and thus he was left, unmolested, to employ twelve hours out of the twenty-four in pulling to pieces his violin, and reconstructing it—like the child who breaks the images in a Noah's ark, to see if there be anything inside. Unlike the child, however, Vivier's organ of destruction was balanced by an organ of perception equally strong. In the scattered fragments of wood and catgut, which had once constituted his much loved fiddle, he could discover secrets that, when he had, with infinite pains, restored the instrument to its original shape, enabled him to produce effects altogether opposed to past experience. Out of these his suggestive and far-seeing mind would plan the most original and unprecedented combinations, the realisation and practice of which would occupy and amuse him for weeks, until, wearied by familiarity, he would once more break his fiddle into pieces, concoct new wonders, and put them into execution with the same ready felicity. Being even more a musician than a mechanic, and more a poet than either, Vivier did not rest satisfied with the bare result of his experiments. It was not enough for him to know that certain sounds could be produced, and certain effects contrived, which had been previously unsuspected by violinists. He was eager to apply his discoveries to the legitimate purposes of art. With the breath of his imagination he swept the chords of the dumb fiddle, twisted by his ingenuity into another shape than its own, and gave birth to melodies and harmonies that filled the warm atmosphere of Ajaccio with dulcet and unaccustomed noises. In the early dawn, when spring decked the fields and hedges with primroses and wild blossoms of every scent and hue, Vivier, always an early riser (at that period), would awaken the birds to their orisons by a music softer and sweeter than their own. In the hot noon, when the summer sun made the ploughman sweat and the cattle seek shelter in the shadow of the woods, Vivier, concealed in the thick branches of some many-armed tree, would lighten the toil of the herdsmen, by a music so strangely harmonious, that the bees left their honey-seeking, the May-flies their courting, and sat upon the leaves to listen. In autumn, when leaves began to fall, and the verdure ripened into brown and yellow tints, Vivier would pass the live-long day in the woods with a few bunches of grapes and a bottle of spring water for his sole repast, imitating the song of the west wind, as it moaned in the melancholy pine, with such closeness and felicity, that the wind, astonished at hearing a voice so like its own, stopped blowing for a while; but the motionless leaves and branches soon explained the trick, and the vexed zephyr, enraged at the delusion practised on her, blew with redoubled fury, while Vivier, charmed with his success, mingled his laughter with the voice of the wind, until the branch on which he was rocking to and fro would well-nigh break with the irregular weight that swayed it. [We state this on the authority of certain inhabitants of Ajaccio, who, be it understood, are given to superstition, have faith in spirits, and suppose the woods and meadows to be filled with nymphs and fauns. The peasants conscientiously believed Vivier to be no less than the god Pan, who, for certain inscrutable reasons had revisited earth in the shape of a fiddler, abandoning his pipes for fear of recognition.] Thus would Vivier spend his days, in the sylvan and hilly vicinities of Ajaccio—unless when there might be a storm or a hurricane, then he would lead him to the sea-shore, and seated on a cliff, mock at the fury of the waves, until the rage of the

elements subsided, and no other noise interfering, he would draw from the strings of his violin (with the simple aid of his fingers—for Vivier rarely used the bow), a kind of hymn of thanksgiving in divers parts, which the labourer, issuing from his hut to weep over the ravages of the tempest, would mistake for some celestial harmony, and cross himself with penitent humility. In the summer and autumn nights, when the moon dispensed her sly soft beams, like the smiles of some bashful girl, Vivier, restless and sleepless, would wander about the silent streets, or thread the dark and winding lanes, driving slumber from the fairest eyes, by the plaintive and touching strains of his voice and instrument—for be it known, that, if as a fiddler Vivier could emulate Pan, as a singer he could rival Apollo, in the foud credulity of the romantic maidens of the city of Ajaccio and its environs. In the cold and gloomy winter, which is colder and gloomier in Corsica than in less genial climes, Vivier, like a bird of summer, would disappear and be no more seen in his favourite haunts. How he employed his time, however, may easily be guessed. His hours were devoted to study and contemplation, and it was what he had acquired with diligent assiduity in the winter recess, that, in spring and summer and autumn, was the charm of town and country, and morn and noon and night, filled the air with dirges and serenades and cradle songs and hymns.

One fine day, however, when the summer-sun was at its fiercest, and the full luxuriance of vegetation laded the atmosphere with perfumes that made the senses ache, those strange and errant melodies were no longer heard, that music so much loved was silent. The breezes and birds and insects were left to sing their daily concert, unmolested and alone. That mocking, kindly, tristful, and harmonious spirit had taken wing for another sphere. Vivier, determined to travel and see the world, had quitted Corsica for ever. Music in Ajaccio was dumb.

(To be continued.)

#### M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

THE sixth and last of these instructive performances took place on Friday evening, the 24th ult., at St. Martin's Hall, before a crowded audience. As we have already said so much of the design of M. Billet in giving his illustrations of the pianoforte, and of the competent manner in which he has carried his design into execution, we shall, on the present occasion, instead of advancing any further opinions of our own, quote those of some of our cotemporaries, beginning with the *Morning Post*, a journal which has already, more than once, paid a just compliment to the talent and spirit of M. Billet:—

"M. Billet, a sterling, legitimate pianist of the very best school, has been delighting and instructing the public by a second series of classical chamber concerts at the above hall, the last of which took place on Friday evening last. The concert-giver has, in the course of the series, proved himself to be familiar with the highest class of pianoforte works, and, by his admirable execution of them, has fully maintained the excellent reputation he has for some time enjoyed, both on the Continent and in England. The programme of Friday night included a grand sonata, in E flat, by Steibelt; a selection from studies by F. Hiller, Henselt, Chopin, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn; and the grand sonata in B flat, op. 106, by Beethoven. The latter work derived additional importance from the fact of its never before having been performed in public, at least in this country. Its extreme length, not to speak of its difficulty, had deterred most pianists from attempting it. Great honour, therefore, is due to M. Billet for the spirit he displayed in being the first to introduce so admirable a composition to the general public, and the truly artistic manner in which he rendered its manifold beauties."

The *Daily News*, in an excellent article on the second concert, joins to its praises of M. Billet, a warm and well merited eulogium on the second pianoforte sonata of Mr. Macfarren, \* a work that deserves to be more generally known by pianists :—

"M. Alexander Billet, a pianist of distinguished ability, is giving a series of concerts of classical pianoforte music in St. Martin's Hall, consisting of pieces for the pianoforte alone, selected from the works of the greatest pianoforte composers from the time of Bach and Scarlatti to the present day. At the concert of last night, M. Billet performed Sonatas by Woelfl, Haydn, and Macfarren; Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor; preludes and fugues by Scarlatti, Bach, and Mendelssohn, and a selection of Modern Studies by Chopin, Henselt, Stephen Heller, and Sterndale Bennett. He showed himself to be a highly accomplished performer, extensively acquainted with the styles of the different composers, and possessed of a firm hand, freedom of execution, and variety of expression. One of his most effective performances was Macfarren's Sonata in A major, a beautiful work, which entitles its author to a place amongst the greatest writers for the pianoforte. It is regular and symmetrical in structure, clear in its design, rich in harmony, and full of flowing and graceful melodies. One of the movements, a short scherzo, is remarkable for the originality of its subject; and the finale, in the style of a rapid Neapolitan *Tarantella*, is in the highest degree brilliant and animated. This masterly piece ought to be in the hands of every amateur of the pianoforte.

"The room was crowded, and it was gratifying to observe the attention and interest with which so large an audience listened to instrumental music of such a severe and classical character."

The *Times*, in the same spirit, enters more at length into the subject. We quote the whole article :—

M. Billet has given the sixth and last of his interesting performances at St. Martin's hall. Perhaps on no former occasion has the pianoforte been so comprehensively illustrated in a continuous series of concerts. M. Billet has played specimens of every composer of eminence belonging to what is termed the classical school, from the earliest times until the present day. Out of a list of 26 names he has not omitted one. During the series he has revived many *chefs d'œuvre* which had fallen into undeserved neglect, and has brought them so favourably into notice that they are not likely again to be forgotten lightly. Among the most remarkable of these may be mentioned Dussek's *Farewell to Clementi*, Pinto's sonata in A major, and Dussek's *Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia*, all doubly attractive, as works of the highest genius and as stepping-stones in the history and progress of the art. Had M. Billet done no more than restore these fine compositions to public notice, he would have rendered an essential service to good taste; but he has successfully illustrated every master of renown; and the catalogue of works he has presented during six performances would alone be enough to afford to any one anxious for knowledge an excellent idea of the genius and style of all the great composers for the pianoforte, from Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, down to Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn.

"At the last *soirée* M. Billet introduced a beautiful sonata of Steibelt in E flat, dedicated to Madame Bonaparte—a work full of fancy and genuine melody, with ideas enough to furnish materials for twenty of the current fantasias of the day. He also played a chain of modern studies, from Ferdinand Hiller, Henselt, Chopin, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn; two of which—those of Henselt and Chopin—he was compelled to repeat. The grand feature of the concert was Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Op. 108—the longest and one of the most original and extraordinary pieces ever written for the instrument. The difficulties of this work, which was composed at a late period of Beethoven's career, are so enormous, that no pianist has ventured before to attempt it in public. M. Billet, however, has had the courage to make the essay; and though the performance took up more than half an hour, the audience listened to it with marked attention throughout, and applauded each movement with enthusiasm. The finale, especially, containing an

elaborate fugue in three parts, many points of which are so widely dispersed that it is almost impossible for the hands to grasp them simultaneously, demands prodigious mechanical powers. But M. Billet found both fingers and intelligence for the task, and executed the finale with unflagging spirit and decision, never once abating, for his own convenience, the rapid *tempo* indicated by the composer.

"We have bestowed some attention on these concerts, since we esteem them among the most instructive and interesting that have been given for many years in illustration of the pianoforte. If M. Billet proceed boldly in the new path he has struck out for himself, he cannot fail to attain a very distinguished position among modern pianists of the classical school. It is worthy noting, in conclusion, that, although himself a composer of ability, M. Billet has modestly refrained from introducing a single production of his own pen during the entire series of illustrations—a piece of self-denial for which we imagine not many precedents could be cited."

We understand that it is M. Billet's intention to give a performance at the New Beethoven Rooms, in the course of which he will introduce some of those pieces which have been most successful during the series of six, at St. Martin's Hall. We think these illustrations of the great piano-forte writers would be attractive at some of the Literary and Philosophical Institutions in London and its vicinity—to say nothing of Manchester and other large towns. Perhaps M. Billet may be persuaded to consider the subject.

#### APOTHEGMS.

Laws, like the bones of animals, become stronger from having been broken and mended. In this light, the law-breakers are the best law-makers.

#### DREYSCHOCK.

We learn from our enlightened contemporary, *Punch*, that this eminent performer on an instrument which, from our infancy, we have been accustomed to call the pianoforte, is not a pianist, but a violinist, and, consequently, the marvels of execution with which he is in the habit of astonishing and delighting his enthusiastic auditors are not achieved upon the pianoforte but upon the violin. We are grateful for this unexpected piece of information, which will enable us for the future to steer clear of those confounded mistakes, which, in the multiplicity of our daily and nightly avocations, as musical reporters, it is very natural we should make from time to time. Yet, with the profoundest respect for our deep and subtle contemporary, we are still at a loss to guess how Herr Dreyschock, with all his skill and all his prodigious mechanism, can possibly manage to perform, with only half his complement of fingers, those extraordinary variations on the national anthem, which have excited such universal surprise, on an instrument so very unaccommodating to the grasp and capabilities of a single hand (and that the left hand) as the violin. Perhaps however, *Punch*, who for this discovery merits a musical degree at the university of Oxford, and should be dubbed hereafter *Punch, Mus: Doc:* will, in the heat of his benevolence, and the light of his wisdom, condescend to explain in a future number. Meanwhile we gladly correct our own blunder, and apologise to our readers for having represented Herr Dreyschock as a pianist, when our ears and our eyes, to say nothing of our understanding, should at once have informed us that he was really a fiddler, and played upon a fiddle.

The following is the paragraph in which the erudite Dr. *Punch* discloses this new piece of information to the world :—

"HERR DREYSCHOCK, the celebrated VIOLINIST, has been astonishing his audiences by playing 'God save the Queen,' with his left hand.



However wonderful the fact, it has been objected to by a super-loyalist, on the ground of its being after all but a left-handed compliment to the sovereign.

Soliciting the indulgence of our readers for having committed to grass an error as to mistake a violin for a piano-forte we take leave of the subject for the present, and promise to behave better for the future.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Lumley's troops, already sufficiently strong, has received additional force from the acquisition of Madame Frezzolini, who, on Saturday, in the *Elisir d'Amore*, sustained the part of Adina; and showed herself no less a proficient in comedy than in tragedy. Her performance, both vocally and histrionically, was well sustained throughout. The brilliant qualities of her singing were admirably developed in the duet with Dulcamara, and the cavatina of the second act, each of which won for her the most enthusiastic marks of approval, and in each of which the final movement was unanimously recommended. In her acting, Madame Frezzolini brought forward with equal prominence the coquettish and the pathetic sides of Adina's character.

Calzolari's Nembo was chiefly made attractive by the admirable taste with which he sang the beautiful aria, "Una quistione d'agmina," which was, perhaps, never encored with more genuine heartiness.

Lablache's Dulcamara is a gigantic piece of humour and amusing insolence. By such a pleasant and glabritous charlatan we would not be sorry to be duped. The roguish eye, blinking with good humour—the pleasant rotundity, so full of healthy vigour—the smile, at once only and satirical—the cool impudence with which a scrape is compromised—the self-satisfied egotism with which a mistake is rectified—the physiognomy, shining with quackish effrontery and undeniable good living—constitute an ensemble of unctuous drollery, comical waggishness, and exquisite caricature which is not to be resisted. And then the voice, which fills the whole theatre with peals of resonant melody, vigorous and mellow as they are bulky and commanding; musical thunder in the only respect by which to apostrophise it. Alas! if ever Lablache should leave us—which we fondly trust he will never do; in great enough to fill the place he now occupies! even Bellini's Belshazzar cannot be so warmly commended as a careful and effective performance. Mr. Lumley has not, in the whole company, a more zealous and useful artist than Signor Bellini, whose singing may always be accepted as a model of correctness.

The quartet was altogether well played. Haite, whose orchestra shows nightly marks of improvement, was, in great force, and conducted with the utmost vigour and discretion. The audience were in excellent humour, and recalled Madame Frezzolini and the other principals several times during the evening.

On Tuesday, the same opera was repeated, and the Nepolese princes, in each of the first tier boxes, arrayed in all the magnificence of their national costume, with diamonds in their yoked dress, the worth of which was estimated by a learned Englishman, who sat near me at 180,000 sterling, were the subjects of incessant curiosity to the audience. The three in question are apparently very young, and have a certain expression of stolidity in their countenance which partakes largely of the Ghiblin-Chinese. Mr. Lumley's attention to the young princes of Eastern royalty was marked and pure.

On Thursday the entertainments were varied and lengthy,

after the manner of "long Thursdays" in general. A mere list of the entertainments will suffice to give some idea of the copious richness of the bill of fare. Bellini's *Somnambula*, for the last time, with the delightful Sontag, the energetic Sims Reeves, and the careful Belletti; a scene from Paul Taglioni's popular ballet of *Thea*, in which the charming Marie executed one of her prettiest and most characteristic pas, assisted by those four veritable graces of choreographic art (if four graces may be allowed, even in metaphor), Julien, Lamoureux, Ausundon, and Rosa; some selections from the last act of *L'Eclair*, in which Frezzolini, Calzolari, and Lablache appeared; a scene from *Guillaume Tell*, with the grand trio, or rather the slow movement from the grand trio, for Baucarde, Coletti, and Lorenzo; and, to crown all, the new *divertissement*, entitled *Les Graces*, in which Carlotta Grisi, the Queen, was oliviner, Amalia Ferraris more iron and "pointed," Marie Taglioni more winning and youthful than ever. Such was the programme, and such being the programme, was it to be wondered at that the house was crowded to the ceiling?

By the way, in speaking of *Les Graces*, on various occasions, we have endeavoured to do justice to the fertile invention of M. Paul Taglioni, to the sparkling characteristics of Signor Pugnani's music, and to the talents of the executants, Carlotta Grisi and her satellites. We have as yet, however, failed to apostrophise in due terms of eulogy the invaluable services of M. Gosselin, that able and experienced professor, who has had the trouble of getting up all the choreographic entertainments at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years, and whom Perrot was wont to designate his "right hand." M. Gosselin's zeal and indefatigability cannot be too highly lauded. Although his labours are wholly behind the curtain, and his name does not prominently appear in the bills, it is but truth to say that, without his assistance, it would have been impossible for Mr. Lumley to produce such a rapid succession of attractions in the ballet department as he has been enabled to do for years past. M. Gosselin not only trains the *coryphées* and subordinates, but assists at the studies of the principal dancers, who on all occasions eagerly adopt his advice and suggestions. A more useful officer than M. Gosselin is not to be found in the service of Her Majesty's Theatre, and we are glad to take this opportunity of making his merits known.

While on the subject of *Les Graces* we may quote the *compt rendu* of that elegant *divertissement* which has appeared in the pages of a weekly cotemporary:—

"Thursday, the 4th of May, was rendered memorable by the first execution of a new *pas de trois* for the three principal danseuses of the establishment, Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris. Since the famous *Pas de Quatre*, no feat of choreographic art has been produced which can at all approach, in grace of invention and prodigies of execution, this new composition of M. Paul Taglioni, which is appropriately entitled *Les Graces*. The *divertissement* commences with a series of beautiful groupings, by the nymphs attendant upon the Graces, which gives way to the simultaneous *entrées* of the three goddesses, who, in a characteristic *adagio*, exhibit all the varieties of pose which classic art, in sculpture and painting, has attributed to the fabled Graces. The drapery in which the charming danseuses are enveloped adds decency to every motion, without diminishing one atom of the attraction. The *adagio* is succeeded by a *suite* of three *pas seuls*, in which each of the dancers displays, in a variety of quick and animated steps, the elasticity of her feet, the strength, *aplomb*, and agility of her execution. Marie Taglioni exalts in those joyous bounds for which she has been noted; Amalia Ferraris astonishes by the wonderful firmness of her *pointes*, the rapidity of her *entrechats*, and the perilous height of her leaps; Carlotta Grisi combines with a number

of twinkling steps, betraying the most finished art, numberless feats of mechanism, which, from the ease of their accomplishment, become no longer surprising, and that inimitable grace and child-like abandon which is the distinguishing trait of her exquisite talent. Each of the Graces was applauded to the echo in her variation; but, if the word must be spoken, it was Carlotta who "bore away the bell." She never danced more beautifully since she first set her small and symmetrically-formed foot—a foot that would have found Cinderella's glass slipper too large—on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, the scene of so many of her triumphs. The *coda*, in which all three dancers are busily engaged in a quick revolving step, brought the *pas de trois* to a brilliant climax, and worked up the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Never was success more decided, or more amply merited.

Carlotta "bore away the bell." We like the expression, both for its truth and its poetical applicability. Carlotta always "bore away the bell," no matter who were her competitors, and always will, as long as youth and health allow her to dance and enchant the world.

The second grand concert for the season was given on Monday morning, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. Although not deficient in points of interest, the programme was inferior to that of the first. There was no *pièce de résistance*, no grand composition, to break the monotony of a lengthy succession of vocal *morceaux*, few of which bore the stamp either of novelty or musical excellence, and thus, while the performance took up less time than on the former occasion, it was infinitely more prolix.

As far as names went the entertainment was attractive enough, since every member of the company was more or less engaged. The delightful talent of Madame Sontag was exhibited in a variety of pieces, the most striking of which was the "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman?" with Adam's variations and the flute *obligato* of Remusat. We have already spoken in fitting terms of this finished and brilliant vocal display, which on Monday, as at Madame Puzzi's concert, created the greatest enthusiasm, and was followed by an encore too genuine and unanimous to be declined. Madame Frezzolini, too, sang with charming effect in the popular cavatina from Ricci's *Il Colonnello*, the *rondo finale* from Donizetti's *Betty*, and a Russian ballad about the nightingale, called "Zolovoi," which was given in the original language. The last, a catching specimen of national melody, was rendered by Madame Frezzolini with the utmost spirit, and in the cadences the strength and purity of the upper notes of her voice were shown to eminent advantage. This, also, met with a hearty and spontaneous encore. Miss Catherine Hayes, in a new ballad, "The joy of tears," composed for her by Mr. Balfe, was honoured by a similar compliment. The ballad is in its composer's happiest manner, the melody being graceful and touching, while the accompaniments are appropriately simple, never interfering with the vocal effect. Miss Hayes sang it with perfect taste, and indeed nothing could better suit her voice and style of singing which are peculiarly adapted to expressive subjects. A chorus of Gluck, "Le Dieu de Paphos," in which the principals took part, was well executed, but beyond a pretty tune there is nothing at all remarkable in the music. Surely something more important might have been selected as an illustration of the style of this great master. Still more unfortunate were some fragments from the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which, besides being very imperfectly executed, were not in the least calculated to give a correct notion of the merits of the composition from which they were abstracted. We strongly object to the custom of taking "bits" out of great works, which can only be properly appreciated when performed entire. A miscellaneous selection

of pieces by Mdlle. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Mdlle. Ida Bertrand, Signori Baucarde, Calzolari, Colletti, Bellotti, Lorenzo, Lablache, F. Lablache, Mr. Sims Beeson, &c., some of which demand special notice, completed the vocal department of the programme. The splendid performance of Mr. Thalberg on the pianoforte lent a seasonable relief to the first essay of the great pianist was his fantasia on *Il Tiro d'Amore*, which being loudly redemanded, he played the latter part of his *Masaniello*; the second was his fantasia on *Lucia di Borgia*, which afforded equal pleasure, although, coming so late in the concert, it was not encored. In both pieces Mr. Thalberg displayed that wonderful strength and finish of execution in which he has never been surpassed in our time.

One of the most interesting features of the whole concert was Mendelssohn's imaginative and masterly overture to the *Isles of Fingal*, effectively played by the band under the able conduct of Mr. Balfe. This fine composition, even had the concert been less attractive, would have served as a satisfactory apology for a multitude of shortcomings.

Among the audience was observed the celebrated Madame Pasta, who is in London on a short visit.

Meanwhile, the whole talk of musical London is the forthcoming opera of *La Tempesta*; Halley and Scythia, composer and author, are both here, and the preparations are going on rapidly, though steadily. It is a pity Shakespeare himself cannot be here, to look on. Mr. Marshall is said to have surpassed himself—no easy matter, by the way. The opera is positively announced for Thursday in the next week. It is to be hoped, for the sake of all parties, that it may be triumphantly successful.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of the *Roberto di Dioclezio*, on Saturday night, was in every respect so superior to the first, that the latter might be considered as a mere stage rehearsal. Indeed, the audience were fully sensible of the difference between the two performances, and in place of the half-cold reception awarded to the opera on Thursday, it created a *furor*. Now, many causes combined to produce this result. The chorus felt more at ease, and were steadier and more decided. The first act especially was infinitely better sung throughout. Crisi, Tamburini, and Formes had each and all gained strength and confidence from experience. The Alce of the "Diva" abounds in manifold and different beauties.

A great improvement was manifested in Tamburini, who, weak and hesitating occasionally on the Thursday, came out transcendently on the second night. He was frequently cheered by the whole house. His performance of Roberto is a masterpiece.

In Formes, too, we copied evident signs of amelioration. The great German basso is too real an artist not to believe his performance capable of improvement, and too wise not to follow the advice of those who, he must know, have no wish but to set him right. Of Formes' conception of Bertram there can be but one opinion—that it was noble and true; but fault has been found with the manner of realising his conception. The motions and attitudes which were considered by many extravagant and *outré*, were softened down on Saturday, and the embodiment of the character appeared doubly powerful and real in consequence. Exuberance is the only fault of Formes—but it is a fault not infrequently allied to the brightest intelligence. We have little doubt that the great German basso will soon get rid of this drawback altogether.

The general performance was a great advance on the first. Several *morceaux* which passed off without a hand on Thursday were received with enthusiasm on Saturday. Seldom has there been heard within the walls of a theatre singing to equal that of the grand trio in the last act on Saturday, by Grisi, Tamberlik, and Farnes. It was a splendid performance, and brought down the house with an explosion of applause.

We are glad to find that Mr. Costa has shortened the opera by at least half an hour. This may be reckoned among the decided improvements. Four hours and a half of music, however interesting, is somewhat too long. They seem to have a leaning to these prolix entertainments in France. John Bull prefers them short and sweet. It must not be forgotten that our operas are given in the summer months, while the musical season on the continent mostly takes place in the winter. Certainly the heat at present is sufficient to produce lassitude. Therefore we say Mr. Costa accomplished a decided improvement in the performance of the *Roberto*, when he shortened it by half an hour.

The third performance of the *Roberto il Diavolo* on Tuesday was confirmation strong of the preceding night's success. The opera went off with immense éclat.

Thursday was a sad and a joyful night for the Royal Italian Opera. Sad, because it brought us the prince of musical mountebanks, Verdi, the Jew-Peter *tonans*; and joyful, inasmuch as it restored to our longing eyes and wishful ears one of the greatest masters of song that ever adorned the lyric stage. Last week, or the week previously, we hinted what a pity it was that Ronconi should have fixed upon one of Verdi's operas for his *résumé*. And yet, upon consideration, we think it something hard to blame him. Utterly destitute of music as is the opera *Nabucodonosor*, *Nabucco*, *Nino*, or *Anato*—for in all these names does Verdi's work rejoice—meagre and ill-constructed as is the plot, it contains some situations powerful enough to exhibit the finest talent of a tragedian to the greatest advantage, far more powerful, indeed, than could be found in the majority of the works of the dramatic masters. It was, of course, Ronconi's desire to display his capabilities in the most favourable light, and as *Nabucco*, *Nino*, or *Anato*, dramatically, if not musically, fitted his genius to a T, he made choice of that opera. He was also aware that unless he appeared in that particular opera on his opening night, there would be but little chance of its subsequent production. Nor shall we bestow any blame on Ronconi for not making choice of a more legitimate work for his reappearance, when we remember that all the principal parts of the operas of Mozart, Rossini, and others, are at present in such safe custody with Tamburini, that they stand but little chance of being resigned to anybody else. Considering all things, therefore, we cannot censure to any great extent Ronconi for making Verdi's opera the vehicle for his opening display.

When Verdi wrote the *Nabucco*, he had evidently *Semiramide* in one eye, and *Mosé in Egitto* in the other. (Friend Punch would here exclaim, "It was all—my eye" with him.) Had he kept the *opsis* in his hearing as well as he seems to have kept the stories in his sight, it might have been all the better for his reputation. Young, uneducated, imprudent, and fatuous, he determined to pluck the dramatic crown from Rossini and to place it on his own head. His own drama should have read him a severe lesson. The impious Nabucco insisted on his godship, and was struck blind for his temerity. Verdi undoubtedly imitated, or attempted to imitate Rossini in his so-called grand operas, but it is the imitation of a school-boy who piles up a two-foot wooden house, and fancies

he is building a St. Pauls. Never was writer of operas so destitute of real invention, so deficient in power, or so wanting in the musician's skill. His sole art consists in weaving ballad tunes—we never find any tune in his songs—into choruses, which sung in unison make an immense noise; or in working up a finale by means of a tremendous crash of the brass instruments, the drum, and cymbals, and voices screaming at the top of their register. Strip his finales of their noise and nothing remains—absolutely nothing. The instrumentation is thin, insipid and pointless; the colouring overcharged; the construction feeble; the development puerile. He has not a notion of real effect. But let us turn from unsophisticated brass to unadulterated gold—from Verdi to Ronconi.

The Royal Italian Opera on Thursday evening was filled to overflowing, although we know several who were kept away from the theatre by Verdi. Ronconi was the main attraction. The name of the great little artist is a tower of strength.

We shall say nothing of the music—there being nothing to say. The one solitary encore was achieved by Ronconi and Castellan. The one tune in the opera, the "Va pensiero" chorus, failed to elicit an encore, because it was out of place. The audience displayed the best possible taste in overlooking it.

The story of *Nino* must be familiar to our readers, most of whom cannot but remember Fornasari in the hero, to say nothing of Coletti's later performances.

Anato, or Nino, is a regal tyrant of Assyria, who would enslave the whole Babylonian race, and who carries his tyranny, or madness, so far, that he insists upon being worshipped as a god. He is struck with lightning for his impiety, and loses his reason. A slave, his supposed daughter, obtains possession of the throne, and imprisons him. The Assyrians break into his prison and rescue him, and he eventually becomes a good old man.

In the earlier scenes Ronconi assumed the imperiousness and mingled dignity of the tyrant with admirable tact. His splendid acting, although he had but little to do, and energetic singing, despite his having nothing to sing, won him an enthusiastic recall when the curtain fell.

The second act contains the scene in which Anato is struck with lightning for his impiety. We never witnessed any acting more powerfully impressive throughout—more instinct with genius—than that of Ronconi in this scene. The defiant air and haughty bearing yielding to the sudden prostration of mind and body, as he fell, stunned by the requiting flash, into the arms of an attendant, and awoke to life, half-maniac, half-penitent, was portrayed with a reality absolutely fearful. Every look, motion, and attitude combined to form one of the grandest pictures of overwhelming passion ever seen. The poverty of the music was completely lost sight of in this stupendous exhibition of art. Despite of Ronconi's deficiencies of voice, his singing is scarcely inferior to his acting. Few singers we have heard can produce more wonderful effects by phrasing, or by contrasting the *piano* with the *forte* tones. Ronconi, more than any other singer, reminds us of Malibran in that abandonment to the feeling of the moment which seems to set aside singing as a vehicle for display, and to treat it as a language which expresses the more as it is less circumscribed by the niceties of rule. Nor does this prove that Ronconi cannot sing when more singing is required. No vocalist can infuse more pathos and expression into his tones, nor sing with more indication of every requisite of art in its highest province. True, Ronconi is not gifted with a beautiful organ, powerful, or of great compass; but he possesses what few barytones

can boast of—high notes resembling a tenor's of a peculiar quality, and a *mezza voce* singularly effective. The manner in which Ronconi modulates his voice from the *fortissimo* to the *pianissimo* is one of the most extraordinary things we have heard in singing. Indeed, the only thing we know to which it may be compared is Ernet's violin playing.

Need we say that Ronconi created a perfect *furor* in this scene, and was recalled at the end with every demonstration of enthusiasm.

The third act does not offer such fine opportunities for the artist as the second. Nevertheless, Ronconi accomplished some grand things, vocally and dramatically, in both his scenes. His superb singing and acting in the duet, "O di qual onta," won the only encore of the evening. We could point, also, to the cabaletta of this duet, in which Anato entreats Abigail to spare his daughter's life, as a transcendent display; as well as the whole of the last scene, which is worked up with prodigious power. Enough to say, Ronconi achieved one of the greatest triumphs in the chronicles of the Royal Italian Opera.

Madame Castellan wins her way nightly, and has made immense improvement since last year. Her performance of Abigail was in every respect admirable. Her recitative in the beginning of the second act, dramatically considered, was the best thing she ever did. It occasionally approached the borders of inspiration. She was more than once recalled.

Tamberlik had but little to do; but his magnificent voice came out more powerful and brilliant than ever in the *finales*.

Mademoiselle Vera made an interesting Fenena, and Tagliafico gave the music of the High Priest with graphic power.

The dresses and *mise en scène* were splendid, but we detected the carpenter's laying an embargo on *Semiramide* and *Zora*. In this they only imitated Verdi.

An act from *Lucresia* and an Act from *Zara* followed, and made a real "long Thursday."

To-night the *Huguenots*; and on Tuesday Ronconi will appear in the second act of *Anato* and as Figaro in *Il Barbiere*. Mario plays the Count in the last opera and Castellan, Rosina.

On Thursday, perhaps, we may have *Don Giovanni*.

#### MARIO AND TAMBERLIK.

(From a Correspondent.)

MARIO'S, as a tenor voice, seems to me unrivalled for its astonishing breadth, purity, and sweetness. His register, tending down to the bass, perhaps more than almost any tenor voice ever heard, combines, in the most eminent degree, the majesty and pathos of the barytone voice with the intense feeling, beauty, and flexibility of the tenor. Take him in a character requiring heroism, and he sings with a breadth, boldness, and energy which is truly grand. Take him as a lover, his voice is pathos and purity itself, without for a moment degenerating into mawkishness or an overstrained sentimentality: the beautiful and perfectly smooth junction of his natural and falsetto voice is here shown with that consummate art, that it must be a highly-educated ear which is sensible of the exact boundary line of the two.

As an actor, he is the most polished gentleman I have seen either on or off the stage: he never degenerates into rant, and is as far from any coarseness or vulgarity as light from dark. All this must require a most superior physical and mental organisation, which he certainly possesses in an eminent degree.

His style of singing is chaste and severe; and he, of all tenor singers, is the least addicted to clap-trap, which he seems never to condescend to, feeling the consciousness of his immense real and legitimate resources.

Tamberlik, the new tenor of the Covent Garden Opera, whose style and voice are of totally different character, appears to be the only contemporaneous tenor who has in any way rivalled the incomparable Mario. Their styles are, however, so different that,

whilst they may be equals, they are both masters of their own model and originality.

I should describe Tamberlik's singing as mystic, subtle, and insinuating. His voice, contrary to Mario's, appears to have its great distinguishing features towards the treble, where, in astonishing force, I should think it was never exceeded, if equalled. It is of a metallic, and at the same time of a silvery tone, which, aided by the self-possessed subtlety of his singing, and his strong and intense, but at times internal rather than external, dramatic feeling, creates an indescribable fascination in the hearer that amounts to necromancy, so that you could almost imagine that the fiend was sent on earth to tempt you with sweet sounds. His singing is of a most thrilling character, which seems to creep stealthily throughout your whole nervous system, to keep him at bay seems impossible, for though, like the serpent's prey, you would avoid him, he so fascinates that you abandon yourself to his mercy.

His style of singing appears to me most artful. He is so cool, and so well aware of his amazing powers, that he opens with a sort of tantalizing apathy and calmness which may, at the first, disappoint, while it is in reality rivetting your attention and expectation. You wonder what this mysterious and quiet opening portends; he gradually unfolds himself by insensible degrees, until an encore is extorted from the audience; then the lion begins to lash his tail; he is roused, and shakes his mane, and casts his apparent apathy on one side; then you hear him roar with terrific roar; you know and feel his mighty power; henceforth he has all his own way; you are powerless when he lashes out in his magnificent rage; when his shrill cry outvies and overtops the mighty mass of concerted music, and is heard above the thundering tones of the great basses and barytones—above the lark-like notes of the sopranos—then he strikes lightning into your very soul!

You have now seen and heard him—you are unable to explain why he holds your feelings as if with the iron grip of a vice—why your heart craves to be again fascinated—why his shrill tones ring in your ear, and the mind feels as if there was some mysterious diablerie—some demoniacal charm—about his unearthly cry, against which no sound, however mighty, can prevail.

Strange to say, in some portions of the voice, if a person was suddenly dropped, blindfold, into the middle of the open house, they would declare that Alboni was singing, if they had not heard Tamberlik before; whilst, if they had heard both, they would be equally puzzled to tell which of the two it might be—the compliment to either artist would be undoubtedly great—the same thrilling lusciousness, or both, in this of Tamberlik's portion of the voice.

In the lower part of the voice you do not get that magnificent breadth, volume, and distinctness which you have in Mario. The tones appear indistinct, and somewhat muffled, and you feel that all he does is of heavy calibre; still you arrive at the conclusion that to attain one beauty or distinguishing characteristic you must sacrifice another, and that there is no such thing as perfection in any one artist, however great.

Altogether, then, in attempting to make any comparison of these two inimitable tenors, I should say, in looking at their respective voices as a whole, that Mario's is a more perfect voice, for it is literally perfect throughout, whilst Tamberlik's cannot be said to be so.

Tamberlik's singing is thoroughly dramatic; the stage must be his great stronghold.

But their voices and their dramatic styles are so totally different, and yet both so great and original, that I shall not attempt to enter into any closer comparison.

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second performance of *Israel in Egypt*, and the last of the present season, on Friday night, the 24th, attracted a crowded audience to Exeter Hall. The solo singers were Misses Birch, Eliza Birch, and Dolby, Messrs Sims Reeves, H. Phillips, and Machin. The performance, on the whole, is one of the best we have ever heard of this most elaborate of oratorios.

This season thus terminated has been one of considerable interest as regards the performances of the Sacred Harmonic

Society. It began in November, 1849, with a revival of *Solomon*, one of the later works of Handel, followed by three performances of the *Messiah*, the customary number in the Christmas week. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* opened the new year, and was also given three times, the last at the desire of Prince Albert. It was in this great work that Miss Catherine Hayes and Herr Formes made their first appearance at the concerts of the society. Herr Paul Mendelssohn, brother of the composer, was present at the last two performances of *St. Paul*, and highly complimented the committee on the manner in which the oratorio had been executed. *St. Paul* was succeeded by Handel's *Saul*, which had not previously been attempted by the society for six years. *Saul*, like *Solomon*, though containing some of Handel's most ingenious, characteristic, and splendid choruses, was found prolix by the majority of the audience, owing to the excessive quantity of recitatives and airs, and the formless insipidity of the books. Neither of these oratorios can acquire the popularity to which their merits entitle them, until they have been curtailed in this department by some judicious hand. Handel was fettered in his day by the jealousies and caprices of contemporary singers, for each of whom he was compelled to write special airs; but, as these potential ladies and gentlemen of the vocal art have long been gathered to their ancestors, there can be no profanity now in lightening Handel's oratorios of some of the dead weight with which their vanity encumbered them. It may be mentioned here that *Saul* was presented on this occasion by the Sacred Harmonic Society precisely after Handel's score, which is fuller and more varied in the instrumental accompaniments than most of his oratorios. For this excellent idea, we believe, the subscribers were indebted to Mr. Costa. After *Saul* came Haydn's *Creation*, which in its turn, gave place to a very interesting miscellaneous concert, consisting of the same composer's *Third Mass*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*. Mendelssohn's work, produced for the first time, pleased unanimously, and is likely to be a strong feature in future miscellaneous concerts. The *Messiah* was repeated, as usual, in Passion week, and was succeeded by three performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which were among the most lucrative and successful ever given by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The two recent performances of Handel's *Israel*, which is rapidly approaching the *Messiah* itself in popularity, brought the season to a close with the greatest éclat.

In reviewing the prospectus issued previous to the commencement of the season, we find that every work promised has been duly brought forward, a fact which cannot but exercise a beneficial influence on future subscriptions. The immense improvement in the band, chorus, and general ensemble since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor is a matter of notoriety. There is still, however, room for amendment in certain departments of the orchestra, and some expedient is absolutely essential to insure a greater degree of steadiness in the entire mass of chorus, a large number of whom, from the manner in which they are placed on either side of the organ, can obtain but an imperfect glimpse of the conductor, while the two divisions at the extremities can neither see nor hear each other. This, in the grand double choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn, is worse than an inconvenience; it is a stumbling-block in the way of perfect execution. We are much gratified to learn, however, that the committee have some important plans under consideration for improving the acoustical capabilities of the building. According to these plans, the roof is to be raised, the organ—that most obstinate

and gigantic of obstructions—to be thrown back, and the pillars in front of the great gallery removed. There can be little doubt of the vast good that must accrue from these alterations, which, it is anticipated, may be completed before the commencement of next season. The two opposite wings of the chorus will be thereby placed in direct communication with the conductor and with each other, while the sound, freed from obstruction, will henceforth be equally distributed over every part of the building. All thereafter wanted, to insure continued prosperity for the Sacred Harmonic Society, will be a new musical genius to write another *Elijah*. Where such a one is to be found, however, it is difficult to suggest. At present there are no visible signs of any such phenomenon.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE third concert for the present season took place on Saturday morning in the Hanover Square Rooms, and was a decided improvement on the others. The following was the programme:—

#### PART I.

Overture—"Die Elfen."—M.S.	C. Steggall.
Choral Song—(full choir).—"Jog on."	Miss Macirone.
Cavatina—"Rose softly blooming." Miss J. Bassano.	
(Azor and Zemira.)	Spohr.
Duet—"Come be gay." Miss Helen Taylor and Miss Owen. (Der Freischütz.)	Weber.
Concerto No. 1.—Pianoforte. Mr. R. Thomas.	Mendelssohn.
Romanza—"Cari luoghi." Miss Owen. (Linda di Chamouni.)	Donizetti.
Recit—"Eccomi giunto omai." Miss Browne. (Il Aris.)	Meyerbeer.
"Ah! come rapida." Crociato in Egitto.)	
Andante et Rondeau Russo—Violin. Mr. Simmons.	De Beriot.
Finale to the 1st Act of Zelmira—Principal parts by Miss Clara Fraser, Miss Owen, Mr. Swift, Mr. W. Lyon, and Mr. Pollard.	Rossini.

#### PART II.

Concertino—(M.S.)—Pianoforte. Miss Woolf.	Miss Woolf.
Madrigal—"Hence, dull care and sadness." (A.D. 1581.)	Gastoldi.
Duet—"Down in our valleys." (M.S.) Miss Helen Taylor and Miss Owen.	Pollard.
Song—"Should he upbraid." Mrs. Edward Hancock.	Sir H. Bishop.
Septet in D minor.—(1st movement and Scherzo.)	
Pianoforte, Miss Yates. Flute, Mr. E. Card. Oboe, Mr. Horton. Horn, Mr. Standen. Viola, Mr. Colchester. Violoncello, Mr. Aylward, and Contrabass, Mr. Mount.	Hummel.
Duet—"Ah! perdona." Miss Clara Fraser and Miss Young. (La Clemenza di Tito.)	Mozart.
Finale to the 1st Act of "Azor and Zemira." Principal parts by Miss Mary Rose, Miss J. Bassano, Miss Pitt, Mr. Swift, Mr. Wm. Lyon, and Mr. Pollard.	Spohr.

Mr. C. Steggall's new overture, *Die Elfen*, both in the character of the principal ideas, and in the manner of their treatment, showed a considerable advance on his previous essay. There can be no doubt of the talent of this gentleman, who, besides great facility, evinces an acquaintance with the art of writing for the orchestra by no means common at his age. What we miss in him is originality—a gift, however, accorded to very few. Mr. Steggall's overture was well played, and much applauded. Miss Macirone's choral song is a composition of merit, but not quite good enough to bear out the promise held forth by some of her earlier efforts. The vocal duet, "Down in our valleys," of Mr. Pollard, was chiefly remarkable for the monotonous repetition of an idea in itself neither attractive nor new. It was, nevertheless, very well sung by Miss Helen Taylor and Owen. The pianoforte concertino of Miss Woolf made up the catalogue of new compositions by students of the institution. We believe this



Miss Woolf's first effort of the kind. If so, it does her credit, for although it contains nothing either new or striking, and is somewhat meagrely scored for the orchestra, it is effectively written for the pianoforte, and many of the passages are exceedingly brilliant. Miss Woolf, of whose talent as a pianist we have spoken more than once, was her own executant on that occasion. With a great deal of strength and a dashing style of playing, this lady wants both finish of execution and equality of tone. At the same time she is decidedly one of the cleverest pupils at present in the Academy, and is young enough to make amends for all present drawbacks. The warmest applause was bestowed both upon her composition and her playing. Mr. R. Thomas, a very young student, distinguished himself highly by his performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, in which he displayed a power and elasticity of finger, combined with a decision of style, quite remarkable at his age. Mr. Thomas bids fair to become one of the best pianists in the academy, and it is to be hoped that the applause with which his performance was received on Saturday will serve as an inducement to continued exertion. The other instrumental pieces—De Beriot's *Andante et Rondo Russe* for the violin, played by Mr. Simmons, and the first movement and *scherzo* from Hummel's well-known septet in D minor, in which the pianoforte part was sustained by Miss Yates—were neither of them very brilliant exhibitions of talent or promise—Mr. Simmons hardly improves as we could wish. We fear he does not practice with zeal, since his execution, though not wanting in spirit, is deficient in finish. Miss Yates plays neatly, but her tone is very small, and in the forte passages we could scarcely hear the pianoforte. On the whole we were not greatly pleased with the execution of the septet; the violoncello was out of tune, the horn by no means correct, and the viola inaudible; the oboe, flute, and double-bass, however, were more up to the mark. In the vocal selection we have nothing to note but the great improvement exhibited by Miss Owen in the *romanza* from *Linda*, "Cariluoghi," and the unpretending manner in which Miss J. Bassano sang "Rose softly blooming," from Spohr's *Azor e Zemira*. The finales to the first and second acts of Spohr's *Jessonda*, were well executed. Gastoldi's madrigal, "Hence, dull care," was ill-selected and not particularly well sung. The concert was conducted by Mr. Lucas, and M. Sainton officiated as principal violin in the orchestra. The room was crowded.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### PRINCESS'S.

MESSRS. MACFARREN and LODER gave a combined benefit at this Theatre on Monday evening. The entertainments were unusually attractive. The first act of *King Charles II.*, and the second act of *The Night Dancers*, would of themselves have furnished a most satisfactory entertainment. But, in addition, the brothers *beneficiaires* provided a miscellaneous concert, at once highly spiced and richly varied; and as a dessert to the feast, they superadded one of the smartest farces in the repertory of the theatre. This with an eye to the gods and the devourers of midnight fun.

Of the first act of Macfarren's delightful opera, we can only say it sounded more charming than ever in our ears; that the principal vocalists endeavoured to surpass themselves by their exertions on this interesting occasion; and that the band and chorus were more independent than consisted with the attainment of a perfect performance. Both Miss Louisa Pye and Madame Macfarren were in excellent voice, and the usual

encores of the favorite *morceaux* followed, as a matter of consequence. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Weiss were unusually good, and Mr. Corri must not be forgotten.

The musical miscellany followed the act of *King Charles the Second*. It commenced with a harp fantasia, by Mr. J. Thomas, which was greeted with considerable applause. Next came Sims Reeves, who was received with raptures, and encored with thunders in the "Bay of Biscay," after which he gave "The Death of Nelson," which, being re-encored, he repeated. The audience went into ecstasies.

After Sims Reeves came Ernst, who played the "Cavaliere de Venise." At this time the second prize was paying an immense congregation into the pit and galleries. Ernst had unfortunately commenced at a most inauspicious moment, and, although everybody save the in-comers and down-sitters, was anxious to catch every note of the great violinist, his marvels were lost in the confusion. The performance was cut short by Ernst, who retired amidst roars of applause and cries of encore, but the audience had to expend their breath in vain, and Mr. Loder made an apology.

Mr. Loder sang Loder's bass song, "Philip the Falconer," Miss Birch sang the brilliant mad cavatina "Qui la voce," from the *Puritani*, and Miss Catherine Hayes sang Osborne's charming new ballad "I'll sing to thee." Each of these performances found warm applauders, the last named, perhaps, being most in favor.

Mr. Richardson executed a fantasia on the flute in his usual brilliant style; and Mr. Harrison was encored in his favorite ballad, "Then you'll remember me."

Vivier, the celebrated horn player, excited the utmost astonishment and enthusiasm in a solo on the horn. He played Beredict's beautiful ballad "Scenes of my Childhood," and introduced some of his wonderful effects with double, triple, and quadruple tones. The simplicity and perfect grace with which he mastered the air on his instrument, and the expression with which it was rendered, making it vocal instead of instrumental, was not less surprising than those magical effects, which may be termed sleights-of-hand of playing.

Madame Macfarren displayed her fine contralto voice and energetic style to great advantage in the Page's song in the *Huguenots*. She was greatly applauded.

The concert was brought to a termination by the performance of a MS. quartet for four pianists, composed by Walter Cecil Macfarren. It was splendidly played by Messrs. Osborne, Benedict, Brinley Richards, and W. C. Macfarren. The quartet is a remarkably clever and brilliant composition, and reflects infinite credit on Mr. W. Macfarren's talents.

Of the *Night Dancers* it is sufficient to say that with Mr. Allen, Mr. Corri, Mr. Weiss, Madame Macfarren, and Mlle. Nau as principals, it passed off with great eclat; Mr. Edward Loder, as conductor and composer, coming in for his due share of applause.

The entertainments wound up with the farce of *The First Night*, supported by Miss Louisa Howard, Mrs. Harris, and Mr. Wynne.

The theatre was crowded in every part, and we have reason to believe Messrs. Macfarren and Loder reaped an abundant harvest by the results of the performance.

##### SADLERS WELLS.

YESTERDAY sen' night, (24th ult.), this theatre closed, after a season of the same steady prosperity that has uniformly attended the present management. The Shakespearian revival—*Antony and Cleopatra*—has been eminently successful, and will, we believe, be followed early next autumn by *Timon of*

*Athens*, one of the greatest efforts of the poet's pen. The season has also presented us with an important accession to the company, in Miss Fitzpatrick, a young lady unquestionably destined to take a high rank in the performance of genteel comedy. Her style is entirely her own. Without much power over the passions, and with the polished elegance of the manners of high life yet to acquire, she has a fund of natural ease, archness and *naïveté*. These qualifications, aided by an open and intelligent countenance, and a laugh of genial and earnest vivacity, have already placed her high in public estimation, and give the most favourable auguries of her future career. The best parts we have as yet seen her in are Helen in the *Hunchback*, and Charlotte in the *Hyperion*, in both of which she is delightfully easy and true, and we understand that she carries the same graceful geniality of manner into the domestic circle which distinguishes her on the stage.

## SONNET.

To Mrs. W. F.

THE summer task is ended—the sweet labour  
Thou oft hast heard me speak of, is complete:—  
Songs rudely cast for rustic pipe and tabor,  
Wild quips, and sportive jests, and fancies, meet  
Here in this little book, that at thy feet  
Like some meek suppliant lies. O lady fair,  
If there be aught within this little tome  
Worthy to meet one passing thought of thine,  
Thou art the cause—the songs of beauty rare,  
The pleasant days passed in thy happy home  
Of roses, myrtle, and green eglantine,  
Thy smiles—thy sweet fond talk, and angel heart,  
And loveliness, and goodness all divine—  
These have inspired the poet's gentle art.

## LATINE.

Tandem igitur venit lapsus gratissima rebus,  
Et totius vocis hora petita meis;  
Accipe quod multo mitto tibi pignus amoris,  
Carmina perpetui pignus amoris habere.  
Carmina missa tibi que carmina, quaque poetas,  
Diligis, et celebri carmina digna faris.  
Musarum studiis, studiis operata Minerva,  
Ade tu colitur Phœbus, amatque coli.  
Ecce tamen, doctasque oves pulvere recusat,  
Tincta verecundus Musa rubore genas.  
Me cantata tuas juvat, O pulcherrima, laudes,  
Nympha nec donis dignior ulla modis,  
Quod si quid merui de te bene, si quid amavi,  
Vive, memor nostri, lux mea, vive memor.

## GERMANIC.

Jetzt ist mein Werk gethan, das süsse Ziel  
Dir nicht ganz unbekannt, ist nun vollendet,  
Nur Spass, und Schertz, geringes Musenspiel,  
Der Dichter Dir mit diesem Büchlein sendet,  
Vorach! es nicht, du wunderbare Dame,  
Das vor den Füssen Dir als Opfer liegt  
Wenn nur ein Glanz von heil'ger Geistesflamme  
Keiner Anmerkung werth darin sich zeigt  
Du hast sie angezündet—deiner Töne  
Loblicher Klang, die Wohnung auch so theuer  
Bedeckt mit Rosen, Lilien und Reben,  
Dein holdes Lächeln, Engel's Herte, und schöne  
Freundliche Sprache—diese haben Feuer  
Glühender Dichterkunst mir oft gegeben.

[We shall take it as a particular favour, if any of our Correspondents or Readers will oblige us with other versions of the above Sonnet, in French, Italian, German, or whatever language they best know.—Ed. M. W.]

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have read, with some interest, the correspondence induced by the charge made by Dr. Gauntlett against Haddel and others of feloniously stealing, taking, and carrying away certain inventions of one Pope Gregory.

Dr. Gauntlett, like many other clever men, occasionally holds a peculiar point, which, in this instance is not a very tenable one, for it is absurd to suppose that vast geniuses, such as Händel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., who could, with facility, produce the most elaborate works, were yet unable to invent a short and simple subject, and that the instant they attempted to do so, these mighty giants should become at once paralysed.

But the assertion requires much stronger proof than a mere coincidence in a short phrase. I will refer to one out of numerous such coincidences that might be adduced, in which Croft, Handel, and Bach, made use of nearly the same subject: Croft, in the first movement of the anthem "God is gone up"; Handel, in the chorus "Then round about the Starry Throne," at the words "and triumph over death"; and Bach, in the beautiful fugue in E major, No. 33, of the 48. Yet we never hear these masters accused of purloining from each other. But even if it were so, has not each produced something totally distinct, both in spirit and treatment? Has not each raised an edifice from the same material, differing altogether in form and style, to which each has given the peculiar impress of his own mind?

I, however, agree to a great extent with the remarks of Dr. Gauntlett on our cathedral music, in his letter of the 26th of February, who therein gives a rebuke to those declaimers for what they are pleased to call "the true style of church music," not one of whom has ever been able to define what is meant by "the true style," which, however, must be difficult enough, if not impossible, seeing the almost infinite variety of styles of which church music is made up; unless, indeed, considerable monotony, with occasionally a few crudities, together with the absence of elevation of feeling and thoughtful expression, constitute "the true style."

I would not, for one instant, detract from the great praise which is justly due to the old masters, especially their great contrapuntal skill, which renders many of their compositions masterpieces in that respect; but, nevertheless, the advancement in pure taste and correct expression would, to some extent, seem to unfit certain of their compositions for devotional purposes at the present day; more particularly some of their morning services, in which the frequent perversion of expression, together with false accent, are at times almost as much calculated to excite ideas of the ludicrous as feelings of devotion. But there can be no doubt, that had these authors flourished at a later period, their compositions for the church would have been free from these faults, which occasionally so much disfigure them. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD DEARLE.

## M. SILAS AND THE BACH SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—If your amiable correspondent, "D. P.," will provide me able vocalists, I will endeavour to gratify his wish to hear a little original melody from my pen. But, sir, if you have reason to doubt the ability of Italian vocalists to render justice to Dr. Spohr's music, which I infer from this sentence—"His music has nothing in common with the Italian opera style; unless carefully prepared, such compositions had better be omitted altogether"—if this be so, then my style of music has little chance of being properly sung by British vocalists, for it is more difficult than Spohr's. In truth, so long as the present methods of singing continue, and the singing masters neglect the higher branches of music, and have so little admiration for the Great Masters, so long will vocal music of a common-place nature be pushed upon the public.

If your correspondent thinks I set little value on the natural voices of our countrymen, he greatly mistakes me; for on the contrary, I think very highly of their natural voices, and just the very reverse of their artificial voices, by which I mean their trained, or what is falsely called, their educated voices. As a specimen of an artificial voice (and I know of others), let me instance Mr. Swift, who sang "Il mio tesoro" at Miss Bassano's concert. His natural voice (which is excellent) is *baritone*, and yet he is taught to consider it a tenor by his master, notwithstanding that he has not a tenor sound in the whole range of his natural voice! In consequence of his pushing out high sounds, his voice on one occasion gave way. Was this his fault? No, it was his master's who had not ascertained the quality of Mr. Swift's voice.

One instance of this kind ought to damn any master. Your correspondent seems distressed that I am "determined to be useful," and his *amiable* letter fully explains why he is so; but this will not deter me from doing what I consider a duty. I have the satisfaction to inform him that the few words I said of M. Silas induced that gentleman to call on me to thank me for them, which is a little encouragement for me (with the "well-hated signature") to go on endeavouring to be useful, without regarding the elegant question your correspondent put to the readers of the *Musical World*, viz., "Let me ask you what excuse there can be for obtruding that letter upon the notice of your readers?" I had the pleasure of hearing many of M. Silas's compositions, and (as I expected) they proved to be of a superior class to the fashionable pianoforte music; in fact, I think very highly of his talents and acquirements, and equally well of his unassuming manners and artistic feelings.

Permit me to offer a few words on the letter of a "Member of the Bach Society," who would have cause to complain of me had I none to complain of in him, which is simply that he mistakes the nature of the complaint he urges against me. He writes, "Surely no man has a right to find fault with a society for not departing from their own rules and customs, in order to make him an honorary member." Now, if I gave the society the credit (for so it is considered) for making honorary members, all there is to complain of is, that I have given this society the credit for doing what is usual. But surely this cannot be construed into an offence. Whether the Bach Society do or do not wish me amongst them I know not; but all I can say is, that I wish this great undertaking every success, and nothing will ever escape my lips or pen to induce the members of it to place distrust in the sentiment I here make, and have formerly expressed. I am yours, obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—The letter of "An Organist" ought to be read by every Puseyite minister of the Church of England. We live in odd times, but we would scarcely believe that organists would show up the secret designs of a certain set of clergymen!

SIR HENRY BISHOP AND THE OXFORD PROFESSORSHIP.

(to the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Your correspondent, or rather the correspondent of the *Times*, who signs himself "Musicus Oxoniensis," has no occasion to regret the absence of Sir H. Bishop from the chair of his university, if the lectures the professor intends to deliver there contain no more information than those do which he is now delivering at the various institutions in London. I feel that a man in the position of Sir H. Bishop ought to lend his weight to the improvement of the present style of lecturing, and he ought not to yield to the wishes of the managers of those institutions who always impress upon the lecturers the necessity of treating their subject in "a popular form," and to make it "light and amusing." Unknown men cannot resist this, but professors like Sir H. Bishop ought to make a stand, or we shall shortly see in the bills something like this—that "Doctor S. will deliver a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy—Doctor S. will have the honour to appear in the real dress worn by the lamented Joseph Grimaldi as the Clown in *Mother Goose*; and, in the course of the evening, the Doctor will sing the comic song belonging to that character."

I had occasion to write to some friends who were going to hear Sir H. Bishop lecture, and supposing that I might facilitate their arrangements as to the junior branches of the family, who are learning music, I then said, little thinking that I should repeat it in print, "You will be amused, but obtain no information."—Yours, &c.

AF HARRY.

AN IRISH MUSICAL GENIUS.

(to the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As musical mysteries are at all times truly tantalising to musical *artistes*, perhaps most especially so when they relate to the discovery of some new meteor in the harmonic horizon, I will now venture to announce the discovery of a promising young *artiste*, and give his name also. In a town not a hundred miles from Belfast, at present sojourns a young *artiste* of the name of Barry. He is, I believe, a native of Bandon, in the south of this

kingdom, and has already earned in his own country a reputation as a pianist and composer. I do not say too much when I assert he is equally at home in interpreting the classical Beethoven, and the unclassical Chopin and Liszt. I recently heard him in private; and, though I have heard some of the "world's renowned," he really charmed and mystified me: he is, indeed, a poet-pianist. In his bravura playing there is a lack of energy, which must be attributed to his exceeding delicacy of constitution, and an excessive nervous temperament. But it is not alone as a performer he is remarkable; he is the author of several really beautiful works for the piano, and he has ventured further—a *Stabat Mater* in full score, and a psalm for double choir, besides overtures for a grand orchestra. When will the time come that talent will not struggle with obscurity, and that *artistes*, great and renowned, will divest themselves of self, and beckon forward the child-genius with artistic love?

Belfast, May 29th.

HENRY G.—

[We are glad to hear this good news, and shall be much pleased to welcome and judge of the abilities of Mr. Barry, of Bandon, when he pays a visit to this metropolis. We trust, however, he will not "mystify" us.—Ed.]

## PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

IN our last week's notice of the proceedings of Mr. Mitchell's French Opera, we were unable to give any account of the production of *Le Cavi*, a *buffo*, or rather burlesque opera, by M. Ambroise Thomas.

The proper understanding of this opera, light and trifling as it may appear, involves all the *savoir* and musical experience of an *habitué* both of the Italian and French Operas. To those who do not know that this music is intended as a direct parody of the Italian school of composition, and that all the vocal eccentricities and exaggerations indulged in by the singers—such as the entire separation of the last syllable from the rest of the word, the tremendous rolling of the letter *r*, &c.—are intended as reproductions of the peculiarities of their Italian brethren, much of this opera must appear flat and pointless. Far from this being the case, it has the rare merit of being full of pretty and original melody, while at the same time the whole work is a keen and telling musical satire.

The story itself presents that piquant assemblage of contrasts, in the groupings of which French librettists are so unrivalled. Oriental eadls and French hair-dressers, ladies in Turkish costume and Patisian *modistes*, drum-majors and swarthy Moors, mutually cause each other to stand out in the strongest relief.

The part of Virginie, the *modiste*, devolved on Madlle. Charton, who, as usual, proved the mainstay of the opera. Her singing in the mock-"grand" trio in the second act displayed a physical power, a flexibility of voice, and a certain breadth of delivery, for which even her previous successes in *Le Domino Noir* and *Les Diamans de la Couronne* had not prepared us; while the naive and serio-comic earnestness of her acting rendered her share of the performance most amusing.

Madlle. Charton's taste in costume must not be forgotten in the list of her manifold perfections. We never remember having seen so thoroughly irresistible a *coiffure* as the cap worn by this lady in her first dress; and we most certainly do not recollect so fascinating a *tout ensemble* as that produced by Madlle. Charton's voice, presence, and acting. Critics' hearts are, or ought to be, of stone; but we must confess that we carry our admiration of this lady to the very utmost verge of the limits prescribed by that cold-blooded philosopher, Plato.

The part of the Tambour-major was entrusted to M. Henri Drayton, a basso-profondo of extreme profundity, whose fine powerful voice and stalwart frame rendered him as "proper" a drum-major as any in the service. This part is one which is certain to be unappreciated everywhere except in France, where the public sympathy for everything military is so intense as to place an entire audience on the *qui vive* the moment a pair of red pantaloons

crosses the stage. In England, however, no such mania prevails, and therefore M. Drayton's solo, principally descriptive of the way in which a French soldier amuses himself on a Sunday, and of the violent affection entertained for that fortunate individual by the whole female sex, went rather heavily. Besides, M. Drayton's *forte* is evidently not the comic; grand French opera appears to us the province in which his fine organ would tell with full effect, and "Piff-paff" the song of songs for him.

M. Lac's hair-dresser-like assumption of gentility was not without merit. His singing, and acting in the admirable trio before before adverted to, was excellent. M. Buzuet exhibited a great deal of humour as the Caid. A M. Devaux, to whom a small part in the beginning of the opera was allotted, appears to us to have the finest bass in the whole *troupe*. The sonorous volume of this gentleman's voice made us regret that ~~some~~ an important part had not been confided to him. M. Chateaufort, as the drunken and avaricious intendant, was inimitably humorous. This gentleman is one of the best actors on the French stage.

The getting-up of the piece was extremely creditable to those concerned therein.

In taking leave of this company, we do so with the ardent wish that no great space of time may elapse before that most spirited of *entrepreneurs*, Mr. Mitchell, may again favour us with another series of Opera Comique performances. *En attendant*, it will be some consolation to us to hear of Madlle. Charton's successes in more favoured parts of the world.

May 27, 1850.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

M. HERRMAN, the eminent violinist, has arrived in London for the season.

BRETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—We shall give a *resume* of the last three meetings of this admirable society next week.

MADAME PASTA has arrived in London, but will not make a long sojourn! She visited both the Italian Operas during the week. We saw her on Thursday night at the Royal Italian Opera, looking in admirable health and spirits. Would that she could be induced to appear, if but for a single night, to charm the world with her glorious art. What, though her voice be gone, enough remains to delight and entrance. How much would be forgiven for one look and one attitude in *Medea*!

MR. ELIA proposes to organise a chamber band and semi-chorus for the practice of Dramatic Music, and the encouragement of young and native vocalists. Such a society is much needed; for whilst amateurs are aiming at the highest flights of the lyrical muse, our professional singers have little or no opportunity of exercising their talents in this branch of art.

MICHAEL HAUER, a violinist and composer of repute in Vienna, has arrived in London.

SAMUEL M. MILLAR, a well-known performer on the trumpet, died last week in Edinburgh, leaving a widow and nine children totally unprovided for.

HENRY KING has been appointed musical director at Vauxhall Gardens.

MISS ANNE WILLIAMS.—This talented vocalist and great popular favorite, has retired from private life, having contracted a highly advantageous matrimonial alliance. Miss Williams was married, on Monday fortnight, to Alfred Price, Esq., of Gloucester, a gentleman of large property and influence in that county. The duet, which has so long charmed the public ear, will now be for ever silent, except to those who enjoy the privilege of hearing it from time to time in intimate circles.

M. ANTOINE BOHRER, violinist, and his clever daughter, Mdlle. Sophie Bohrer, have arrived in London from St. Petersburg. It will be recollected that in 1842 a concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms by M. Bohrer, in which the pianoforte playing of Mdlle. Sophie Bohrer, then a mere child, created a great sensation. Since then, we understand, she has made immense progress. We shall be curious to hear her.

MISS EMMA BUSBY gave a *soiree musicale* at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday evening. Miss Busby is a pianist of much promise. She played Beethoven's trio in D major with Deichman and Piatzi, Chopin's ballade in G minor, "La Favorite," Thalberg's

duet for piano and violin (from the *Huguenots*), in conjunction with Herr Deichman, a "Musical sketch," by Bennett, a Lied by Mendelssohn, and a valse by Chopin, in all of which she showed much good taste, and her execution was marked by great precision. Herr Deichman, in an adagio and rondo by Vieuxtemps, proved himself a first-rate violinist. Piatzi's beautiful violoncello playing is too well known to need comment. The vocalists were Madame Nottes, Mdlle. Graumann, and Herr Stigelli. The latter sang, in a very chaste and pleasing manner, a song and a *beargarele* of his own composition, and took part in a duet with Mdlle. Graumann. The *soiree* gave much satisfaction to all present.

A MORNING AND EVENING performance of Sacred Music will take place in Higham Terrors Church, on Thursday the 6th of June, in aid of the funds for the restoration of Chelveston Church. Handel's Oratorio, the *Messiah*, will be performed in the morning, and in the evening a selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Martini, Arne, and Mendelssohn. We observe Miss Birch, Mrs. Abbot, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Lawler are the principal vocalists, and Mr. Surman will officiate as conductor. The band and chorus, it is stated, will number 100 performers. We hope the performances will be well attended by the surrounding gentry.

ALBERT SMITH'S new entertainment, *An Oberland Journey to Egypt*, was produced on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms with complete success. "In amusing his audience with an account of a journey from Suez to Boulogne," says the *Times*, "Mr. Albert Smith unites two distinct classes of entertainment—the instructive diorama, which has, of late, become so much the rage, and the humorous song and characteristic sketch, which belonged to the old 'Mathews at Home.' For the pictorial part of the entertainment Mr. Smith has engaged the services of Mr. William Beverley, unquestionably one of the first scenic artists of the day, as is fully demonstrated by the exquisite decorations of the Lyceum spectacle. The Egyptian views before which Mr. Albert Smith delivers his humorous lecture at Willis's Rooms are at once distinguished for knowledge of effect and a finished execution rarely attempted in works of the kind. His skies are remarkable for transparency, his distances are always conceived with a true feeling for atmosphere, and the figures in his foregrounds are admirably brought out. A picture of the Nile, with a "kandja," or native boat, upon it, is a perfect specimen of scenic art. The views are separate from each other, not connected as in other moving dioramas, and hence we would suggest that, in future exhibitions, the curtain should be lowered between each scene, and that a song should occur in the interval. Mr. Albert Smith, in his part of the work, brings forward a quality which is always popular with an English audience—unfeigned good-humour. Profundity he does not attempt, but he gives in as pleasant a form as possible the impression which a succession of new objects produces on a traveller determined to enjoy himself after his own fashion, and little disposed to be influenced by those who had gone before him. When a situation or a national trait becomes remarkably piquant he tells it in the shape of a song, and in singing lays, the great effect of which depends on the judicious utterance of the words, there is probably no one who could equal Mr. Smith, except Mr. Charles Mathews. Moreover, these songs are exceedingly well written, displaying a nice feeling for smooth metre, and great power in compressing a number of salient points into a small compass. The characteristic anecdotes with which the lecture is interspersed are all exceedingly well contrived, and told with a power of impersonation which is almost wonderful when we consider that the gentleman who affords the entertainment does not belong to the histrionic profession." We more than agree with every word of this, and shall next week give our own impressions in detail. A more amusing and untiring entertainment of the monologue species was never offered to the public. We hope and believe that, what with town and country, it may be the means of making the fortune of Albert Smith, whose exertions to please the public have been so zealous and incessant.

BENEDICT.—The directors of the Philharmonic Society have engaged this eminent musician to perform a new concerto of his own composition at the eighth and last concert of the season. Every one must applaud this step, which indicates that the Philharmonic is at last becoming sensible to the necessity of favouring its subscribers with something in the shape of novelty.

MADAME ALBONI's next part at the grand opera in Paris will be *Leonor*, in the *Favorite*.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.—This distinguished artist has finished her engagement at Berlin, having given sixteen representations of the *Prophète*, instead of twenty-four, as originally intended. Mdlle. Wagner, from Dresden, has succeeded her in the part of Fides.

M. JARL, the pianist, who was to have played at the next Musical Union, has unexpectedly returned to Paris. Mr. Ella has engaged M. Charles Hallé in his place.

MADAME THERESA WARTEL.—The *Menestrel*, a French musical journal, informs its readers that this well-known pianiste has been invited to lend her assistance at several concerts of the London season, and, among others, at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. The *Menestrel* is misinformed.

ALARD, the celebrated French violinist, has arrived in London for the season, and will play at the next concert of the Musical Union. M. Alard has recently played at the Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, which now, as our readers are aware, are under the direction of M. Charles Hallé. The pieces performed by M. Alard were the first movement of Beethoven's concerto, and a fantasia of his own composition. The concert was otherwise attractive, Mdlle. Angri, Madame Castellan, Signor Tamberlik, and Signor Marchesi being the vocalists.

AMATEUR CONCERT.—(From a Correspondent).—An amateur performance of music is but an agreeable apology for professional efficiency; but where the selection of pieces attempted is interesting and suggestive, the imagination supplies the slight defects of execution, and receives a satisfactory impression of the compositions. The following programme of Lady Clerk's concert on Thursday last, executed by forty amateurs, is both novel and highly creditable to all parties:—

Selections from *Otello*:—Intro: e Coro (Viva Otello), e Marcia; Duetto (vorrei che il tuo pensiero; Finale, Atto 1<sup>o</sup>, Coro (Santo Imen); Trio (T'parli l'amore); Quintetto, con Coro (Incerta l'anima).—*Rossini*, Duetto (L'Addio).—*Donizetti*.

Selection from *Le Prophète*:—Intro: et Chœur (La brise est tranquille); Romance: deux voix (Un jour dans les flots); Air Pastorale, Oboe Solo; Chœur Des Patriotes (Voici les fermières).—*Meyerbeer*.

Aria (Il mio piano), *La Gazza Ladra*.—*Rossini*.  
Selections from the *Moisè*.—(Musique de Ballet) No. 1, Andante ed Allegro; No. 2, Adagio ed Allegretto; Quartetto (Je tremble et soupire); Grande Scène (Quelle horrible destinée); Finale, Act 3ème (Dieu soutiens leur ardeur).—*Rossini*.

Mr. Ella officiated as director. [Agreeing with the general tenor of our correspondent's observations, we must confess we should have been better pleased had the selection been less exclusively operatic. Operas are only good on the stage.—ED.]

M. SCRIBE.—Eugene Scribe was born in Paris on the 24th of December, 1791. His father was a silk mercer, near the Pilliers des Halles, in the Rue St. Denis. His lively wit at an early age was discerned by all his friends, and he was in consequence sent to the Great College at St. Barbe. When at 18 years of age he left college, he was an orphan, and without fortune. Fortunately he found a kind guardian in his relation, M. Bonnet, a celebrated lawyer of those days, who destined him for his own profession, and placed him under that celebrated jurist and politician, Dupin, the elder, now the President of the French Legislative Chamber, to study the Roman law. But in his studies the legal fact that most deeply impressed itself on Eugene Scribe's mind was, that at 21 a young man is master of his own actions, and having reached that age, he determined to renounce the law, and betake himself to his pen for support. Shortly after reaching his majority he began his dramatic career by writing a vaudeville for the Gymnase. His success here led to an engagement to write for the Théâtre Français, and to the establishment of his reputation as a dramatic author. He has composed 10 comedies in five acts, and 20 in one, two, or three acts, for the Français. He has written 150 vaudevilles for the Gymnase. As a lyrical poet he stands unequalled for the number and purity of his *libretti*, having written the poetry of 40 grand operas, and of 100 comic operas; to these must be added the *libretto* of the forthcoming *Tempesta*. His entire works are 340 in number, besides his novels. Throughout his literary career he has preserved his independance, and never solicited patronage or place; yet his merits have not passed unregarded. He is a commander of the Legion of Honor, has received crosses

from almost every sovereign in Europe, is a member of the Quatrième de l'Académie, and to these gratifying tokens of success he has added the more substantial reward of a handsome independence, achieved by incessant industry.

VAUXHALL.—On Wednesday night these gardens were opened with a grand *Bal Masque* as a preliminary entertainment to the opening for the season which is about to take place. The gardens are in admirable order, and the arrangements, under the superintendence of the well-known lessee of former seasons, Mr. Wardell, all that the frequenters of the place can desire. As was stated in the bills, "all the resources of the far-famed establishment" were made available, and certainly there was no want of necessary attractions to induce the company to enter, and plenty to protract their stay when they had entered, the gates. The walks and avenues were brilliantly illuminated; every accommodation was given for dancing, and for eating and drinking. Three excellent bands were in attendance, the incessant music of the instruments of which kept the company in continuous movement. For some hours the merriment and frolic was kept up by hundreds of persons in costumes of all ages and countries, and in countries not roferable to any age or clime. There were many groups from Epsom, who seemed determined to prolong the "Derby" day by the addition of several hours from its successor. No signs of exhaustion were perceptible in the votaries of pleasure, and it was not till the "professionals" were completely worn out that the patrons of the place retired. The whole went off in good style.

IPSWICH MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Under the superintendence of Mr. R. W. Foster and M. A. Bowles, assisted by Mr. S. Fing, Mr. Goodball, Mr. Bacon, and other native artistes, this society is making steady progress. The first open concert was given on Tuesday evening at the Mechanics' Lecture Hall, when, in addition to various local talent, the society had the valuable assistance of the Misses C. and S. Cole, of the London Wednesday Concerts; Mr. Bowles being leader with the violin, and Mr. Foster presiding at the pianoforte. The programme combined a very tasteful selection, and afforded universal satisfaction. Amongst the *encores* was Miss S. Cole's song, by Rodwell, "O Charming May," which was given with purity and expression. Miss S. Cole also sung Haydn's "My mother bids me," which was warmly and deservedly applauded. Two other performances were also distinguished, a concerto on the violin, and Parry's song, "Country Commission," by Mr. Bowles. Miss C. Cole also gave with much taste and feeling, "When Lubin sings," by Hobbs, "Good Night," by Rosenhain, and "O Luce di quest'anima," from Donizetti, all of which were remarkably well received; as were also several duets, by the two artistes. The orchestra has been considerably strengthened and exhibited improvement, though the amateurs evidently require practice to attain precision. The want of the latter was occasionally exhibited; but we are bound, upon the whole, to commend the style in which the overtures were given, particularly the *Siege of Rochelle* and *Der Freischütz*. The attendance was large, embracing many of the principal families in the town and neighbourhood. The popularity already attained by this society, affords assurance of future support, as well as of increased excellence in its performances.

LEAMINGTON.—The Messrs. Distin gave a concert at the Music Hall on Monday evening last, which was well attended. Nothing could excel the general *ensemble* which pervaded the various concerted pieces performed by them on their silver sax-horns; as the composer, Marschner, remarked of them, "they performed as if they were but one man;" while the power they displayed in the forte passages, produced all the effect of a tolerably full band. The party was assisted by Miss O'Connor the same pleasing vocalist who appeared with them at Leamington some three or four years ago, and who accompanied them in their recent tour in America. Miss O'Connor sings in the true English-ballad style; her voice is sweet, her articulation perfect, and there is a degree of mind and pathos in her style which wins upon the audience, and proves at once her vocal and artistic powers. We have seldom heard the ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," and J. P. Knight's song, "Of what is the Old Man Thinking?" more impressively rendered. Not the least attractive portions of the concert were the duets and madrigals introduced by Miss O'Connor and the brothers Distin; several of them were deservedly encored.



a compliment that was also awarded to Mr. Theodore Distin for his singing of Loder's popular song, "Phillip the Falconer," and to that gentleman and Miss O'Connor for Barnett's buffo duet, "The Singing Lesson." Mr. Willy accompanied both the vocal and instrumental pieces on the piano forte, and played a solo on that instrument, which fully sustained his reputation of ranking among the pianists of the day. We hope to hear the same party again before our summer season is ended.—(*Leamington Paper*.)

HEAR W. KUHE, the well-known pianist, has announced his annual morning concert to take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday next. Herr Kuhe has engaged a host of talent; the names of the artistes may be seen on reference to his advertisement.

MADAME LEMATRE'S *Soiree Musicale* was held on Monday, the 6th inst., at M<sup>r</sup>. Es Coulon's rooms, Great Marlborough Street. The *beneficiaire* engaged for the occasion, as assistants, Mrs. Gardner, Mr. Peed, Signor Montelli, and Signor Marras, with the Mesdames Wagner and Mora as vocalists; and Mademoiselle Coulon (pianist), M. Rousselot (violoncello), the Dons J. and R. Ciebra (guitar), and Mr. Sedgwick (concertina), as instrumentalists. The programme, which was made up of the usual miscellaneous kind, offers few points for particular notice. Madame Lemaire joined Signor Montelli in the duet, "Dunque io sono," from the *Barbiere*; sang the rondo finale from the *Cenerentola*, and introduced two romances by Celli, which were expressly written for the occasion of her benefit. Madame Lemaire was received with much favor in all her efforts. M<sup>lle</sup>. Coulon performed with M. Rousselot Mendelssohn's sonata, for piano and violoncello, in B. flat, and Thalberg's *Mossanicello* fantasia. The fair pianist showed herself equally an adept in the classical and picturesque schools. The sonata was played admirably, and was loudly applauded at the end. Mademoiselle Coulon's execution is neat and brilliant; and her reading evidences the taste and appreciation of a musician. Mendelssohn's music is no sealed volume to this talented and rising young artist. We must not omit a word of strong praise for M. Rousselot's performance of the violoncello. In the modern school of pianoforte playing, Mademoiselle Coulon appeared no less happy than in the severe composition of the great master. Thalberg's very difficult fantasia was dashed off in a bold and energetic style, which told with considerable effect on the audience. Mademoiselle Coulon is on the high road to excellence, and we shall be disappointed if, after a few years, she does not reach an eminent rank in her profession. Mr. Maurice Levy conducted.

SUSSEX HALL.—An Evening Concert was given on Monday week in this place. The programme was long, and the performers multitudinous. The City gentry had a sound treat, if they estimate the excellence of an entertainment by its length. Among the singers, we noticed Miss Catherine Hayes, M<sup>lle</sup>. Graumann, M<sup>lle</sup>. Thereso Wagner, Herr Stigelli, and the Hungarian vocalists. In the instrumental section was comprised Ernst, Herr Wilhelm Kuhe (the pianist), and Ap Thomas (the Welch Harpist). Boots it not to name all that was effected. The great gem of the evening was Ernst, who electrified his hearers, and produced a sensation that will not soon be forgotten within the sound of Bow-bells. The first performance of the great violinist was his own grand fantasia on the march and romance from *Othello*; he next played Mayreder's "Air varié" with a cadenza written by himself; and lastly he gave, as *bonne bouche*, the "Carnaval de Venise." Each of these pieces was executed in the most magnificent style, and produced an effect not to be described. The good citizens were roused to the utmost enthusiasm, and applauded till their hands were wearied, and their throats grew dull. Of course each *morceau* was encored. Miss Catherine Hayes sang three times, and three times sang admirably. Of the rest of the concert it is unnecessary to speak. Herr Wilhelm Kuhe officiated as conductor.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MERCURY.—Mr. J. M. Mudie, beyond all comparison.

VIRGO.—In the German Opera there is no recitativo; the dialogue is all spoken. Bells had not to write recitatives for the Viennese version of his operas. The other question we cannot answer.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on  
**THE ART OF SINGING,**  
Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at  
his Residence,  
**71, UPPER NORTON STREET;**  
And at all the principal Musicsellers.

##### BALFE'S NEW BALLAD,

##### "THE JOY OF TEARS."

Composed expressly for and Sung by  
MISS CATHERINE HAYES,  
at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the London Concerts.—Price 2s.  
JOHN CAMPBELL, 53, New Bond Street.

##### Just Published,

##### MADAME JENNY LIND'S

##### "MADELAINE AND THE BIRD."

A DOUBLE SONG, Translated from the German by  
DESMOND RYAN, Esq. Music by C. A. MANZOLD. Sung by JENNY  
LIND in all her late Concerts on the Continent.—Price 1s.  
SCHOTT and Co., Importers and Publishers.

##### W. H. HOLMES' NEWEST PIANOFORTE WORK,

##### "DREAM OF FAIRY-LAND,"

VALSE BRILLANTE. Price 3s. Also the following arrangements by the same composer:—Fantasia, *Masaniello*, 3s. 6d.; Beethoven's  
"Adelaide," 3s.; Scene, *Der Freischutz*, 3s.; and Handel's "Harmonious  
Blacksmith," 2s.

LEADER and COCK, 68, New Bond Street, {  
(Corner of Brook Street, London).

##### Just Published,

##### "THE BUSY BEE POLKA."

"This is the most brilliant, lively, and tuneful Polka we have seen for months past, and possesses that great desideratum for popularity, that even in the hands of a performer of most moderate pretensions it cannot fail to produce a pleasing and sparkling effect."—*Musical World*.

WESSEL AND CO., 229, Regent Street;  
where may be had

"THE TWIN POLKAS,"  
"POLKA GLISSANTE,"  
AND  
"POLKA TREMOLA."

#### TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION

A YOUNG MAN, possessing a knowledge of the Pianoforte, Concertina, and Organ, in each of which he is capable of imparting instruction to a considerable extent, is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION where he could make further improvement, and obtain a moderate remuneration for his services. In Pianoforte Tuning and Quadrille Playing he would also be found useful. Good testimonials can be given of character and ability. Apply, by letter, to E. E. Mr. Allen's, 17, Percy-street, Bedford-square, London.

##### HERR W. KUHE

Has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND  
MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square  
Rooms, on TUESDAY, June 4, to commence at two o'clock precisely, on  
which occasion he will be assisted by the following celebrated Artists:—  
Vocalists: Mesdames Catherine Hayes, Bassano, Schloss, Graumann, De  
Rupplin, Madame Nottes; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Giabatta, Mayerhofer, and  
Stigelli. Instrumental Performers: Pianoforte, Herr Kuhe; Harp, Mr. Ap-  
Thomas; Concertina, M. Regondi; Violin, M. Molière; Violoncello, M.  
Piatti. Conductors: Messrs. Lavenau, Kuhe, and Brinley Richards. Stalls and  
Tickets may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Kuhe,  
18, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed that on

**THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 6TH, 1850,**  
(WHICH WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE SUBSCRIPTION)

Will be presented for

**THE FIRST TIME,**

An entirely New Grand Opera, by HALEVY,

The Poem by SCRIBE, founded on the *Tragedy* of SHAKESPEARE, and composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre.  
The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

entitled,

## LA TEMPESTE.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

The Costumes by Mr. Coombes and Miss Bradley, under the superintendence of Madame Copere.

The Machinery by Mr. D. Sloman. The Appointments by M. E. Bradwell.  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper)	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Sycorax	Mlle. PARODI.
Trinculo	Mlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	MISS CATHERINE HAYES.
(Who have obligingly undertaken the parts.)	
Ariel	Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	Sig. LABLACHE.

and

Miranda - Madame SONTAG.

Courtiers, Soldiers, Mariners, Elves, Spirits of the Air and of the Deep, &c., &c., &c.

On this occasion, M. HALEVY will have the honor to preside in the Orchestra.

With Various Entertainments in the

## BALLET DEPARTMENT.

Combining the talents of

Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,

Mlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Mlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,  
M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.  
Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

## THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS,



HANOVER

SQUARE.

Under the distinguished Patronage of His Royal Highness  
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

**MR. W. H. SEGUIN and Mrs. W. H. SEGUIN (Associate),**  
Hon. Mem. and Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music, have the honor to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT is fixed to take place on FRIDAY MORNING Next, June 7th, 1850; on which occasion the following artistes will appear:—

Madlle. Schloss, Miss Lucombe, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Miss M. Williams; Miss S. Messent, and Madame F. Lablache; Mr. Sims Reeves (who will sing "The Savoyard's Return," and "Lamento della Anna"); Mr. W. H. Seguin, Mr. Benson, and Signor Marchesi.

The eminent Pianist, M. Thalberg, who will perform the following Pieces:—Fantasia (MARIANTELLO) Thalberg; and New Variations on the Barcarole (L'ELISIR D'AMORE) Thalberg. M. Benedict will perform in conjunction with Mr. Brinley Richards, a Grand Duet Concertante, for two pianofortes, on Themes by Schubert—Benedict. Mr. J. Ralair Chatterton (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen), a Grand Fantasia. Violoncello, Herr Heeking (from the Hague), who will perform "Souvenir de Spa"—F. Servais.

Sir Henry R. Bishop will preside at the Pianoforte.

A limited number of Reserved Seats, 15s. each; to be had only of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; to be had at all the principal music-shops; and at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin, 43, Curzon Street, May Fair.

## MUSICAL UNION.

**WILLIS'S ROOMS, SIXTH MATINEE, Tuesday, June 4th,**  
Half-past Three o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Quartet, in D, No. 10, — Mozart. Trio, No. 2, in C minor, Op. 66, — Mendelssohn. Quintet, in C major, Op. 49, — Beethoven.

Executants:—Alard (from Paris), Deloffre, Hill, Mellon, Platti, and Charles Hallé.

Strangers' Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had of Cramer and Co., Regent Street. Members can introduce visitors by payment at the rooms.

J. ELLA, Director.

Ernst and Heller, Platti and Hallé, Sainton, and other distinguished artists, will perform at the Director's Grand Matinée, on the 18th of June, to commence at Three o'clock—half an hour earlier than usual.

## MR. W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S

MORNING PERFORMANCE of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE

MUSIC, on THURSDAY, June 6th, at the HANOVER ROOMS; on which occasion he will be assisted by MM. Stephen Heller, Sainton, Platti, Gratian Cooke, Williams, Jarrett, and Baumann.

The Hungarian Vocalists will sing some of Mendelssohn's and Weber's choicest part songs.

To commence at 3 o'clock.

Tickets, Half-a Guinea each; to be had at all the music warehouses; and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square.

## DISTINS' CONCERTS.

**MR. DISTIN AND SONS** will perform on the SAX HORN in the following towns:—Norwich, June 3rd; Yarmouth, 4th; Lowestoft, 5th; Beccles, 6th; Harleston, 7th.

Vocalist	Miss O'CONNOR.
Pianist	Mr. J. WILEY.

Distins' Amateur Cornet Classes assemble nightly for the practice of Quartets, &c., 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

**MESDAMES SONTAG, FREZZOLINI, PARODI, GIULIANI,**  
Ida Bertrand, Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Chatterton, Signor Gardoni, Calzolari, Baucarde, Coletti, Bellotti, P. Lablache, and Lablache, under the direction of Mr. Halle; Piano—Messrs. Halle, Osborne, Lindsay Sloper, and Benedict; Violin—Messrs. Ernst and Molique; Violoncello—Signor Platti; Harp—Mr. Ap-Thomas; and French Horn—Mr. Vivier; will all perform at M. BENEDICT'S GRAND CONCERT, which will take place on the Stage of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, June 21. Applications for Boxes, &c., to be made at the principal Libraries, Music Warehouses, the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

## MADLLE. COULON.

**HAS the honor to announce that her Annual Morning Concert** will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY, June 3, to commence at Two o'clock precisely, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following celebrated artists:—

Vocalists—Messdames Birch, Nau, E. Birch, Graumann; Messrs. Stigelli, de Beaulieu, Burdini, and Marchesi.

Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madlle. Coulon; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Violin, M. Sainton; Flute, M. Balcellsdi; Violoncello, M. Rousselot; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; Oboe, M. Barret; Bassoon, M. Baumann.

Madlle. Coulon will perform Beethoven's grand Quintet; E. Thalberg's grand Fantasia on airs from Sonnambula, a grand Duet by Osborne for two pianos, on themes from Les Huguenots and Ravina's Siciliana.

Conductors—Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER.  
Stalls and Tickets may be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Madlle. Coulon, 48, Great Marlborough Street.

## MISS BINCKES &amp; MR. JOSEPH HAIGH.

**BEG to announce that they will give an EVENING CONCERT** at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, June 14, 1850.

Vocal Performers, Miss Catharine Hayes, Mlle. Da Vinci, and Miss Binckes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Ronconi, and Mr. Joseph Haigh, (his first appearance since his return from Italy).

Instrumental Performers—Pianoforte, Miss Binckes; Harp, Mr. J. Ralair Chatterton, (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen); Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove; Concertina, Mr. R. Blagrove.

Conductors—Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, and Mr. W. C. MACFARREN.  
Tickets, 7s. each; to admit four, 21s.; and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at the principal music shops; of Miss Binckes, Cornbury Place, Old Kent Road; and of Mr. J. Haigh, 51, Bernard Street, Russell Square.  
Reserved Seats to be had only of Miss Binckes and Mr. Haigh.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

## SECOND APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR RONCONI

THE Directors have the honor to announce, that on TUESDAY next, June 4th, a COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT will take place, on which occasion Signor RONCONI will have the honor of appearing in Verdi's Opera *Seris*, ANATO, and also in Rossini's Opera *Buffa*, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. The entertainments will commence with the SECOND ACT of Verdi's Opera.

A. N. A. T. and O.

The Principal Characters by

Signor RONCONI,

Madame CASTELLAN,

Madame VERA,

Signor TAGLIAFICO,

AND

Signor TAMBERLIK

For which will be performed (for the first time this season) Rossini's Opera *Buffa*,

## IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA

Rossini	Madame CASTELLAN,
Berta	Madame COFFI,
Almaviva	Signor MARIO,
Bartolo	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Basilio	Signor POLONINI
Fiorello	Signor SOLDI,

AND

Signor RONCONI

## EXTRA NIGHT—DON GIOVANNI

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 6th, will be performed Mozart's Grand Opera,

## DON GIOVANNI.

Donna Anna	Madame GRISI,
Don Juan	Madame VERA,
Don Elvira	Madame CASTELLAN,
Don Giovanni	Signor TAMBUKINI,
Donna Elvira	Herr FORMES,
Masetto	Signor POLONINI,
Il Commendatore	Signor TAGLIAFICO,

AND

Don Ottavio Signor MARIO

This Opera will be supported by a Triple Orchestra and Double Chorus

Conductor, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and New Street, Covent Garden, which is open from 10 till 8 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

Mrs. Anderson's GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on Monday, June 10th. For Particulars see advertisement.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,  
THE QUEEN.

Mrs. ANDERSON (Pianista to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructress to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal), has the honour to announce to her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL

## GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, on

MONDAY, JUNE 10th, 1850,

Commencing at HALF-PAST ONE O'CLOCK precisely,

And will be supported by all the Principal Artists, and also the Magnificent Band and Chorus of that Establishment.

The Concert will be in Two Parts.

PART I—The Whole of the Music, composed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, to the Sophoclean Tragedy of

## ŒDIPUS COLONEUS,

Which (for the first time) will be publicly performed, with the English version of its Lyrics, and an elucidative MONOLOGUE, written for this occasion by Mr. BARTHOLOMEW and which will be recited, with extracts from the *M4 Tragedy*, by Mr. HARTLEY who had the honour of reading the Tragedy by Command of HER MAJESTY.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by THE KING AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it on this occasion.

PART II will consist of the following

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION

Overture, <i>Leonora</i>	Beethoven
Quartetto, "Nobli Châtelaine," Signor Maratti, Mons. Massol, Signor Rommi, and Mons. Zelger	Rossini
Air, "Robert, toi que j'aime," <i>Robert le Diable</i> , Madame Castellau	Meyerbeer
Grand Choral Fantasia, Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson and Chorus	Beethoven
Air, "In diesen heiligen Hallen," <i>Die Zauberflöte</i> , Herr Formes	Mozart
Duetto, "Toscani a dir," <i>Don Pasquale</i> , Madame Grisi and Signor Mario	Donizetti
Chorus for Female Voices, "Bridesmaid's Chorus," <i>Aïda</i> , Stephen	Beethoven
Duetto, "Parlar spiegar," <i>Zorè</i> , Signor Tamberlik and Signor Tamburini	Rossini
Solo, Violin, Mons. Santon	Santoni
Duetto, "Quanto Amore," <i>L'Elisir d'Amore</i> , Madame Castellau and Signor Ronconi	Donizetti
Romance, "Spirito gentil," <i>La Favorita</i> , Signor Mario	Donizetti
Tarentella, Pianoforte and Violin, Mrs. Anderson and Mons. Santon	Spohr
Air, "Ecco il pegno," <i>Gemma di Frey</i> , Signor Ronconi	Donizetti
Duetto, "Oh guardate che figura," <i>La Prova d'un Opera Seria</i> , Madame Grisi and Signor Tamburini	Giacca
Duetto, "Ah bel destin," <i>Linda di Chambrun</i> , Madame Vera and Madame de Meric	Donizetti
Madrigal, by the Chorus, "In these delightful, pleasant groves"	Purcell
Jubilee Overture	Weber

Conductor Mr. COSTA.

## PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Boxes, 2s. 6d. — Grand Tier, 2s. 4d. — First Tier, 2s. 3d. — Second Tier, 2s. 2d. — Third Tier, 2s. 1d. 6d. — Orchestra Stalls, 1s. — Amphitheatre Stalls, 2s. — Pit, 1s. — Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Tickets and Boxes to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre; at the principal Newspapers and Libraries; and of Mrs. Anderson, 21, Manchester Street, Marylester Square.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM HENRY JAMESON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purcell, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickars, Holywell Street, and at all Bookshops. Saturday, June 1st, 1850.











